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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1874.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.[1]

I PROPOSE to trace the origin of slavery, and to show that the existence of this great evil depends upon the low scale of civilization of the dominant power. I assume that a high scale of civilization renders a state of slavery impossible, as a highly educated and exalted society must necessarily uphold the liberty of every subject. If this view is accepted, we can only arrive at the conclusion that the emancipation of slaves and the general suppression of the slave trade throughout the world will be a slow and gradual process, as the freedom of the weak will depend upon the advancement and general mental development of those countries which are now semi-civilized, and are accordingly slave-holding powers.

The earliest history of the world commences with a rude want of sympathy. The word "mercy" was not understood until taught by our divine teacher, Jesus Christ. The wars of the Jews as described in the books of Moses are terrible pictures of the hard and bloody instincts of the times. No mercy!—but a ruthless slaughter of the helpless.

"And we utterly destroyed them, as we did unto Sihon king of Heshbon, utterly destroying the men, women, and children, of every city."[2]

The prophet Samuel hews to pieces with his own hands his kingly prisoner Agag. The Old Testament is full of the most revolting accounts of wholesale massacres without respect for age or sex. Many of the Jewish wars were those of extermination, in which by a bloody command even the "infant and suckling" perished.

Turning from such disgusting scenes of bloodshed, it is almost a relief to regard the institution of slavery, and to study the laws by which the position of slaves was regulated. We see that among the Israelites there were distinctions between classes of slaves. Their own people, *i.e.* Hebrews, might be slaves; but these appeared to enjoy a superior protection to those who were of foreign origin.

"Both thy bondmen, and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, *shall be* of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids. Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever; but over your brethren the children of Israel ye shall not rule one over another with rigour."[3]

This is incontestable evidence that slavery was not only permitted, but regulated by laws, which enjoined the purchase of slaves both from the

[1] The Rede Lecture for 1874.
[2] Deut. iii. 6.
[3] Leviticus xxv. 44-46.

nations without, and from those of foreign extraction, who had been born among the Israelites. These slaves, or, as the translation renders them, "bondmen," were real property, which descended together with the flocks and herds from father to son.

The privileged class of slaves were the Israelites, who were to receive their freedom on the seventh year. "And if thy brother, an Hebrew man, or an Hebrew woman, be sold unto thee, and serve thee six years, then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee."[1]

The permission thus given to the custom of buying and selling individuals of their own nation, had evidently led to abuse in the kidnapping of slaves. This is proved by the severity of the law, as expressed in Deuteronomy xxiv. 7: "If a man be found stealing any of his brethren of the children of Israel, and maketh merchandise of him, or selleth him; then that thief shall die; and thou shalt put evil away from among you." Thus the children of Israel were watched over by the law, while the foreigners were condemned to hopeless slavery. Although the children of Israel could be sold, they were only leasehold property for a term of seven years, while the foreigner was freehold property—a slave for ever.

Where the lives of prisoners of war were spared, they became slaves to their conquerors. In the song to magnify the glory of that frightful treachery committed by Jael, in the murder of her sleeping guest, Sisera, we find the words: "Have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two?" Thus from remote ages a great portion of the spoil of victory consisted in slaves. In the wars with the Midianites, the female prisoners of maturity were massacred, while the young virgins were apportioned to the soldiers. Slavery naturally increased the horrors of warfare. The males were ruthlessly slain, that the young girls, being fatherless and friendless, might in despair resign themselves to their hopeless lot as captives, without attempts at escape. By the evidence of the Bible, we know that slavery was an institution recognized by the law of Moses. To those who cling to the laws of Moses as the foundation of their religious creed, it will be hard to argue against slavery. The great slave-trading nations are Mohammedans, who believe that by Holy Writ they are not only justified, but encouraged to capture or purchase slaves, who, from the position of heathens, may become converts to the true faith, and thus serve God, at the same time that they minister to the comfort of their proprietors. So long as the Mohammedan religion shall endure, this principle of slavery will be admitted. The attempts of Christian powers to suppress that trade will simply be regarded as attacks by Christianity directed against the Moslem creed. The grand law of force will to a certain extent always rule the physical world.

Optimists cling to the hope that national disputes will be eventually settled by arbitration, and that the affairs of nations will be legally settled by an international European court, which will supersede gunpowder and the bayonet. Unfortunately for moralists and philanthropists, the law of force is one that cannot be denied; and the nation that is physically the most powerful will carry the greatest weight in the counsels of the world. Thus the civilization of the present age has not lessened the occurrence of wars, which are still the ultimate courts of trial in national disputes; but the horrors of warfare are mitigated by the sympathetic charity of Christian countries. The wounded of the enemy are tended by the surgeons of the victor, instead of being bayoneted on the field. Prisoners are carefully housed and fed, instead of being carried into slavery. This is the effect of Christianity, which, although it cannot repress warfare, has so far softened the savage instincts of mankind that wars are conducted according to international rules founded upon humanity. On the other hand, when we regard semi-barbarous countries, we see the same savagery in warfare as committed by the ancients. Witness

[1] Deut. xv. 12.

the war between the Turks and Greeks which happened in our own time. The ruthless massacre of the Greeks was followed by a wholesale system of slavery. Young boys and lovely girls were torn from their blood-stained homes to become the slaves and to gratify the lust of their brutal conquerors. That dreadful example of our friends the Turks represented the barbarity of remote ages. How many of our ancestors among the noble Britons perished as gladiators in the Roman arena? The Roman conquest of Britain furnished slaves celebrated above all others for their stature, personal beauty, and courage. From time immemorial the adverse fortune of war resulted in the slavery of the captives. This was a universal rule. It appeared that to enslave a fellow-man was a natural human instinct.

At the present day we regard the distant past with horror, and we are inclined to be almost incredulous to the historical accounts of wholesale slavery and massacre. We must at the same time remember that so recently as the reign of James II. political prisoners of our own kith and kin were sold as slaves to toil and die in the tropics of the West Indies. The maids of honour of the Court of James II. (not 200 years ago) received presents of Englishmen condemned for treasonable offences. These victims of the law were sold by the Queen's honourable maids to work upon the sugar plantations of Jamaica; and the proceeds of the flesh and blood of their own countrymen assisted to deck the fair persons of these courtly angels. When we regard such deplorable facts face to face, we must perceive the immense improvement of society, which in 150 years from that date resulted in the emancipation of all slaves in British possessions. This magnificent example of humanity, at a cost of 20,000,000*l.* to this country, was the most noble act in the history of England. Less than a century and a half before that time *Englishmen* had been sold as slaves. Englishmen now determined that freedom was the natural inheritance of every human being; that the dark-coloured skin, in the eye of Him who had created it, was entitled to the same justice as the white.

From that hour England proved her right to represent true Christianity. Steadily has our country worked in the cause of liberty, not only for the black savage, but for our own people. This great example, heroically made at an immense sacrifice, stirred up the hearts of other nations, which joined in the good cause; until at length the question of slavery was raised in the New World. The interests of the South were supported by slave labour. Civil war commenced on a gigantic scale. The great political convulsion in America terminated in the emancipation of the slaves.

By this grand act, the result of England's first example, the whole civilized world had declared against slavery. The only slave-holding powers with whom we are in communication are Turkey and Egypt, combined as the Ottoman empire. All Christian countries had agreed upon the freedom of the blacks. The Moslem alone represented oppression, and resisted the great movement of liberty. We have already seen that the actual question of slavery rests upon religious creeds. The Mohammedan believes in the laws of Moses and in those of the Koran, which encourage, or at the least sanction, the slave trade. It is therefore impossible to convince so fanatical a people of the crime of slave-trading. They have the answer ready—"You are Christians, and your laws prohibit slavery. We are Mohammedans, and our laws permit it. We believe that *we are right*, and you, being infidels, *must be wrong.*" If the Mohammedans were more powerful than Christian countries, they would scorn and defy our interference. Slavery is, in fact, a necessary institution to Mohammedanism. According to the laws of the Koran, a believer may have four wives at the same time. Thus, should each male take advantage of the law, a female population would be required four times as numerous as the male. Polygamy is the root of domestic evil, and must ruin

the morality of any country. The destruction of domestic morality will entail a species of barbarism throughout the country where polygamy is permitted. The women remain ignorant. If educated, they would never permit so great an insult to their sex. It is therefore in the interest of the men that the females should remain without education. Nothing can be so detrimental to the prosperity of a country as the ignorance of women. The Mohammedan girls are married to men whom they have never seen until the bridal day. Very few can either read or write. They are kept prisoners in the harems, jealously guarded by black eunuchs; and they know absolutely nothing of the outer world, few having an idea of any country beyond their own, of which they know but little. Whether the world is round or square they could not tell. Ignorance begets idleness. The life of the harem is passed in frivolous, and not always modest, conversation. The time is killed with difficulty by such amusements as the dancing girls, the almah, and the tittle-tattle of female friends, assisted by as much sleep as can be coaxed from the day by languidly lounging upon the divans in a state of dishabille.

It is not to be supposed that harem life is a terrestrial paradise, where love revels in undisturbed harmony. Every house is full of discord in proportion to the number of wives and concubines. Jealousies innumerable, together with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," form the domestic bill of fare for the polygamist. It follows as a matter of course that uneducated mothers are incapable of instructing their children. The little ones born in the harem are witnesses of the jealousies and bickerings of the various mothers from earliest infancy. They grow up with the feelings of hatred for their half-brothers that such an example would insure. The boys are launched into school-life without those sterling rudiments of education and that mother's fond advice that is with us the sheet-anchor throughout our lives. They leave the harem not only ignorant, but wicked; full of low cunning, and without the slightest regard for truth. As the boy's early life has been passed in jealousies and hatreds among the women and their offspring in the harems, so he carries these feelings into life. He grows up without affection —cold, selfish, hypocritical, cunning, and fanatical. He possesses no love of home, for his home was one of divided affections combined with hatreds. Without a love of home there can be no love of country; thus in Mohammedan countries there is no patriotism, but only fanaticism. This miserable position is mainly due to polygamy; thus the result of the system is the moral ruin of a country.

It is natural that a great demand for women should, to a certain extent, render them indolent. The young girl grows up with the certainty that, without any exertion on her part, she will eventually be provided for by marriage. She has therefore no inducement either to cultivate accomplishments or in any way to improve her present condition. She thus passes her early years in the idleness and ignorance of the harem until her turn shall arrive for marriage; after which, she will expect a staff of slaves to be in constant attendance. Female slaves, according to the present domestic arrangements of Turkey and Egypt, are absolutely necessary in the harems. It is impossible to hire Arab women as domestic servants. Women are too scarce, owing to polygamy; therefore, being made independent by marriage, they will not engage as servants. Slaves are the only resource; but even these are frequent additions to domestic difficulties.

The female slaves of Turkey and Egypt may be divided into three classes — Circassian, Abyssinian, and negresses. The Circassians rank the highest; and although they commence their harem life in the position of slaves, they are usually advanced to the dignity of wives. Thus a married lady has frequent cause to be jealous of her own slaves, who, having gained the affections or won the admiration of her husband

(their master), may become his wives, and, if young, may enjoy greater favour than herself, the mistress.

The Abyssinian girls are remarkably pretty, with large eyes and delicately shaped features. These girls are brought down from the Galla country by the slave-dealers from Abyssinia. That beautiful country, which, had we not wantonly deserted it, might have become of great importance, is now a prey to anarchy. The opposing tribes are only too happy to sell their female prisoners to the Arab slave-traders. These people bring down the young girls in gangs by various routes, but the principal outlet is the Red Sea, about Massowa. A great market is at Gallabat, the frontier town of Abyssinia. There I have seen them crowded together in mat tents, waiting for purchasers from those commissioned to procure slaves by the wealthy Arabs and Turkish officials. At Gallabat a handsome young girl of sixteen is worth about 15*l.*, but the same girl at Cairo would fetch 40*l.* or 50*l.* The Abyssinians are a much advanced race compared with the negroes of Central Africa. The women are very affectionate and devoted to those who show them kindness. Thus, as they combine beauty with devotion, they are much sought for, and command a high price in the market. They are seldom purchased by common people, as their price is too high, and they cannot earn money by bodily labour like negresses, being too delicate and unable to sustain fatigue. Although they are generally termed Abyssinians (*Habbesheea*), I have never met with a true high-caste Abyssinian girl —these would be Christians; whereas all I have seen have been Gallas—a Mohammedan race. Many of these poor girls die from fatigue on the desert journey from Gallabat to the sea-coast. Those who reach Khartoum, or the towns of Lower Egypt, are sold to the wealthy, and generally take a high position in the harems, after becoming the wives of their purchasers. In the Soudan I have met several charming Abyssinian ladies, who, having married European residents, have become perfectly civilized: proving that the race is capable of great advancement.

We now arrive at the lowest class—the negress—the *slave* "par excellence," as accepted in England. The negro slaves are captured from every tribe between Khartoum and the equator. There is no slave TRADE, but every slave has been *kidnapped* by the slave-hunters of Khartoum. Before I suppressed the slave trade of the White Nile, about 50,000 slaves were brought down from the countries bordering that river every year. The young girls are preferred when about seven or eight years old, as they are more readily taught the work required. The best looking girls are taken north, and are distributed to the various markets by diverse routes; some to the Mediterranean, *viâ* the desert from Kordofan to Tripoli; others to the Red Sea, and many to Egypt. The negresses purchased for the harems occupy the position of either simple slaves or concubines, according to the desire of their proprietor, but they very rarely, if ever, attain to the dignity of wives, as they are properly regarded as the most inferior race. They are accordingly in the common position of servants.

This short description of the domestic position of female slaves will be sufficient to explain the want of cohesion throughout Mohammedan society. There are few fathers, but many mothers. There is so constant an admixture of foreign blood that it is difficult to decide a true ethnological position. In one family there may be by the various mothers a half Circassian, half negress—half Abyssinian, half Arab, half Turk; and this motley group of half-bred children will in their turn procreate a second generation of half-breeds, by intermarrying with women of strange races. Such a progeny must be incapable of the feeling of patriotism. They belong to no special race, and consequently they take but small interest in the prosperity of the country. Each prosecutes his selfish interests. There is no nationality; not even a patriotic ejaculation common to other countries. No shout, no heart-stirring

cry when a regiment is pressing on to victory. "God and the Prophet!"—but no other exclamation is heard from the mouth of either Turk or Egyptian. The result of such a domestic system must ruin the most prosperous country; each house is "divided against itself." The enervating life of the harem destroys the energy of man, while it demoralizes woman; thus the men become lazy and effeminate, and the country, as a matter of course, languishes.

Although the main points of the Mohammedan religion are theologically not far distant from our own, there is a direct element of confusion in all their domestic laws, which, unless reformed, will continue to deteriorate their races. If we look back to the great fanatical movement which was the first impulse of the early Mohammedans, we behold the terrible effect of a mighty religious shock upon all the flourishing countries of Northern Africa. The flood of armies, led on by an irresistible enthusiasm, rushed like an earthquake wave from east to west, burying beneath it all civilization, extinguishing the light of science, crashing down monuments of antiquity, and threatening even Europe with the desolation that it had left from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. The path of the Moslem was marked by destruction. Egypt, that had been the oldest seat of learning and of wisdom, sank under the Mohammedan assault. The grand library of Alexandria, with untold historical treasures, was wantonly committed to the flames. For weeks all the hot-baths of Alexandria were heated with manuscripts containing information that has now perished for ever. The miserable fanatics declared that "all that man required to know was contained in one book, '*the Koran*,' therefore all other books were hurtful, and should be destroyed." It would be impossible to speculate upon what the result of the Mohammedan movement might have been had Europe succumbed to the attack; but from the present position of Turkey since the conquest by the Turks, we may judge by analogy that other portions of Europe would have exhibited the same retrogression. The countries of Northern Africa have sunk into complete insignificance. The Delta of Egypt must always continue fruitful, owing to its extraordinary fertility caused by the annual inundation of the Nile; but beyond the Delta, within the range of Upper Egypt, we find nothing but the imperishable relics of former greatness. When we regard the present existing population, we look back with wonder and regret to that which has passed away.

If we accept the present miserable state of Northern Africa as the result of Mohammedan conquest and occupation, and believe, as I have suggested, that the domestic laws—and especially polygamy—are the curse of the country, the first step towards a wholesome reform must be the suppression of the slave trade, which will reduce the number and supply of women. If the sexes are nearly balanced, polygamy will by degrees cease to exist. When education shall have improved the intellectual condition of women, and the suppression of the slave trade shall have proscribed the imports of foreign women, the natural instincts of their sex will determine their domestic position. Women will refuse to remain like herds of females belonging to one male, and they will be enabled to assert the natural right of one woman to be the sole conjugal companion of one man. This will be one of the great moral results of the suppression of the slave trade: that women shall no longer be subjected to such competition, by reason of extraordinary numbers, that they must submit to the degrading position in which they are now placed by polygamy. If women are in moderate numbers, they will be enhanced in value, and they will be able to assert "*women's rights*;" but they, like all other articles, will be reduced in value when the supply exceeds the demand. At present the free trade in foreign women in Egypt and Northern Africa reduces the value of the home production; thus they have no escape from the degradation of polygamy.

From whatever point of view we regard slavery, it is an unmitigated evil. In a short outline we have traced its origin to barbarous ages, and we have admitted that such an institution is incompatible with civilization. At the same time we must admit that the question is surrounded by many difficulties. In England we at once cut the Gordian knot, and by an Act of Parliament we suddenly emancipated our slaves and rewarded the proprietors with an indemnity of twenty millions. There can be no question that the act was chivalrous, but at the same time foolish. There was a lack, not only of statesmanship, but of common sense, in the *sudden* emancipation of a vast body of inferior human beings, who, thus released from a long bondage, were unfitted for a sudden liberty. The negroes thus freed by the British Government naturally regarded their former proprietors as their late oppressors, from whom they had been delivered by an Act of Parliament. This feeling was neither conducive to harmony nor industry. The man who is suddenly freed requires no logic to assure him that he has been wrongly held in slavery; his first impulse is therefore to hate his former master. A slave who has throughout his life been compelled to labour, will naturally avoid that labour when freedom shall afford him the opportunity. Therefore the sudden enfranchisement of a vast body of slaves created a ruinous famine of labour, and colonies that had been most prosperous fell into decay; the result of ill-advised although philanthropic legislation. If a value had been fixed upon every negro slave as the price of liberty, and he had been compelled to work with his original master at a certain rate per day until he had thus earned his freedom, the slave would have appreciated the benefit of his industry; he would have become industrious by habit, as he would have gained his reward. At the same time he would have parted, or perhaps have remained with his master, without an imaginary wrong. The emancipation of slaves must be gradual, especially in such countries as Turkey and Egypt. England may play the philanthropic fool, and throw away twenty millions for an idea, but how can we expect a poor country to follow so wild an example?

This is one difficulty. We press Egypt to emancipate her slaves and to suppress the slave trade; but the emancipation would be most unjust and injudicious unless compensation were given to the proprietors who had purchased those slaves when slavery was an institution admitted by the Government. A Government has no more right to take away a man's slave than his horse or his cow, unless some wrong has been committed in the acquisition. Where a Government cannot afford to pay a general indemnity for a general enfranchisement, it is absurd for England to press for a general emancipation. We will even suppose that the slaves were suddenly emancipated throughout the Egyptian dominions, what would be the result? One half would quit the country and return to their old haunts of savagedom. Others would become vagrants; the women would set up drinking and dancing houses, and a general demoralization would be the result.

The present physical condition of slaves throughout Egypt is good. They are well fed, and generally are well treated by their masters. In many cases a slave rises to a high rank. I know an instance where a slave rose to the high position of Pasha and Major-General. One of the lieutenant-colonels under my command had originally been a slave; and most of the officers in the Soudan regiments had risen through good conduct from the same low origin. Among the upper classes, the domestic slaves are frequently in a better position than other household servants. A servant may give notice to his master, and change his situation at will; thus he loses the confidence that would be reposed in the slave who actually belongs to his master. Slaves are generally proud of belonging to a master; and I have frequently heard them speak with

contempt of those who have no proprietor, as though they were so inferior that they were generally disowned. It is a mistake to suppose that the slaves throughout the East are anxious for delivery. Negroes do not care for change. If they are well fed and clothed, and not overworked, they are generally faithful and contented. Among the lower classes, the slave always eats from the same dish as his master; and there is a feeling of pride in his position, that he forms a portion of the family. The eunuchs are especial favourites, and are always accepted as members of the household entitled to peculiar consideration. They are accustomed to every luxury, and take the highest positions in the houses of the wealthy. It has been remarked that the Viceroy of Egypt, if in earnest, should set the example of liberty by emancipating all the slaves of his harems. Such remarks can only proceed from those who are utterly ignorant of the position of eunuchs in a royal household. These effeminate personages never work; they are perfectly incapable of earning a livelihood by any other occupation except that in which they are engaged. To set these people at what is called "liberty" would be to turn them on to the streets to starve.

This being the general position of slaves in Egypt, the question of enfranchisement is extremely difficult. Liberty would certainly not improve the temporal condition of the slaves. At the same time, slavery should be suppressed. We must remember that the population of Egypt is unequal to the amount of labour required for the cultivation of the land. The principal fellahs, or farmers, of Upper Egypt are large proprietors of slaves. These negroes work the water-lifts for irrigation, and perform the chief labour on the fields. They are contented and well-conducted people, who would certainly not be improved by a sudden emancipation, which would as certainly bring ruin upon the farmer, whose land would be thrown out of cultivation. The more intimate we become with the subject, the greater is the difficulty in dealing with slavery so as to be just to all parties. We have no right suddenly to snatch up the cause of the negro, and bring a verdict of guilty against his master. If we determine to offer justice to the black man, we must also preserve some show of equity towards the white. No one has a greater horror of the slave trade than myself, and perhaps no one has made greater personal efforts to suppress it; but I must acknowledge that custom and ancient laws have granted a right to certain races, according to their religious belief, not only to hold, but actually to trade in human beings. To carry out our views of philanthropy we exert moral force on land, and physical force at sea; but we must admit that the physical force has achieved more than the moral in the suppression of the African slave trade. Notwithstanding our efforts during many years, it is notorious that the slave trade still flourishes to a large extent, which proves that this old institution is so deeply engraved upon the hearts of certain nations that they will run the most dangerous risks in such an enterprize. If we are determined to suppress this abomination, we must sternly *insist* upon its suppression, but this must not be in vague terms. The nuisance is admitted, and the evil must be vigorously attacked. At the same time, a certain respect is due to Turkey and Egypt.

The Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, has taken the initiative at the request of European powers, especially England. The great difficulty is a decided plan of action. The assumed case is as follows:—

The negro is sure to retrograde if left to his own unassisted endeavours.

Under certain conditions he is a valuable member of society.

These conditions necessitate a certain amount of coercion.

Without coercion he is useless: with coercion he is valuable.

The negro has therefore been made a slave from time immemorial.

We are now determined to enfranchise him, therefore we must decide upon his future position. In my opinion, we must make a distinction between those negroes who have been slaves, and those who are the free inhabitants of their own country, when we consider this important question.

I have endeavoured to exhibit the evil of slavery, while describing the difficulties attending a too sudden emancipation. The wisest course would be a gradual enfranchisement, commencing from a certain date; and I would suggest that in this instance we should pay some respect to Mohammedan powers by so far adhering to the Mosaic law as to adopt the principle of the Hebrew term of bondage—"then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee." By adopting this course the slaves would be gradually educated for liberty, while the interval of seven years would enable their proprietors to make certain domestic arrangements that would prevent confusion on the day of jubilee. I believe that a reform thus quietly carried out would simply change the slave into a free servant, and that few would leave their old masters. At the same time that the blessing of freedom would be conferred upon the slave, no actual wrong would have been inflicted on his master. The seven years' gratuitous service would be the price of liberty, and would cancel the first cost of purchase.

I will now turn to the more interesting condition of the negro savage in his native land. It has been the custom to argue upon the *negro* as though only one species could be represented by this designation: the negro has been brought forward as a special type. Our researches in Africa during the last half-century have shown us a great variety of negroes differing in appearance and in intelligence according to the conditions of the countries they inhabit. We find only one pervading peculiarity among all African negro tribes—the woolly hair growing in separate tufts. There is no exception to this rule; but beyond this the negroes of various portions of Africa differ as much or more than Europeans. The negroes of the West Coast have broad flat noses, prognathous jaws, large mouths, with excessively thick lips. As we alter the meridian, and proceed from west to east, we find that this peculiarity is gradually reduced, until we arrive in countries where the facial angle is in good proportion. The thick lips and deformed mouths disappear, the hideous nose is replaced by an excellent feature, and nothing remains of the negro *par excellence* but the peculiarity of the hair. The character of tribes differs as much as their personal appearance. Those pastoral people who possess large flocks and herds are the most warlike. This is the result of a life of vigilance as shepherds, who are constantly exposed to the attacks of their neighbours. In all pastoral countries the natives are constantly at war, as cattle-lifting is a sport generally indulged in. The agricultural tribes are more amenable to law than the pastoral. The shepherd, in the event of war, can drive off his flocks to a secure retreat; therefore he has less fear of disturbance; but the farmer cannot move his crops, which would be at the mercy of the enemy: thus he is peacefully inclined.

The first step towards the improvement of the negro is to indue him with a taste for agriculture; to show him that the earth will repay his labour, and that industry and peace will profit him more than war. Practice combined with preaching will be understood by the negro. If he can be assured of protection, and if he feels confident of obtaining justice, he will be in a fair condition for improvement. The first step necessary for the improvement of savage races is the establishment of a strong but paternal government. Negroes seldom think of the future. They cultivate the ground at various seasons, but they limit their crops to their actual wants; therefore an unexpected bad season reduces them to famine. They grow a variety of cereals, which, with a minimum of labour, yield upon their

fertile soil a large return. Nothing would be easier than to double the production, but this would entail the necessity of extra store-room, which means extra labour; thus with happy indifference the native thinks but lightly of to-morrow. He eats and drinks while his food lasts; and when famine arrives, he endeavours to steal from his neighbours. There is an extreme love of independence in most savages, but especially among negroes. When they work at their fields they appear to be industrious, but this hard labour lasts for a short term, to be relieved by a period of idleness. Hunting and fishing are amusements eagerly pursued, but even in such sports, a fortunate day is followed by several days of relaxation. Nothing is so distasteful to the negro as regular daily labour: thus nothing that he possesses is durable. His dwelling is of straw or wattles; his crops suffice for a support from hand to mouth; and as his forefathers worked only for themselves and not for posterity, so also does the negro of the present day. Thus, without foreign assistance, the negro a thousand years hence will be no better than the negro of to-day—as the negro of to-day is in no superior position to that of his ancestors some thousand years ago.

There is no portion of the globe more blessed by nature than a great part of Africa, especially the equatorial regions that I have lately annexed to Egypt. It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful country, combining unbounded capabilities. We frequently meet with magnificent scenery in Europe, such as we enjoy to view in Scotland or in other mountainous countries: but unfortunately such bold landscapes generally denote a sterile soil. In Central Africa we have every beauty of mountainous scenery, combined with the most fertile soil and healthy climate. There is an unlimited area with an average altitude above the sea of 4,000 feet, which embraces all that man could desire. In the hands of Europeans this would become a mine of wealth. Never was a country so specially designed by nature for the production of coffee. In the country of Usui the coffee-shrub is indigenous. The sugar-cane is met with; but the natives only chew raw coffee and suck the juice of the cane, being as ignorant as their own rats of their proper uses. This ignorance extends to the want of appreciation of their country. They know nothing of its capabilities, neither do they care.

At the same time there is a large population divided into numerous tribes, who are constantly at war with each other. Taking advantage of the anarchy of Central Africa, the slave-hunters had an unbounded field for their operations. Thus a country which should be a paradise, was converted into an infernal region. Thousands of slave-hunters from the Soudan, organized as a military force, burnt, pillaged, massacred, and violated at discretion. Horrors hitherto unknown in savage countries were introduced. A country that I had seen in former years teeming with villages, and rich in native wealth, was rendered desolate. The young girls and boys were carried off into hopeless slavery. The old were massacred. The natives on all sides detested the sight of a stranger. Even a traveller was considered as the harbinger of some calamity.

This desolation was the result of the slave trade, and every abomination was committed in the name of "God and the Prophet."

My task was to bring this chaos into order. The first step necessary was to establish a government to give protection to the oppressed. This necessitated the annexation of the country. The next step was to abolish the slave trade, and to drive the slave-hunters from the country. It was necessary to establish a line of military stations from Ismalia to Unyoro, a distance of 330 miles. Protection would insure confidence among the natives. This once established, would be followed by general improvement. European seeds of vegetables, &c., were distributed among the tribes. These throve luxuriantly. Agriculture was generally encouraged. The

natives were forbidden to make war with other tribes without the sanction of the Government. Thus peace was established throughout a large extent of country. Legitimate trade was organized, instead of the pillage to which the natives had been accustomed. The slave-hunters were driven from the country at the point of the bayonet. A slight tax on corn was cheerfully paid for the support of the troops. The Government was established. For the first time in history, the Ottoman flag represented English ideas of liberty and justice, and was regarded by the natives as the symbol of protection.

In that distant portion of the Nile, in N. lat 4° 54′, I left an excellent Missionary for the improvement of African savages. This is a power that will in a few years create an effect that could hardly be achieved by any other agent, a purely English Missionary—STEAM—which even during our own lifetime has been the great civilizing instrument of the world. As England first launched a steamer to cross the Atlantic, so have Englishmen built the first steamer at the last navigable limit of the Nile. This fine vessel of 108 tons, constructed of steel, by Messrs. Samuda Brothers, was carried in sections with incredible labour across the Nubian deserts for upwards of 400 miles on the backs of camels. She now, at a distance of nearly 3,000 miles from the mouth of the Nile, represents the industry of the shipwrights who constructed her, and the enterprize of the Khedive of Egypt, whose name she bears. Another steamer is lying in sections at Gondokoro, ready for transport to the Albert N'yanza. When a steamer shall appear upon that vast lake, Africa will awaken from her sleep. The difficulties that have hitherto kept her in savagedom are those of transport. Those difficulties will vanish. The Khedive is about to connect Khartoum with Cairo by railway. The White Nile will bring the produce of Central Africa to the terminus, and the great lake will form the nucleus for a trade, the dimensions of which will depend upon the integrity and honour of the Egyptian Government. By these means will Africa draw nearer to civilization.

In the late expedition that I had the honour to command, I feel that I have been the humble tiller of the ground; the seeds I have sown will, I trust, be nursed by others until they shall bear fruit. This fruit I may not live to enjoy: but as England's colonial prosperity is the grand result of those first explorers who laid the sound foundations, I trust that in the work I have accomplished, the cause for which England has always striven will be advanced; and that when my name shall long have been forgotten, the prosperity of Central Africa, and the liberty of her people, may date from the Khedive of Egypt's expedition—which first crushed the abomination of the slave trade of the White Nile.

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Come, Ellen. All stratagems are fair in love; and if you don't drop such a hint of Cousin Anne's alarms as will frighten Lesbia Maynard into joining us in our sudden flight to Castle Daly, I'll be forced to forge a letter from her precious brother to summon her to Ireland in a hurry. He'll have to get his head broken in a scrimmage;——or stay, he shall fight a duel with Darby O'Roone and be shot through the heart, dead; and the sister, hurrying to meet the corpse as it is brought in at the front door, shall fall down and break her back. I'll write a neat letter from old Dr. O'Moore conveying the pleasing intelligence, if you persist in your obstinacy: for, to leave the darling at twenty-four hours' notice, just after telling her she's the jewel of my heart, and without knowing how she takes the news, is what Connor Daly is not the boy to do—let Pelham Daly say what he will."

"And you would frighten her to death to prove your affection?"

"Once get her safely wiled away with us, and leave it to me to comfort her, and let her know, all in good time, that the letter was just a *slight* misunderstanding."

"She would hate you for ever afterwards for giving her such a fright."

"Not she, when she understood it was all the way I had of keeping near her. If I thought she had such a poor heart as not to put up with a bit of a fright about a brother or a sister, that her lover planned to save them from parting, by Jove! Pelham would be welcome to have her, for she'd not be the girl for me."

"I should think it the poor heart that would put the lover above the brother. What will you say, Con, when I do that same?"

"Find a lover to love you half as well as your brother Connor, and you are welcome to put him where you will."

"Oh, the King of Blarney that he is; but I shall not look out for one that will match you that way: and, Connor, dear, I think you have carried the blarney a taste too far with Lesbia, and that she is annoyed by your sending her those verses. I wrote a little note late last night to let her know that we were leaving Whitecliffe in a day or two, and there has been no sign in answer from her yet. She has not appeared at window or door, and just now I saw Mrs. Maynard leave the house, driving the whole troop of boys before her, and no Lesbia. Can she be ill?"

"I vow I'll not leave the place if she is, till I have seen her again. She has the tenderest little heart in the world; and you may depend my verses——"

"Have half killed her with the laugh over them she has had. Oh, Connor, how glad I am I'm not in love with any one, and that no one's in love with me. I would not have the pleasure of going home spoilt by having to give a thought or a look back to the noblest lover in the world. I am glad there is not the least beginning of a slender thread to hold my heart from home."

Ellen danced to the window, threw it up as she spoke, and leaned out. "You won't get a sorrowful good-bye from me," she cried; "you poor little bits of white stones that call yourselves rocks, and you dull, leaden sea down there creeping up to them, and you great lonely corn-fields and meadows, and straight roads, where one never meets a friendly face, or hears a 'God save you kindly.' Won't I shake the dust of you from my feet when I go with a laughing heart!"

"Without a thought of the friend you leave behind you? That's what a woman's friendship's worth."

"Little Lesbia? Of course, I shall be sorry to say good-bye to her; but, Con, I can't seriously put her beside Cousin Anne and home. Oh, the smell of the peat, and the sparkle of our own lake, and the thunder of real waves on the shore, and the friendly warm words, and faces that brighten when one comes near! I did not know how sick my heart was for them all till now. It will be always that way with me. You may make much of falling in love, if you like. With me nothing will ever come near home and my own people. Those blessed, stupid fears of Cousin Anne's, how I thank them for dragging us back!"

"If thanks and blessings are flying about I shall put in my claim for a share. Trace back far enough, and I'm the moving spring that set all the little wheels in motion that pull the rope that is drawing you."

"Connor, I hope not! How can you have had anything to do with our people's discontent against Mr. Thornley, and the troubles that have worked papa up to such a state of indignation that he cannot rest here a week longer?"

"Not intentionally, perhaps; but if I had not stood by Dennis Malachy at the time you know of, and cleverly kept my father and other people from finding him out for the sworn rebel and Ribbonman I knew him to be, would he ever have had that little place by the edge of the bog given back to him? And if my father had not put him there, could Mr. Thornley have turned him out? And if he had not had his roof lifted off his head, would there have been the black blood there is between his faction and Mr. Thornley? Cousin Anne would never have heard that gun fired, and we should have stayed here till the end of the chapter."

"You don't think it a fancy of Anne's. You think the danger real, and that Dennis Malachy is in it?"

"I think Thornley is a dunderheaded pedant, who will set the country on fire if he's left to work his own will; and that it is high time my father was home again. I agree with Anne that he ought never to have left his post," said Connor, grandly.

"It's easy talking; but with mamma so ill, and always so sad-hearted, I don't know what he could have done but travel about to please her. There are moments when I hate myself for being glad to go home, for, Connor, I saw a look on her face when we were all talking and laughing last night that just broke my heart. She looked as if she thought it was to her death she was going, and you and I laughing over it. I hope the day won't come, Con, when you'll hate to think it was your doing."

"If you don't manage it so that Lesbia Maynard goes with us, I'll hate to think of it now. Ellen, is not the door of the Red House opening this minute? Is not that she herself coming down the garden to the street? You look; I dare not."

"Gracious! what a sudden fit of modesty. Yes, there she is, with her head up, stepping daintily. What pretty, gay-plumaged little bird is she like? There must be company at the Maynards'. She is wearing the lilac-chequered silk dress that becomes her so well, and generally only comes out on Sunday, and her freshest bonnet. Perhaps it is a protest to show you that she does not always wear the 'poorest gown,' and scorns to fall back upon the airy clothing you propose to invest her with."

"Ellen, don't. You have not a spark of poetry in your composition, I declare, or you would let those lines alone. Why, positively there's Pelham rushing out to open the door; he must have been on the look-out for her from the dining-room window. Hang him! he'll get the first word, and fancy that it is for his sake she looks so down-hearted about our leaving Whitecliffe."

"But I don't think she does look down-hearted. As well as I can judge from the window, she is a little more smiling and important than usual in her lilac dress—like a little bantam hen furbelowed down to her feet."

"I shall rush off, and come back in time to escort her home, and have her for a few minutes all to myself; I can't stand Pelham's watching."

Connor condescended to the undignified measure of peeping over the balusters when he had reached the landing of the topmost story of the house. He had the satisfaction of seeing Lesbia Maynard mount the lowest flight of stairs alone; but he had previously surprised a look on her face, as she and Pelham stood on the door-mat together shaking hands, that disposed him to dash into his own room and relieve his mind for the next quarter of an hour by throwing his boots and hair-brushes about.

Lesbia paused at the drawing-room door to put up her hands and try to smooth the inconvenient rush of colour out of her burning cheeks. She herself was not at all surprised at the great bound her heart had given when the door had opened and she had found herself face to face with Pelham Daly on the door-mat. It was only natural she should start and look confused; for just at that very moment she had been saying to herself that he must have left Whitecliffe hours ago, and that she should certainly never see him again. The surprise was quite enough to account for and excuse her blushes, but she did not care to bring them under Ellen's eyes. She thought it behoved her to be very calm and dignified on the occasion of this visit. Important events had occurred since she was last in that room, and it would require all the judiciousness she could muster to speak of them worthily to the friend whose character, frank and gay as her manners were, somehow or other puzzled her a little.

Ellen saw the effort and constraint in Lesbia's manner at a glance, and before they were seated exclaimed, "What is the matter? What has happened since the day before yesterday, Babette?"

"Oh, so many things; you can have no idea," said Lesbia; and then she possessed herself of the blind-tassel that had been Pelham's plaything the day before, and began to plait and unplait its threads, while Ellen, looking down into her face, wondered what the expression exactly was that had come into it within the last forty-eight hours, and changed it so greatly.

"I got your letter last night," Lesbia began, waking up at last.

"And you are *so* sorry to lose us," Ellen cried, feeling penitently that she had not rated the warmth of Lesbia's affectionateness rightly before.

"What makes you say *so* sorry?"

Ellen passed her finger lightly along a red line that incircled Lesbia's eyes. "Don't I know how this comes?" she said; "and will I ever forget that you cared enough for us to shed tears at our going, you dear little friend? Nay, don't colour so furiously; you don't suppose I would let the conceited boys know? there would be no bearing with their vanity for ever afterwards if I did."

"It was not that," said Lesbia, glowing brighter and brighter, till she was obliged to put up her hands again to hide her cheeks. "Ellen, I can't tell you stuck up on a chair; let me come and sit on that stool by your feet, and then I shall be able to speak. Some news came to our house yesterday."

"And we had news too—excellent news—for it has determined papa, as I told you, to go back to Ireland at once. You will not be able to match that, I am afraid."

"I don't know; but, Ellen, I must tell you first that I did not cry because you were to leave Whitecliffe, but because I have had a great quarrel with my cousins. Mrs. Maynard has been very unkind to me."

"My poor, dear Babette! but that is nothing new; does it not happen every day?"

"Yes, indeed; but this quarrel was serious, and the unkindness what I cannot forget. She called me a serpent and a hypocrite, and said that John and Bride had deceived her—and—I answered. I don't know how it happened, for I had been feeling so kindly towards her a few minutes before; but all the angry

thoughts that I have had in my heart against her for seven years seemed under the provocation of her grudging words to rise up and fly out of my mouth. I was not frightened at the moment, but I have been shaking and trembling almost ever since. This morning she is sorry, and would like to be friends with me again, but I cannot. She showed me her heart last night, and it was so full of envy and grudging I can never bear with her again. Ellen, do you think your mother would let me travel with you to Ireland when you go, to join John and Bride?"

"Think? I am sure she will. It is just what Connor and I were planning. Of course, you shall go home with us at once, and break free from Mrs. Maynard—bad luck to her for ever! I do congratulate you now, Babette, though you don't know what it is you are going to. Why, your news is as good as ours."

"But you have not heard it yet; the quarrel came afterwards. I had my news in a letter from Ireland."

"So ours came."

"But they cannot be the same; for mine concerns myself—me more than any one else in the world," said Lesbia, raising her head, that had been half resting against Ellen's knee. "Do you remember what I told you once about my rich grand-uncle, John Maynard?"

"I guess, I guess! he is dead, and has left all his money to you; and you cannot rest till you have seen your brother, and given up the inheritance to him, that he only lost through his faithfulness to your father. I remember the story quite well; and, dear Lesbia, I have always been expecting this to happen, and that you would act as you are going to do. If your mean-spirited cousins oppose your wish to do justice to your brother, we will stand up for you and help you through. I suppose that was what the quarrel began upon?"

"Why, no. I had not thought of all that. I am not so quick as you. I don't suppose I could give my fortune away, or that anything would induce John or Bride to take it. You don't know them. Here is John's letter; read what he says."

"I like it," Ellen pronounced, when she came to the end. "Well, I suppose it will be all the same, for you cannot be rich without your brother and sister sharing. They who provided for you ever since your mother died, they'll never be so unkind as not to take part of what you have now."

"Of course we shall live together; that is the great happiness my fortune brings to me. But still it is I who shall have to take my uncle's name, and be Lesbia Maynard, and an heiress. John calls himself my faithful guardian, you see."

"He has always been that, has he not?"

"Yes, indeed. I have not seen them for seven years—not since I was a little child; but I know they are the best people in the world. I don't suppose I shall ever laugh and joke with them as you do with your brothers. Bride is so old, and John so dreadfully clever. I am going home, but I don't know what home will be like. Last night, after the quarrel with my cousins, I think I felt more frightened at the news of my fortune than glad. The one cheerful thought I had to turn to was the prospect of travelling with you, whom I know, to Castle Daly, and having you near me at first to help me."

"That we will. We will have glorious times all together there."

"But—but you will not all be there?"

"All but Pelham; he remains with us till we leave Whitecliffe, and then goes to Oxford to take his degree. I suppose we shall have him living at home always after that, unless papa consents to his going into the army, as he wishes. Castle Daly is not to him what it is to Connor and me; he longs to get away to India—anywhere from the poor old place, that is not just trim and grand enough for him; but there are difficulties in the way. Mamma does not like parting with him so far, and papa talks of expense. I don't know how it will be settled."

happen to be so lucky as to have a drop of good old obstinate Pelham blood in them let us treat them with reverence by all means. Up with the purple token on a flag—a drop of unmistakable English blood—and let the Irish half of us own our masters. It beats keeping a gig for a warrant of respectability, to be related in the fourth degree to a Pelham. Why have not the savages round Castle Daly been readier to do homage?"

"Hush, Connor, hush," said Mr. Daly, putting a hand on his son's arm.

Mrs. Daly was, meanwhile, looking up into her eldest son's face, and reading an expression in the dark eyes that met hers which caused her a certain *serrement de cœur.*

"I did not know that you had much acquaintance with these friends of Ellen's, Pelham," she said, apologetically; "I thought you objected to the intimacy once."

"I made a mistake then," he answered bluntly.

"Well, if you really think it right, and your father approves; but" (turning again to Mr. Daly with an eager air, as if grasping at a last straw) "have there not been complaints against these Thornleys in your Irish letters? Does not Anne O'Flaherty think ill of them for some cause or other?"

"An excellent reason for your thinking well of them, is it not, Eleanor?" Mr. Daly answered, smiling. "I should say that settled the matter. Anne O'Flaherty dislikes both the Thornleys cordially, so you have nothing to do but write at once to their sister, and invite her, in your warmest manner, to join us on the journey. It is only a mark of disagreement due from you to Anne."

It was not often that he addressed sarcastic remarks to her now, and they had not quite the same effect they had formerly. A faint flush on the faded cheek, a bewildered, appealing expression of pain in the eyes answered them now, instead of the old panoply of cold reserve.

Mr. Daly saw at once that his words had given pain, and tried to atone for them by an eager—

"Do just as you like about it, however, Eleanor; you are the best judge."

She leaned back in her chair wearily.

"I wish you would all go out and leave me alone," she said, "for I am very tired of hearing you all talk at once. Ellen will carry out her plan, of course; I give her free leave: but I wish she was not so ingenious in inventing schemes to bring new cares on me, as if I had not always more than I have strength for."

The party dispersed. Ellen settled her mother for her after-dinner rest on the sofa in the drawing-room and then hurried off with Connor to make a late call at the house opposite and talk over the arrangements for the journey with Lesbia. Mr. Daly, after finishing his newspaper and his bottle of claret, turned out for his evening stroll up and down the parade with his cigar. He was seldom out long before one or another of his numerous chance acquaintances joined him; but it was somewhat of a surprise to him when Pelham slipped his hand under his arm and volunteered to accompany him in his walk. The attention pleased Mr. Daly a good deal, and even flattered him. Pelham was habitually so reserved, that any advance towards intimacy from him was apt to be received as a mark of favour, especially by his father, who often wearied himself in vain attempts to win the same open-hearted confidence from his eldest son that the younger children gave him spontaneously. Mr. Daly took as much pains to be an agreeable companion that evening as ever courtier did while seeking to worm himself into the favour of a great man. He gave up his favourite lounge on the parade, where he was sure of plenty of admiring companionship, and humoured his son's love of quiet by choosing the most solitary part of the beach for their walk. He talked confidentially of future plans; he told his very best stories of the stirring times of his youth; he chose subject after subject, sending anxious glances into his com-

parent's face to discover what most roused and interested him; but these affectionate wiles were quite thrown away upon Pelham. It was not the custom at Pelham Court for members of one family to spend themselves greatly in conversation with each other. It was thought a mere waste of energy there to be amusing and agreeable to people whom you were in the habit of seeing every day. To find his father so witty and entertaining only puzzled Pelham, and caused him to shrink further and further into his shell, feeling himself aggrieved as one unjustly accused of being "company."

"Can the lad have any folly on his conscience that he wants to confide in me?" Mr. Daly thought when, in spite of all his efforts, the conversation came to a standstill. "Connor makes his confessions within the first half hour of his coming home, but it may be the way of this one to keep it all in till the last evening. What can I say to help him? but stay, it is coming."

"Father," Pelham began, hesitatingly, "I have been thinking——"

"That's right, my boy; tell me everything that troubles you—don't let there be any secrets between us. That's all I ask of either Connor or you. You will always find me your best friend if you are only open with me."

"Open with you! Secrets!" cried Pelham, startled and affronted. "I don't know what you mean. I have no secrets."

"Ah well, finish what you were going to say, however."

"I was only going to say that as I am not absolutely obliged to get back to Oxford for another month, I thought it might be as well for me to travel back to Ireland with you, and spend a fortnight or so at Castle Daly."

Mr. Daly's face brightened, and he gave the hand that rested on his arm an affectionate squeeze against his side.

"Thank you, Pelham. I understand your motive well. It's for your mother's sake you think of this; and you are right—it will make the trial of going back there easier to her if she has you with her, for she clings to you beyond us all. I know it's a sacrifice on your part, and I thank you for making it. Even if the loss of time should make a difference in your degree, you'll not regret what you did for her sake."

Why could not he look a little pleasant in response to these cordial thanks, Mr. Daly wondered? What could his absolute silence and the deep flush that overspread his face signify? It was a little hard to have all his efforts at cordiality so persistently thrust aside.

Pelham was longing to speak. He had never felt so ashamed of himself, so like an impostor in his life, as he did while his father thanked him and pressed his arm. He who indulged habitually in such scorn of Connor's and Ellen's little flatteries and polite insincerities, he to be afraid of explaining the true motive of his conduct, and silently accept undeserved praise! It was that appeal to his confidence that had kept him silent. With a person who could not receive a simple remark without imagining it the beginning of a confession, how could he attempt to explain the very peculiar circumstances that caused him to feel the duty of protecting Lesbia Maynard from Connor's impertinences more important than any other consideration? Pelham put this question to himself, and pondered silently during the rest of the walk home on the annoyance of being made to feel like a hypocrite: and through all the years of his after life he was never able to hear the swish of waves falling on a stony shore without being brought back by memory to those silent minutes, and wondering what there was in the world he would not now give to regain the power, neglected then, of breaking the monotonous sound by a word spoken cordially to an ear that waited for it.

CHAPTER XV.

"If one must worry, it is at least an advantage to have a change of anxieties; and the uncertainties of the post here

do me the service of keeping me in a state of expectation about something else than your return home," Bride Thornley remarked to her brother as she met him at the garden gate one soft October day about a week after Anne O'Flaherty's visit. "Here's another day gone, and still no letters from Lesbia or the Maynards. What can it mean?"

"It means that Mikey Casey has overturned the post-car as he was racing down the hill into Ballyowen, and has broken two of his own ribs and the car's back, all of which will take some mending to restore them even to their original crazy condition."

"I hope it was not till after he had posted our letters to Lesbia."

"That's all you think of, you strong-minded woman. It was three days ago."

"Well, I really can't feel very compassionate over Mikey Casey and the car—the catastrophe has been due so long. By the way he drives he ought to break his ribs every day; and I have always been wondering why he did not. But, having heard this, had you the sense to drive round by Ballyowen and inquire for letters?"

"I had the sense."

"Well?"

"Well, Father Peter is holding a station at Saint Patrick's well; the man at the shop where the post-office is has gone to his duty; and the woman and boy can neither speak English nor read writing. Popular people go in and turn the letters over for themselves, and take what they like; but I am not to be trusted. I think I could have come over the old woman with half-a-crown to let me have my turn at the rummage, if Peter Lynch, who was sitting inside the office calmly picking his mistress' letters from a heap, had not said something in Irish that strengthened her virtue to resist temptation."

"You had to go away empty-handed?"

"Yes, and with a conviction amounting to certainty that a packet of letters, which I espied on a shelf, stuck between a treacle jar and a bundle of candles, had our names upon them. I could not collar Peter Lynch, jump over the counter and seize them, could I?"

"I don't mind waiting, if the letters are there. I was beginning to fear the child might be ill, or something wrong with her. John, I don't think I shall be easy now till we have her with us."

"If you were not Bride I should ask why the company of a sister who is a great heiress is more desirable than that of one who has nothing?"

"And if you were not John I should hate you for having such a detestable thought. You ought to have admired my perfect reasonableness in having kept down my longing for the child when I could not have her company. Let us take another turn on the terrace while we discuss plans for bringing her here. I can allow that this place is beautiful now I see a fair prospect of getting away from it."

"I shall not go till I have brought affairs here into proper training, and can resign with credit to myself. Please to attach some importance to my career; don't efface me all at once into Miss Lesbia Maynard's guardian."

"Trust me for standing up for your dignity and your career when I once have you safe out of this nest of enemies. I wish I could cure myself of always feeling here as if every word we said to each other was overheard and liable to be twisted to your injury. I wonder where that red-cloaked old woman whose head I see bobbing up behind the wall sprang from? I did not see her when we turned last."

"I saw her hobbling down the road half-an-hour ago. I suspect she is one of your beggars—whom, contrary to all principle, you weakly allow to haunt the house still."

"As far as that one is concerned I can't help myself, for I can't get rid of her. I see who it is now—old Molly Malachy, the plague of my life. One day when I was gardening by this gate, and she had just left the house with a basketful of broken meat, Miss O'Flaherty passed, and I overheard a conversation between the two. Miss O'Flaherty reproached her with her meanness

in begging from *us*, and she excused herself on the plea of fleecing the Egyptians."

"I think that was rather good. Go and see what she wants and send her off."

"Send her off yourself, if you think it's so easy. I wonder what is the least sum she will consent to take from you before she stirs from the gate."

"You imagine that I shall be weak enough to give her anything?"

"We shall see."

John walked down to the garden gate, and Bride strolled on towards Mrs. Daly's flower-borders, the only part of the pleasure-grounds still kept in tolerable order, and chiefly by her hands. The light of the clear September day was dying in the west. The sharp outlines of the grey Marm Turk hills began to melt into the purpling sky, the trees in the plantation behind the house to group themselves into masses of shadow; the opal colours of sunset had faded from the lake, leaving it a pale sheet of shimmering silver, with fantastic mist-wreaths brooding and gathering on its further shore. A scent of falling leaves and strong-smelling autumn flowers filled the still heavy air. Bride snuffed it up with a sense of satisfaction. Autumnal scenes and evening hours had a special attraction for her. She never found them sad, as other people professed to do; they soothed and even exhilarated her spirits, speaking to her heart in tones she understood with the voices of friends. She had walked through shadows and frosts too long not to be on hand-shaking terms with them; and it was easier to her to find pleasure in the promise of the future, the hidden hope, the little hints of the new day and the distant summer that evening and autumn whisper of, than in the full beauty of sunshine and flowers that seemed to mock the pale tints in which her own life's history was painted. She paused to gather a handful of autumn violets, and to listen to the deep stillness of the evening. Now and then a strong tone of John's voice reached her, or a shrill whining exclamation from Molly Malachy. She looked back, and smiled to see that they were talking still, John actually leaning over the gate in an attitude of listening—and—yes—there was a withered, skinny brown hand on his arm. Well Bride knew he was not the man to shake it off. What a triumph over him she would have! Yet she wished the colloquy over, for she was losing the opportunity of talking to him on the subject next her heart. She turned her face again towards the white road, that winding up and down hill into the far distance looked so promising, as if it must some day or other bring something new even into her life. Mechanically her eyes rested on a black spot, appearing just on the verge of sight—Peter Lynch, no doubt, in the three-wheeled car, returning to Ballyowen with his mistress' letters. She traced it into a distinct shape, till a vague feeling of interest and expectation crept over her. A click of the gate and John's footsteps close behind roused her, and she turned quickly.

"Come, now, confess. How much? five shillings? Not less than half-a-crown, I'm very certain."

"Not a halfpenny."

"John, you're putting me off with some disgraceful subterfuge. Why, I saw her hand on your arm, and she is turning even now for another curtsey and 'God save you!' I'm afraid it is something serious. Have you promised her the reversion of my entire wardrobe? or is she to have one of the new slated cottages on the Ballyowen road? What have you given away?"

"Nothing, I protest again: or, to be very exact, about three hours of my own time. I should not like it to get talked about; but I did not see my way to refuse."

"Explain, please."

"It seems that a certain ruffian, commonly called 'Hill Dennis,' is that old crone's son."

"I know that well enough; you turned him out of his holding."

"For very good reasons. He was a

thoroughly lawless fellow, a hatcher of mischief. I felt I should never make any way till he was got rid of."

"And for an old woman's tears you have consented to take him back; now I should have got rid of her with sixpence, and you would have sneered at me."

"I tell you I have not consented to anything but to see the man. He has come back to his mother's cabin in an abject state, half-starved and very miserable by her account; and he is willing to give me some information respecting outrages he was concerned in before he went away, that may be very important and useful."

"To turn informer, as they say here. John, I would not have anything to do with him."

"I don't half like it, but living as I do in a network of plots, I must not neglect any chance that offers of learning to distinguish friend from foe, and knowing what to be at. This struggling in the dark with skulking enemies grows too discouraging."

"And is this Dennis to come here?"

"What an innocent question! How much do you suppose the fellow's life would be worth, if it were known he was in communication with me? I have promised to meet him in his old cabin, on the edge of the bog below Lac-y-Core. The place is quite deserted, and gone to ruin. The cabin had to be unroofed a year ago, and no one has ever ventured to live in it since he was turned out."

"I shall go with you."

"To protect your brother against a skulking, half-starved vagabond; a fine opinion you have of his pluck, madam."

"How do you know that he may not bring half-a-dozen others with him?"

"To tell you the truth, it will not be the first interview. I have seen the fellow before, and he has committed himself too far already to dare to put himself into communication with any of his former comrades. If you had seen him when he stopped me on the road one night last week, and tried to make me listen to him, shaking at every breath of wind, and terrified at his own shadow, you would have——"

"Pitied the wretch from the bottom of my heart."

"Ay, and the country that produces the breed; secret conspirators of dark crimes who can't even be true to each other."

The ring of scorn in the voice touched Bride a little painfully; she drew a deep breath.

"Thank God, we need not stay much longer in it. I doubt whether it is doing either of us good to be here. It hardens one's heart to live among people one does not like."

They had walked to the end of the terrace furthest from the road, and now turned again.

The moving speck Bride had been watching was full in sight by this time, and had resolved itself into an outside car, piled high with luggage, and containing three persons.

"Visitors to Miss O'Flaherty, no doubt," observed Bride; "two ladies and a gentleman; country-people of her own, I should say, and young, to judge by the wild way in which they are letting themselves be raced down the hill. See, they are actually standing up on the seat to get a view of the house. They'll be over into the lake in a minute. What an Irish turn-out, to be sure."

The car was now passing the little irregular street of cabins that skirted the lake side, close to the Castle. A man leaning against his doorpost caught sight of its occupants, and, throwing up his arms with a wild cry, seized the back of the carriage and allowed himself to be dragged on with it, shouting and screaming as he went. In an instant the village street was thronged, and the progress of the car effectually arrested by a little crowd of men, women, and children, who threw themselves in the way. A dozen hands seized the horses' heads, while gaunt forms pressed round, clutching wildly at the wheels and body of the vehicle, and thrusting excited faces into close proximity with those of the travellers on the car.

The sound of voices raised high—whether in joy or sorrow it was impossible to say—made a sudden break in the stillness of the evening.

"I must inquire what is going on down there," John exclaimed, when they had looked on for a minute and saw no abatement in the excitement. Bride followed at a little distance, thankful that the sound of tumult had not reached them after they had entered the house, when she would certainly have been ordered to sit still and wait in suspense till all was over.

She had reached the outskirts of the crowd before she could learn anything. Then she perceived that the centre of attraction towards which all the gesticulating hands were outstretched, all the eager faces turned, was the tall, slim figure of a girl standing up in the car, and holding down her hands, which at least a dozen old crones had seized to cover them with kisses. Her back was turned towards Bride, who could only fairly see the sloping shoulders towering above the crowd, and a bonnetless head incircled with masses of yellow hair, which made it show as if a faint light played round it.

A vague recollection rose in Bride's mind of an allegorical picture she had once seen, where an aureoled figure of Peace, or Plenty, or Love—she could not remember which—stood on a triumphal car, and showered down blessings on a world that had been perishing in her absence.

Was it a bit of grammerie that had come over with those mist-wreaths from the lake? or what had brought such an old-world scene from a Queen Elizabeth's progress into dirty, tumble-down Daly's Corner, as the village called itself?

There was a movement in the crowd, evidently following some request made by the goddess on the car; the people pressed together, leaving a clear path for some one who was being carefully lifted down; then a figure emerged from the throng—a girlish figure—at the sight of which Bride's heart gave one great bound. A second more and soft arms were round her neck, and a voice that was like an echo from a far-off time was murmuring in her ear—

"Bride, Bride! I am Lesbia. I am your own little sister Babette come home to you. Do say you know me. I knew you and John the instant I saw you coming from the house, and I could not wait to get at you an instant longer."

The confusion was over for Bride after that moment of intense joy: it all resolved itself into Lesbia's happy home-coming, and she had little attention to give to anything else that went on round her. John made his way up to the car, and a few minutes later walked back to the Castle, accompanied by a young lady and gentleman, who introduced themselves to Bride—for Lesbia turned shy after her first impulsive greeting—as Ellen and Connor Daly.

A few words of explanation made all clear. Mr. and Mrs. Daly had hoped to find a carriage from the Castle waiting at Ballyowen to convey them home, but finding that they were not expected they had determined to stay the night at the hotel in the town, while Connor, Ellen, and Lesbia proceeded in the only conveyance that could be procured to carry the news of their return to the house, and order preparations to be made for their arrival the next morning.

All was confusion and bustle in and about the place for the rest of the evening; but Bride was not in a mood to find fault. Holding Lesbia's hand in hers, and refreshing herself every now and then with a look into her face, she could enjoy the odd little traits of character that the excitement brought out with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day.

She listened with less contempt than might have been expected to an eloquent harangue delivered by Connor from the doorstep to the crowd that followed him to the house; and hardly noticed the impatient shrugs of the shoulders with which John heard his wild promises of help and protection to every one in the better times which, in spite of the scarcity, he asserted were sure to come

back now his father was returned to live among them.

The shouts of welcome, the fervent "God save you's," the sight of all those haggard, hungry faces transfigured with joy and hope, touched her heart, in which a new joy and hope for her own life had sprung up. She did not like to believe just then that the millennium of good will and good fortune which the young orator's lips pictured so glibly had no reality to rest upon, and was nothing but words. She did not even permit herself to feel provoked by Ellen's surprise when she was told that the resources of the Castle Daly larder were at present insufficient to supplement Connor's airy promises by affording a substantial meal to all the vociferous applauders of his oratory; and she hardly showed any incredulity or annoyance at the assertions reiterated by all the bystanders that "there always used to be plenty—the bit and the sup were never wanting in the old times on similar occasions, and were never missed by those who had the heart to give them."

Her temper had a further trial when the increasing darkness drove them all into the house. Bride was by habit and instinct an exact, careful house-manager, and during the three years she had lived at Castle Daly she had grown to have a certain sense of proprietorship in the place. To find herself suddenly deposed was a little trying, and there was, for a careful house-mistress, considerable mortification in witnessing the joyful alacrity with which the servants she had trained flew in the face of all her instructions at the very first opportunity, in favour of old habits.

"Shure and won't I lay the table for supper this evening as Mr. Connor likes to see it—wid plenty in all the dishes haped up, and the praties in their jackets, and the big punch-bowl in the middle, wid lashings of whisky, and things handy, as they should be."

"Hurry and do it, thin, Katey avoorneen; there's no one to hinder you now. Meself's flying up stairs to snatch off the dabs of white dimity covers and the bits of chintz hangings and curtains that she put up for nateness and cleanliness, she said, and that hide away the ould crimson and yellow and blue furniture that may be a trifle frayed and dirty, but that'll have the rale kindly home look to Miss Eileen's eyes."

Ellen herself was too full of the pleasure of being at home again, and too eager to revisit favourite haunts and hunt out old treasures, to perceive that her raptures might give offence. She and Connor hurried from room to room lamenting over changes and recognizing old ink-stains on carpets and deplorable bumps and dints in walls and furniture with inexplicable outcries of delight and laughter; while Lesbia vacillated between clinging to Bride and listening in absorbed interest to Connor's stories of the childish exploits to which these dilapidations were due.

The most comfortable part of the evening for Bride was after the travellers had retired to their rooms, when she went back into the library and found her brother pacing up and down between the windows with an excited expression on his face that told of not being ready for rest for a long time yet. She slipped her hand under his arm and paced with him. It was a habit of theirs which, since the two had shared responsibilities together, almost invariably ended every anxious or unusually pleasurable day.

"She is a great deal prettier than we expected, is she not, John?" Bride began, after a meditative turn or two.

"I don't know that I expected anything. I had not thought of it; but she is certainly very beautiful: 'A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair.'"

"My dear John! *tall!* fair! Why she is shorter than I am, and has one of those clear brown skins with rich glows underneath that I think so much more beautiful than mere pink and white."

"Ah, yes, Lesbia has; but when you began to talk of some one being very pretty, I naturally thought you meant the other young lady."

"You think Miss Daly prettier than our Lesbia."

"I can't help having eyes."

"But, John, she is a lady certainly—one recognises that through all the over-eagerness and want of calm of manner: but how she did talk and laugh and race about this evening, and how untidily her hair kept falling over her shoulders. I must say I prefer more dignity and reticence in a young lady, don't you?"

"That depends. There's nothing in her to be reticent about. Pure, transparent unconsciousness is hedged round with something quite beyond dignity."

"You are getting quite beyond me. I don't understand you in the least. I must say I thought little Lesbia's sweet, shy manner and gentle little ways a thousand times more bewitching."

"Bewitching; yes. That's the right word for Lesbia. I am ready to allow that she is the most dangerous little lady of the two, if that is what you want me to say. I suppose it is the *little* ways that bewitch. That other manner has too much clear sunshine about it for the working of spells. It makes one feel small, somehow. One's own ridiculous, self-conscious dignity looks a wretched pedestal to be perched upon in the face of such gracious frankness; and yet one is too awkward to get down."

"You seem to have seen a great deal more than I did; I was quite taken up with Babette."

"And you are disgusted with me for not being equally absorbed?"

"Babette's coming home is the great event of the day to us, you must allow. The Dalys are nothing to us, or will be nothing soon."

"Nothing whatever, so we can afford to form candid opinions about them."

"And your opinion really is that Miss Daly is handsomer than Lesbia?"

"Incomparably handsomer. I won't be bullied out of my sober judgment a jot; but what then? Lac-y-Core is a great deal better to look at than the sloping field before our old house at Abbot's Thornley: but I had far rather live in sight of the field than of the mountain for the rest of my life."

"Allow at least before I leave you that Miss Daly's hair was very untidy, and that you would not like to see Lesbia's in the same condition."

"No; I won't yield to feminine pertinacity so far as to allow that. All I saw was that something which I fancied at first was a Will-o'-the-wisp light playing round her head had melted suddenly to streaks of sunbeams."

"If you have taken to metaphors I give you up for the night. You are a lost man."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the afternoon of the second day after the arrival, and there was at last a little lull in and about the house. Anne O'Flaherty, with Peter Lynch and Murdoch Malachy in her train, had come and gone. The crowd of men with ragged frieze coats tied by the sleeves round their shoulders, and thorn sticks in their hands, that had besieged the door since early morning, had thinned now to two or three still patiently waiting for their turn for a private word "wid his honour." The women who had hung about the gate or squatted by the roadside all day for a chance of a glimpse of Miss Eileen, were dispersing to their mountain cabins, to blow up the peat fire, and put on the big potato pot, with its this year's scanty portion of bad potatoes, against their husbands came in to supper. John Thornley was sitting at his desk in his own room looking at a pile of finished letters, and listening till the cessation of voices in the library below should show him that the opportunity he was expecting had arrived for finding Mr. Daly alone and making a communication to him that he too had in store. As he leaned back in his chair, with his eyes fixed absently on the opposite wall, his lips moved as if framing words; and gleams of expression, earnest, satisfied, amused, crossed his face from time to time. An observer would have divined that he was going over the expected interview in imagination, and laying out sentences and arguments that would not be spoken without satisfaction to himself. If Mr. Daly, taking the management of his affairs back into his own

hands, chose to resume the old, ruinous, haphazard courses, it should at least not be for want of plain showing of their folly and iniquity from John Thornley. From the room next his, Bride was issuing, bonneted and shawled, with a purpose of taking a turn up and down the flower-borders with Mrs. Daly. She, too, had some words of interest to insinuate between the remarks about the autumn flowers that would begin the conversation, but there was no need for her to think her sentences out beforehand. It would be difficult enough without that to keep them from tripping off her tongue before the seasonable moment arrived. Good fortune, like ill, seldom comes in single file, but in whole battalions; and that morning had brought a letter to John that had given Bride far deeper pleasure than the news of Lesbia's fortune. It was from a noted literary man for whom John had for years occasionally worked, offering him the editorship of an important literary journal, on such terms as would fully justify him in abandoning other occupations to follow the line to which his inclination pointed, and in which his sister's ambition saw a bright career opening before him.

"It is safe to give a shove up to a man who is no longer needy," John had said, as he handed the letter to his sister, carefully guarding face and voice from any touch of triumph. But the sneer did not deceive Bride; she could divine easily enough the thrill of mingled pride and gratitude it was meant to cover.

As she emerged by Mrs. Daly's side into the clear October sunshine, it crossed her mind that she should not have believed, if any one had prophesied it to her, that anything so triumphant as this task of conveying to Mrs. Daly, in an unconcerned tone, the necessity that had arisen for John's resignation of the agency, coupled with a passing allusion to Lesbia's heiress-ship, would ever have occurred in her life.

Meantime Lesbia, who had spent the greater part of the day shut up with her brother and sister, and who was, to tell the truth, a little wearied and over-awed by the amount of good sense and the reasonable plans she had had to listen to, ran lightly up stairs to seek for gayer companions in the old schoolroom, of which Connor and Ellen had made her free on the first evening of her arrival. Her face fell a little when she opened the door and found it almost empty, no one appearing but Ellen, who was seated on the floor in the window recess, with her hands clasped round her knees, looking dreamily out towards the mountains. She turned her head as the door opened, and burst out laughing at Lesbia's little start of dismay.

"Yes, they have gone out; you are late," she said. "They hung about disgusted at your non-appearance till they had worked themselves up to such a pitch of crossness that I was obliged to hunt them away."

"They?"

"The boys, of course. Men are always 'they,' you know, and we women only 'you and I.'"

"How comfortable," cried Lesbia, recovering herself. "I have so much to say to you; it will be quite a treat for you and me to have an hour's talk alone."

"Do you think so?" said Ellen, absently turning her face to the window again.

"Oh, if you don't want me I can go away."

Ellen answered by taking Lesbia's hands and drawing her down to a seat on a dilapidated child's straw chair that occupied a corner of the window recess.

"There, you are enthroned," she cried. "I don't know why, but when we were children, Connor and I used to consider that crazy straw chair the most desirable seat in the whole house. We had a fiction that it imparted magical powers of some sort, and how we used to quarrel for the possession of it! Connor calls it the tripod—it has only three legs left, you see—and grows dangerously inspired when he sits on it still. Try what it will do for you."

"But if you had rather be alone—if you don't want me——"

"I want you, but I am not in a talking mood. Connor and I are boa-

constrictors about talk; we take great meals of talking, and then we are silent for a long while. I was in the talking stage of joy last night; now I have come to the feeling time. I just want to sit here and watch that lilac shadow eat up the patch of sunshine on the hill beyond the lake, and feel how happy I am. If I talk I shall lose some of the sights out there."

"Well, I can be silent too. I am sure I have plenty to think about, and much more important things than how a shadow is moving."

Lesbia did not find the tripod a seat favourable to serious meditation, as it required nice skill in balancing to keep it upright. Her eyes soon left the landscape outside to stray round the room, and take an astonished inventory of the furniture. She had been used to look up to the Dalys as rather grand people, and to listen to Connor's descriptions of Castle Daly with profound respect; but really the old little garret-room at Whitecliffe that she had shared with Bobbie and Wattie, and despised so, was in many respects a better place than this favourite room of Ellen Daly's. There were here and there a few signs of past grandeur, to be sure. That old arm-chair on which her eyes rested, with torn strips of faded blue velvet hanging from the seat, and remnants of gilding on its dented framework, might have figured in some stately drawing-room a hundred years or so ago. Lesbia thrust her hands down into her pocket to feel for her thimble and housewife with a notable instinct to set about sewing up the rents; the velvet need not hang in strips, however faded it was. Then a thought struck her, and she drew her hand out again. It would be as easy, nay, easier to her now, to buy new furniture as to mend the old. John had been talking to her that morning, explaining her new position, and the subtle sense of possession had stolen into her mind. It was very pleasant, this new idea of power and consequence that had dawned on her. She fairly turned her back on the landscape now, and shaded her eyes with her hand, intent on pictures of another kind that rose up. What a change a little of her money—say one thousand out of her hundred thousands—would make in this house! She began to see the place under a new aspect, not exactly settling in her thoughts who were to be the inhabitants of the renovated, stately rooms, but always seeing herself moving about with dignity among a throng of guests, and Ellen Daly looking on from a certain distance, and feeling a kind of astonishment at the change. Other figures glided in and out among the throng, but she would not quite look at them or decide why they were there. She was just conscious of some other presence besides the gay furniture that lent a halo to the scene, but it was something undefined, a long way off from any possibility of being put into words. The minutes slipped on unheeded by the two dreamers in such separate worlds. Ellen was the first to break silence.

"There, it has gone. I have seen the sun set behind Lac-y-Core again. I saw him climb up out of the lake this morning, so I ought to be satisfied; but have I made the most of the day?"

"Bride says that you have been racing about like a mad creature ever since it was light," said Lesbia, a little maliciously.

"With all that I have not seen all the shapes that Lac-y-Core has taken since sunrise against the sky; and there have been dozens of changes of colour on the side of the ravine that I have not caught, and that may never come again, for no two days are alike here."

"I don't understand caring so very much for things outside the house," said Lesbia. "I am not sure that it is quite right; at least, I know Aunt Maynard thinks it silly."

"My dear Lesbia!"

"Yes, you are surprised to hear me quoting her. I am surprised myself, for I don't forget how tiresome I used to think her sayings a week ago. However, things and people look different when one has left them behind, and when one's own circumstances are changed. Ellen, just look down into the flower-garden. Your mother and Bride are still pacing up and down the

broad walk, and Bride is telling your mother about me."

"About you?"

"Why, Ellen, you surely have not forgotten already what I told you at Whitecliffe about my fortune!"

"I am afraid I have been very unsympathizing, but you told me not to speak of it again, and I waited to hear how it was to be—what your brother and sister agreed to do about it."

"About dividing it, do you mean? Ellen, if you knew more of John and Bride you would feel how difficult it would be for me to propose such a plan to them. They don't care for money, but they don't look upon a great fortune as if it were something one could settle what to do with all in a minute. If I had spoken of giving it up to John he would have called me unpractical, and I should have felt I was annoying him."

"Your own brother?"

"But I have not lived with my brother since I was a child; and he is so much older than I am."

"You may well say so much older. He strikes me as wonderfully old, that brother of yours, Babette."

"Indeed, no; I beg your pardon: he is under thirty."

"What does it matter what people call themselves? That's a stupid way of reckoning age, when some people can crowd years and years of living into a day or two. That is what has happened to your brother and sister."

"How do you know?"

"By looking."

"I am afraid you don't like them, then; and yet I thought you seemed very much pleased when John mentioned his having stood at the top of a hill looking down into Miss O'Flaherty's valley so long one day that he quite forgot the business that had brought him there."

"I was very much surprised, just as one is when one picks up a bit of a dead branch, and finds that there are buds upon it; and that it is not so dead as it looks."

"John is not a bit graver or older-looking than a man of his age ought to be."

"Well, he is an Englishman, and why should not he be old and grave if he likes? I'll not hinder him of his pleasure in it, you may be sure. There! he and papa have come out of the house together, their business talk over at last, I hope. Oh, what a mighty stretch and yawn! Papa has thrown off every grain of trouble and care with that, and means to enjoy the evening; but look, your brother puts his hand on his arm and begins talking again; he is urging papa to do something or other he does not wish to do, and if there were twenty silver moons beginning to show in the sky instead of that one, he would go on at it all the same without even seeing them. I shall run down to the rescue. I won't have papa defrauded of his evening walk for any Englishman's pertinacity."

Ellen found it an easier task than she had expected to carry her point. She had many a time done battle with Mr. O'Roone for her father's company, and looked for a sufficiently long opposition to give her a pleasant sense of victory.

Mr. Thornley was a different sort of antagonist, however, from those she had been used to engage, and apparently did not think it worth while to waste words on her. He moved aside to let her take her father's arm when she came out on the terrace; but answered her merry appeal to him to give up this particular hour of her father's time with a silent bow only. Ellen, glancing up into his face in wonder at such a remarkable talent for silence, saw an expression of vexation and worry there that surprised her. How odd it was that this stranger should be so much more interested in her father's affairs than he was himself. She knew it must be some concerns of her father's that brought the look of care on his face, for she had learned from Lesbia what cause he had that day to be happy about his own good fortune. Well, if people could be miserable among mountains and lakes on a clear autumn evening, with the hunter's moon at full beginning to show in the sky, let them; only they must not be allowed to spoil the

happiness of those for whom such things were joy enough. The most vexatious affairs will keep till daylight.

"Mr. Thornley," she said, gaily, "you shall not grudge my father and me this one hour together on our first day at home."

No direct answer. Mr. Thornley's eyes were fixed on Mr. Daly's face. "You must excuse me one moment longer," he said. "I am very much in earnest in this matter. I particularly wish to keep my appointment with this Dennis Malachy myself, and alone. It may be all a trick, as you say; but my own impression is different. I think something of importance will come out, and I should prefer to keep the appointment myself."

"Be easy, be easy; I have taken it on myself, and I should prefer that just for this once you should trust to my understanding of the people I have known since they were boys being sounder than your own." Then, as Mr. Thornley hesitated and seemed about to speak again, Mr. Daly added, with one of the keen looks of authority that came now and then into his gay blue eyes, "The omission to keep your appointment with Dennis Malachy need scarcely trouble you, since you are leaving us all so soon."

It was almost equivalent to reminding him that his authority and interest in the affairs of the place were over, and that further persistence would be an interference. A slight colour rose in Mr. Thornley's cheeks, and Ellen was sorry for him. He was quicker to feel things, this wonderfully old young man, than one would have supposed.

"You must let papa have his own way this once, Mr. Thornley, please," she said, kindly. "He is in my charge now. I shall make him tell me what he is going to do, and if it is anything wrong I'll scold him. I can do it a great deal better than you, now can I not, papa?"

It was impossible for gravity itself not to relax under the influence of Ellen's bright cordiality. John Thornley walked down to the gate with them, chatting pleasantly, and then turned back towards the house. Ellen gave a bound of joy when he was gone, and clasped her hands tight round her father's arm.

"Now I have you all to myself, here at last. Oh what joy! Does not everything look natural, as if we had never been away. Look, papa! there's Billy Tully's boat with the hole in the bottom in its old place under the hollow rock, where it was put to be mended years ago; and the coping stones that fell from the garden wall in the great storm are in their old places on the ground, only a little more moss-covered; and though that tree has grown higher, I can still catch a glimpse through it of the red gable of Matthew Burke's farmhouse's roof, that he began to cover with tiles and never finished. I feel as if I should like to run about to all the things and kiss them for having stood still in their places and not altered a shade since we left them. Is there any one in the world I wonder happier than I am this minute?"

"You love it all, then, you true Irishwoman—ruin and all. 'Let alone' is good enough for you, Eileen Bawn, eh?"

"Yes, if it makes people happy; and how happy they are to see you among them again!"

"They don't go in for improvements."

"Mr. Thornley has been making improvements—the wretch!"

"He has been trying hard, and flatters himself that by dint of hard pushing and pulling and dragging he has put a little motion into the old machine—given it a start along the road of progress; but now you see King Log has come back again, the frogs will have a little peace, and escape crushing at all events."

"We did very well as we were, I think. I suppose we might be richer, and the cabins and farms, and the Castle too for that matter, might be in better order, and the people cleaner and more industrious and better off; but then, if we were, how discontented and miserable we should all be."

"I wish John Thornley were here to hear you, and sneer at your Irish logic

—discontented and miserable because we were better off!"

"Papa, I meant it—it was not a bull; it is what I have observed. Once begin to worry about things going well and being in good order, and there is no end."

"True as the O'Flaherty witch herself could put it, my yellow-haired queen. Whereas, you see, to old boats, and half-roofed farmhouses, and copeless walls, and King Logs in the water, there *is* an end. Bit by bit we rot and crumble away, till there is nothing left of us. Are you prepared to face that position of things, you hater of improvements?"

"I don't truly mean that I hate anything but being kept away from you. Papa, I'll tell you a secret. It *is* great joy to get back to this place. You know what every stone of it is to one's heart, but it's the seeing you back here that I really care for. I never felt I had *you* all the time we were in England. I don't think it was *you* that lived in the doleful little houses with us there; but now, by our own lakeside, I have you fast, and you won't shut your heart against me any more, or let there be any little corner full of troubles in your mind that I may not creep into to smooth them and fold them away, so that you will hardly know they are there. You always promised that when I grew up we would enter into partnership, and now that you are well rid of Mr. Thornley I mean to take his place."

"So you shall, my darling, and we'll make the best of it, as things stand; but if I were well out of the way, remember there's no one would be such a good friend or adviser for Pelham as this young Thornley. I am glad he has been here and learned so much; his help and advice might be useful again to Pelham when the time comes that he has to manage for himself and I am well out of the way."

"Papa, do you hear me? You are not to talk of being well out of the way when I am telling you that the only thing I care for on earth is to see you in it. Don't you think you and I together will be worth more than Pelham and Mr. Thornley? If we asked all the people around to choose, would not they shout out for us?"

"For King and Queen Log!—not a doubt of it. But then you see there is the rotting process to come afterwards."

"We are not going to rot. We will have our little improvements, and our plans too. My first is that we shall go on living precisely as we did before, only that in every way we shall be a little happier and a little better, and that never, never again shall you say sad words, or talk of being out of the way, when you and I are walking together in the moonlight, and I have your dear arm fast between my two hands."

"At least I promise never again to say anything to vex you, Eileen aroon. Now we have come to the steep bit of the hill, and it is time for you to run back to the house. Connor is bringing my horse after me. I had better mount here, for I have a longish ride before me.'

"You have not told me yet where you are going."

"I shall not come back to dinner. When I have finished my business I shall ride on to the Hollow, and stay the night with Anne O'Flaherty."

"How I wish you would take me with you! Good-bye. We must have a walk by the lake every night while this moon is full."

Ellen turned at the gate to wave her hand towards the tall figure on horseback standing sentinel on the white road till she should have entered the house. "How handsome he looks on his own horse!" she said to herself. "Every one will know who it is, even in the moonlight, and there will be glad hearts in the cabins as he passes, and welcoming faces peeping out. I wish I could follow with my eyes, and see him all the way to the Hollow."

To be continued.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

It was in honour of the first movements of grace and power in the Christian art of painting that Florence one day sent out a concourse of "all her men and all her ladies," in Vasari's phrase, "with the utmost rejoicing and all the pushing in the world," to see Cimabue at work upon his picture of Our Lady in a certain garden by St. Peter's Gate. A few generations more, and Christian art had gone from strength to strength, to droop suddenly at its strongest, and thenceforward to linger on through many weary phases of decline; but never yet to perish altogether. The death-trance has lain heavy upon it, but once and again it has shaken itself into some mode or another of vitality. Between Cimabue's Florence and our busy environments of to-day there is little likeness; but one way of realising that the times have not wholly lost their identity, is to see how some of the old arts, the pride of those generations, survive in some of their old uses. We still have painters who spend their powers upon the old subjects, repeating what is consecrated or devising what shall be original within the Christian cycle; and we still have crowds who flock to gaze at their work. The fashion of the thing, indeed, is changed; the concourse of modern London, vaster than that of mediæval Florence, and month after month renewing itself, is made up of disenchanted people in sober silks or sombre broadcloth, too discreet for pushing and too indifferent for rejoicing. They throng in no festive troops to church or garden; they only turn quietly out of Bond Street; they wipe their feet and pay their shillings in the passage, and presently find their way into a room where some stand about and whisper, and others sit in rows or tiers as at the play, the better to surrender themselves to the befitting impressions. The space where they sit and await their impressions is darkened; the light, gaslight or daylight according to the weather, is concentrated upon what they have come to see. It is M. Gustave Doré's colossal picture of *Christ leaving the Prætorium*, filling one whole wall of the gallery where hang also his other religious pictures of the *Dream of Pilate's Wife*, the *Night of the Crucifixion*, the *Triumph of Christianity;* his pictures from the ancients and from Dante —the *Andromeda*, the *Paolo and Francesca*—and his scenic representations of Alpine landscape. Or else it is Mr. Holman Hunt's marvellous picture of the *Shadow of Death*, which hangs alone in the gallery prepared for it lower down the street on the other side.

In thus coupling the exhibitions of M. Gustave Doré and Mr. Holman Hunt, I desire not to be misunderstood. The purpose of these observations is to try and fix the place of Mr. Hunt's picture in modern art; and manifestly, whatever else we here find missing, it will not be the qualities of conscientiousness, of sincere and high-minded application. But of these qualities, the work of M. Doré exhibits the very opposite. Probably a more nefarious gallery of paintings never existed than that which has for its masterpiece the picture of *Christ leaving the Prætorium.* M. Doré was once an ingenious designer of book illustrations; he had invention, a great sense of the grotesque, and of the picturesque not a little; until an exaggerated celebrity overtook him; he exhausted his talent, even in the field which was his own, with excessive production; and presently English capital attracted him into alien fields like those of Milton and the Bible; he made pretensions to

the sublime and beautiful, paraded them upon canvases acres square, and became a Michelangelo in the sight of the morning papers. Among his own countrymen, who may be called vain, but whose vanity does not blind them in these matters, he has lost credit. But the English sight-seer, with the most honest intentions in the world, is in such things so easily led astray! At this moment, poor lamb, if he would not positively support M. Doré as the equal of Michelangelo, he at least goes from M. Doré's gallery to Mr. Hunt's gallery, and is unaware of any essential opposition between the two. There is this excuse for him—that in each instance he has been attracted by similar inflammatory advertisements in the modern taste (and surely the "*marvellous*'" of the placards is to be regretted in the case of a self-respecting artist like Mr. Hunt)—that in each he encounters similar preparations, and is similarly favoured with an opportunity to subscribe for a proof print, and with a pamphlet collating the opinions of the press. In each, too, he finds himself before the representation of a subject connected with reverent associations in his mind. There the analogy ends; but the ordinary spectator is not sensible that it ends there. From each exhibition, as his language will commonly testify, he comes away with the same sincere, if indefinite, sense of edification. The reason is, that his sense of art is undeveloped. He does not possess, or has not cultivated, the organs to appreciate the qualities of a picture for himself, and with precision. His emotions in a gallery, if any really come to him, do not come from a discriminate and feeling perception of what is actually before him. They are the effect partly of anticipation—that is, in the modern world, of advertisement—and partly of the associations which a dim perception of what is before him arouses in his mind. This is true often of persons the least obtuse, and the most open to impressions in other kinds. We all like to look at works of art, just as we like to read in books; but there are a hundred who can discriminate their literary for one who can discriminate his artistic impressions. With the artistic sense thus rare, no wonder if judgments are blind, if advertisements and our anticipations and the clamours of fashion confuse us. Were this not so, performances like those of M. Doré would have no success; and there would be no need to say a word about them. As it is, they have a great success; thousands of clergy and laity go and stand before them with bated breath. Then it becomes a duty to ask, what artifice or what effrontery is this, which can make acceptable to the most rudimentary senses, in connection with these impressive subjects, so lamentable a compound of degraded and artificial feeling, design false, pretentious, and theatrical, and colour abominable, with an unspeakably coarse and bad method of painting? I say that to denounce these and spare not, so long as they impose upon any, is a duty; which done, let us turn to work better worthy of attention.

Here no less we are followed by the sense of dubious and unsure judgments. The collated opinions of the press in regard of Mr. Hunt's *Shadow of Death* are not only respectful, they are complimentary; but they have an uncertain sound. "This very admirable work" (I quote the *Daily Telegraph*) "may widely divide opinion, and excite much comment and hot dispute." Now opinions and disputes are not the proper concomitants of art. The privilege of art in a ripe and natural state is to be attended with one mode or another of harmonious pleasure. That it should divide opinion, and excite hot dispute, is a sign of something the matter either with the art itself or with the medium in which it produces this effect. The matter might be no more than this, that the time was one of revolution, or of expansion, when a work which to one school was a source of harmonious pleasure was the aversion of a different school. But I cannot recognise in Mr. Hunt's work the challenge of any one school or group to any other. I see in

it the source of respectful interest to many—to some of honest enthusiasm, to others of no less honest distress, but hardly to any, I think, who take account of their sensations, the source of a harmonious pleasure. Thus it is nothing so much as a sign of the confusion of the times. To say this is no injustice to an individuality so powerful as Mr. Hunt, for that is just the most powerful individuality which represents its times with most energy and concentration. And this work does seem to me the very mark in the history of art, of an age, not of overt revolution or intelligent expansion, but of uncertain instincts and confused tendencies.

To explain and justify what I mean, I must go some way round. I must even ask the reader to take account of some of those conditions imposed upon painting by the stuff it works in, which are truisms in the telling, but which practically, in epochs of confusion, painting is prone to forget or evade. It behoves painting to remember the nature of its means, and to seek effects which they, and not any other art or method, are most proper for conveying to the mind. Now, there are many classes of effects which these means can convey to the mind but partially, or even quite improperly. One whole class of disabilities under which painting lies was discerned and defined by Lessing in the last century; and his definitions, new amid the inexact criticism of that age, have for posterity assumed the nature of truisms. The arts which hold up to the sight imitations of natural objects, said Lessing, the arts of sculpture and painting, have for their task to give a mock perpetuity—sculpture by imitation in the solid, painting by imitation on a plane—to a single combination of natural objects, a momentary position of things in space. Then let them choose well their moment; having only a single combination to speak their meaning by, let them represent or devise such a combination as shall speak it fully, plainly, and pleasurably. Since the grouping, the station of persons or objects at any given moment, cannot but result from past causes, and point to coming issues, the moment for art to make its own will be one of which the significance as to what has passed and what is coming shall be at once condensed and intelligible. Painting or sculpture must hold up to sight such spectacle as the mind can both account for and repose upon; in other words, such a grouping and station of persons and objects as shall indicate pregnantly what has been last and what will be next, while it constitutes a natural halt between the two. If an art like painting or sculpture, forgetting this, selects a combination which does not explain itself, but is in the nature of a puzzle, the art then drives us in search of keys and explanations which its own resources cannot afford. If, again, the attitudes of the spectacle the art puts before us are essentially transitory and instantaneous, the mind frets to resolve them into their antecedents and consequences. In either case our faculties are thrown from their repose, and set asking questions which this particular kind of art is disabled from answering. To develop and unriddle puzzling combinations belongs to literature; to exhibit the antecedents and consequences of a transitory action also belongs either to literature, or else to arts which, like the drama, work naturally through consecutive and not through stationary impressions. Neither a spectacle which fails to explain itself, nor a moment of mere transition between before and after, is fit to take on the perpetuity of marble or colour; nay, says the critic, the artist in marble or colour who attempts to force perpetuity upon such things, attempts it at his peril; he confuses the arts and violates their boundaries; he moves you to repugnance and distress.

Now what is the combination devised by Mr. Hunt? What is the kind of moment he has selected to carry to our minds through sight that appeal which with so much earnestness he seeks to urge? Mr. Hunt, thinking earnestly about Christ and the probable circum-

stances of Christ's life before the baptism in Jordan, has thrown himself into a mood like that of the apocryphal gospellers, a pseudo-Matthew or a pseudo-James, and lighted upon an incident which might, he thinks, have happened in the actual life of Christ, and which, supposing it to have happened, would have been charged with prophetic significance. The day's work, Mr. Hunt has said to himself, shall be over; the carpenter's son shall be in the act of standing up and stretching his limbs to rest himself, conscious of divinity the while, and uplifted in spirit. As he takes this attitude, the shadow of his trunk and arms, cast on the wall behind him by the sun which sets in front, shall form with his tool-rack the likeness of a figure on the cross. His mother, at the same moment, it is further imagined, sick at heart, and fain to re-assure herself with the tokens of a hope that seems too slow of fulfilment, shall kneel to look at the crown, the censer, and the scarf, gifts laid long ago by the Kings of the East before the cradle in Bethlehem. As she lifts the lid of the treasure-casket, her eye in search of consolation shall be caught by that shadow of ill augury upon the wall. Here, then, will be a combination of infinite meaning. In it can be exhibited the naked humanity of Christ, the personification of manhood in its bronzed and sinewy prime. In it can be commemorated the partnership of Christ, the workman weary from his work, with the sons of toil and those that labour and are heavy laden. In it can be asserted the divinity of Christ, whose weariness is thus comforted with visitings of a mystic rapture. In it, last of all, can be foreshadowed the dispensation of sacrifice; the gilded tokens are mocked before the mother's eyes with this presage of a felon's death; to her it is a bitter seeming irony; but we, who can see beneath, know the meaning of this mystery and the glory of this coming humiliation.

Yes, this is an invention of no little meaning; the notion strikes you by its ingenuity when you hear it put in words. But presently it occurs to you—is the meaning one within the proper compass of painting to express? is the conceit one fit for the stable vehicle of forms and colours, and not rather for the shifting vehicle of literary recital? If it is not only to be passed before the mind as an ingenious notion, but perpetuated to the senses as a picture, must not the significance of the work depend on the way in which the shadow of the principal figure forms, together with the substance of one of the fittings on the wall, the likeness of a man crucified? And will not this look like a kind of game or puzzle, perplexing to the uninformed spectator? Again, must not that principal figure be in the attitude of a man risen to stretch and unstiffen himself after labour—an attitude nothing if not transitory? And must it not be difficult to reconcile what there is of common in this gesture with what there should be of elevated and mysterious in the expression of a conscious God? Are we not thus likely to get all the elements, which, according to our canons, are proper in painting to fret rather than to satisfy the spectator? Well, it is always bad to give way to *à priori* judgments, even if they are framed according to the safest canons, in respect of the works of fine art. It is always well to keep the appreciative powers as open as possible, and to be prepared to find a virtue in every new development of the arts, in every effort, however strange, of the modern spirit, to express itself sincerely through these channels. So Mr. Holman Hunt's work must not be condemned beforehand, because by its subject it threatens to violate canons, which, in truth, it is easy to lay down too rigidly. Lessing himself did not allow enough for the resources in which painting is so rich, the resources of light, shade, and colour, of emphasis and suppression, whereby she can often give adequate expression to appearances thoroughly fugitive and mysterious. Think, for example, of Rembrandt, and what channels he opened out for the expression of the modern spirit in art. For one thing,

of all those who have wished to exhibit the partnership of Christ with the poor and needy, of all those who in any manner have sought to bring within the kingdom of art the sons and daughters of toil, and to extend to lowliness and commonness the sensibilities of the eye and the sympathies of the imagination, Rembrandt is the father and the master. Rembrandt, for another thing, drove most of all at those effects of his art which are proper for enforcing mysterious suggestions upon the mind. He cultivated more than others the art of imaginative emphasis and imaginative suppression by the means of light and shade. When you remember many a scene of haunted gloom, with its sparse but speaking points of brightness—the great shaft of light alive with the herald angels, how it bursts in upon the darkness where the shepherds watch the stars, and how it strikes hither and thither upon their frightened forms, and the horns and backs of the scampering herds—or the thick midnight within the littered stable at Bethlehem, where they presently come peering in, and their lanthorn rays scarce find a way to the corner where crouch pitifully the mother and her suckling—or the pale illumination which plays about the sheeted half-awakened Lazarus, as the Restorer stands high in the gesture of command, and those about Him fall back amazed—when you remember scenes like these, and many another, you easily conceive how a Rembrandt might work upon an idea such as this which has occurred to the English painter; how from amidst enshrouding gloom he might reveal to us the figure of the workman using this gesture, and by a grim prophetic hazard the shadow of it turning, for his mother, into an omen of despair, for us, into a symbol of redemption. But then a Rembrandt would work upon it with such an immediate and vivid way of throwing up the special point, with an intensity and singleness of aim so enforced with reticence here and emphasis there, with such a sacrifice of the circumstantial to the essential, as would reconcile the motive with the conditions of the art, and speak directly and impressively to the imagination.

Follow the crowd now, and stand before Mr. Hunt's picture, and you will see that his manner of speaking is not Rembrandt's. He shows himself a child of his age by attending first of all to geography and ethnology and archæology and local atmosphere and local colour. The subject implies the time of sunset; here, then, shall be the very blaze of an Oriental day near its decline flooding the canvas. Keen golden and rosy light strikes hard upon the face of every object, throwing pale purple shadows where it is interrupted. Steeped in it lie the hills of Galilee, Gilboa, and Carmel, seen through the window; the carpenter's workshop overflows with it, there is no rest from it, and from the figures, tools, and litter that catch and break it up, except in one corner where two pomegranates and a shutter sleep in a breadth of comfortable shadow. No repose elsewhere, any more than there would be in the living fact, among the shavings and carpenter's gear, the reeds in the corner, the green drinking-jar, the rich scarf between rose-colour and lilac which trails out of the treasure-box of carved ivory, the gilt and jewelled surfaces which we see within it. High in the foreground of all this stands the spare bronzed figure of Christ, boldly relieved in its upper portions against the field of glowing sky which is framed by the arched window. The human and natural part of this conception finds its place in the attitude—that simply of a man stretching himself; the mystic and supernatural part in the head, where the painter has sought to embody, in a carefully studied ethnic type, the aspect of ineffable communings. Further back the kneeling Mary has her hand upon the lid of the casket, and her head turned away as her eye is caught by the ominous shadow. It did not need the assurance of the painter's printed remarks to make us feel that all this has been got as lite-

rally like the probable fact as untiring labour and unflinching zeal, bent upon exhausting every appliance of local inquisition and research, could make it. Iron toil and sworn conscientiousness proclaim themselves in every corner of the canvas. And what, for us, is the result? Senses distracted with an aggregation of insubordinate splendours; a mind fatigued with the asseverations of an importunate circumstantiality. I, at least, can bear no other witness. I see, and honour, much that I wish I could delight in; but delight I cannot. As the eye wanders over the parts, and takes account of their qualities, it has to register many excellences. The figure of Mary, for instance, is a figure of noble conception and design. I do not think that of Christ nearly so good, nor the disposition of its weight upon one leg appropriate to the gesture; again, the natural attitude of stretching has had to be forced in order that the figure may cast the requisite symbolic shadow. But in it, too, there is design of extraordinary power and care; and both figures derive from an extraordinarily forcible painting, and a singular realization of values, the quality of stereoscopic relief and solidity in a degree which has hardly ever been attained before. To some, indeed, this deceptive solidity and reality, which belong also to all the appurtenances of the scene, may weigh rather as a defect than as an excellence in the artistic scale. For so it is—even as you try to register excellences in the work before you, you find them excellent only as they attest prodigious powers and industry; defective in so far as they address your artistic sense. I was going to praise the consummate study and imitative force of the draperies; and of the Virgin's gorgeous draperies between green and blue the praise may stand; but how ugly is the form of the white cloth round the loins of Christ, how distressing, despite of gorgeousness, the colour of the trailing scarf, and still more of the lining of the casket and lid! I was going to say, see the astonishing justice and fidelity of rendering in the saw, the plane, the shavings, the plastered wall and its surfaces in light and shadow. But of all this imitative mastery, so striking and dazzling at first sight, some looks a little suspicious after a while. (The shavings, for instance, upon which such astonishing pains have been spent, are they not after all suspiciously buttery and curly and fat?) And the rest, if it continues to confound you by its power, all the more importunes you with an impression of the effort, the pain and toil, with which the power has been put forth. Now the impression of painful effort is what the artistic sense longs to escape from; the mastery which delights that sense is the mastery which leaves no such impression behind. Of the two English painters of our time who most strike and dazzle by a lively imitation of natural objects, one—Mr. Millais—possesses a magic which leaves behind no impression of distressing effort. The conceptions of Mr. Millais' art may be quite prosaic, quite common and worldly; but in expressing them he does perform miracles of the brush. His touch has magic as well as strength. Not, I think, in the flesh of women and children, but in any less fair and delicate substances—and certainly in things such as this year's birch stems and faggots, or as the old sailor's glass of rum, which is done like a glass of wine in Veronese's *Marriage at Cana*—this potent magic of the brush goes far to make up for the quality of Mr. Millais' conceptions. Mr. Hunt, who started from the same point as Mr. Millais, has taught his hand no such touch. His conceptions, you may say, are prosaic too, not indeed by worldliness, but by that quality of circumstantiality to which we have alluded; and if this is true, the quality is emphasised, rather than redeemed, under his laborious, his deceptive but quite unmagical manner in realizing surfaces and stuffs and lustres. Concentrate your attention upon the head of Christ, the point of principal interest in the picture, and see if in that you can escape from these qualities. Less than anywhere else can.

you escape from them here, in this wrestle of expression with the inexpressible, in the emphasis of aspiring sentiment which seems stamped so hard and crudely upon these illuminated blue eyes, these smiling red lips and white teeth.

What, then, does it mean, that your artistic sense should find itself thus harassed at all points, where your sense of industry, of zeal, and high intentions, finds so much that is more than admirable? It means no less than this—that the artist has made himself the representative of a principle which denies the purpose for which his art exists. Have you felt, at the sound of his undertaking, that it has a perilously literary turn? You feel, at the sight of it, that it has been directed by another habit of the modern mind, the scientific habit. By the scientific habit I mean that which insists on examining and verifying, point by point, the groups and sequences of things as they really are in nature and the past. In its proper domain, which is no less than to discredit false explanations of the universe, and to supply true ones so far as be supplied they can, this habit justly is the glory of the present and will be the guidance of the coming generations. But here we have an example of the scientific spirit, the spirit of exact inquisition into the groups and sequences of realities, asserting sovereignty in the domain of art. Mr. Hunt's conviction is, says he, that "Art, as one of its uses, may be employed to realize facts of importance in the history of human thought and faith." Of course; but to realize them how? to realize them to which of our faculties? to our curiosity and our scientific sense in their circumstantials? or to our imagination and our æsthetic sense in their essentials? The law is, that art is something which must speak to our imagination, and should not contradict knowledge; but that whatever is silent to the imagination, though it speaks to knowledge, is not art. Art does not exist, like science, in order to explain the universe; it exists in order to strike certain notes in the human spirit. The universe, I say again, assuredly needs to be explained; its phenomena, in their groups and sequences, need to be investigated in the spirit of rational research and systematic record; science, in other words, needs to be advanced. But art is an invention for something quite different. Science treats the phenomena of the universe in one way, and satisfies the disciplined curiosity of the mind. Art treats the phenomena of the universe in another way, and satisfies the sensibilities of imagination which are also contained in the mind. There are all sorts of notes in the human spirit, innumerable fine affections of the imagination, which respond to the various phenomena of the universe. What art is an invention for, is for counterfeiting these phenomena and giving them perpetuity, in forms so disengaged, combined, and brought into relief that the imagination in its several affections shall vibrate beneath them in the counterfeit yet more distinctly and pleasurably than in the original. Now analysis, research, and the circumstantial, which are indispensable to the satisfaction of a disciplined curiosity, are beside the point when it is the imagination which has to be touched. What touches the imagination is the significant in phenomena, and for it the circumstantial is precisely the insignificant—is even capable of becoming the impertinent. That Palestine Exploration Funds and Societies of Biblical Archæology should labour to explain their fragment of the universe, is well; that a painter should not grossly ignore the results of their labours is also well: but that he should make it his business to do their work for them is not well. Their business is to bring the past and its events nearer to us in one way: his business is to bring them nearer in another way. In their method, the exact configuration of a site, the details of a style of building, the fashion of a head-dress, the pattern on a relic, the shape of a tool and precise way of handling it, have very great importance and significance; in his method they

have next to none. Let these be right enough in a work of art not to shock with the sense of wilful ignorance; so much concession from art to science the modern spirit may fairly demand: but for a painter to make these his great point is for him to choose knowledge instead of feeling as the field of his operations. And whether painting represents a scene of nature, or a scene of human passions and destinies, it does so, in a ripe and natural state, not that we may know more about the scene with our heads, but that we may feel it more deeply in our hearts. The avenue by which painting has to reach the heart being sight, its method must be, first to charm or impress this sense, and next to arouse and gratify the imagination with ideas to which these first impressions of sense lead harmoniously on —combinations that grow upon you and speak their meaning while you look, suggestions inseparable from the scheme of forms and tints before you, associations which come home to you with a power "felt in the blood and felt along the heart," and which you realize with an emotion all the deeper that you can never fully resolve them by analysis, or exhaust them by definition.

To this method nothing can be more antagonistic than that painting should insist above all things on satiating the curiosity with particulars scientifically consistent and rationally probable. That Mr. Hunt has worked in this mistaken spirit cannot, I think, be denied. He has endeavoured not to express the essence of the event, but to reconstitute the event itself in all its items. He has given way to no desire of an inner harmony between the motive, symbolical and momentary as that is, and his manner of representing it, but has treated the scene as one which he was bound to petrify without compromise and without mystery for ever in the full flood of day. I do not say that he has wilfully foresworn the pleasurable outward parts of his art. On the contrary, you can see that here, more than in his earlier work, he has studied the visible effects proper to please in painting. In the scheme both of forms and colours he has thought of composition and arrangement; he has not meant to defy art, but rather to comply with art's conditions, in the framing of Christ against the window-opening, in the placing of the trestle and saw, in the conduct of the colour even—the blues and greens which have their strongest accent in the crown and censer and the Virgin's robes, and recur as a reflected light in nearly all the shadows, as well as in the sky and even in the eyes of Christ—the rose-reds finding their highest pitch in the lining of the casket and the dropped headgear of Christ, and kindling more faintly on many a lighted surface in the sunset. But this study of artistic harmony and conduct as something which an artist ought not to leave wholly out of view, has not had a happy effect. It has not come by instinct, but by afterthought, and therefore to little purpose. The really governing principle in the picture is the scientific one. Notwithstanding the artist's concessions to his art, his work does not arouse, but paralyses, the imagination. I do not say, again, that Mr. Hunt theoretically or deliberately gives the first place to what is circumstantial and not what is essential. On the contrary, he seems to admit the superior claims of the essence of a subject over its circumstances. He says that in minding modern knowledge "the primary object of art—to teach the lesson of the incident portrayed—need not be lost." But consider a little closely the terms of this admission. Here is a definition of the primary object of art which would be ours also, if by "teaching the lesson" were understood what we have called "striking the note" of the incident portrayed. In primitive stages of civilization, indeed, to teach the lesson of a subject is the same thing, whether you mean by it to bring the subject home to the intelligence, or to the moral sense, or to the imagination. For in primitive or childish men the faculties are confused, and consist chiefly of an undisciplined and unfas-

tidious imagination. Primitive or childish art exists usually in order to exhibit to such men a likeness, or a symbol, of something which they worship. The most uncouth likeness, the rudest symbol, serves at once to inform their curiosity, to command their awe, and to content their fancy; it is an object of science, of religion, and of art all together. But a riper civilization differentiates men's faculties, and develops the means proper for severally exercising them. The intelligence disciplines itself and grows into a separate province of the mind, with science as a separate instrument for its cultivation: the moral sense develops itself, and finds in religion its appropriate stimulation; the imagination and its sensibilities ripen, and to cultivate and exercise these is the business of the fine arts as they acquire perfection. In the course of this development the curiosity or scientific sense, the moral sense, and the imaginative or artistic sense, severally become more exacting. At first it was easy to satisfy them all three at once; later they can only be fully satisfied separately, and each by its appropriate means. The exactions of a highly disciplined curiosity, the exactions of a moral sense highly exalted and spiritualized, art can never directly satisfy; nay, its business, in a ripe and natural state, is not to speak directly to these faculties at all; to speak directly to the imagination, and satisfy the exactions of that faculty, is its business. Enough if, for the indirect satisfaction of the other faculties, art takes up as it finds them the current facts of science and the current conceptions of religion and morality. These are phenomena of the universe like any other; by realizing these in their most striking or most delightful essentials to the imagination, just as by realizing to it aspects of nature, this or that out of a myriad notes in the human spirit can be struck; this or that out of a myriad virtues of things can be expressed; this or that out of a myriad modes of harmonious pleasure can be given. And to "teach the lesson" of a phenomenon in this sense is indeed art's mission. But in the case before us an artist, faithful above others to art's mission as he interprets it, has had the misfortune to interpret it wrong. He has thought first of the instructed religious feelings and the inquisitive reason of his time, and has desired to teach a lesson to these. For this end he has worked with the determination of a temperament that nothing daunts, with the thoroughness of a conscience that is the sternest task-master, with an ability which would have achieved success in almost any endeavour. But this endeavour is contrary to the laws of things. The best success in it is failure. It is the sacrifice of art, by an artist, to that which after all is not science. For in this domain the inquisition and asseveration of mere facts is not really science, it is only the contrary of art; it is not a lesson in knowledge, it is only an infliction to feeling; it is not modern love of truth, it is only—the word has already gone out—it is only modern prose. The incidents of the reed, the hammer, auger, and nails, the image of a cross, the light framing the head of Christ like an aureola—all these symbols of Christ's divinity and passion have significance for the imagination, and, like symbols in general, for the imagination as a faculty distinct from reason. Old art, by devotionally collecting these symbols about the person of Christ without regard to time, place, and circumstances, used to make its appeal frankly to this faculty. This modern art, by contriving to collect the symbols with an ingenious deference to time, place, probability, and the laws of nature, gives the imagination no play, and stifles in it the power of acknowleding any significance at all in such symbols. And so with the work in all its parts. That the modern spirit should confess this confusion of its faculties, should thus zealously put forth activities of one order in a field properly given over to activities of another order—is not this in some sort a return of childhood, and of a childhood not due and in season as was the first?

And now we have turned over the matter in all ways, not without repetitions, but they were for the sake of making our meaning clear. If I should seem to have spoken disrespectfully of labours for which I feel all respect, let that too be set down to the wish of bringing out the point of the discussion so as to admit no ambiguity. If to those most conversant with art, and most alive to its emotions, work so devoted, so sincere, and in many points so masterly as that of Mr. Hunt can be a source not of delight but of distress, it is best to try and understand the reason why. That the fact is so, I am very sure; and now I think we see the justification of the fact. The happiest, the only happy, exercise of the critical faculty is in doing and helping others to do reverential homage to the creative faculty; but when the creative faculty is ill inspired, when that master force wastes and neutralises itself in the service of confused inspirations, and for the appeal to indiscriminate perceptions, it is the part of criticism not to shrink from saying so. Where our instincts are once wrong, by instinct alone we cannot right ourselves: then to try and right ourselves by criticism is our only chance.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

MICHELET.

In the month of February, 1874, there died, within a few hours of each other, two men, who, though widely different in character, talent, and ideas, had both exercised considerable influence, not merely in their own countries, but throughout the whole of Europe.

Dr. Strauss, the author of "The Life of Jesus," died at Stuttgart on the 8th of February, having proclaimed, but a few months before, the overthrow of all Christian beliefs, and the new Gospel of Science, which limits the desires and hopes of men to the short term of an earthly life.[1]

He was true to his own teaching, and showed by the stoicism of his death that he had learnt resignation if he had not found happiness.

Jules Michelet, the author of "L'Histoire de France," "L'Histoire de la Révolution française," and "L'Oiseau," "L'Insecte," and "La Mer," died at Hyères, on the 9th of February. The misfortunes of his country broke his heart; but they could not destroy his joyful hope in the future, or shake his firm belief that in the other world the sorrows and injustices of this life will all be forgotten, and our liberated souls draw nearer to that perfection which is the object of their highest aspirations. It was strange that while Germany, the home of sentiment, of metaphysical speculation and lofty religious yearnings, lost in Strauss —a man of a stern, proud nature—a logician who stifled his emotions as signs of weakness unbefitting modern times, and acknowledged no God but science and reason; France, whose great intellectual qualities, precision, finesse, moderation, and logical clearness, are often accompanied by a certain dryness of heart and poverty of imagination, lost in Michelet the most tender and religious character that ever breathed, refusing to find satisfaction in mere science, and for ever letting himself be carried away by his feelings and imagination. The influence of Strauss was greater and wider than that of Michelet, but it was almost wholly negative and destructive. To minds harassed by doubt and anxiously seeking for truth, he offered the repose of universal negation; whilst Michelet revived the sad and aching heart, and when weary with doubt, supplied it with fresh reasons for loving and believing. Both were great and noble-minded men; and at their death many a German and many a Frenchman must have asked, "Who is to succeed them?" It is a question which may well be put to the rising generation each time that one of the men who have been the glory of the century passes away. The poets, artists, scholars, and writers who made its spring-time beautiful are now nearly all dead, but its autumn is still enriched by the works they have left behind them. A few, like Guizot, Carlyle, Victor Hugo, and Tennyson, remain, but they are ghosts rather than representatives of an age that is past. Where are the men, in Italy, to replace Léopardi, Bellini, and Manzoni?—in France, Lamartine, Delacroix, and Aug. Thierry?—in Germany, Goethe, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Grimm, or Ranke?—in England, Shelley, Thackeray, Turner, or Macaulay? If our times are too barren to produce men worthy to be named with these, let us do what we can to keep alive the worship of their memory, and fix their image in our minds before time has effaced it!

My purpose is to sketch in broad outline the life and character of Jules Michelet, the great writer whom France has just lost. His own talent and style are needed to describe so

[1] "Der alte und der neue Glauben."

gifted and powerful a nature; my only claim to be heard is that I had the privilege of knowing him personally for more than ten years, and have made his works my careful study. I shall endeavour to describe him as I knew him and loved him; and I trust to be forgiven if the vivid memory of what he was, and my grief for his loss, should lead me to overlook any blemishes in his talent, and to dwell chiefly on the great qualities of his mind and heart.

Michelet gives an admirable account of his own early education, in the preface to "Le Peuple," and describes in a graphic manner the vivid impressions of his childish days. His mother was a native of the Ardennes, the stern and rugged home of a race which he designates as "distinguée, sobre, économe, sérieuse, où l'esprit critique domine." His father was from "l'ardente et colérique Picardie," which has produced enthusiasts and orators like Peter the Hermit, Calvin, and Camille Desmoulins. After the Reign of Terror, the Michelet family came to Paris and set up a printing-office, and here he was born on the 21st of August, 1798, in the choir of an old church, used as a workshop by his father, "occupée," he says, "non profanée; qu'est ce que la Presse au temps moderne, sinon l'Arche Sainte?"[1] In this fact there was an omen of the future. His first years were hard and joyless; he grew "comme une herbe sans soleil, entre deux pavés de Paris." The suppression of the newspapers by Napoléon in 1800 and the restrictions of every kind which he placed upon the book-trade reduced the Michelets to poverty. They had to send away their workmen and do the work themselves as best they could, Jules taking his share, with his parents and grandfather. For the child it was labour far beyond his years, and certain, one would think, to have nipped his awakening faculties in the bud. Quite the contrary. Whilst his small fingers were mechanically engaged in putting dull books into type, his imagination was trying its wings. That wonderful gift which in later life enabled him to make the ashes of the past glow with new life, and to awaken a soul and heart in all things, was the ruling faculty of his mind, and the first to awaken there. "Jamais je n'ai tant voyagé d'imagination que pendant que j'étais immobile à cette case. . . . Très solitaire et très libre, j'étais tout imaginatif." He was not able to follow any regular course of instruction: before the morning work began he used to have lessons with an old bookseller who had formerly been a schoolmaster, "homme de mœurs antiques, ardent révolutionnaire;" from him he imbibed his worship for the Revolution, which he looked on as France's greatest achievement in history, and a revelation of justice. His reading was confined to two or three books. One of these produced a singularly deep impression upon him, and awoke the religious sentiment and the belief in God and immortality which never afterwards forsook him, and, in spite of all the variations of his mind, are discernible in everything he wrote. This book was the "Imitation of Christ." "Je n'avais encore aucune idée religieuse. . . . Et voilà que dans ces pages j'aperçois tout à coup, au bout de ce triste monde, la délivrance de la mort, l'autre vie, et l'espérance. . . . Comment dire l'état de rêve où me jetèrent ces premières paroles de l'Imitation? Je ne lisais pas, j'entendais. . . . . comme si cette voix douce et paternelle se fut addressée à moi-même. Je vois encore la grande chambre froide et démeublée; elle me parut vraiment éclairée d'une lueur mystérieuse. Je ne pus aller bien loin dans ce livre, ne comprenant pas le Christ, mais je sentis Dieu."

At this time his love of history also began to show itself and indicated his future calling. "Ma plus forte impression," continue-t-il, "après celle-là, c'est le Musée des Monuments Français. . . . C'est là, nulle autre part, que j'ai reçu d'abord la vive impression de l'histoire. Je remplissais ces tombeaux de mon imagination; je sentais ces morts à travers les marbres; et ce n'était pas sans quelque terreur que j'entrais sous les

[1] "Le Peuple," p. 22.

voûtes basses où dormaient Dagobert, Chilpéric, et Frédégonde."[1]

The child's remarkable abilities did not escape the notice of his parents. His father was all but destitute and his mother an invalid, but their last resources were employed in sending him to college. There, in MM. Villemain and Leclerc, he found distinguished teachers who supported him by their liberality, and also companions who taunted him with his poverty. He grew shy and timid—"effarouché comme un hibou en plein jour"[2]—shunned society, and lived with his books. But such trials served only to temper his spirit; he felt that he was worth something, and began to have faith in himself. "Dans ce malheur accompli, privations du présent, craintes de l'avenir, l'ennemi était à deux pas (1814), et mes ennemis à moi, se moquant de moi tous les jours. Un jour, un jeudi matin, je me ramassai sur moi-même, sans feu (la neige couvrait tout), ne sachant pas si le pain viendrait le soir, tout semblant finir pour moi; j'eus en moi un pur sentiment stoïcien; je frappai de ma main, crevé par le froid, sur ma table de chêne (que j'ai toujours conservée), et je sentis une joie virile de jeunesse et d'avenir." The moral energy that triumphs over external evils upheld Michelet during his whole life. Physically very feeble, and always in bad health, his mind sustained his body. His life was one continued struggle, which would seem to have inspired the general view he takes of history: in both he saw liberty and fatality constantly at strife. The bitter experiences of his early years remained indelibly imprinted on his memory. Later on he attained glory and fortune, but he never forgot that he had risen from the people, and that to his humble origin he owed some of his finest qualities. "J'ai gardé l'impression du travail—d'une vie âpre et laborieuse. Je suis resté du peuple. . . . Si les classes supérieures ont la culture, nous avons bien plus de chaleur vitale. . . . Ceux qui arrivent ainsi, avec la sève du peuple, apportent dans l'art un degré nouveau de vie et de rajeunissement, tout au moins un grand effort. Ils posent ordinairement le but plus haut, plus loin que les autres, consultant peu leurs forces, mais plutôt leur cœur." In fact, he attributed the warmth and tenderness of heart, which were the inspiration of his life, to his plebeian extraction; and though poverty and the sneers of his college companions made him for a time shy and miserable, they never aroused in him the smallest feeling of envy. No sooner did he re-enter the college as Professor, and find himself in a position to do something for others, than his whole being expanded. "Ces jeunes générations qui croyaient en moi, me réconcilièrent à l'humanité." He was made professor at the college of St. Barbe in 1821. In 1827 he published an analysis of Vico's History and Philosophy, and an Epitome of Modern History, which is a masterpiece, and in which, even after the lapse of forty-six years, not one page is out of date.

He was appointed Professor of History and Philosophy at the Ecole Normale, and remained there till 1837. These were perhaps his happiest years. He married at twenty-five, and led a studious and retired life, communicating with the outer world solely through his pupils. In after days he was fond of dwelling on the enjoyment he had found in teaching, and would relate how in the sharpest winter weather he was in the habit of walking up the Rue St. Jacques in his tail-coat and thin shoes, without an overcoat, quite insensible to the north wind and cold, "tant était ardente la flamme intérieure." Those who had the privilege of hearing him then have preserved a lasting remembrance of his eloquent and suggestive lectures, in which he succeeded so well in imparting to others the passion which animated himself. He, on his side, acquired from the act of teaching and from the affection and sympathy of his pupils, a strength which supported and inspired him in all his work. "Si j'avais comme historien," said he after-

[1] "Le Peuple," p. 26.
[2] Ibid. p. 30.

wards, "un mérite spécial qui me soutint à côté de mes illustres prédécesseurs, je le devrais à l'enseignement, qui pour moi fut l'amitié. Ces grands historiens ont été brillants, judicieux, profonds. Moi, j'ai aimé davantage."

His Roman History, begun in 1828, and published in 1831, was the first fruit of this happy period of youth and enthusiasm. An extraordinary impetus had been given to the study of the Middle Ages by the works of Guizot and Augustin Thierry, and a similar interest bid fair to be awakened in the study of classic antiquity by Michelet's History. His great imaginative power and the magic charm of his style invested the annals of ancient Rome with all the reality of contemporary history. Up to that time, Niebuhr's daring hypotheses, wrapped up in obscure and ponderous learning, had remained inaccessible to the mass of the educated public; they were now made to glow with life and colour. What Niebuhr took so much pains to prove, Michelet saw and made others see, and his narrative was for the time more convincing than the soundest demonstration. Nevertheless the book produced little effect. Education went on in the old routine. He gained many admirers, but few disciples; and was himself soon drawn into the general current, until he relinquished the study of classical antiquity for that of the Middle Ages. With his impressionable nature, it would have been impossible for Michelet to escape the contagion of the romantic movement which, in the early part of the century, took possession of all minds. The literature, manners, customs, and monuments of the Middle Ages fascinated every one. Poetry and fiction, painting and the drama, dealt exclusively with feudal lords, old-world castles, and the loves of high-born dames and their pages. The sublime grandeur of the Gothic cathedrals cast the perfect beauty of the Greek temples into the shade. In all this there was much infatuation, and the movement partook in no small degree of the nature of a passing fashion; much bad taste was displayed, and bygone ages were often painted in the falsest colours. The style of ornamentation and the choice of subjects, represented on the clocks and the frontispieces of the books of the Empire and the Restoration, show how conventional and pretentious was their idea of the Middle Ages. Not that this love of national antiquities was altogether artificial. The Revolution had rent everything violently asunder; it was a gigantic effort to annihilate a hated past and create an entirely new France, and it ended in despotism, and in a complete exhaustion of the strength of the country. That men should begin to mourn over the ruins they had made, and try to rescue from the wreck all that they could find worthy of love and admiration, was not unnatural. In politics the attempt to reconnect the new and the old France had failed. All that the Restoration succeeded in borrowing from the ancient *régime* was its old-world prejudices, not knowing how to turn to good account the reaction against the Revolution and the Empire; but the Revolution of 1830, while it put an end to the Restoration, did not destroy the universal attraction of the Middle Ages. On the contrary, their history began to be better known; it was studied in a more serious and scientific spirit; old texts were edited, and students turned their attention to the old laws, to the language in its earlier stages, and to the examination and classification of the public archives. With the liberal youth of the day, Michelet had joyfully hailed the advent of the Revolution of 1830, and in his "Introduction à l'Histoire universelle" (1831) had even celebrated its praises as the natural culmination of the history of France. He shared the passionate interest of his contemporaries in the Middle Ages. In 1831 he was elected head of the historical section of the Public Records (Archives Nationales); and in the escape of that immense collection of documents from the destroying hand of Time and Revolution he saw the realization of the vague dreams of his

childhood as he used to wander through the Museum of Historical Monuments. His imagination called forth the dead who were sleeping in that vast historical necropolis ; the ancient and discoloured parchments appeared to him as still living witnesses of former centuries ; and he heard their voices relating the authentic history of their day.

That history he determined to write for his country. The first volume of his History of France appeared in 1833 ; the sixth, ending with the death of Louis XI., was published in 1846. These six volumes, I think, constitute Michelet's surest title to renown, and will prove his most useful and enduring work. The picture of France with which the second volume opens, the life of Jeanne d'Arc, and the reign of Louis XI., may rank with the finest pieces of historical writing of that time. They bear evidence of conscientious learning and profound research ; while, so great is the author's creative genius, that the personages he describes appear to live and move before us. Michelet's historical judgment is more profound and impartial than that of his illustrious predecessors, Guizot and Thierry ; they singled out for admiration such institutions, ideas, and tendencies of the past as they advocated for their own day, and made their writings a vehicle for the theories and political opinions they themselves held relative to contemporary events, whereas Michelet draws out and admires all that was original and characteristic in the past, and lays his own feelings and opinions aside, that he may be able thoroughly to understand and sympathize with those of the men he describes. To Michelet history was neither a narrative of facts nor a philosophical analysis, but literally a resurrection. I find in him the same combination of learning and prophetic genius that we admire in Niebuhr and Mommsen and the best leaders of the German scientific school ; and, above all, in Jacob Grimm, whom indeed he knew personally, and for whom he expressed the tenderest and deepest admiration.[1]

Whilst engaged on his history, Michelet published, in 1835, a series of extracts from Luther, under the name of "Mémoires de Luther," forming an interesting and trustworthy biography of the great reformer. In 1837 he published "Les Origines du Droit," an endeavour to show that the old French law was not a collection of abstract formulas and deductions, but the living expression of the historical development of the nation ; and he also edited, in the "Collection des Documents inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de France" (1841—1851), "Les Pieces de Procès des Templiers," in two volumes quarto.

Though thus absorbed in the study of the Middle Ages, Michelet had too ardent and impressionable a nature not to be deeply affected by the passions of his own day. In 1837 he left the Ecole Normale, then under the energetic though narrow direction of M. Cousin, and in 1838 was appointed Professor of History and Moral Philosophy at the Collége de France. Instead of a small number of pupils to whom he had to teach positive facts, and a rigorous method in a simple form, he saw before him an ardent, impressionable, enthusiastic crowd, who demanded no serious scientific instruction, but the momentary excitement awakened by noble and eloquent words. The duties of his professorship were of a vague, hybrid nature, and seemed to justify a teaching that dealt more with general ideas than with facts, and gave greater prominence to daring syntheses than to the patient processes of criticism. His two contemporaries in the college, Quinet and Mickiewicz,[2] also considered themselves

[1] J. Grimm was to him the perfect type of a scholar. After the war of 1870, when the sternness with which the Germans had followed up their victories was filling him with anguish, he said to me, "Si Grimm avait été là je suis sûr qu'il aurait protesté au nom de l'humanité et de la justice. Mais il n'y a plus de Grimm en Allemagne."

[2] E. Quinet, the poet, historian and philosopher, taught the history of the literatures of Southern Europe. Mickiewicz was Professor of the Sclavonic Literature and Language.

called to a kind of social and philosophical apostleship, and the three formed an intellectual triumvirate which acquired a powerful ascendency over the young men of the day. This new activity produced a decisive influence on Michelet, which was further strengthened by public events. In 1840, the July Monarchy, under the fatal influence of M. Guizot, adopted a policy of inaction and opposition to all progress, which excited revolutionary tendencies among all noble and liberal-minded men, drove them to extreme opinions, and could not but lead to a catastrophe. Of this number Michelet was one; a child of the eighteenth century, he felt called upon to combat the clerical power, and published in 1843[1] a course of lectures on the Jesuits, and in 1851 "Le Prêtre, la Femme, et la Famille;" a work of psychological analysis at once delicate and profound, in which, as in his lectures, he shows that all moral teaching is based on history. Proud of his origin in the ranks of the people, he fought side by side with the apostles of socialism, though without sharing their Utopian ideas; and in "Le Peuple" (1846), he proclaimed the sufferings, aspirations, and hopes of the *prolétaire* and the peasant. Born under the Revolution, and accustomed from childhood to regard it as the salvation of the world, his wish was to teach succeeding generations to see it in the same light, as a gospel of justice and peace, and he accordingly wrote his History of the Revolution, the first volume of which appeared in February 1848. Though based on wide and careful researches, it cannot, strictly speaking, be called a history; it is rather an epic poem in seven volumes, with Danton as the personification of the people for its hero. Historical criticism may possibly leave few portions of this work standing; but several passages, such as the taking of the Bastille and the feast of the Fédération, possess the enduring beauty of great literary creations. Of all the historians of the Revolution, Michelet is the only one who makes intelligible the credulous but sublime enthusiasm and the infinite hope which took possession of France and Europe after 1789.

By this time his genius had undergone a great change. Since the publication of "France in the Middle Ages," he had lost much of his calmness, moderation, and scientific impartiality: he had thrown himself into the most serious political and social questions of the day with passionate ardour; and his thought and style partook of the feverish abruptness which characterized his speaking and gave it such originality. But his imaginative power had deepened in intensity, and he had gained in force of expression; instead of extending his artistic and poetic sympathies, as before, to all the great manifestations of the human mind, and being successively engrossed with the Catholicism of the Middle Ages, the Protestantism of Luther, the genius of Cæsar, and the spirit of the Dutch Republics, he was now the apostle of certain great causes; and the ardent fire within him burned stronger and brighter the more it was concentrated. These causes were all noble and sacred, and resolved themselves into three words, Peace, Justice, Progress. He wished to unite all nations in a universal brotherhood; to combine all parties and classes in the bond of a common love for their country; and to reconcile religion and science in the soul. This in his eyes was the creed bequeathed by the Revolution. As his mind took a more decided bent, and he acquired greater precision of thought, his style became more personal and more unconventional, and freer from all external influences, and adapted itself more perfectly to the thoughts it had to convey.

The Revolution of 1848 broke out, and for an instant Michelet might believe that all he had preached and desired was about to be realized. He had wished to deduce from history "a principle of action," and to create "des âmes et des volontés;" and

[1] Quinet and Michelet had both delivered a course of lectures on this subject, and brought out the book in conjunction.

for a moment he thought that his apostleship had not been in vain. It was a short illusion. But the dawn of peace and liberty in the spring of 1848 was followed by the days of June, by the expedition to Rome of 1849, the reaction of 1850, and the *coup d'état* of 1851. In 1850 Michelet was forced to give up his professorship at the Collége of France, and in 1851 his post at the Archives. This sudden shipwreck of all his hopes was calculated to break his heart and take from him all vital energy. True, he still continued to fight for his beloved causes, by finishing his History of the Revolution (1853), and recording the dramatic episodes of the movement of 1848 in the East of Europe;[1] but he felt powerless and disheartened. He would have sunk under the depression and moral suffering caused by these disasters but for faith and love which nothing could destroy, and for a fortunate event which occurred at that time, and, as it were, renewed his whole being. Living out of the world, absorbed in his work, never quitting the solitude of his study except for the crowded lecture-room at the Collége, Michelet's delicate, loving, ardent nature craved for the cares and tendernesses of home life, of which he had so long been deprived. His wife had died in 1839; his daughter married three years afterwards; and his son was neither in character nor intelligence worthy of his name. The political agitation of the ten years that followed on his wife's death had made the emptiness of his home less painful than it would otherwise have been; but now, when things were everywhere falling into ruin, what was to become of him? It was then that he met the lady who for twenty-five years became his faithful companion: and in her regained all that was wanting in his intellectual and moral life. She was the watchful guardian of his working hours, never allowed him to be intruded on when he wished to be alone, and brought quiet and order into the house. In future he had friend always with him who seemed made to understand him; his thoughts found an echo in her soul, and came back to him with a varied and an added grace. It was the beginning of new life. As their means were limited, they left Paris and retired to the country, where, in the congenial atmosphere of a happy home, Michelet laid aside history for a while—"la dure, la sauvage histoire de l'homme"—and turned to nature. He always loved her, and had defended her from the suspicion and the unjust denunciation of the Church; but still he saw in her a world subject to the same fatality against which human liberty is struggling. Thanks to his wife, he now began to recognize a close connection between nature and humanity. Far from confounding man with nature, and submitting him to the same immutable laws by which she appears to be governed, he saw in her the germs of moral freedom and the rudiments of thoughts and feelings resembling our own. In a word, he endowed her with a soul: from that time the moral solitude to which events had condemned him was peopled; he gave a voice or a language to everything around him—animals, plants, the elements.

This was the source of a series of books of great charm and originality, "L'Oiseau" (1856), "L'Insecte" (1857), "La Mer" (1860), "La Montagne" (1868), in which poetry lends itself to the interpretation of science in a succession of pictures and descriptions remarkable at once for truth and for power. They form a poem on nature, a sublime mystic hymn to the One Eternal God who animates all things with His life and His presence. Who can forget the pages devoted to the nightingale, that artist whose song, like all great musical creations, gives us a glimpse into eternity? or, again, those in which he describes the Alps—"le château d'eau de l'Europe, le cœur du monde Européen"—as diffusing water and life and fertility through all the members of the old world, and their valleys as the sacred

[1] "Pologne et Russie," 1851; "Principautés Danubiennes," 1853; "Légendes Démocratiques du Nord," 1854.

stronghold of simple habits and free institutions? Scientific men may discover in these books errors, inaccuracies, and exaggerations; but in spite of all, they have been a new revelation. They have shown that the physical sciences, though accused of withering the soul, and robbing nature of poetry and life of enchantment, contain the elements of a profound and varied poetry that never loses its charm because it is not dependent on the caprices of taste and fashion, but has its source in the unchangeable reality of things. Many have said that science will drive out religion and poetry; Michelet finds in every branch of science the demonstration of a new faith, revealing to him a harmony till then unperceived, centred in the supreme unity of the Divine mind and of the Absolute Being. All nature participates in the divine life, manifesting it in an infinite variety of forms. This, it will be said, is Pantheism. Possibly: but it is a Pantheism which must lie at the foundation of every truly religious conception of the Divinity; the Pantheism which St. Paul preached when he spoke to the Athenians of "the unknown God," in whom we live and move and have our being, and to whom all nature is unceasingly aspiring. By thus discovering in science a source of poetry and a ground of faith, Michelet was beginning to carry out that endeavour to reconcile science and the human mind which he had first conceived when engaged in teaching.

But these external agencies cannot provide for all our needs. Family ties, home joys and affections are wants of our inmost being which love, that makes the marriage bond, that knits together the several members of the family, and sanctifies all their duties and all their pleasures, only has power to supply. In "L'Amour" (1858) Michelet tells us how love keeps the heart and the intellect eternally young; in "La Femme" he give us his views as to what a woman can and ought to be. These books have been the subject of severe criticism for their poetic treatment of physiological questions, the discussion of which should be left to scientific works. The reproach is perhaps not without foundation; but the author's chief error lay in not having sufficiently considered the public for whom he was writing, with their native tendency to make love and marriage subjects of ridicule. To him it was nothing less than impiety to laugh at such things; he was so deeply imbued with the holiness of his cause, that there was nothing he did not dare to say, forgetting that though to the pure all things are pure, they are not so to the frivolous and laughing multitude. Read these books in a sincere and earnest spirit, and they teach nothing but grave and noble lessons. They preach "la fixité du mariage," and tell us that "sans mœurs il n'est point de vie publique." They desire to "replaçer le foyer sur un terrain ferme, car si le foyer n'est pas ferme, l'enfant ne vivra pas." The final object of his wishes and efforts is, "former des cœurs et des volontés." To him, love is but a starting-point for education, and his book on Love is but an introduction to that entitled, "Nos Fils," which contains the full exposition of his views on the great problem of education, upon which he had already touched both in "Le Peuple" and "La Femme." A psychological analysis of the soul of a child and the study of the great reformers of primary education —Rousseau, Pestalozzi, and Froebel—lead him to the same conclusion: education is expressed in these three words—Family, Country, and Nature.

How is he to learn these things? In school, unquestionably; but above all from his family, from his father and mother, who are to teach him to love truth—that is, "la Loi dans la Nature, la Justice dans l'Humanité." Such an education is essentially religious, for Nature and his Country are revelations of God. "Dieu révèle par la Mère dans l'amour et dans la Nature; Dieu révèle par le Père dans la Patrie vivante, dans son histoire heroïque, dans le sentiment de la France." The father and mother act in different ways, but yet in concord, upon their child: he represents "la

justice exacte, la loi en action, énergique et austère;" she, "la douce justice des circonstances atténuantes, des ménagements équitables, que conseille le cœur et qu'autorise la raison." All sound education must be based on the love, agreement, and harmony of the parents. This doctrine, touched upon in "Le Peuple," is propounded at great length in "Nos Fils," with all the force and eloquence of sincere conviction.

Michelet, however, was not satisfied with merely pointing out the direction which education should take, or the goal which it should keep in view, his next desire was himself to play the part of educator, and to write a book which should contain all the lessons necessary for giving new life and vigour to the soul. This was the origin of his "Bible of Humanity" (1864), in which he borrowed from the moral systems and religions of every nation all that was most original and exalted, and thus obtained from the lips of antiquity a creed for the modern world.

In the ancient doctrines of the Aryan race Michelet discovered the very ideas to which the study of Nature and History had led him. The whole of antiquity joined its voice to his. India with her tenderness towards everything that has life and feeling, Egypt with her hope and struggle for immortality, Greece with her devotion to city and country, Persia with the toil which subdues and fortifies nature, and her lofty ideal of conjugal life. This book, "whose author is the human race," which is nothing more than a grand outline, closes with the simple but profound words that embody Michelet's whole system of morals—"Le foyer est la pierre qui porte la cité."

Whilst thus bringing to light the poetry of science, and using all his powers of imagination and eloquence to promote his views on moral education and religious philosophy, Michelet did not relinquish his historical work. He finished his History of France between 1855 and 1867; but this second part, from the reign of Charles VIII. to 1789, is conceived in quite a different spirit from the first, and worked out on another plan. The man of action poet, and philosopher, takes the place of the critic and historian. Instead of a just sympathy for the greatness of the past, Michelet violently attacks everything that does not conform to his modern ideal of justice and goodness — the Middle Ages, Catholicism, and the Monarchy. Instead of giving each fact and personage its proper place, he allows himself to be guided by the caprices of his imagination, and repeatedly launches out into poetical digressions: instead of facts consecutively told, he gives us a series of reflections on facts, and his own appreciations and opinions on them. But though less wise and less moderate, his genius becomes more apparent, and shows itself in sudden bursts and flashes. Who has described Luther's heroic joy or Albert Dürer's sublime melancholy as he has? the sombre energy of the Calvinist martyrs, or the refined luxurious corruption of the House of Valois? With him we measure the extravagance of Louis the Fourteenth's pride and imbecility, and understand the stock-jobbing mania that seized on France in Law's time; standing on the threshold of the Revolution, we seem to share the distress and uneasiness as well as the boundless hope that at the time filled and agitated men's minds. He gives us no wise, accurate criticisms, and pronounces no definite judgment on historical events, but makes us take part in them with all the passions of a contemporary. Others affirm and know; he sees and feels.

To this series of great historical works he added, in 1862, a little volume called "La Sorcière," in which he shows magic and sorcery to be Nature's protest against the Church's proscriptions, and proclaims her final victory after centuries of struggle and persecution. The volume entitled "La Pologne Martyr," which appeared in the middle of the Polish insurrection of 1863, was but a reprint of the moving and eloquent stories of the heroes and martyrs of the revolution in Poland, Hungary, and Roumania, already published some time previously. The last volume of the

History of France was brought out in 1867.

Transformed and revived by the study of natural science and moral psychology, Michelet had entered on a new career as a historian. While regaining the strength and faith needed for living and working, he saw France, so long crushed and weakened by despotism, by degrees recover her former energy, and reconquer, one by one, her lost liberties. He could again look forward with hope to the future of the country he loved so passionately, and believe, not without grounds, that his own urgent appeals had helped to awaken her soul from its long sleep. In the strong assurance of his faith he anticipated the realization of his wishes, and saw before him a new generation who from him had learnt to respect family life, to love their country, and to understand Nature. In 1846, trusting to the sympathy and enthusiasm excited by his teaching at the Collége de France, he had predicted that a social reform would grow out of the union of classes and a new system of education; and in 1869, in "Nos Fils," he again gave expression, with still stronger conviction, to the same hopes and predictions. Not only was France raising herself from her abasement, but a spirit of peace seemed to reign everywhere; nations long divided by hereditary animosity were summoned to Paris in peaceful rivalry, and entertained with magnificent hospitality; the war-alarms of 1867 and 1869 had been quickly dispelled, after calling forth, both in France and Germany, and especially from the working classes, unanimous demonstrations in favour of peace. Social progress and liberal reforms were the questions of the day. The spirit of 1789 and 1848 was waking, free from vain delusions and credulity, and founding the brotherhood of nations on the consolidation of "La Patrie" and the union of classes on the unity of France. Michelet already saw in anticipation the alliance of "tous les drapeaux des nations—le tricolore vert d'Italie (Italia mater), l'aigle blanc de Pologne (qui saigna tant pour nous!), le grand drapeau du Saint Empire, de ma chère Allemagne, noir, rouge, et or."

In 1848 these splendid dreams were dispelled by the June fusillades. In 1870, the awakening was no less terrible. At the moment when Prussia's ambitious stratagem and the criminal levity of the French Government threatened Europe with a wicked war, Michelet, almost alone, dared publicly to protest against the impelling force of a vain and brutal *chauvinisme.* His clairvoyance as a historian, and his strong sense of justice, made him foresee the issue of the war. But his voice was drowned in the tumult, and on the 16th of July I received from him these prophetic lines: "Les événements se sont précipités. Le crime est accompli, l'Europe interviendra, mais pas assez vite pour qu'il n'y ait avant un désastre immense." He was not deceived, save in one point, the intervention of Europe. We know what followed Michelet, with his feeble health further impaired by this last shock, could not risk sharing the hardships of the siege of Paris. He withdrew to Italy, but his heart remained in France; he felt from afar all the sufferings and agonies his country was doomed to endure, and the final blow to which she succumbed struck him too. The capitulation of Paris brought on his first attack of apoplexy, from which he was but just recovering when the Communist insurrection broke out, causing a recurrence of his malady in an aggravated form. Critical as was his state, the tender care and nursing of his wife, and his own indomitable spirit, again helped him to rally. The storms that beat upon him could not quench the fire within; though subdued for a time, it burst out again in a bright and ardent flame. His faith and hope never faltered; whilst the most cruel disasters were actually taking place, he brought out a little pamphlet called, "La France devant l'Europe," in which, though the triumph of force was before his eyes, he declared his belief in the immortality of the people, who still remained to him the representatives of progress, justice,

and liberty. The very day after the suppression of the Communist insurrection, he took his pen and began the history of the nineteenth century. Into this work he threw himself with incredible energy and activity. Within three years three volumes and a half were written and printed; but the struggle could not last long. Had he seen France regaining courage, repairing her moral as well as her material forces, and returning to the nobler and more liberal traditions of a previous age, his wounds might have healed, and he might possibly have lived longer; but seeing the momentary triumph of the passions of the least intelligent part of the community, and the clerical reaction of 1873, he lost all hope of witnessing the resurrection of the soul of France. He grew gradually weaker, and died at Hyères on the 9th of February, 1874, in the full light of noon, as if Nature wished to reward him for his passionate worship of the sun, the source of warmth and life. Waiting for death, he met it without murmur or distress. The peace and trust expressed in the last lines of his will were visible in his grave, calm face:—"Dieu me donne de revoir les miens et ceux que j'ai aimés. Qu'il reçoive mon âme reconnaissante de tant de biens, de tant d'années laborieuses, de tant d'œuvres, de tant d'amitiés."

A few words on Michelet's personal appearance and characteristics must close this sketch. The extraordinary development of his brain and nervous system, exceeding that of every other part of his physical organization, at once struck all who saw him. It was difficult not to forget that he had a body at all, so thin was it and frail-looking. His fine head, disproportionately large for the small frame which it surmounted, looked as if it had been moulded by his mind, so closely did they resemble each other in character.

The upper part of his face—the capacious forehead encircled with white hair, the speaking eyes full of warmth and kindliness, and flashing with poetry and enthusiasm—was all nobleness and majesty, and great intensity of life was expressed in his thin, dilated nostrils. His mouth was large, and his thin, clearly-cut lips gave a distinct vibratory sound to his speech, every word of which was audible. The lower part of his face, with its heavy square chin, betrayed his plebeian origin, and revealed the material side of his nature, traceable here and there in his later works. But when he spoke, and the thoughts that inspired him flashed through his eyes, their depth and brilliancy cast all that was less attractive into the shade: they never lost their light, for it came from a heart that remained always young. His hair was white when he reached his twenty-fifth year, but after that he did not change—he never grew old. In early life he was precociously mature, but he kept the ardour and vigour of youth to the end.

Never was life better regulated than his. He was at work at six in the morning, and remained shut up in his study till twelve or one, without allowing any one to disturb him; even when travelling or at the sea-side, or in Switzerland, he adhered resolutely to his accustomed hours of work. The afternoon was devoted to social intercourse and exercise; from four to six he was always visible to his friends, and with very rare exceptions retired to rest at ten or half-past, never working at night. He was extremely moderate in his habits, and never took any stimulant but coffee, of which he was passionately fond; he never would accept any dinner or evening engagements: all distractions which might destroy the unity of life and the harmony of thought he systematically avoided. That his mind might be completely free, he preferred that everything about him should remain stationary; he never allowed the cloth that covered his writing-table to be changed, nor the old torn pasteboard boxes which held his papers to be renewed; and his calm, peaceable character perfectly accorded with the regularity of his life. He was simple and affable in his address; and his conversation, a delightful mixture of poetry and wit, never degenerated into

monologue, and, without ever appearing forced or unduly solemn, succeeded in keeping the minds of those with whom he conversed in elevated regions. The traditionary old French politeness distinguished his manners; he treated all who came to him, whatever their age or rank, with the same regard, which with him was not mere empty formality, but felt by all to spring from genuine goodness of heart. His dress was always irreproachable; I see him now seated in his arm-chair at his evening reception, in a close-fitting frock-coat on which no speck of dust was ever visible; his trousers strapped over his patent leather shoes, and holding a white handkerchief in his hand, which was delicate and nervous and well-tended like a woman's. As we sat listening to him, the hours slipped quickly away—there was so much depth and fancy in what he said, such joyous serenity and sympathetic kindness, wit without malice, poetry without declamation. At times it appeared as if his conversation were winged, his ideas rushing out with a sudden burst like a cloud of swift arrows, or he would let them fly off one by one like birds with unequal and capricious flight, but without ever pursuing or recalling them; he never developed a subject to its full extent. He was a first-rate talker, and the divine *something* that stamps a man of genius made itself continually felt in his words; modesty gave him an additional grace; he knew how to listen, would ask for advice and information, and allow himself to be contradicted. Even before younger and inferior men he often expressed his ideas most reservedly, questioning them and seeking to learn what their opinions were. It was not that he pretended to be ignorant of his own worth, for he spoke of his History as "mon monument;" and when inveighing against the use of tobacco, and enumerating the great creative spirits of the century who did not smoke, he added himself to the list, but he did not exaggerate his merit, nor intrude himself on public notice; and, above all, was sagacious enough not to consider himself called upon to play all kinds of parts, and display every conceivable talent. No entreaties could prevail upon him to take an active share in politics; he repelled all advances made with that view, and when after the 2d of December he lost his appointments and was almost reduced to want by his refusal to take the oath, he made no boast of disinterestedness, nor did he seek to make a pedestal for himself out of the public misfortunes. As long as they were in process of composition he had a passionate attachment for his works, but once finished he became indifferent to their fate. He not only despised flattery, but cared little for either praise or blame, and, never soliciting reviews of his books, would smile at the sharpest criticisms if cleverly and wittily written. This serenity of nature and his recluse life were far from quenching the ardour and energy of his spirit; on the contrary, they so nourished and preserved them that he was able to produce forty-five volumes and yet lose none of his warmheartedness and none of his brilliancy of imagination.

GABRIEL MONOD.

THE CALIPH'S DRAUGHT.

Upon a day in Ramadan,
  When sunset brought an end of fast,
And in his station every man
  Prepared to share the glad repast,
Sate Mohtasim in easy state;
  The rich meats smoked upon the gold,
The fairest slave of those that wait
  The Caliph's drinking cup did hold.

Of crystal carven was the cup,
  With garnets set along the brim;
A lid of amber closed it up:—
  'Twas a great king that gave it him:
The slave poured sherbet to the brink,
  Mixed it with juice of pomegranate;
With mountain snow-flakes cooled the drink
  And bore it where the Caliph sate.

Mohtasim's mouth was dry as bone,
  He swept his beard aside to quaff:
The news-reader, beneath the throne,
  Went droning on with "*ghain*" and "*kaf.*"
The Caliph drew a thirsty breath,
  The reader turned another scroll;
Suddenly Mohtasim—fierce as death—
  Snatched at his sword,—set down the bowl.

"*Ann' amratan shureefatee*"
  ("Read clear!" cries angry Mohtasim)
"*Fih lasr 'ind ilj min ulgi.*"
  Trembling the scribe thus read to him
How "in Ammoria far from home
  "An Arab dame of noble race
"Was captive to a lord of Roum,
  "And how he smote her on the face:

"And how she cried, in anguish sore,
  "'Ya! Mohtasim!—help! oh, my king!'
"And how the Kaffir smote the more,
  "And mocked, and spake a bitter thing—
"'Call louder, fool! Mohtasim's ears
  "Must be like Borak's—if he heed—
"Your prophet's ass—and when he hears
  "He'll come upon a spotted steed!'

The Caliph's face waxed fiery-red,
He clapped the cover on the cup—
"Keep this same sherbet, slave!" he said,
"Till such time as I drink it up.
"Wallah! the stream my draught shall be,
"And the tent-cloth my palace-wall,
"Till I have set that lady free
"And seen that Roumi lord's head fall!"

At dawn the drums of war were beat,
Announcing, "Thus saith Mohtasim!
"Let all my valiant soldiers meet,
"And every horseman bring with him
"A spotted steed!" so went they forth,
A sight of marvel and of fear—
Pied horses prancing fiercely north,
The crystal cup borne in the rear.

When to Ammoria he did win
He fought and drove the dogs of Roum,
And spurred his speckled stallion in,
And cried "*Labbayki!*" "I am come!"
Then downward from her prison-place
The Arab lady joyous came;
She spread her veil before her face,
She kissed his feet, she called his name.

She pointed where that lord was laid;
They drew him forth; he whined for grace.
Then Mohtasim the Caliph said,
"She whom thou smotest on the face
"Had scorn because she called her king;
"Lo! he is come! and dost thou think
"To live, who didst this bitter thing
"While Mohtasim in peace did drink?"

Flashed the swift sword, rolled the lord's head,
The wicked blood smoked on the sand:
"Now bring the cup," the Caliph said,
Lightly he took it in his hand.
As down his throat the sweet drops ran
Mohtasim in his saddle laughed,
And cried, "*Tabâ ashshrab alân,*
"*Wallah!* delicious is this draught!"

EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

I.—THE PAINTER.

Among all the many historical places, sacred by right of the feet that have trodden them, and the thoughts that have taken origin within them, which attract the spectator in the storied city of Florence, there is not one, perhaps, more interesting or attractive than the convent of St. Mark, now, by a necessity of state which some approve and some condemn, emptied of its traditionary inhabitants. No black and white monk now bars smilingly to profane feminine feet the entrance to the sunny cloister: no brethren of Saint Dominic inhabit the hushed and empty cells. Chapter-house, refectory, library, all lie vacant and open—a museum for the state—a blank piece of public property, open to any chance comer. It would be churlish to complain of a freedom which makes so interesting a place known to the many; but it is almost impossible not to regret the entire disappearance of the old possessors, the preachers of many a fervent age, the eloquent Order which in this very cloister produced so great an example of the orator's undying power. Savonarola's convent, we cannot but feel, might have been one of the few spared by the exigencies of public poverty, that most strenuous of all reformers. On this point, however, whatever may be the stranger's regrets, Italy of course must be the final judge, as we have all been in our day; and Italy has at least the grace of accepting her position as art-guardian and custodian of the precious things of the past, a point in which other nations of the world have been less careful. San Marco is empty, swept and garnished; but at least it is left in perfect good order, and watched over as becomes its importance in the history of Florence and in that of Art. What stirring scenes, and what still ones, these old walls have seen, disguising their antiquity as they do—but as scarcely any building of their date could do in England—by the harmony of everything around, the homogeneous character of the town! It would be affectation for any observer brought up in the faith, and bred in the atmosphere, of Gothic art, to pretend to any admiration of the external aspect of the ordinary Italian basilica. There is nothing in these buildings except their associations, and sometimes the wealth and splendour of their decorations, pictorial or otherwise, to charm or impress eyes accustomed to Westminster and Notre Dame. The white convent walls shutting in everything that is remarkable within, in straight lines of blank inclosure, are scarcely less interesting outside than is the lofty gable-end which forms the façade of most churches in Florence, whether clothed in shining lines of marble or rugged coat of plaster. The church of San Marco has not even the distinction of this superficial splendour or squalor. It does not appeal to the sympathy of the beholder, as so many Florentine churches did a few years ago, and as the cathedral still does with its stripped and unsightly façade; but stands fast in respectable completeness, looking out upon a sunshiny square, arranged into the smooth prettiness of a very ordinary garden by the new spirit of good order which has come upon Italy. It is difficult, in sight of the shrubs, and flowers, and grass-plats, the peaceable ordinary houses around, to realize that it was here that Savonarola preached to excited crowds, filling up every morsel of standing ground; and that these homely convent walls, white and blank in the sunshine, were once besieged by mad Florence, wildly seeking the blood of the prophet who

had not given it the miracle it sought. The place is as still now as monotonous peace and calm can make it. Some wrecks of faded pictures keep their places upon the walls, the priests chant their monotonous masses, the bad organ plays worse music—though this is melodious Italy, the country of song; and the only thing that touches the heart in this historical place is a sight that is common in every parish church throughout almost all Catholic countries, at least throughout all Italy—the sight of the handful of homely people who in the midst of their work come in to say their prayers, or having a little leisure, sit down and muse in the soft and consecrated silence. I think no gorgeous *funzione*, no Pontifical High Mass, is half so affecting. Their faces are towards the altar, but nothing is doing there. What are they about? Not recalling the associations of the place, thinking of Savonarola, as we are; but musing upon what is far more close and intimate, their own daily trials and temptations, their difficulties, their anxieties. The coolness and dimness of the place, a refuge from the blazing sun without, now and then a monotonous chanting, or the little tinkle of the bell which rouses them from their thoughts for a moment, and bids every beholder bend a reverent knee in sympathy with what is going on somewhere behind those dim pillars—some Low Mass in an unseen chapel—all this forms a fit atmosphere around those musing souls. And that is the most interesting sight that is to be seen in San Marco, though the strangers who come from afar to visit Savonarola's church and dwelling-place stray about the side chapels and gaze at the pictures, and take little enough note of the unpicturesque devotion of to-day.

The history of the remarkable convent and church which has thus fallen into the blank uses of a museum on the one hand, and the commonplace routine of a parish on the other, has long ceased to be great; all that was most notable in it indeed—its virtual foundation, or rebuilding, when transferred to the Dominican order, its decoration, its tragic climax of power and closely following downfall—were all summed up within the fifteenth century. But it is one of the great charms of the storied cities of Italy that they make the fifteenth century (not to speak of ages still more remote) as yesterday to the spectator, placing him with a loving sympathy in the very heart of the past. I need not enter into the story of the events which gained to the Dominican order possession of San Marco, originally the property of an order of Silvestrini; but may sum them up here, in a few words. For various reasons, partly moral, partly political, a community of Dominicans had been banished to Fiesole, where they lived and longed for years, gazing at their Florence from among the olive gardens, and setting nought by all these rural riches, and by the lovely prospect that enchanted their eyes daily, in comparison with the happiness of getting back again to their beloved town. The vicissitudes of their exile, and the connection of the brotherhood with the special tumults of the time may all be found in Padre Marchese's great work, "San Marco Illustrato," but are at once too detailed and too vague to be followed here. In process of time they were allowed to descend the hill to San Giorgio on the other side of the Arno, which was still a partial banishment; and at last regained popularity and influence so completely that the naughty Silvestrini were compelled to relinquish their larger house, and marched out of San Marco aggrieved and reluctant across the bridge, while the Reformed Dominicans, with joyful chanting of psalms, streamed across in procession to the new home, which was not only a commodious habitation, but a prize of virtue. Perhaps this kind of transfer was not exactly the way to make the brethren love each other; but history says nothing more of the Silvestrini. The Dominicans do not seem to have had, immediately at least, so pleasant a removing as they hoped, for their new convent was dilapidated, and scarcely inhabitable. Cosmo de Medici, the

first great chief of that ambitious family, the wily and wise founder of its fortunes, the Pater Patriæ, whom Florence not long before had summoned back to guide and rule the turbulent city, took the case of the monks in hand. He rebuilt their convent for them, while they encamped in huts and watched over the work. And when it was so far completed as to be habitable, royal Cosmo gave a commission to a certain monk among them skilled in such work, to decorate with pictures the new walls. These decorations, and the gentle, simple, uneventful life of this monk and his brethren, furnish a soft prelude to the stormy strain of further story of which San Marco was to be the subject. Its period of fame and greatness, destined to conclude in thunders of excommunication, in more tangible thunders of assault and siege, in popular violence, tragic anguish, and destruction, began thus with flutterings of angels, with soft triumphs of art, with such serene, sweet quiet, and beautiful industry, as may be exercised, who knows, in the outer courts of heaven itself. A stranger introduction to the passion and struggle of Savonarola's prophetic career could scarcely be, than that which is contained in this gentle chapter of conventual existence, at its fairest and brightest, which no one can ignore who steps across the storied threshold of San Marco, and is led to the grave silence of Prior Girolamo's cell between two lines of walls from which soft faces look at him like benedictions, fresh (or so it seems) from Angelico's tender hand.

The painter whom we know by this name, which is not his name any more than it is the name of the Angelical doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, or the Angelical father, Saint Francis, was born in the neighbourhood of Florence, in (as Padre Marchese describes it) the fertile and fair province of Mugello—in the latter part of the fourteenth century. His name was Guido di Pietro, Guido, the son of Peter—evidently not with any further distinction of lineage. Where he studied his divine art, or by whom he was taught, is not known. Vasari suggests that he was a pupil of Starnina, and Eyre and Cavalcaselle imagine that more likely the Starnina traditions came to him through Masolino or Masaccio, and that he formed his style upon that of Orcagna. These, however, do not seem much more than conjectures, and the only facts known of his simple history are that in 1407, when he was twenty, his brother and he taking the names of Benedetto and Giovanni, together entered the Dominican order in the convent at Fiesole. This community had a troubled life for some years, and the young disciples were sent to Cortona, where there are various pictures which testify to the fact that Fra Giovanni was already a painter of no mean power. All the dates however of this early part of his life are confused, and the story uncertain; for indeed it is probable no one knew that the young monk was to become the Angelical painter, the glory of his convent, and one of the wonders of his age. What is certain, however, is, that he returned from Cortona, and lived for many years in the convent of San Dominico, half way up to Fiesole, upon the sunny slopes where nothing ventures to grow that does not bear fruit; where flowers are weeds, and roses form the hedges, and the lovely cloudy foliage of the olive affords both shade and wealth. There is not very much record of the painter in all those silent cloistered years. Books which he is said to have illuminated with exquisite grace and skill are doubtfully appropriated by critics to his brother or to humbler workers of their school, and the few pictures which seem to belong to this period have been injured in some cases, and in others destroyed. Fra Giovanni performed all his monastic duties with the devotion of the humblest brother; and lived little known, without troubling himself about fame, watching no doubt the nightly sunsets and moonrises over that glorious Val d'Arno which shone and slumbered at his feet, and noting silently how the mountain watchers stood round about, and the

little Tuscan hills on a closer level stretched their vine garlands like hands each to the other, and drew near, a wistful friendly band, to see what Florence was doing. Florence, heart and soul of all, lay under him, as he took his moonlight meditative stroll on the terrace or gazed and mused out of his narrow window. One can fancy that the composition of that lovely landscape stole into the painter's eye and worked itself into his works, in almost all of which some group of reverent spectators, Dominican brethren with rapt faces, or saintly women, or angel lookers-on more ethereal still, stand by and watch with adoring awe the sacred mysteries transacted in their presence, with something of the same deep calm and hush which breathes about the blue spectator heights round the City of Flowers. What Fra Giovanni saw was not what we see. No noble dome had yet crowned the Cathedral, and Giotto's Campanile, divinely tall, fair and light as a lily stalk, had not yet thrown itself up into mid air; nothing but the rugged grace of the old Tower of the Signoria—contrasting now in picturesque characteristic Tuscan humanity with the more heavenly creations that rival it—raised up then its protecting standard from the lower level of ancient domes and lofty houses, soaring above the Bargello and the Badia, in the days of the Angelical painter. But there was enough in this, with all its summer hazes and wintry brightness, with the shadows that flit over the wide landscape like some divine breath, and the broad, dazzling, rejoicing glow of the Italian sun, and Arno glimmering through the midst like a silver thread, and white castellos shining further and further off in the blue distance up to the very skirt of Apennine, to inspire his genius. In those days men said little about Nature, and did not even love her, the critics think—rather had to find out how to love her, when modern civilization came to teach them how. But if Fra Giovanni, pacing his solitary walk upon that mount of vision at San Dominico, evening after evening, year after year, did not note those lights and shades and atmospheric changes, and lay up in his still soul a hundred variations of sweet colour, soft glooms, and heavenly shadows, then it is hard to think where he got his lore, and harder still that Heaven should be so prodigal of a training which was not put to use. Heaven is still prodigal, and nature tints her pallet with as many hues as ever; but there is no Angelical painter at the windows of San Dominico to take advantage of them now.

The Florence to which these monks were so eager to return, and where eventually they came, carrying their treasures in procession, making the narrow hill-side ways resound with psalms, and winding in long trains of black and white through the streets of their regained home—was at that time, amid all its other tumults and agitations (and these were neither few nor light), in the full possession of that art-culture which lasted as long as there was genius to keep it up, and which has made the city now one of the treasuries of the world. The advent of a new painter was still something to stir the minds of a people who had not so many ages before called one of their streets "Allegri," because of the joy and pride of the town over Cimabue's sad Madonna. There is little evidence, however, that Florence knew much of the monk's work, who, as yet, was chiefly distinguished, it would seem, as a miniaturist and painter of beautiful manuscripts. But wily Cosmo, the father of his country, could have done few things more popular, and likely to enhance his reputation, than his liberality in thus encouraging and developing another genius for the delight and credit of the city. Almost before the cloister was finished, historians suppose, Fra Giovanni had got his hands on the smooth white wall, so delightful to a painter's imagination. We do not pretend to determine the succession of his work, and say where he began; but it is to be supposed that the cloister and chapter-house, as first completed, would afford him his first opportunity. No doubt

there were many mingled motives in that noble and fine eagerness to decorate and make beautiful their homes which possessed the minds of the men of that gorgeous age, whether in the world or the church. For the glory of God, for the glory of the convent and order, for the glory of Florence, which every Florentine sought with almost more than patriotic ardour—the passion of patriotism gaining, as it were, in intensity when circumscribed in the extent of its object—the monks of San Marco must have felt a glow of generous pride in their growing gallery of unique and original pictures. The artist himself, however, worked with a simple unity of motive little known either in that or any other age. He painted his pictures as he said his prayers, out of pure devotion. So far as we are informed, Fra Giovanni, of the order of Preachers, was no preacher, by word or doctrine. He had another way of edifying the holy and convincing the sinner. He could not argue or exhort, but he could set before them the sweetest heaven that ever appeared to poetic vision, the tenderest friendly angels, the gentlest and loveliest of virgin mothers. Neither profit nor glory came to the monk in his convent. He began his work on his knees, appealing to his God for the inspiration that so great an undertaking required, and—carrying with him the *défauts de ses qualités*, as all men of primitive virtue do—declined with gentle obstinacy to make any change or improvement after, in the works thus conceived under the influence of Heaven. While he was engaged in painting a crucifix, Vasari tells us, the tears would run down his cheeks, in his vivid realization of the Divine suffering therein expressed. Thus it was with the full fervour of a man who feels himself at last entered upon the true mission of his life, and able, once and for all, to preach in the most acceptable way the truth that had been dumb within him, that the Angelical painter began his work. The soft and heavenly inspiration in it has never been questioned, and the mind of the looker-on, after these long centuries, can scarcely help expanding with a thrill of human sympathy to realize the profound and tender satisfaction of that gentle soul, thus enabled to paint his best, to preach his best, in the way God had endowed him for, with the additional happiness and favour of high heaven, that his lovely visions were to be the inheritance of his brethren and sons in the Church, the only succession an ecclesiastic could hope for.

It would appear, however, that the interior of San Marco must have been so soon ready for Fra Giovanni's beautifying hand, that he had but little time to expend himself on the cloisters which are now bright with the works of inferior artists. It would be difficult to convey to any one who has not stood within an Italian cloister, and felt the warm brightness of the pictured walls cheer his eyes and his heart, even when the painters have not been great, or the works very remarkable—the special charm and sweetness of those frescoed decorations. The outer cloister of San Marco glows with pictures—not very fine, perhaps, yet with an interest of their own. There the stranger who has time, or cares to look at the illustrations of a past age, may read the story of Sant Antonino, who was distinguished as the good Archbishop of Florence, and canonized accordingly, to the great glory of his order, and honour of his convent. But Antonino himself was one of the brethren who stood by and watched and admired Fra Giovanni's work on the new walls. Was the first of all, perhaps, that crucifix which faces the spectator as he enters, at the end of the cloister, double expression of devotion to Christ crucified and Dominic his servant? It is the most important of Angelico's works in this outer inclosure. Our gentle painter could not paint agony or the passion of suffering, which was alien to his heavenly nature. The figure on the cross, here as elsewhere, is beautiful in youthful resignation and patience, no suffering Son of God, but a celestial symbol of depths into which

the painter could not penetrate; but the kneeling figure, in the black and white robes of the order, which clasps the cross in a rapt embrace, and raises a face of earnest and all-absorbing worship to the Divine Sufferer, embodies the whole tradition of monastic life in its best aspect. No son of St. Dominic could look at that rapt figure without a clearer sense of the utter self-devotion required of himself as Dominic's follower, the annihilation of every lesser motive and lesser contemplation than that of the great sacrifice of Christianity—example and consecration of all sacrifices, which his vow bound him to follow and muse upon all his life through. This picture fills something of the same place as the blazon of a knightly house over its warlike gates is meant to do. It is the tradition, the glory, the meaning of the order all in one, as seen by Angelico's beauty-loving eyes, as well as by those stern, glowing eyes of Savonarola, who was to come; and perhaps even in their dull, ferocious, mistaken way by the Torquemados, who have brought St. Dominic to evil fame. For Christ, and Christ alone, counting no cost; thinking of nothing but conquering the world for Him; conceiving of no advance but by the spreading of His kingdom—yet, alas! with only every individual's narrow human notion of what that kingdom was, and which the way of spreading it. In Florence, happily, at that moment, the Reformed Dominicans, in the warmth of their revival, could accept the blazon of their Order thus set forth, with all their hearts. They had renewed their dedication of themselves to that perpetual preaching of Christ's sacrifice and imitation of His self-renunciation, which was the highest meaning of their vows; and no doubt each obscure father, each musing humble novice in his white gown felt a glow of rapt enthusiasm as he watched the new picture grow into life, and found in the absorbed face of the holy founder of his Order, at once the inspiration and reflection of his own.

The other little pictures in this cloister which are pure Angelico are entirely conventual, addressed to the brethren, as was natural in this, the centre of their common existence. Peter Martyr, one of their most distinguished saints, stands over one doorway, finger on lip, suggesting the silence that befitted a grave community devoted to the highest studies and reflections. Over another door are two Dominican brethren, receiving (it is the guest-chamber of the monastery) the Redeemer Himself, worn with travel, to their hospitable shelter. Curiously enough, the beautiful, gentle, young traveller, with his pilgrim's hat falling from his golden curls, which is the best representation our gentle Angelico could make—always angelical, like his name—of the Lord of life, might almost have served as model for that other beautiful, gentle, young peasant Christ, whom another great painter, late in this nineteenth century, has given forth to us as all he knows of the central figure of the world's history. Mr. Holman Hunt has less excuse than the mild monk whose very gospel was beauty, for so strange a failure in conception. To some has been given the power to make Christ, to others contadini, as the two rival sculptors said to each other. Angelico rarely advances above this low ideal. His angels are lovely beyond description; he understood the unity of a creature more ethereal than flesh and blood, yet made up of soft submission, obedience, devotedness—beautiful human qualities; but the contact of the human with the divine was beyond him—as, indeed, might be said of most painters. There can be little doubt that this difficulty of representing anything that could satisfy the mind as God in the aspect of full-grown man, has helped more than anything else to give to the group of the Mother and the Child such universal acceptance in the realms of art—a pictorial necessity thus lending its aid in the fixing of dogma, and still more in the unanimous involuntary bias given to devotion. The Christ-child has proved within the powers of many painters; for, indeed, there is some-

thing of the infinite in every child—unfathomable possibilities, the boundless charm of the unrealized, in which everything may be, while yet nothing certainly is. But who has ever painted the Christ-man? unless we may take the pathetic shadow of that sorrowful head in Leonardo's ruined Cenacolo—the very imperfection of which helps us to see a certain burdened divinity in its melancholy lines—for success. Surely burdened indeed, and sad to death, is that countenance, which is the only one we can think of which bears anything of the dignity of Godhead in the looks of man; but it is very different from the beautiful, weak, fatigued young countryman who is so often presented to us as the very effigy of Him who is the King and Saviour of humanity, as well as the Lamb of God.

Angelico never, or very rarely, got beyond this gentle ideal of suffering innocence, enduring with unalterable patience. Perhaps in his "Scourging" there may be a gleam of higher meaning, or in that crowned figure which crowns the humble mother; but the type is always the same. It is curious to note how this incapacity works. In the great picture in the chapter-house of San Marco, which opens from this cloister, and is the most important single work in the convent, the spectator merely glances at the figure on the cross, which ought to be the centre of the picture. It really counts for nothing in the composition. The attendant saints are wonderfully noble, and full of varied expression; but the great act which attracts their gaze is little more than a conventional emblem of that event; the Virgin, it is true, swoons at the foot of the cross, but the spectator sees no reason except a historical one for her swoon, for the cross itself is faint and secondary, curiously behind the level of Ambrose, and Augustine, and Francis, who look up with faces full of life at that mysterious abstraction. Underneath that solemn assembly of fathers and founders—for almost all are heads of orders, except the Medical saints Cosmo and Damian, who hold their place there in compliment to the Medici—the monks of San Marco have deliberated for four centuries. There, no doubt, Pope Eugenius sat with the pictured glory over him; there Savonarola presided over his followers, and encouraged himself and them with revelations and prophecy. If we may venture to interpose among such historic memories a scene of loftiest fiction, more vivid than history—there the Prior of San Marco received the noble Florentine woman, Romola. The picture survives everything—long ages of peace, brief storms of violence in which moments count for years; and again the silent ages—quiet, tranquillity, monotony, tedium. Jerome and Augustine, Francis and Dominic, with faces more real than our own, have carried on a perpetual adoration ever since, and never drooped or failed.

The new dormitory, which Cosmo, the father of his country, and his architect, Michelozzi, built for the monks, does not seem originally to have been of the character which we usually assign to a convent. It was one large room, like a ward in a hospital—like the long chamber in Eton College—with a row of small arched windows on either side, each of which apparently gave a little light and a limited span of space to the monk whose bed flanked the window. To decorate this large, bare room seems to have been the Angelical Painter's next grand piece of work. Other hands besides his were engaged upon it. His brother, Fra Benedetto, took some of the subjects in hand—subjects, alas, passed by now by the spectator, who takes but little interest in Benedetto's renderings. How pleasant is the imagination thus conjured up! The bustling pleased community settling itself in its new house, arranging its homely crucifixes, its few books, its tables for work, parchments and ink and colours for its illuminated manuscripts, great branch of monkish industry; here an active brother leaving a little room in the beehive, going out upon the business of the convent, aiding or watching the workmen outside; here a homely Fra

Predicatore meditating in his corner, with what quiet was possible, his sermon for next fast or festa; there, bending over their work with fine brush and careful eye, the illuminators, the writers, elaborating their perfect manuscript; and all the while—tempting many a glance, many a criticism, many a whispered communication—the picture going on, in which one special brother or other must have taken a lively, jealous interest, seeing it was his special corner which was being thus illustrated! One wonders if the monks were jealous on whose bit of wall Benedetto worked, instead of Giovanni—or whether there might be a party in the convent who considered Giovanni an over-rated brother, and believed Benedetto to have quite as good a right to the title of "Angelico?" For their own sakes let us hope it was so, and that good Fra Benedetto painted for his own set; while at the same time there can be little doubt that the difference between him and his brother would be much less strongly marked then than now. Thus all together the community carried on its existence. Perhaps a humorous recollection of the hum which must have reached him as he stood painting on his little scaffolding, induced the painter to plan that warning figure of the martyred Peter over the doorway below, serious, with finger on his lip; for it could scarcely be in human nature that all those friars with consciences void of offence, approved of by Pope and people—a new house built for them, warm with the light of princely favour; and the sunshine shining in through all those arched windows, throwing patches of brightness over the new-laid tiles—and the Florentine air, gay with summer, making merry like ethereal wine their Tuscan souls—should have kept silence like melancholy Trappists of a later degenerate age. To be a monk in those days was to be a busy, well-occupied, and useful man, in no way shut out from nature. I should like to have stepped into that long room when the bell called them all forth to chapel, and noted where Angelico put down his brush, how the scribe paused in the midst of a letter, and the illuminator in a gorgeous golden drapery, and the preacher with a sentence half ended—and nothing but the patches of sunshine, and the idle tools held possession of the place. No thought then of thunders which should shake all Florence, of prophecies and prophets; nothing but gentle industry, calm work—that calmest work which leaves the artist so much time for gentle musing, for growth of skill, poetic thoughtfulness. And when the scaffolding was removed, and another and another picture fully disclosed in delicate sweet freshness of colour—soft fair faces looking out of the blank wall, clothing them with good company, with solace and protection—what a flutter of pleasure must have stolen through the brotherhood, what pleasant excitement, what critical discussions, fine taste, enlightened and superior, against simple enthusiasm! It is almost impossible not to fear that there must have been some conflict of feeling between the brother who had but a saintly Annunciation, too like the public and common property of that picture called the "Capo le Scale," and him who was blessed with the more striking subject of the "Scourging," so quaint and fine; or him who proudly felt himself the possessor of that picturesque glimpse into the invisible—the opened gates of Limbo, with the father of mankind pressing to the Saviour's feet. Happy monks, busy and peaceable! half of them no doubt at heart believed that his own beautiful page, decked by many a gorgeous king and golden saint, would last as long as the picture; and so they have done, as you may see in the glass-cases in the library, where all those lovely chorales and books of prayer are preserved; but not like Angelico. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the stars.

It does not seem to be known at what time this large dormitory was divided, as we see it now, in a manner which still more closely recalls to us the boys' rooms in a good

"house" in Eton, into separate cells. No doubt it is more dignified, more conventual, more likely to have promoted the serious quiet which ought to belong to monastic life; but one cannot help feeling that here and there a friendly, simple-minded brother must have regretted the change. Each cell has its own little secluded window, deep in the wall, its own patch of sunshine, its own picture. There is no fireplace, or other means of warming the little chamber between its thick walls; but no doubt then, as now, the monks had their scaldinos full of wood embers, the poor Italian's immemorial way of warming himself. And between the window and the wall, on the left side, is the picture —dim—often but dimly seen, faded out of its past glory—sometimes less like a picture at all than some celestial shadow on the grey old wall, some sweet phantasmagoria of lovely things that have passed there, and cannot be quite effaced from the very stones that once saw them. For my own part, I turn from all Angelico's more perfect efforts, from the "Madonna della Stella," glistening in gold, which is so dear to the traveller, and all the well-preserved examples with their glittering backgrounds, to those heavenly shadows in the empty cells—scratched, defaced, and faded as so many of them are. The gentle old monk comes near to the modern spectator, the pilgrim who has crossed hills and seas to see all that is left of what was done in such a broad and spontaneous flood of inspiration. Those saints, with their devout looks, the musing Virgin, the rapt Dominic; those sweet spectator angels, so tenderly curious, sympathetic, wistful, serviceable; those lovely soft embodiments of womanly humbleness, yet exultation, the Celestial Mother bending to receive her crown. They are not pictures, but visions painted on the dim conscious air not by vulgar colour and pencil, but by prayers and gentle thoughts.

There are two other separate cells in San Marco more important than these, yet closely belonging to this same early and peaceful chapter of the convent's story. We do not speak of the line of little chambers each blazoned with a copy of the crucifix below in the cloister with the kneeling St. Dominic, which are called the cells of the Giovinati or Novices, and which conclude in the sacred spot where Savonarola's great existence passed. That is a totally different period of the tale, requiring different treatment, and calling forth other emotions. We do not look that way in this preliminary sketch, but rather turn to the other hand where Sant Antonino lived as Archbishop, and where still some relics of him remain, glorious vestments of cloth of gold beside the hair shirt, instrument of deepest mortification; and to the little chamber which it is reported Cosmo de Medici built for himself, and where he came when he wished to discourse in quiet with the Archbishop, whose shrewd, acute, and somewhat humorous countenance looks down upon us from the wall. This chamber is adorned with one of Angelico's finest works, "The Adoration of the Magi," a noble composition, and has besides in a niche a pathetic Christ painted over a little altar sunk in the deep wall. Here Cosmo came to consult with his Archbishop (the best, they say, that Florence had then had), and, in earlier days, to talk to his Angelical Painter as the works went on, which Cosmo was wise to see would throw some gleam of fame upon himself as well as on the convent. With all the monks together in the long room where Angelico painted his frescoes it may well be imagined that this place of retirement was essential; and when that long-headed and far-seeing father of his country had been taken, no doubt with an admiring following of monks, to see the last new picture, as one after another was completed, and had given his opinion and the praise which was expected of him, no doubt both painter and prince were glad of the quiet retirement where they could talk over what remained to do, and plan perhaps a greater work here and there—the throned Madonna in the corridor, with again the

Medician saints, holy physicians, Cosmo and Damian, at her feet—or discuss the hopeful pupils whom Angelico was training, Benozzo Gozzoli, for instance, thereafter known to fame.

All is peaceful, tranquil, softly melodious in this beginning of the conventual existence. Pope Eugenius himself came, at the instance of the Pater Patriæ, to consecrate the new-built house, and lived in these very rooms, to the glory and pride of the community. Thus everything set out in an ideal circle of goodness and graciousness ; a majestic Pope, humble enough to dwell in the very cloister with the Dominicans, blessing their home for them; a wise prince coming on frequent visits, half living among them, with a cell called by his name where he might talk with his monkish friends ; a great painter working lowly and busy among the humblest of the brethren, taking no state upon him—though a great painter was as a prince in art-loving Florence; and when the time to give San Marco the highest of honours came, another brother taken from among them to be Archbishop of the great city ; while all the time those pictures, for which princes would have striven, grew at each monk's bedhead, his dear especial property, gladdening his eyes and watching over his slumbers. Was there ever a more genial, peaceful beginning, a more prosperous, pleasant house ?

The way in which Antonino came to be Archbishop is very characteristic, too. At the period of his visit, no doubt, Pope Eugenius learned to know Angelico, and to admire the works which he must have seen growing under the master's hand ; nor could he have failed to know the devotion of which those pictures were the expressive language, the intense celestial piety of the modest Frate. Accordingly, when the Pope went back to Rome he called the Angelical Painter to him to execute some work there, and with the primitive certainty of his age that excellence in one thing must mean excellence in all, offered to Fra Giovanni the vacant see of Florence. Modest Fra Giovanni knew that, though it was in him to paint, it was not in him to govern monks and men, to steer his way through politics and public questions, and rule a self-opinioned race like those hard-headed Tuscans. He told the head of the Church that this was not his vocation, but that in his convent there was another Frate whose shoulders were equal to the burden. The Pope took his advice, as any calif in story might have taken the recommendation of a newly chosen vizier; such things were possible in primitive times; and Antonino was forthwith called out of his cell, and from simple monk was made Archbishop, his character, there is little doubt, being well enough known to give force to Angelico's representation in his favour. This event would seem to have happened in the year 1445, three years after the visit of Eugenius to San Marco, and it seems doubtful whether Angelico ever returned to Florence after his comrade's elevation to this dignity. He stayed and painted in Rome till the death of Eugenius—then appeared a little while in Orvieto, where he seems to have been accompanied by his pupil Benozzo, and then returned to Rome to execute some commissions for the new Pope Nicholas. San Marco had been finished before this, with greater pomp and beauty than I have attempted to tell ; for the great altarpiece has gone out of the church, and other works have fallen into decay or have been removed, and now dwell, dimmed by restoration and cleaning, in the academy of the Belli Arti, where it is not my business to follow them, my interest lying in San Marco only. At Rome the gentle Angelico died, having painted to the end of his life with all the freshness of youth. He was fifty when he came down the slopes from Fiesole, singing among his brethren, to make his new convent beautiful ; he was sixty-eight when he died at Rome, but with no failing strength or skill. The Angelical Painter lies not in his own San Marco, but in the church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva in Rome ; but all the same he

ives in Florence within the walls he oved, in the cells he filled full of beauty ınd pensive celestial grace—and which ıow are dedicated to him, and hold his nemory fresh as in a shrine; dedicated to ıim—and to one other memory as differ:nt from his as morning is from evenng. Few people are equally interested n the two spirits which dwell within he empty convent; to some Angelico s all its past contains—to some Savonarola; but both are full of the highest meaning, and the one does not interfere with the other. The prophet-martyr holds a distinct place from that of the painter-monk. The two stories are separate, one sweet and soft as the "hidden brook" in the "leafy month of June," with the sound of which the poet consoles his breathless reader after straining his nerves to awe and terror. Like Handel's Pastoral Symphony piping under the moonlight, amid the dewy fields, full of heavenly subdued gladness and triumph, is the prelude which this gentle chapter of art and peace makes to the tragedy to follow. Angelico, with all his skill, prepared and made beautiful the house in which—with aims more splendid than his, and a mark more high, but not more devout or pure—another Frate was to bring art and beauty to the tribunal of Christ and judge them, as Angelico himself, had his painter-heart permitted him, would have done as stoutly, rejecting the loveliness that was against God's ways and laws, no less than Savonarola. Their ways of serving were different, their inspiration the same.

The traditions of the Angelical Painter's pious life which Vasari, the primary authority on the subject, has left to us, are very beautiful. The simple old narrative of the first art-historian, always when it is possible to be so, is laudatory, and finally bursts into a strain of almost musical eulogy in the description of the gentle Frate. "He was of simple and pious manners," he tells us. "He shunned the worldly in all things, and during his pure and simple life was such a friend to the poor that I think his soul must be now in heaven. He painted incessantly, but never would lay his hand to any subject not saintly. He might have had wealth, but he scorned it, and used to say that true riches are to be found in contentment. He might have ruled over many, but would not, saying that obedience was easier and less liable to error. He might have enjoyed dignities among his brethren, and beyond. He disdained them, affirming that he sought for none other than might be consistent with a successful avoidance of Hell and the attainment of Paradise. Humane and sober, he lived chastely, avoiding the errors of the world, and he was wont to say that the pursuit of art required rest and a life of holy thoughts; that he who illustrates the acts of Christ should live with Christ. He was never known to indulge in anger with his brethren—a great, and to my opinion all but unattainable, quality; and he never admonished but with a smile. With wonderful kindness he would tell those who sought his work, that if they got the consent of the prior he should not fail. . . . He never retouched or altered anything he had once finished, but left it as it had turned out, the will of God being that it should be so." Such is the touching picture which the old biographer of painters has left to us. His facts it seems probable (or so at least Padre Marchese thinks, the living historian of the order) came from one of the brotherhood of San Marco, Fra Eustastius, an eminent miniaturist of the convent. These details, vague though they are, bring before us the gentle painter—peaceable, modest, kind, yet endowed with a gentle obstinacy, and limited, as is natural to a monk, within the strait horizon of his community. It is told of him that when invited to breakfast with Pope Nicholas, the simple-minded brother was uneasy not to be able to ask his prior's permission to eat meat, the prior being for him a greater authority than the Pope, in whose hand (Angelico forgot) was the primary power of all indulgences. There could not be a better instance of the soft, submissive, almost domestic narrow-

ness of the great painter, like a child from home, to whom the licence given by a king would have no such reassuring authority as the permission of father or mother. This beautiful narrow-mindedness—for in such a case it is permissible to unite the two words—told, however, on a more extended scale even on his genius. The Angelical monk was as incapable of understanding evil as a child. His atmosphere was innocence, holiness, and purity. To pure and holy persons he could give a noble and beautiful individuality; but absolute ugliness, grotesque and unreal, was all the notion he had of the wicked. To his cloistered soul the higher mystery of beautiful evil was unknown, and his simple nature ignored the many shades of that pathetic side of moral downfall in which an unsuccessful struggle has preceded destruction. He had no pity for, because he had no knowledge of, no more than a child, the agony of failure, or those faint tints of difference which sometimes separate the victors from the vanquished. While the fair circle of the saved glide, dancing in a ring, into the flowery gardens of Paradise—a very "Decameron" group of holy joy, in his great "Last Judgment"—the lost fly hopeless to the depths of hell, ugly, distorted, without a redeeming feature. It was his primitive way of representing evil—hideous, repulsive, as to his mind it could not but appear. He loathed ugliness as he loathed vice, and what so natural as that they should go together? Fra Giovanni showed his impartiality by mingling among his groups of the lost, here and there, a mitred bishop and cowled monk, to show that even a profession of religion was not infallible: but he had not the higher impartiality of permitting to those huddled masses any comeliness or charm of sorrow, but damned them frankly as a child does, and in his innocence knew no ruth.

Thus ends the first chapter of the history of St. Mark's convent at Florence—a story without a discordant note in it, which has left nothing behind but melodious memories and relics full of beauty. It is of this the stranger must chiefly think as he strays through the silent, empty cells, peopled only by saints and angels; until indeed he turns a corner of the dim corridor, and finds himself in presence of a mightier spirit. Let us leave the gentle preface in its holy calm. The historian may well pause before he begins the sterner but nobler strain.

THE PERSIAN POET HÁFIZ.

Of all Persian writers, Háfiz is the only one who has any claim to be considered as, in any sense, a universal poet; his are the only songs which have spread an influence beyond his own nation or the circle of Islám, and have even touched, however faintly, a chord that has vibrated to the ear of Christendom. There have been deeper thinkers in Persia; the author of the "Masnaví," for instance, has sounded depths in the human heart of which Háfiz never dreamed; but he has never won a tenth of the fame which his more genial fellow-countryman has achieved. It is the old contest of Burns against Wordsworth,—only, to suit the Persian comparison, we must divest Wordsworth of all his lighter poems, and leave him alone with the "Excursion" and the "Prelude." Háfiz has appealed to the universal sympathies of his countrymen: his imagination has sought to elevate common life and its feelings; and his poetry has become in consequence more widely popular than that of any other Eastern author. We could hardly find a collection of Persian MSS. in any town in Persia or India, but amid the number, however limited and tattered, a copy of the "Díwán" of Háfiz would infallibly turn up. His poems have been even adopted as an oracle, like the "Sortes Virgilianæ" of the West; and many are the current legends of the felicitous answers which they have returned to their votaries. Thus Nádir Sháh had driven the Afgháns out of Irák and Fárs, but the northern province of Azarbaiján was still in the possession of the Turks; and his army was pressing him to return home after his conquests, while his own ambition urged him on to achieve something new. In this dilemma, his secretary and historian relates that he consulted the oracle of Háfiz's odes at the poet's tomb, and the lines on which his eyes chanced to fall were these:—

"By thy sweet song, Háfiz, thou hast conquered Irák and Fárs—
Come on, for it is now the turn of Baghdád and the time for Tabríz."

We need hardly add that he implicitly followed the injunction, and speedily captured Baghdád and Tabríz.

The peculiarity of Háfiz's poetry is the abrupt and strenuous passion which pervades it. He is often Oriental in his extravagant metaphors, but he is never Oriental in repetition and vagueness. His images are struck out at a blow, and a line is often a photograph of a scene. Háfiz, with his intensity of feeling, must have appeared among his contemporaries like a living man amidst a gallery of portraits; and his poems, despite the censures of the Ulemá and the indifference of the Court, carried the nation's approbation by storm. Like the Spanish dramatist, Calderon, he often yielded to the fashion of the time and indulged in the conceits and far-fetched allusions which were sure to win a momentary applause; but while with other poets these were the staple, with him they were only the accidental accessories. Háfiz, in fact, was like Shakespeare's Henry V., and could say of his contemporaries—

"I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness:"

but it was only that he might "show more goodly and attract more eyes," when he was true to his own real character.

An anthology of happy lines and original metaphors might be easily collected from his poems. Thus, in one of his odes he says:—

"Oh tell me not 'be silent and hold thy breath,'
For thou canst not say 'be silent' to the birds in the garden"—

a line which at once expresses the careless outpourings of his genius. Or,

again, we have the more spiritual side of his nature in such outbursts as the following:—

> "I have estimated Reason's foresight in the path of Love,
> 'Tis but the drop of dew that writes its one mark on the ocean!"

But a few of his selected odes, translated entire, will give a better idea of his poetry, so unlike anything Western, and so peculiarly representative of all that is best in Persian thought.

If we ask for information about the poet himself, biographers can tell us hardly anything. In fact, a curious parallel might be easily drawn between the personal history of Háfiz and Shakespeare. Shakespeare's life, as we all know, is nearly a blank; two or three dates, and one or two unimportant incidents, are all that we know of it; and most of his works were left unpublished during his lifetime, and were consequently published after his death in that corrupt state which has given such endless trouble to subsequent editors. In the same way we hardly know anything of the life of Háfiz. We know that the inscription on his tomb near Shíráz gives A.H. 791 (A.D. 1388) as the year of his death, and so too the pretty mnemonic stanza or tarikh,—

> "Kh'ájah Háfiz was the lamp of the spiritually-minded,
> An illumination from the divine splendour;
> As he made his dwelling while alive in the earth of Musallá,
> Seek in the 'earth of Musallá' the date of his death."

Musallá is a favourite resort near Shíráz, often celebrated in the poet's verses, and the letters of the words *Khák-i Musallá*, when their respective numerical values are summed up, give the date 791. Other authorities, however, give the date as 792 or 794. The year of his birth is quite unknown.

A similar fate has likewise befallen his works. Copies of his odes, no doubt, were continually circulated abroad in his lifetime; but he himself appears to have published no authentic edition of his poems. All his biographers agree that his poems were arranged, as a Díwán, in their present alphabetical order, by his friends after his death; and the several copies of his odes, as they are found in different countries, vary to an almost incredible extent. There is only one comfort to be drawn from the collation—the variations are confined to the commonplace portions of the book. The really fine lines are found alike in every copy; they were not the product which a forger could manufacture.

Almost as little is known of the direct incidents of his life as of Shakespeare's. We have several apocryphal anecdotes, but they are generally devoid of all claims to credibility. Thus one of the best perhaps is that relating to the great Tímúr. When he took Shíráz in 1393, he is said to have summoned the poet into his presence, and, in allusion to a line in one of his odes, "I would give for the black mole on thy cheek Samarkand and Bokhara," to have sternly asked how he dared to make free with the conqueror's hereditary domains. Háfiz, nothing daunted, answered, "Yes, Sire, and it is by such acts of extravagance that I am reduced to my present state of poverty." Tímúr is said to have been pleased with the poet's ready wit, and to have bestowed on him some splendid marks of his favour. But the story, pleasant as it is, collapses on a comparison of dates. Tímúr did not take Shíráz until 1393, and the poet died in 1388, or even, by the latest date, in 1391.

There is, however, a little incident told in Farishta's History of the Bahmaní Kings of the Dakhan, in the reign of Mahmúd Sháh, which there is more reason to believe genuine. The Vazír had sent Háfiz a present from the King, and a letter from himself, promising that if he would come to the Bahmaní capital, Kulbarga, he should be handsomely rewarded, and have a safe-conduct back to Shíráz. Háfiz, from these kind assurances, consented, and having disposed of the articles sent to him among his relations and creditors, quitted Shíráz, and arrived safely at Lár, where with part of his money he assisted a friend who had been robbed.

From Lár he was accompanied to Ormuz by two friends, who were also going to visit India. With them he took shipping in one of the royal vessels which had arrived at Ormuz from the Dakhan; but it had scarcely weighed anchor when a gale of wind arose, and the ship, being in danger, returned to port. Háfiz wrote an ode and delivered it to his friends to give to the Vazír, but he himself had had enough of the sea, and returned to his old home in Shíráz.

The ode itself is found in the poet's works, and I may quote a few of its best lines:—

"The whole world is dearly bought by a single moment spent in sorrow;
Let us sell our derwish-garments for wine, there is naught better than this.
The pomp of a Sultan's crown, under which is folded ceaseless fear for one's life,—
It may be a heart-stealing cap, but it is dearly bought by the loss of the head.
The evils of the sea at first seemed easy to me in the hope of the pearl,—
But I erred, for one single wave is dearly bought by a hundred *mans* of gold."

This incident is probably true, as it is gravely related by the great native historian of Mohammedan India, who flourished at the close of the seventeenth century; but most of the stories which biographers and commentators have linked to particular odes and lines are as baseless as the legends which occur in such detail in the pseudo-Herodotus' life of Homer. We naturally crave to know something of the external lives of those who have interested us by the records of their inner history; and these anonymous stories inevitably rise up, as by a natural law, to meet the demand. They seem to be always floating about, like the invisible seeds in the air, and they at once settle and germinate when a suitable soil presents itself.

In truth, the only authentic record of Háfiz's life is to be found in such scanty allusions as he himself gives us in his poems. They tell us little of the incidents of his life; but they sometimes throw a ray of light on his feelings with regard to some of the more striking events which happened in the outer world in his time.

Thus one of the great figures in Persian history during Háfiz's youth was Abú Ishák, the usurping prince of Shíráz, whose open-handed generosity and reckless audacity made him a universal favourite throughout the country. When Abú Saíd's empire fell into confusion, a general scramble had ensued in the different provinces, and Abú Ishák and his brother had seized the province of Fárs, making Shíráz their capital. But Mohammed Muzaffar, the governor of Yazd, the founder of the Muzaffarid dynasty in Persia, gradually extended his power; and ultimately, after a long struggle, Abú Ishák was driven from his capital and betrayed into his enemy's hands. Sháh Sultán, Muzaffar's nephew, immediately sent to seize the person of the unhappy Amir, who, together with one hundred of his most obnoxious adherents, was now conveyed towards Shíráz. The guards intrusted with the care of his person conducted Abú Ishák by unknown roads to the open space or esplanade before the gate of Istakhar (Persepolis), where the Amir Mohammed Muzaffar, with the Ulemá, Kázís, and principal inhabitants, awaited his arrival. Here the devoted captive, being interrogated as to his conduct in the death of a certain Háj Zohráb, and acknowledging without reserve that this person had suffered by his orders, was immediately delivered over to the sons of the same Zohráb, to atone with his blood for the death of their father. The youngest of these struck off his head on the spot with a single stroke of his scimetar.[1] The Persian historian who gives the account of Abú Ishák's death, quotes a tetrastich which he is said to have made just before his death:—

"Strive not with quarrelsome Fortune, but go thy way;
Wrestle not with the rolling heavens, but go thy way;

[1] Price's *Mohammedan Hist.*, from a Persian historian.

There is a cup of poison—its name is death,—
Drink it cheerily, empty the dregs on the ground, and go thy way."

This event took place in 1357, and we shall see that Háfiz, who was no doubt at that time living in Shíráz, alludes to it in one of his odes as one of the signal catastrophes of his age.

Háfiz's poems are all in the praise of love and wine, and many have held that they mean nothing more. Some of his odes have been translated under this impression, and of course the translator has inevitably coloured his version with his own views; and hence it is generally thought that Sir W. Jones's epithet, "the Anacreon of Persia," conveys a true description of his poetry. I have chosen twelve characteristic odes from different parts of his works, which, I trust, will give a truer and higher idea of Háfiz. I have not attempted to translate them into verse, because I was afraid of imposing a false form on the original; and I have therefore given a simple and faithful rendering in prose. Each reader must supply to the prose an ideal adorning of metre and rhyme; my translations, in fact, are like the plain woodcut, to which the imagination must add the requisite colouring.

One of the peculiar charms of Háfiz's poetry is that it is so essentially Oriental. Its metaphors, its turns of thought, its local and historical allusions, are all of the East; and we only too easily lose this peculiar aroma, if we put the poem into an inappropriate and Western dress. Another charm to the Oriental reader is the vague mysticism which underlies it everywhere. In some odes it is almost entirely absent, but in others it is unmistakably prominent: and we can never read long without finding its traces. The joys and sorrows of earthly love are the outward dress, but every now and then a deeper chord is touched, and we hear some wail from the soul as it remembers its lost heaven—some echo of the old Indian doctrine of the soul's pre-existence which underlies all Persian poetry, as it does Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.

All Persian poetry has this mystical or Súfí character—several, in fact, of the best Persian poets were professed mystics and devotees—but in many of them it is too prominent for a Western reader. It is one of the great merits of Háfiz that he always keeps this higher element in the background; we feel its presence everywhere as a vague, mysterious shadow, but it only passes at intervals before our eyes.

Háfiz is a poet rather than a philosopher, and with him the philosophy is only used to give an undertone of deeper harmony to his song. This fact seems to be distinctly shown in the uncertain traditions as to the precise school of Sufeyism to which he belonged. Thus one biographer says: "Although it is not known that he became the pupil of any particular saint, or attached himself to any particular school, yet his verses are so consonant to that sect that no one can fail to appreciate them." And one great mystical or Súfí teacher expressly says that "no díwán is better than that of Háfiz, if only the reader be a Súfí himself to understand it aright!"

The form of poetry which Háfiz has almost exclusively used is that called the *ghazal*. It is an ode which must not exceed seventeen couplets in length, and is usually comprised in seven or eight. The first two lines rhyme, and this rhyme (which frequently extends to three or four syllables) recurs throughout the ode at the end of every second line, the intermediate lines being left free. The different couplets need have no direct connection; the idea of the *ghazal* is a collection of pearls which are strung together on the rhyme as on a string; but in the last couplet the poet always introduces his own name, just as Horace introduces his at the end of his shorter *Carmen Seculare.*[1]

I.

"If thou drinkest wine, pour a draught on the ground:[1]

[1] This custom of throwing a little wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia. Omar Khayyám says, "Every draught

Wherefore fear the sin which brings to another gain?
Go, drink all thou hast,—keep nothing back, nor spare,
For unsparing doth Destiny smite all with her sword of destruction.
Oh by the dust of thy foot I adjure thee, my graceful cypress,
Hold not back, on the day of my death, thy foot from visiting my dust.
Oh pitch at once on the top of the sky the pavilion of joy,
For at the last shall Death bear thee down to the dust.
The heavenly architect of this six-sided[1] convent of earth
Hath so drawn the plan that every road leads alike to the convent of the tomb.
Ah, the wiles of the daughter of the vine,—how she lays her ambush for Reason!
Oh never to the end of time fall in ruins the vine-branch's arch!
By the path of the tavern, Háfiz, hast thou gladly escaped from the world,
Oh be the prayers of the wise in heart thine own heart's bosom-friends."

II.

"Oh come, that to the wounded heart strength may return;
Oh come, that to the dead body the soul may return.
Oh come, for thy absence hath so fast bound mine eyes,
That only the opening gate of thy presence can open them again.
Whatsoever it be that I hold before the mirror of my heart,—
None other reflection gives it back but the image of thy beauty.
The proverb saith, 'Night is with child,' and parted far from thee
I sit and count the stars, saying, 'What will the night bring forth?'
The sorrow that has seized my heart's empire like a black Ethiopian horde,
Shall scatter itself before the glad troops of the Rúm[2] of thy cheek!
Faint not in heart at the desert,—bind on thy pilgrim-dress,
For the true pilgrim recks not, though he should never return.
Oh come, for the sweet nightingale of Háfiz' soul
At the odour of the approaching rose of thy presence once more begins to sing."

III.

"Oh may none like me the wounded be distracted by Absence,
For all my life has been passed in the anguish of Absence.
The outcast lover, heart-forlorn, beggared, and head-bewildered,
Hath borne the mi ery of the days of the woes of Absence.
Whence am I? and whence is Absence? and whence is Sorrow?
Surely my mother bore me only for the sake of Absence.
Whither shall I go? what shall I do? to whom tell the state of my heart?
Who shall maintain my cause? who avenge me on Absence?
If Absence fell into my hands, Absence I would slay,
And my tears should pay the price of the blood of Absence.
Yea, by absence from thee would I make Absence herself forlorn,
So that I would wring blood from the eyes of Absence.
For this in our despair do Háfiz and I night and day,
Like the morning nightingales, raise the wail of Absence."

IV.

"Lured by the rose's scent at dawn I walked for a while in the garden,
That like the distracted nightingale I might medicine my brain.
There I turned my gaze to the red rose's countenance,
As amid the lingering darkness she shone like a lamp for brightness;
So drunk with pride in the glory of her beauty and her youth,
That she wreaked a thousand scorns on the heart of the nightingale.
The lily in upbraiding thrust out her tongue like a sword,
While as a jealous rival the anemone opened wide her mouth;
The lovely narcissus for sorrow let fall the tears from her eyes,
And the tulip burned a hundred scars into her inmost heart.

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which the cupbearer spills on the ground, quenches the fire of sorrow in some long-dead eye."

[1] The six sides are north, east, south, and west, and the Nadir and the Zenith.

[2] *Rúm* here means Europe, or perhaps the Greek Empire, as it was still lingering at Constantinople.

Now like the worshippers of wine they stood, a flask in every hand,
And now they grasped the cup like the reveller's cupbearer.
Learn, like the rose, to seize as a spoil[1] the joys of life and youth;
Deliver thy message, Háfiz,—what needs the prophet more?[2]

V.

"Oh friends of my bosom, remember last night's wine;
Remember the rights of devoted friendship.
In the hour of your gladness,—the lover's desolation
Remember amid the melody of the lute and castanet.
When the kindly wine is lighting up the cupbearer's cheek,
Oh remember my forced penance, amid the notes of the song.
If ye never for a moment pity the woes of the faithful,
Yet remember the faithlessness of revolving Time.
Though the charger of Prosperity carry his neck never so high,
Yet remember your companions who have been scourged out of your road.
When, in the midst of your desire, you reach out the hand of hope,
Oh in the midst of all remember the days of our union.
Oh ye who sit in the chief seats of empire, with a countenance of compassion
Remember the face of Háfiz and the threshold where he lies."

VI.

"I long for the strong wine and its man-o'ermastering strength,
That I may rest for a moment from life and its evil and tumult.
Bring wine, for we cannot be free from yon rolling heaven's deceits,
With Venus ever touching her lute and Mars brandishing his sword.
The table of Fortune, that mother of the base, bears not the honey of rest;
Oh my heart, from the palate of thy desire wash thou all taste of its bitter and salt.
Away with Bahrám's[1] hunter-toils; seize thou Jamshíd's[2] cup;
For I have trodden the desert through, and no Bahrám nor Bahrám's wild ass is there.
I will drink the ruby-coloured wine from out an emerald cup;
For the ascetic is the adder of our time, and this emerald shall strike him blind.[3]
It is not beneath the great to turn their face to the poor;
For Solomon with all his pomp deigned to look on the ant.[4]
Oh come, that in the clear wine I may show thee the secret of life,
But on this condition, that thou tell it not to the malevolent with their blinded hearts.
The bow of the beloved's brow is never turned away from Háfiz;
But I smile to think of so mighty an arm raised against one so helpless!"

VII.

"I have the edict of the old man of the tavern, and 'tis an ancient saying,
That to *him* only wine is forbidden who hath neither beloved nor friend.
I would rend these patched garments of hypocrisy,[5]—what can I do?
A bitter agony to the soul is the company of the base.
In hope that perchance the Beloved's lip might sprinkle one draught on me,
Many a long year have I waited fixed at the tavern door.
Perchance my long service has gone from her remembrance;
Oh breeze of morning, blow her a memory of the ancient time.

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[1] *Ghanímah dán*, "account as a gain," cf. Horace's *appone lucro* (Od. i. 9), and Jeremiah xlv. 5.

[2] Alluding to the saying of Mohammed (see Korán, v. 99), *Má àlainá illá 'l balágh*, "We have only to deliver our message."

[1] Bahrám the hunter is a favourite king of Persian romance. He was one of the Sassanian kings, and is said to have disappeared in a desert while hunting a wild ass.

[2] Jamshíd is a famous hero of Zoroastrian tradition. He is the Yima of the Zendavesta and the Yama of Vedic mythology. Moore describes—

"The jewell'd cup of King Jamshíd,
With life's elixir sparkling high."

[3] This is a Persian superstition concerning the emerald.

[4] In allusion to the legend in the Korán (ch. xxvii.), that an ant warned her fellows to retreat into their holes, as Solomon's army passed by, and "Solomon smiled as he heard her words."

[5] An allusion to the dress of the derwishes.

If after a hundred years her odour blew
over my dust,
My crumbled bones would uplift their
heads dancing out of the tomb.
The heart-stealer by a hundred hopes has
robbed me of my heart,—
But hope on,—the noble nature forgets
not its promise.
Oh my heart, look thou for health from
some other door;
Not by the physician's skill is the wound
of the lover healed.
Hoard thou the jewels of knowledge to
bear with thee where thou goest;
Others may take as their portion the
silver and the gold.
The snares around us are strong, unless
the mercy of God is our friend;
Else over the accursed Satan little victory
will Adam gain.
If gold and silver be not thine, what
matter, Háfiz? be thankful;
Better than wealth is sweetness of song
and a healthful soul."

VIII.

"We have tried our lot in this city of our
fortune,
Now must we turn to depart from this
precipice.
By long gnawing my fingers and breath-
ing out sighs,
I have lit a fire like the rose in my
wasting body.
Last night how sweetly came the voice of
the nightingale as he sang,
While the rose opened wide her ear from
the branch of her tree;
'Oh heart, endure with patience, for the
loved that vexes thee
Bears from her own destiny many a vexa-
tion of her own.'
If the waves of the sea of Circumstance
toss their heads to the sky,
The wise man will not wet with their
water the chattels of his fortune.
Oh Háfiz, if man's desires were for ever
in his reach,
Jamshíd would not have stayed so long
away from his throne."

IX.

"Oh remember that my home was once the
top of thy street,
That the light of mine eyes was once from
the dust of thy door.
In our pure sympathy, just like the lily
and rose,
All that was in thy heart came at once to
my tongue.
When my heart sought the mystery's
meaning from the old man of Reason,
Love gave the interpretation of all that
to him was dark.
Alas for the wrong and tyranny which
are in this valley of snares;
Alas for the joy and happiness which
were in that resting-place!
In my heart I said 'I will never live
without the Beloved;'
What can I do?—my heart and its every
resolve are vain!
Last night, full of the memory of my
friends, I went to the tavern;
I saw the wine-cask, its heart full of
blood and its foot sunk in the earth.
Long I wandered, saying, 'I will seek the
cause of the pain of absence;'
But the Mufti of Reason at the question
lost all power of speech.
Verily the turquoise ring of Abú Ishák
Shone bright for a time, but the splendour
hasted away.
Hast thou ne'er seen the partridge's laugh,
Háfiz, as it tripped along,
And thought not of the swoop of the
falcon of Fate overhead?"

X.

"In the morning, when heavy with last
night's revel,[1]
I seized the wine with the harp and viol.
I gave to Reason wine as her provision
for the way,
And bade her set forth from the kingdom
of existence.
The wine-selling enchantress gave me a
glance,
And said, 'Oh thou mark for the arrows
of reproach!'
But I learned from the cupbearer with
bow-like brows,
That I had escaped free from the deceits
of the world.
Go, spread thy snare for another bird;
Far too high is the lonely Símurgh's nest.[2]
The tavern is empty of strangers,—drink
wine;
There is none here but thou, oh Only One.
Bring the ship of wine, that safe on its
deck
We may escape from this sea without a
shore.

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[1] He means the awaking from sensual pleasure to pursue the higher enjoyments of mystic contemplation.

[2] The Símurgh is the lonely bird on Mount Káf.

Friend, songster, and cupbearer, all are only He;
The image of water and clay[1] is but a pretext in the road.
Who wins aught from that Imperial Beauty
Which eternally plays the game of love with itself alone?
Our existence is a riddle, Háfiz,
Whose solution is a spell and a fairy-tale."

XI.

'Ofttimes have I said it, and again I say it,—
Not of myself do I wander heart-forlorn in this road.
Behind the Veil they treat me as men treat a parrot;[2]
Whatsoever the Eternal Master bids me speak, that I speak.
What though I am the thorn, and the Loved the rose of the garden,
'Tis the hand which fosters me,—'tis from that I grow.
Oh friends, reproach me not, heart-broken and bewildered;
I bear a jewel with me, and I seek one who knows its worth.
What though these patched derwish-rags suit ill with the rose-red wine,–
Blame me not, for I wash from them all stain of hypocrisy.

[1] The human body.

[2] This alludes to the manner in which parrots are taught to speak in the East; a looking-glass is placed before the cage, and a man speaks behind the glass, to make the parrot believe that it is a parrot which speaks.

Oh from a far other source are the lover's smiles and tears;[1]
I sing in the night, and at morning-tide I weep.
'Oh Háfiz,' said the teacher, 'smell not of the tavern-door;'
'Blame me not,' I answered; 'I smell of the musk of Khoten.'"

XII.

"The dust of this body of mine is the veil of the face of the soul;
Oh welcome the hour when I shall throw the veil from that face!
Ill befits such a cage a sweet singer like me;
I will haste away to the rose-bower of Paradise, for I am a bird of that garden.
I know not whither I have come, nor where I was;
Ah, woe is me,—I am ignorant of mine own concerns.
How shall I make the circuit of the heavenly world's expanse,
I who am cabined here in this cell of clay?
My proper dwelling-place and home is the palace of the houris;
Why then do I sojourn in the street of the tavern-revellers?
Look not at my mantle, with its golden fringe like the taper's;
For underneath that mantle burns a hidden fire.
Oh come and sweep away the very existence of Háfiz,
That in thy presence none may hear of me, that I am at all."

[1] *Cf.* "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair."

A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

I AM a child of the times, and am sorry to be unable to congratulate my Parent. It is not that I am at all disreputable. My vices entitle me to no distinction. To begin by doing justice, I am perfectly free from vanity and may therefore be the more easily believed when I say that probably few men being bachelors and under thirty are better loved and befriended than I am. The number of persons who take a warm interest in me is astonishing and troublesome. There are homes where, unless dissimulation be carried to the height of genius, I am always a welcome guest, and am, on entering, affectionately greeted by old and young, mistress and maid.

The fathers and mothers look upon me as a young man who has been well brought up, and who, though not precisely the product his education might have been expected to yield, is yet nevertheless, in a season of doubts and perplexities, a person worthy of commendation. As for the daughters of the house, I am not aware that I flutter their susceptibilities, and should think it unlikely, because in the first place I studiously avoid attempting to do so, and in the second place I am not too disposed to believe that they have any susceptibilities to flutter; but I more than pass with them, for I can quote poetry to those who like to listen to good poetry well quoted, and there are a few who do; I can pretend to talk philosophy to those who pretend to like philosophy, and they are many; and though I can't talk religion, yet I can listen very contentedly to it; and if a lady is High Church, and is doing battle with some person more enthusiastic than I am, I can quietly, and without binding myself in any way, come to the fair combatant's rescue, whenever sore pressed, with a sentence from Dr. Newman, or a line from Faber, and be rewarded with a grateful smile; whilst, again, if the lady be more Genevan in her faith, my memory is equally well stored with the sayings of divines and hymn-writers who have grasped with an enviable tenacity the simple and grand doctrines of Calvin and his successors. For the sons of the house, when I say that I smoke, and am not at all scrupulous about what sort of stories I hear and tell, it will be at once understood how perfect is my sympathy with them.

But in the meantime, what of myself? Am I as easily satisfied? I can't say I am dissatisfied, that is such a very strong word; but I may say that I am often very much provoked. It would be annoying for a cold man to gaze steadfastly into a blazing fire and yet remain chill. It is provoking to be able nicely to estimate and accurately to appreciate emotions, affections, martyrdoms, heroisms, to perceive the force which naturally belongs to certain feelings and convictions, and yet to remain cool, impassive, and inert. Would to God that I could stir myself up to believe in any of them; and yet as I write this I blush. I have used a passionate imprecation, and yet my hand glides as calmly over the paper, and my heart beats as placidly within my breast as if I had just put down in my account-book the amount of my last week's washing-bill.

This inertia, in a great measure, results from the fatal gift of sympathy unchecked by spiritual or moral pressure.

It is all very well, indeed it is most delightful in matters of *taste*, to be able to say, as Charles Lamb does of style, that for him Jonathan Wild is not too coarse, nor Shaftesbury too elegant. Thank Heaven, I can say that too; but in matters of morals and religion this catholicity becomes serious. To find yourself extending the same degree of

sympathy to, say, both the Newmans—to read, in the course of one summer's day, and with the same unfeigned delight, Liddon and Martineau—to stroll out into the woods and meadows, careless whether it is Keble or Matthew Arnold you have slipped into your pocket—this, too, is a very delightful catholicity, but I am not sure that I ought to thank *Heaven* for it.

I wonder how often in the course of a year Dr. Johnson's saying to Sir Joshua is quoted—"I love a good hater." That it should be so often quoted is a proof that the Doctor's feeling is largely shared by his countrymen. I am sure I share it, and nobody can accuse me of self-love in doing so—for I hate nobody. I haven't brought myself to this painful state without a hard struggle. For a long time I made myself very happy in the thought that I hated Professor Huxley. How carefully I nursed my wrath! By dint of never speaking of the Professor, except in terms of the strongest opprobrium, and never reading a word he had ever written, I kept the happy delusion alive for several years. I had at times, it is true, an uneasy suspicion that it was all nonsense; but I was so conscious how necessary it was to my happiness that I should hate somebody, that I always resolutely suppressed the rising doubt in an ocean of superlatives expressive of the supposed qualities of this mischievous Professor. But one day, in a luckless hour, I opened a magazine at haphazard, and began in a listless fashion to read an article about I knew not what, and written by I knew not whom, and speedily grew interested in it. The style was so lucid and urbane, the diction so vigorous and expressive, the tone so free from exaggeration and extravagance, and the substance so far from uninteresting, that my fated sympathies began to swell up, and when half-way down the next column I saw awaiting me one of my favourite quotations from Goethe, I mentally embraced the author and hastily turned to the end to see what favoured man was writing so well, and there, lo and behold! was appended the name of the only man I had ever hated. Of course the illusion could not be put together again, and the chair once filled by the learned Professor stands empty. The other day I made an effort to raise Archbishop Manning to it. He has not the playful humour, the exquisite urbanity of the great modern Pervert, but I have heard him preach, he has the accents of sincerity and conviction, and represents what I believe to be in a great degree indestructible on this earth. Failing the Archbishop, the name of Fitzjames Stephen occurred to me, but as he himself has told us, he has so many claims to distinction that it would be a shame to hate him; and, after all, I am nearer his position by many a mile than I am to the Archbishop's, and so in despair I have given up the attempt of finding a successor to Professor Huxley, and repeat that, poor limping Christian as I am, I hate nobody. Why not read your Carlyle? it will be indignantly asked. Is not "Sartor Resartus" upon your shelves? Why, bless me! hear the man talk! Carlyle is my favourite prose author. I have all his books, in the nice old editions, round about me, and not only have read them all, but am constantly reading them. You won't outdo me in my admiration for the old man. I think his address to the Scotch students, if bound up within the covers of the New Testament would not be the least effective piece of writing there. Carlyle has long taught me this—to lay no flattering unction to my soul, and to go about my business. He has tried to do more than this, and at times I have almost thought he has done more, but it is not for man to beget a faith. Carlyle has planted, he has digged, he has watered, but there has been no one to give the increase. He has taught us, like the Greek Tragic Poets, "moral prudence," and to behave ourselves decently and after a dignified fashion between Two eternities, and for a time I thought I had learnt the lesson, but I am at present a good deal agitated by a dangerous symptom and a painful problem.

The dangerous symptom is that nothing pains me. I don't mean physically or æsthetically, for I am very sensitive in both those quarters, but morally. There was a time when I did draw a line with my jokes and stories, never a very steady line, but still a line, I now disport myself at large, and a joke—if good *quâ* joke—causes me to shake my sides, even though it outrages religion, which I believe to be indestructible on this earth, and morality, which I believe to be essential to our well-being upon it.

The painful problem arises in connection with quite another subject. Although not in love, I have some idea of prosecuting a little suit of mine in a certain direction, and have to own that at odd hours and spare seasons, when my thoughts are left to follow their own bent I find them dwelling upon, lingering over, returning to, a face, which though no artist on beholding, would be led to exclaim—

> "A face to lose youth for, occupy age
> With the dream of, meet death with,"

is yet in my opinion, a very pleasant and companionable face, one well suited to spend life with, which is after all what you want a wife for. This is not the painful problem—*that* comes on a step later. Supposing I was married, and blessed, as after most all men are, with children, how on earth shall I educate them to keep them out of Newgate? "Bolts and shackles!" as Sir Toby Belch exclaimed—the thought is bewildering. If I, educated on Watts's Hymns and the New Testament, am yet so hazy on moral points and distinctions, which can hardly be described as nice, such as paying my bills, using profane language, going to Church, and the like, my son, brought up on Walter Scott and George Eliot, and the writers of his own day, will surely never pay his bills at all, his oaths will be atrocious, and he will die incapable of telling the nave from the transept—and how I am to teach him better I really do not see. The old *régime* was particularly strong on this point; and if one could only bring one's conscience to it, the difficulty is at an end, and the education of children, so long at any rate as they are in the nursery or the schoolroom, goes forward quite easily and naturally.

If anybody has had the patience to wade so far in my company, he will probably here exclaim, "My dear sir, you must have been abominably educated yourself;" and though I don't altogether deny the statement, I can't allow it to pass unchallenged. I remember at school a boy, whom it happened to be the fashion of the day to torment, bearing with a wonderful patience the jeers and witticisms of half a score of his companions, until one of them made some remark, boldly reflecting upon the character of the boy's father, whereupon he at once, clenching his puny fist, bravely advanced upon the last speaker, exclaiming, "You may insult me as much as you like, but you shan't insult my parents." So, in my case, you may call me as many hard names as you like, but you mustn't blame anybody else, but the Time-spirit—if the Time-spirit is a body—(and really, body or no body, it is the fashion now to speak of it as if it were the most potent of beings, dwelling far above argument or analogy). I had what is called every advantage. Religion was presented to me in its most pleasing aspect, living illustrations of its power and virtuous effects moved around me, my taste was carefully guarded from vitiating influences. Our house was crowded with books, all of which were left open to us, because there were none that could harm us; money, which was far from plentiful, was lavished on education and books, and on these alone. How on earth did the Time-spirit enter into that happy Christian home? Had it not done so, I might now have been living in the Eden of Belief, and spending my days "bottling moonshine," like the rest of my brethren. But enter it did, and from almost the very first it subtly mixed itself with all spiritual observances, which, though it did not then venture to attack, it yet awaited to

neutralize. No! my education was a very costly one; even in point of money a family might be decently maintained on the interest of the sum that has been thus expended, and in point of time too it was remarkable.

And yet I have advantages over some men, I know, upon whom the Time-spirit has worked even more disastrously, for they don't know what they like or want. Now I do. The things I am fondest of, bar two or three human things, are money and poetry—the first, not of course for its own sake—who ever heard of any one admitting that he liked money for its own sake? And as I always spend more money than I have got (my Catholic taste in books is so expensive) it can't be said that I am likely to grow a miser. Neither is money a necessary condition to my happiness—not at all; but it is for all that the motive power that causes me to exert myself in my daily work. I work for money. That is my prose. I find in my second love my poetry of life, and I think it is this love that keeps my life sweet, and makes me a favourite with children and with dogs. Who can exaggerate the blessings showered upon Englishmen by their poets:—

> "They create
> And multiply in us a brighter ray
> And more beloved existence"

> "Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley were with us."

What names! what exhaustless wealth! A Golden Treasury indeed—where what heart I have got lies stored.

REQUIESCIT.

> "Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince:
> And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!"
> *Hamlet*, Act v. scene 2.

O noble heart! full heavy on thee lay
Life's grievous burden; for thy soul was fair,
And found but foulness in this earthly air;
For freedom found a varnished slavery,
Falsehood for truth, and seeming for to be.
Yet didst thou struggle on, though worn with care,
And ever strong enticements to despair,
In darkness, yet still bent the way to see.
And now, the striving over, there is peace;
For thee are no more "questions"; not again
Shalt thou wail out for respite from the pain
Of this world's "uses"; where the mean souled cease
From troubling, thou shalt haven, spirit blest,
And "flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

J. W. Hales.

THE ESTHONIAN HERCULES.

In one of the well-known "Lectures on the Science of Language," delivered at the Royal Institution in the year 1861, Professor Max Müller made a comparison between the "Kalewala," the national epic of the Finns, and the Iliad of the Greeks. "A Finn," he says, "is not a Greek, and Wainomoinen was not a Homer; but if the poet may take his colours from that nature by which he is surrounded, if he may depict the men with whom he lives, 'Kalewala' possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the Iliad, and will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, side by side with the Ionian songs, with the Mahabhárata, the Shahnámeh, and the Nibelunge."

Forty years before, the fact was unknown that the Finns had any epic poetry whatever. While Finland was connected with Sweden, the nationality of the people was obscured; but when it fell under the dominion of Russia, its new rulers found it expedient to break off old associations by encouraging the Finns to remember and make known that they belonged to a race that had nothing in common with the Teutons of Scandinavia. In 1821, under the Russian auspices, the first attempt, on a larger scale, to collect the songs of Finland was made by Topelius and Lönnrot; but in these there was very little of an epic character; and as late as 1818, C. H. von Schröter, who published a collection of Finnish Rimes in the original, with a German translation, and extolled the poetic genius of the Finns, doubted whether it had ever extended to the creation of epic poetry. To ascertain whether this was the case or not was a later labour of Lönnrot and scholars of kindred tastes, who, with the assistance of the Finnish literary society of Helsingfors, travelled through Finland, with the view of studying the traditions of the people. The result of the investigation was, that Lönnrot collected upwards of thirty-two poems, all referring to the gods and heroes of the old heathen times, and consequently affording material for the study of the Finnish mythology formerly unknown. These, to the best of his ability—following the precedent of the Greek editors, who, according to the Wolfian theory, constructed the Iliad—he arranged into one consistent whole, which he published with the title "Kalewala" (Carelia), the name of the portion of Finland to which the heroes of the story more especially belong. The work was translated into Swedish by Castrén, now famed as a Finnish scholar; and the importance of a discovery which made known an unexplored department of folk-lore was warmly acknowledged by Jacob Grimm. In 1849, a second edition of the poem, with large editions, was published by Lönnrot; and on this was based the German translation made by Schiefner, with the assistance of Castrén, which was published at Helsingfors in 1852.

The myths of Finland can now be studied with as much facility as those of Greece or Scandinavia; indeed, Castrén has written a book containing a systematic description of Finnish mythology.

By the side of the "Kalewala," though not polished up to the same degree of perfection, stands the "Kalewipoeg" (son of Kalew), professedly the national epic of Esthonia, which is inhabited by a race kindred to that of the Finns, and lies, we need scarcely say, on the opposite side of the Gulf of Finland. The popular songs of which this is composed, and which, seventy years ago, were sung by the Esthonians, were collected and arranged by T. R. Kreuzwald, and published with a metrical German translation by Carl Rhenthal, forming an epic

about 19,000 lines in length. The poem abounds in local references; but scholars incline to the belief that it had its origin on the northern side of the Gulf, and was adapted by the Esthonian bards to the situation in which they were placed. At all events, the "Kalewipoeg" is totally distinct from the "Kalewala," both in its subject and in its tendency. In the Finnish epic, the ruling power is magic, chiefly exercised to promote the arts of peace; and the hero, Wainomoinen, corresponds to the Apollo, Prometheus, and Triptolemus of the Greeks. Kalewipoeg, the hero of the Esthonian epic, is likewise a promoter of civilization, and is not without magical gifts; but his chief attribute is physical strength, and we have therefore called him the "Esthonian Hercules."

During the past year, the substance of the Esthonian tradition has been given to the world in a condensed form by a Finnish scholar named C. C. Israel, who, acknowledging the merits of Kreuzwald, is of opinion that he has introduced much spurious matter into the original story. It is this last edition of the Kalewipoeg, of which we make use in the following narrative, which cannot fail to remind many readers of mythical Greece. A marvellous unity is apparent through all its fantastic ramifications, and the notion that guilt demands retribution is carried out with a consistency that renders Kalewipoeg not only a Hercules, but an Œdipus. Not to interrupt the story by explanations, we may remark here that the "Men of Iron," who bring the tale to a disastrous conclusion, are supposed to be the knights of the Teutonic order, who conquered Finland in the eleventh century.

Kalew came from the far north on the back of an eagle, and settled on the rocky shore of Wiro (Esthonia), where he established himself as king, and obtained the hand of Linda, a beautiful maiden, who, like Helen, had been hatched from an egg, and had previously rejected all other suitors, including the Sun and Moon. During the lifetime of Kalew, Linda gave birth to two sons; but the one which most resembled him, and whom we shall henceforth call Kalewipoeg, was born after he was laid in his grave, where red flowers sprang from his cheeks and bluebells from his eyes.

Many wooers sought the hand of the fair maiden, but she was coy as of old; and her refusal especially offended a magician from Finland, who swore that he would be revenged. The absence of her three sons on a hunting expedition enabled him to carry out his intention, for he laid forcible hands upon Linda, and bore her to his ship. The gods, however, were moved by her cries for help, and changed her into a rock, which is still to be seen near Reval.

When the sons returned home, and noticed their mother's absence, they set up a shout that might be heard in the islands Dagö and Oesel, but, of course, received no answer. The youngest walked in the moonlight to the grave of his father, whom he wakened with a magic song, and who asked him why his rest was disturbed. Replies to the questions of Kalewipoeg were lazily and reluctantly given; but the youth heard that his mother had been carried off by a magician of Finland, and that to reach that country by sea he should be guided by the "Nail of Heaven"—that is to say, the North star.

Thus instructed, Kalewipoeg leaped into the sea, and swam due north towards Finland, till he came to an island, where he stopped, with the intention of sleeping there. Soon he heard a song sung by a female voice, and answered it in a corresponding strain. The singer approached him, and they sat together on the shore till break of day, when they were found by the maiden's father, who called the hero by his name. No sooner had she heard it than she uttered a wild shriek, and sprang into the water. Kalewipoeg having vainly endeavoured to save her, swam further north, hearing in the far distance the wailing of the bereaved father. After swimming for a whole day without rest, he reached the rocky shore of Finland, where he refreshed himself with a long

sleep, and then set off, crossing hill and plain in search of the magician. At last he found a house in the valley, and, peeping over the wall, saw the conjuror asleep in the garden. Hereupon he cut down an oak, which he fashioned into a club, and strode towards the marauder, who at once awoke, and taking from his pocket a handful of feathers, blew them into the air, thus converting them into a troop of men. They at once attacked Kalewipoeg, who, however, despatched them all; and the terrified magician, hoping to obtain forgiveness, confessed that Linda was still in Wiro. He would have proceeded further, but the hero, blind with rage, dashed out his brains with the oak.

Giving no credence to the magician's words, Kalewipoeg sought his mother in every direction, and, not being able to find her, made up his mind to return home, after he obtained a sword from the noted smith of Finland, whose fame had spread through all lands. He understood the language of birds, and overheard an eagle saying that he ought to direct his course westwards. Following in the prescribed direction, he arrived at a smithy, where an old man and three young ones were hard at work. The old smith, raising his cap, asked what he required, and was told that he wanted a good sword, the temper of which he would test. A bundle of weapons was accordingly produced, but they were all shivered in turn when Kalewipoeg struck them on the anvil. Another sword, so large that two were required to carry it, was then brought, and with this he indeed split the anvil; but, as the edge was notched, he was not yet satisfied. At last the smith bethought himself of a mighty sword which father Kalew had bespoke before he died; but he named as its price three shields filled with red gold, twenty cows with their calves, twenty horses, and a couple of ships, well freighted with wheat and rye. This sword stood the required test, for it clave the anvil through without receiving a notch; and the old smith celebrated the success with a feast on the greensward, which lasted for some days, and at which much—too much—mead was drunk.

"When the *mead* is in, the wit is out;" and Kalewipoeg began to talk about his passage across the Gulf of Finland, and his adventure with the Island Maiden. The story proved unlucky, for the smith's eldest son declared that the hero was the murderer of his betrothed. This observation was resented by Kalewipoeg, and a general uproar ensued, which the hero brought to a sudden stop by striking off the youngster's head with the irresistible sword. The father and the two surviving sons wept bitterly, and would have revenged themselves on the hero, but Kalewipoeg was too strong for them, and departed in safety, followed by a curse uttered by the old smith, who called upon the sword defiled by murder to perform the work of retribution in due season.

On his way back to Wiro, Kalewipoeg found on the Finland coast the boat which had belonged to the dead magician. This he at once unmoored, and, as he was rowing himself across the gulf, he found himself unexpectedly near the island where he had met with the unhappy songstress. Moodily he put down his oars, and looked uneasily at the sword which lay across the boat, while a weird song, which seemed to him to rise from the water, reminded him that he was guilty of two deaths, and warned him against the sword as an instrument of retribution. And a similar warning was repeated when he reached the opposite coast, and noted a rock which he had not perceived before, and which, no doubt, was the transformed Linda.

When he had reached home his two brothers were delighted to see him, and to hear the story of his adventures, from which he judiciously omitted all that referred to the Island Maiden and the young smith. On the following day they consulted together, observing that Wiro had been without a king ever since the death of their father Kalew, and that one of them ought to occupy the throne. Soon it was agreed that he

who could throw a stone the farthest should be the selected; and in the trial of address and strength, which took place on the border of a lake, Kalewipoeg proved victorious. Nothing like envy or ill-feeling was manifested on the occasion. The elder brothers simply congratulated the younger on his good fortune, and took leave of him for ever.

One day, Kalewipoeg sat down on a stone by the shore, when, after meditating a while, he threw a piece of silver into the sea as an offering to the water god. He then proceeded to the hill dedicated to Taara (the supreme deity in Esthonian mythology), and surveyed the lakes with which his domain glittered in all directions, the broad pastures, and the dark forests of fir. Suddenly, an old man, with a long, white beard, stood before him, and warned him that his strong hand had not been created for the sword alone, but also for the plough, and that it was his duty to fertilize and drain his barren, marshy land. The death of the young smith was not unknown to the mysterious counsellor, who, when he had uttered the additional warning, "He who has reddened the green grass should beware of his own sword," dissolved himself into a mist and vanished.

Agriculture had previously been unknown in Wiro, but Kalewipoeg, convinced that he had been addressed by Taara himself, ordered a plough to be made, of such huge dimensions, that he alone could direct it, and fitted to a horse, the equal to which in size or strength was never before or since seen in the land. Thus armed, he drained the marshes, and rendered the plains arable. Once, while he was resting from his arduous toil, a messenger came up to him, and told him that the country was threatened by strange invaders, who were approaching the shore in boats. The king, however, was not to be interrupted in the work of peace. His subjects would be able to repel the foe, and not until they had failed would he quit the plough and return to the use of the sword.

The messenger, leaving the king, returned whence he had come, and first met an old raven, who hacked a tree with his beak, and seemed to scent a future field of battle. Next, as he passed through a forest, he encountered a hungry wolf. Then, on a heath, he saw an emaciated form, who was Famine in person; then the embodied Pestilence. Thus warned against the horrors of war, he refrained from executing his mission, and whispered his order into the reeds on the edge of a pool. The waters absorbed it; the fish fled in terror; and of the threatened war no more was heard. This allegorical episode, which seems so little in harmony with the rest of the story, will remind some readers of myths that lie beyond the precincts of Esthonian tradition.

In the meanwhile, Kalewipoeg was alarmed by an ominous dream. He saw his mother in the far distance, but could not approach her, as a gory head, which he was unable to pass, lay in his path. His horse, too, was torn to pieces by wild beasts. When he awoke, he found that the latter part of his dream was literally true: for the mangled remains of the gigantic horse were before him. In his wrath he snatched up his sword, cleared the woods, and slew many bears and wolves. Where the blood of the horse had flowed, it formed itself into a marsh; the hairs of the mane were converted into reeds; those of the tail into hazel-bushes; and the loins into hills, which are shown at the present day. Kalewipoeg now thought that he had worked sufficiently at the plough, and would again wander in search of his mother. But the remembrance of the young smith weighed heavily on his heart.

While roaming about, Kalewipoeg was joined by his cousin Alewipoeg (the son of Alew), who had with him many attendants. The latter, by means of a crafty device, in which Kalewipoeg had scarcely any part, succeeded in defrauding a river-fiend of a vast treasure. Of this the hero craved a portion sufficient to pay the debt due to the old smith of Finland, as the price of his sword. Alewipoeg complied with the request, and sailed for Finland in search of the

smith, leaving the rest of the treasure to the care of Kalewipoeg, who buried it deep under ground, and covered it with a rock.

Reflecting on the duties of his position, Kalewipoeg thought he would do a good act if he built four cities, as places of shelter for the old and the feeble; for he feared that, although he had sent Alewipoeg to pay his debt, the old smith would some day come with a mighty force to avenge the death of his son. With this end in view, he proceeded to Pleskau, which lies in a south-easterly direction by the great lake Peipus, and there purchased a quantity of building timber. sufficient to load three ships, which he carried back as far as the eastern bank. As no vessel was to be seen, he began to ford the lake; and on his way was watched by a noted magician, who peeped at him through a bush, and uttered words of power, which soon raised a violent storm. Kalewipoeg, knowing that the conflict of wind and water had not been produced by natural means, drew his sword, and looked towards the hedge, whereupon the magician, in terror, slunk back at a word, and the lake was again calm. The hero crossed with his load, and laid himself down to sleep on the grassy bank, with his face turned to the East, that the rising sun might awaken him, and with his sword by his side. The sound of his snoring reached the ears of the magician, who, creeping from his hiding-place, approached the sleeping hero, and endeavoured to steal his sword, but found it heavy beyond his strength. At last, through the effect of powerful charms, the sword raised itself, and the magician, though still with difficulty, dragged it away. As he was about to cross a stream, a fair water-nixie cast a longing look at the sword, and it fell to the bottom of it, beyond the reach of all powers of magic. Kalewipoeg, missing his weapon when he awoke, proceeded to the stream, and saw it shining in the waters. Strange to say, it sung to him a farewell song, warning him against the consequences of the crime in which it had been the instrument. On his way homeward, Kalewipoeg, with a pine-tree for a club, encountered the magician's two sons, who fought with long whips, to the end of which millstones were suspended. With his left hand he held the load of timber, while he brandished the club with his right; and when this broke, he took one of the huge planks for a weapon. The blows which he dealt with the flat side of the plank did not prove sufficient, and he would now have been overpowered, had not a faint little voice cried out from a neighbouring bush, "With the edge—the edge!" He followed the advice, struck with the edge of the plank, and his adversaries fled howling. He now thought of his unknown benefactor, and asked him to show himself; and on the small voice representing that its owner was not fit to appear, inasmuch as he had no clothes, tore off a piece of his furry garb, and flung it into the bush. The little hidden man put it on, and became—the first hedgehog.

Kalewipoeg now chose a safer spot for a resting-place, and with stones and sand built for himself a dry hill in the middle of a marsh. He did not, however escape the notice of the magician, who crossed the water while he was asleep, and placed under his head a bundle of soporific draughts, so potent, that although, as usual, he lay with his head towards the East, he was not wakened by the rising sun. Long did he remain in this state of magical slumber, but when the day arrived when the usual feast was to be held on Taara's hill, Alewipoeg (who had returned from Finland) and Olewipoeg, (son of the skilful builder, Olew), were among the visitors. They greatly missed the lost ruler, whose might was the more requisite, as Wiro was threatened with an invasion by the "Iron men."

A general search was consequently made for the lost king, but the spell which bound him was in the meanwhile broken by a strange dream. He thought that he was in the smithy of Ilmarinen (the Vulcan of the mythology, who plays an important part in the "Kalewala"), where seven workmen were employed

in making him a sword. Suddenly, a black-haired youth, with pale cheeks, and the mark of dried blood about his throat, stepped in, and asked the workmen why they fashioned a sword for a murderer. "The robber smote me," he said, "with another sword, which I made for him, and this deadly wound is the reward of my labour." The infuriated Kalewipoeg endeavoured to answer his accuser, and in his violence he broke the charm, and awoke.

He now walked on till he came to a dense forest, where he sat under a birch-tree, and by virtue of his especial gift heard and understood the conversation of seven magpies, who chattered over his head. One said: "There he sits at his ease, while his subjects are toiling after him." The second retorted, "He does not know how long he has slept, or he would soon hasten home." The third remarked, "In Sarwik's house he would find gold and silver more than his shoulders could carry." "He has sought his mother in vain," observed the fourth; "if he were wise he would go to the world's end." "Ay," said the fifth, "but the spirits of the northern light would set his ship on fire." "Then let him travel in a ship of silver," retorted the sixth. The seventh concluded, "The wisest thing he could do would be to avoid the spells of that smith's son."

Kalewipoeg now made the best of his way home, where he sat moodily before his own door, thinking how lonely the spot looked without his lost mother, when a man came up who represented to him that he was Olewipoeg, a skilled builder like his father, and that he proposed to build a royal castle and a strong town for the people. Kalewipoeg gave the stranger a hearty welcome, and requested to see the site of the proposed buildings, whereupon Olewipoeg, calling upon Taara, scattered some shavings among a heap of ants, who travelled about with them on their backs, and thus traced the plan of the town. The materials must be supplied by Kalewipoeg himself, for he alone could face the evil beings who haunted the forest of Peipus. Again he visited the noted spot, and brought home a load of timber, and with this, and some huge stones that the king had torn out of the earth, Olewipoeg was still building when Kalewipoeg departed in search of more.

When he was on his return again, laden with planks, Kalewipoeg came to a fire in front of a cavern, over which a kettle was suspended, while round it squatted three hunchbacks of frightful aspect. In reply to his question, what they were doing, they said that they were cooking bear's liver and wolf's fat for Sarwick, and, recollecting how Sarwick's house had been mentioned by the magpie, he expressed a desire to see it. The monsters scornfully warned him that he would simply enter a mouse-trap, but nevertheless he boldly strode into the cavern, where he found himself enveloped in impenetrable darkness. After wandering through a passage, which became narrower and narrower, he at length reached a spacious hall, lit by a lamp suspended on an iron chain. There was also a door, firmly closed, on each side of which stood a large vessel, one filled with a black, the other with a white liquor; and behind this he could hear the sound of a spinning-wheel, and the voice of a woman bewailing in a song her desolate condition. He sang in reply, and was told that Sarwick was from home, and that he should dip his hand into the black liquor. By so doing he acquired so much strength that he burst open the door. The vocal spinster, who was exceedingly beautiful, was terrified by his gigantic form, and snatching from the wall a hat composed of human nails, placed it on her head, whereby she became gigantic likewise. Kalewipoeg, removing the hat, placed it on his own head, and thus reduced himself to the dimensions of an ordinary mortal; and his example was followed by the giantess. Presently she called in her sisters, of whom one was employed in polishing silver, the other in tending geese; and, highly delighted with their visitor, they showed him the wonders of the place, conducting him successively through halls of iron, copper, and silver,

till at last they came to one of gold, in which stood Sarwick's golden bed, and before it a golden table, upon which were two goblets. Apparently they were both filled with the same liquor; but that on the right had the power of increasing strength tenfold, while the other had the power of diminishing it. All the furniture was of gold, and Kalewipoeg bethought himself of the words of the magpie.

He now asked his fair companion to tell him something about the mysterious Sarwick, and learned that he had seven worlds at his command, and ruled over the dead, who, for nine days in every year, were allowed to revisit the spot which they had inhabited while on earth, and, when the proper time, called the "Soul-season," arrived, passed through a gate situated at the end of the world, on the western coast of the Isle of Sparks. The communicative damsels had been carried off by Sarwick's emissaries while they were playing in the fields, and were employed in spinning gold and polishing the halls and furniture. Taara, however, had blessed them with perpetual youth, and they hoped that, with the aid of the magical hat, and of a wand which hung against the door, Kalewipoeg would be able to rescue them from their captivity.

When the narrative had proceeded thus far, the hall began to resound with the heavy step of Sarwick; and although the damsels were terribly frightened, one of them took the precaution to change the places of the goblets on the table. On the entrance of the horned potentate, words of defiance were interchanged, and Kalewipoeg proposed that the difference between them should be settled by a wrestling-match. Sarwick agreed, and, to prepare himself for the conflict, took a heavy pull at the right-hand goblet, little suspecting that he thus diminished his strength. He likewise armed himself with a steel chain, which the eldest sister, by his command, reluctantly brought from the iron hall. The struggle had become so violent, that all the pillars in the hall were shaken, when Kalewipoeg, by putting on the magical cap, increased his stature to a marvellous extent, and thrice snatched up, thrice cast down, his adversary: the last fling caused him to sink into the earth up to his hips. Kalewipoeg laid hold of the chain, in the hope of securing Sarwick, but the latter, shrinking almost into nothing, slipped out of sight, like a mouse into a hole. The conqueror now looked round in search of booty, and appropriated to himself a large sword, which Sarwick had hung upon a nail, filled a huge trough with as much silver and gold as twenty horses could carry, and, having seated the three damsels upon the pile of treasure, and put the cap on his weight, carried off the whole freight on his shoulders until he reached the entrance to the cave. The kettle remained, but the cooks were gone; and Kalewipoeg, much to the grief of the sisters, scornfully flung his cap into the fire.

At last they reached the hill where Olewipoeg was building the new city, and the ladies were at once provided with husbands, being respectively chosen by the sons of Alew, Sulew, and Olew. The houses were already finished, and a grand wedding-feast was prepared, at which Kalewipoeg declared that the new city should be called Lindanisa, in honour of his late mother, whom he was determined once more to seek. Any who pleased might follow him, and those who remained behind were to occupy themselves with building the city walls, under the temporary government of Olewipoeg.

Wise men had been invited from Finland, who stated that the world's end was to be found immediately under the polar star; but that it could not be reached in wooden ships. They therefore advised him to have a vessel of iron; but he recollected the words of the magpie, who had recommended a silver ship; so a silver ship was fashioned accordingly, and, on account of its swiftness, was called *Lennok* (the Little Bird).

Well provisioned for a voyage, and laden with a party of warriors, headed by Kalewipoeg, his two cousins (Alewi-

poeg and Salewipoeg), and the wise Finlander, whom he had made his friend, *Lennok* sailed merrily off for Finland, but the magician on the coast raised such a storm, that at the end of a week they found themselves in a completely strange country; and one of the seers overheard a raven expressing to another his wonder at the fools who hoped to find anything on the barren coast of Lapland. Now, in Lapland dwelt a wise man of high renown, named Warrak, and Kalewipoeg, his two cousins, and the seer landed to find him out. After much wandering, they saw a lonely house, at the door of which sat a girl, who was singing as she span, but fled into the house as soon as she perceived the strangers. Presently, Warrak made his appearance, and Kalewipoeg offered him a vast reward in gold and silver if he would join the expedition. The wise man at first refused, but when he saw that the ship was of silver, he granted the request. The voyage was renewed, and they were rescued from a maelstrom by a device of their new friend, who, with a rope baited with red cloth, caught a whale, which, endeavouring to free itself, towed the vessel out of the whirlpool. Now, advancing rapidly, they approached the Island of Sparks, and there beheld three mountains, one of which vomited fire, another smoke, and the third boiling water. Sailing further, they reached the land of the ice-giant, where an awful maiden was seated on her rock, and by the mere force of her breath drove the ship a league backwards. Sailing due north, they now came to a region where neither sun nor moon gave light, and all, save Kalewipoeg, were terrified when they saw the spirits of the Northern Light armed with golden shields and silver spears, and fighting with each other; but the hero, not knowing what fear was, shrewdly remarked that they ought to be rather obliged than otherwise to the warriors, who lightened the sky with their glittering weapons. Nay, with their kind assistance, he thought he was able to discover the coast where their voyage would end. Taking the direction which he indicated, they nearly reached the world's border; and when they landed, they were encountered by some semi-human creatures, with bodies and tails like dogs, whom they dispersed with great slaughter. They then thought of reposing themselves, and, a fire being kindled, and a large kettle being well filled with viands brought from the *Lennok*, they all lay down and slept, with the exception of Olewipoeg, who officiated as cook, and prepared their meal.

While he was thus actively employed, he was accosted by an extremely diminutive dwarf, who had a golden bell suspended from his neck, and requested permission to take a sip of the savoury contents of the kettle. The modest request granted, the dwarf put his lips to the edge of the kettle, whereupon he at once became a giant, who reached the skies, and then vanished in a mist. The whole of the food had likewise disappeared. The kettle was replenished; and now, whilst the others slept, Kalewipoeg himself acted as cook. The dwarf returned with his former request, which was readily granted; but no sooner had he begun his sip than Kalewipoeg tore the bell from his neck and knocked him off the kettle with his finger. Immediately thunder roared, the earth shook, and the little monster vanished, leaving a dark mist behind him. The noise awoke the sleepers, but their leader told them to remain where they were, while he pursued the evil spirit.

Girded with his sword, and with the bell in his hand, Kalewipoeg plunged into the mist, and his comrades lost sight of him. When the air had become more clear, they perceived a large gate which, Warrak told them, led to Sarwick's abode, the Realm of Shades, and as they approached it they plainly heard the step of Kalewipoeg. After the lapse of a week, during which they had been alarmed by a violent storm, and had almost resolved to return home without their chief, Kalewipoeg reappeared from the cavern, laden with gold, and so weary, that when he lay down to rest, he slept for three days. When he awoke, the treasure was put on board by his

order, and they sailed homewards, with favourable winds and a smooth sea; but Kalewipoeg was sad, for he still thought of his mother.

His comrades having expressed a wish to hear his adventures in the Realm of Shades, he told them that, after entering the gate in the rock, he had descended through many dark passages, until suddenly all became light, and his progress was impeded by thousands of golden threads, woven together like cobwebs. When he had destroyed these with a mighty kick, they became more dense than before, and he nearly hurt his feet, till he was warned by a toad to ring the bell. When he had done this, the threads were dispersed; and by means of the same instrument, acting on the advice of a crab, he crossed a small brook, the further bank of which had previously receded, when he attempted a passage. Next, he had been attacked by a swarm of gnats which tormented him, but these foes also had been dispelled by the sound of the bell which a grasshopper had advised him to ring. He had now reached a stream of blazing pitch, which was the boundary of the Realm of Shades, and crossed it over an iron bridge, cutting down the guards who were posted there with his sword, so that they fell on both sides into the stream. Sarwick himself had witnessed the conflict, and had retreated behind lofty walls into his house; but Kalewipoeg had shattered the gate, and found himself in a vast hall, the only occupant of which was a woman, who sat at a wheel spinning golden threads, and in whom he recognized the face of his mother. Weeping, he had stretched his arms toward her, but she had avoided his embrace, and he was overwhelmed with grief; for he had now learned, for the first time, that she was not enchanted, but dead. She had, however, pointed to a bowl, the contents of which he had swallowed, and had thus so greatly increased his strength, that when Linda had shown him a door, he forcibly broke it open. He now saw Sarwick's mother, who told him that her son was from home; and, as he attempted to open another door, he was attacked by thirty guards, who howled like wolves, but could not resist the might of his sword. Sarwick now appeared, and again there was a wrestling-match between him and the hero, who felt his strength fail him, when his mother soared over him in the air; and after waving her distaff, flung it to the ground. He understood her meaning, and, catching up Sarwick, whirled him violently round; and then, casting him down, bound the iron chain about his neck, hands, and feet. The end of the chain he passed through a large rock, fastening it down with a lock on the other side, so as to render escape impossible. Sarwick had offered him countless treasures if he would release him; but he paid no heed to his entreaties, and had only been too glad to return to the light of day. Thus ended the narrative of Kalewipoeg.

When the hero and his comrades had returned home, there was great joy in Lindanisa; and a feast was held which lasted a whole week, all believing that they would henceforward live in peace. But their joy was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, who brought the bad news that the men of iron were approaching from the sea, armed with battle-axes and spears. All capable of bearing arms were summoned to Taara's Wood, and Kalewipoeg, assisted by his two cousins, buried his vast treasure under ground, so securing it by words of magic power, that it could never be removed, until by the light of the midsummer fire the child of a virgin mother sacrificed a black cock with two combs, a black cat, and a mole.

On the fifth day after Kalewipoeg had wound his horn, which had sounded all over Wiro and the neighbouring islands, all his warriors, pressing in from every side, met at the appointed spot. Three days afterwards, they took an eastern direction, and encountered the men of iron. A desperate fight ensued, and the enemy would have been destroyed by Kalewipoeg, had not his horse fallen beneath him, and thus brought the contest to a close. In another battle, the valiant Salewipoeg was slain; and, all being lost,

Kalewipoeg, with his other cousin and Olewipoeg, weary and parched with thirst, proceeded to a lake, where another misfortune befell them, for Alewipoeg fell into the water, and was drowned. His friends, though they could not save his life, drew his corpse from the lake, but helm and sword remained behind, and may still be seen glittering in the sun.

In mournful plight, Kalewipoeg sat by the lake, complaining to Olewipoeg of his desolate condition. Though it was the spring-tide of his life, he stood like a lonely tree. His friends and kinsmen were slain, his mother was in the Realm of Shades, and his days of happiness were ended for ever. Taking no pleasure in state, he confided his kingdom to Olewipoeg, and retired into a lonely forest, where he built himself a hut, and lived upon crabs and fishes. After he had passed a long time without beholding a human face, three men of iron came to him, and, with artful courtesy, requested him to join them, that his strength might be allied to their superior craft. With such a combination of powers they would be invincible. Turning his back upon them, and looking into the water, he saw, as in a mirror, that they were about to stab him in the back; so, seizing them one after another, he flung them down with such force, that the first sank into the earth up to his head, the second up to his chin, and the third disappeared altogether. A fourth presently arrived, who made the same request as the others. Kalewipoeg answered, that he would first fortify himself with a good meal, and told the man of iron to draw out of the water a pole which he had placed to catch crabs, and see if anything was to be found upon it. The stranger was unable to move it, but Kalewipoeg easily drew it forth; and at the end of it was a dead horse. "Tell the men of iron," he said, "that strength like that cannot endure slavery."

Once, in the course of his lonely wanderings, Kalewipoeg came unexpectedly to the brook at the bottom of which lay his fated sword. He did not recognize the spot, and as he was about to ford the stream, the sword remembered the task that had been imposed upon it by the smith of Finland, and, although reluctantly, cut off both the hero's feet when they were in the water. He fell back upon the bank, and uttered a shriek of pain, which reached to the highest heavens; but his body was soon lifeless, and his soul ascended to the hall of Taara.

The gods held council with a soul so illustrious. At last they bade it return to its body, and Kalewipoeg was appointed guard at the gate of the Shades, with the charge of preventing the escape of Sarwick. When he had reached his post by a private path, a voice ordered him to strike the rock with his fist. He did so, and his hand remained fixed in the fissure which he had made. There he still stands, and when he tries to extricate himself, the sea rolls and the earth trembles. But at some time, it is said, he will be free; and then he will bring good days to Esthonia.

JOHN OXENFORD.

TWO ADDRESSES BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

I.—JOHN BUNYAN.[1]

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted upon a certain place where was a den." These words have been translated into hundreds of languages, and hundreds and thousands in all parts of the world and all classes of mankind have asked, "Where was that place, and where was that den?" and the answer has been given that the name of the "place" was Bedford, and that the "den" was Bedford gaol.[2] This it is which has given to the town of Bedford its chief—may I say, without offence, its only title to universal and everlasting fame. It is now two hundred years ago since Bunyan must have resolved on the great venture—so it seemed to him—of publishing the work which has given to Bedford this immortal renown; and Bedford is this day endeavouring to pay back some part of the debt which it owes to him.

It has seemed to me that I should best discharge the trust with which I have been honoured—and a very high honour I consider it to be—by saying a few words, first on the local, then on the ecclesiastical and political circumstances, and then on the universal character of your illustrious townsman.

1. I shall not, in speaking of the local claims of Bunyan, surrender without a struggle the share which England at large has in those claims. Something of a national, something even of a cosmopolitan colour, was given to his career by the wandering gipsy life which drew the tinker with his humble wares from his brazier's shop, as well as by the more serious circuits which he made as an itinerant pastor on what were regarded as his episcopal visitations. When I leave Bedford this evening in order to go to Leicester, I shall still be on the track of the young soldier, who, whether in the Royal or the Parliamentary army—for it is still matter of dispute—so narrowly escaped the shot which laid his comrade low; and from the siege of its ancient walls gathered the imagery for the "Holy War" and the "Siege of Mansoul." When it was my lot years ago to explore the Pilgrims' Way to Canterbury, I was tempted to lend a willing ear to the ingenious officer on the Ordnance Survey, who conjectured that in that devious pathway and on those Surrey downs the Pilgrim of the seventeenth century may have caught the idea of the Hill Difficulty and the Delectable Mountains. On the familiar banks of the Kennett at Reading I recognize the scenes to which tradition has assigned his secret visits, disguised in the slouched hat, white smock frock, and carter's whip of a waggoner, as well as the last charitable enterprise which cost him his life. In the great Babylon of London I find myself in the midst of what must have given him his notion of Vanity Fair; where also, as the Mayor has reminded you, he attracted thousands round his pulpit at Zoar Chapel in Southwark, and where he rests at last in the grave of his host, the grocer Strudwick, in the cemetery of Bunhill Fields.

But none of these places can compete for closeness of association with his birthplace at Elstow. The cottage, or what might have been the cottage of his early home—the venerable church where first he joined in the prayers of our public worship—the antique pew where

[1] This address was delivered at Bedford on Wednesday, June 10, 1874, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of Bunyan.

[2] "As it has been questioned whether the 'Den,' at the beginning of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' means the gaol at Bedford, the following note may not be without interest:—The second edition, London, 1678, has no marginal note on the passage. The third edition, London, 1679, has as a note 'the gaol.' This was published in Bunyan's lifetime, and is, therefore, an authority. In the same edition there is a portrait in which Bunyan is represented as reclining and asleep over a den, in which there is a lion, with a portcullis."—*Notes and Queries*, June 20, 1874.

he sat—the massive tower whose bells he so lustily rang till struck by the pangs of a morbid conscience,—the village green where he played his rustic games and was haunted by his terrific visions, —the puddles in the road, on which he thought to try his first miracles—all these are still with us. And even Elstow can hardly rival the den,—whether the legendary prison on the bridge or the historical prison not far from where his monument stands,—for which the whole world inquiringly turns to Bedford. Most fitting, therefore, has it been that the first statue erected to the memory of the most illustrious citizen of Bedford should have been the offering of the noble head of the illustrious house to which Bedford has given its chief title. Most fitting it is that St. Peter's Green at Bedford should in this way—if I may use an expression I have myself elsewhere employed—have been annexed to the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, and should contain the one effigy which England possesses of the first of human allegorists. Claim him, citizens of Bedford and inhabitants of Bedfordshire; claim him as your own. It is the strength of a county and of a town to have its famous men held in everlasting remembrance. They are the links by which you are bound to the history of your country, and by which the whole consciousness of a great nation is bound together. In your Bedfordshire lanes he doubtless found the original of his "Slough of Despond." In the halls and gardens of Wrest, of Haynes, and Woburn, he may have snatched the first glimpses of his "House Beautiful." In the turbid waters of your Ouse at flood time he saw the likeness of the "River very deep," which had to be crossed before reaching the Celestial City. You have become immortal through him; see that his glory never fades away amongst you.

2. And here this local connection passes into an ecclesiastical association on which I would dwell for a few moments. If Elstow was the natural birthplace of Bunyan, he himself would certainly have named as his spiritual birthplace the meeting-house at Bedford and the stream of the Ouse, near the corner of Duck Mill Lane, where he was in middle life re-baptized. There, and in those dells of Wainwood and Samsell, where in the hard times he secretly ministered to his scattered flock, he became the most famous preacher of the religious communion which claims him as its own. The Baptist or Anabaptist Church, which once struck terror by its very name throughout the states of Europe, now, and even in Bunyan's time, subsiding into a quiet, loyal, peaceful, community, has numbered on its roll many illustrious names —a Havelock amongst its soldiers, a Carey and a Marshman among its missionaries, a Robert Hall among its preachers, and I speak now only of the dead. But neither amongst the dead nor the living who have adorned the Baptist name is there any before whom other churches bow their heads so reverently as he who in this place derived his chief spiritual inspirations from them; and amongst their titles to a high place in English Christendom, the conversion of John Bunyan is their chief and sufficient guarantee. We ministers and members of the National Church have much whereof to glory. We boast, and we justly boast, that one of our claims on the grateful affection of our country is that our institutions, our learning, our liturgy, our version of the Bible, have sustained and enlarged the general culture even of those who dissent from much that we teach and from much that we hold dear. But we know that even this boast is not ours exclusively. You remember Lord Macaulay's saying that the seventeenth century produced in England two men only of original genius. These were both Nonconformists—one was John Milton, and the other was John Bunyan. I will venture to add this yet further remark, that the whole of English literature has produced only two prose works of universal popularity, and both of these also were by Nonconformists—one is the work of a Presbyterian journalist, and it is called "Robinson Crusoe;" and the other is

the work of a Baptist preacher, and its name is the "Pilgrim's Progress." Every time that we open those well-known pages, or look at that memorable face, they remind us Churchmen that Nonconformists have their own splendid literature; they remind you Nonconformists that literature and culture are channels of grace no less spiritual than sacraments or doctrines, than preaching or revivals. There were many Bishops eminent for their piety and learning in the seventeenth century; but few were more deserving of the name than he who by the popular voice of Bedfordshire was called Bishop Bunyan.

3. And now, having rendered honour to whom honour is due—honour to the town of Bedford, and honour to my Nonconformist brethren,—let me take that somewhat wider survey to which, as I have said, this occasion invites me; only let me, before entering on that survey, touch for an instant on the contrast which is presented by the recollections of which we have just been speaking, and the occasion which brings us here together. There are certain places which we pass by in the valley of life, like to that which the Pilgrim saw, in which two giants dwelt of old time, "who," he says, "were either dead many a day, or else, by reason of age, have grown so crazy and stiff in their joints that they now do little more than sit at their cave's mouth grinning at pilgrims as they go by." It is at such a cave's mouth that we are to-day. We see at the long distance of two hundred years, a giant who, in Bunyan's time, was very stout and hearty. What shall we call him? His name was Old Intolerance, that giant who first, under the Commonwealth, in the shape of the Presbyterian clergy, could not bear with "the preaching of an illiterate tinker and an unordained minister," and then, in the shape of the Episcopal clergy, shut him up for twelve years in Bedford gaol. All this is gone for ever. ——But let us not rejoice prematurely: the old giant is still alive. He may be seen in many shapes, on all sides, and with many voices. "The spirit of burning and the spirit of judgment" have not, as some lament, altogether departed either from Churchmen or from Nonconformists. But his joints are very stiff and crazy; and when on this day the clergy and the magistrates of Bedford are seen rejoicing in common with their Dissenting brethren, at the inauguration of a memorial of him who once suffered at the hands of all their spiritual forefathers, it is a proof that the world has at least, in this respect, become a little more Christian, because a little more charitable and a little more enlightened—a little more capable of seeing the inward good behind outward differences.

An excellent and laborious Nonconformist, who devoted his life to the elucidation of the times and works of Bunyan, describes, with just indignation, the persecuting law of Charles II., under which John Bunyan was imprisoned, and he then adds, "This is now the law of the land we live in." No, my good Nonconformist brother, no, thank God! it is not now, nor has for many a long year, been in force amongst us. In the very year in which John Bunyan died, that Revolution took place to which, when compared with all the numerous revolutions which have since swept over other countries, may be well accorded the good old name "Glorious," and of which one of the most glorious fruits was the Toleration Act, by which such cruelties and follies as the Conventicle and Five Mile Acts became thenceforth and for ever impossible. That Act was, no doubt, only the first imperfect beginning; we have still, even now, all of us much to learn in this respect. But we have gained something; and this day is another pledge of the victory of the Christian faith, another nail knocked into the coffin of our ancient enemy. It required a union of many forces to effect the change. If it was Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, that befriended John Bunyan in prison, it was Whitehead, the Quaker, whom, in his earlier days, Bunyan regarded as a heathen and an outcast, that opened for him the doors

of Bedford gaol; and those doors were kept open by the wise King William III., by the Whig statesmen and Whig prelates of the day, and not least, by the great house of Russell, who, having protected the oppressed Nonconformists in the days of their trial, have in each succeeding generation opened the gates of the prison-house of prejudice and intolerance wider and wider still. Let it be our endeavour to see that they are not closed again either in Bedford or anywhere else.

4. Thus much I have felt constrained to say by the circumstances, local, ecclesiastical, and political, of this celebration. But I now enter on those points for which chiefly, no doubt, I have been asked to address you, and from which alone this monument has acquired its national importance. The hero of Elstow was great, the preacher in the Baptist meeting-house of Bedford was greater, but, beyond all comparison, greater was the dear teacher of the childhood of each of us, the creator of those characters whose names and faces are familiar to the whole world, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." And when I speak to you of Bunyan in this his world-wide aspect, I speak to you no longer as a stranger to the men of Bedford, but as an Englishman to Englishmen; no longer as a Churchman to Dissenters, but as a Christian to Christians, and as a man to men throughout the world. In the "Pilgrim's Progress" we have his best self—as superior to his own inferior self as to his contemporaries. It is one of the peculiar delights of that charming volume that when we open it all questions of Conformity or Nonconformity, of Baptists or Pædobaptists, even of Catholic and Protestant, are left far behind. It is one of the few books which acts as a religious bond to the whole of English Christendom. It is, perhaps, with six others, and equally with any of those six, the book which, after the English Bible, has contributed to the common religious culture of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is one of the few books, perhaps almost the only English book, which has succeeded in identifying religious instruction with entertainment and amusement both of old and young. It is one of the few books which has struck a chord which vibrates alike amongst the humblest peasants and amongst the most fastidious critics.

Let us pause for an instant to reflect how great a boon is conferred upon a nation by one such uniting element. How deeply extended is the power of sympathy, and the force of argument, when the preacher or the teacher knows that he can enforce his appeal by a name which, like that of an apostle or evangelist, comes home as with canonical weight to every one who hears him; by figures of speech which need only be touched in order to elicit an electric spark of understanding and satisfaction. And when we ask wherein this power consists, let me name three points.

First, it is because the "Pilgrim's Progress," as I have already indicated, is entirely catholic—that is, universal in its expression and its thoughts. I do not mean to say—it would be an exaggeration—that it contains no sentiments distasteful to this or that section of Christians, that it has not a certain tinge of the Calvinist or the Puritan. But what is remarkable is that this peculiar colour is so very slight. We know what was Bunyan's own passionate desire on this point. "I would be," he says, "as I hope I am, 'a Christian,' but as for those factious titles of Anabaptists, Independent, Presbyterian, or the like, I conclude that they come neither from Jerusalem nor Antioch, but from hell or Babylon." It was this universal charity that he expressed in his last sermon, "Dost thou see a soul that has the image of God in him? Love him, love him. This man and I must go to heaven one day. Love one another and do good for one another." It was this discriminating forbearance that he expressed in his account of the Interpreter's Garden. "Behold," he says, "the flowers are diverse in stature, in quality, in colour, in smell, and in virtue; and some are better than some; also where the gardener has set them there they stand and quarrel not with

one another." There is no compromise in his words, there is no faltering in his convictions; but his love and admiration are reserved on the whole for that which all good men love, and his detestation on the whole is reserved for that which all good men detest. And if I may for a moment enter into detail, even in the very forms of his narrative, we find something as universal as his doctrine. Protestant, Puritan, Calvinist as he was, yet he did not fear to take the framework of his story and the figures of his drama, from the old mediæval Church, and the illustrations in which the modern editions of his book abound give us the pilgrim with his pilgrim's hat, the wayside cross, the crusading knight with his red-cross shield, the winged angels at the Celestial Gate, as naturally and as gracefully as though it had been a story from the "Golden Legend," or from the favourite romance of his early boyhood, "Sir Bevis of Southampton." Such a combination of Protestant ideas with Catholic forms had never been seen before, perhaps never since; it is in itself a union of Christendom in the best sense, to which neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither Churchman nor Nonconformist can possibly demur. The form, the substance, the tendency of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in these respects may be called latitudinarian, but it is a latitudinarianism which was an indispensable condition for its influence throughout the world. By it, as has been well said by an admirable living authority[1] learned in all the learning of the Nonconformists, John Bunyan became the teacher, not of any particular sect, but of the universal Church.

Secondly, this wonderful book, with all its freedom, is never profane; with all its devotion, is rarely fanatical; with all its homeliness, is never vulgar. In other words, it is a work of pure art and true genius, and wherever these are we mount at once into a freer and loftier air. Bunyan was in this sense the Burns of England. On the tinker of Bedfordshire, as on the ploughman of Ayrshire, the heavenly fire had been breathed which transformed the common clay, and made him a poet, a philosopher—may we not say a gentleman and a nobleman in spite of himself. "If you were to polish the style," says Coleridge, "you would destroy the reality of the vision." He dared (and it was, for one of his straitened school and scanty culture, an act of immense daring) to communicate his religious teaching in the form of fiction, dream, poetry. It is one of the most striking proofs of the superiority of literature over polemics, of poetry over prose, as a messenger of heavenly truth. "I have been better entertained and more informed," says Dean Swift, "by a few pages of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' than by a long discourse on the will and the intellect." "I have," says Arnold, "always been struck by its piety. I am now equally struck, and even more, by its profound wisdom." It might, perhaps, have been thought that Bunyan, with his rough and imperfect education, must have erred—as it may be he has sometimes erred—in defective appreciation of virtues and weaknesses not his own; but one prevailing characteristic of his work is the breadth and depth of his intellectual insight. For the sincere tremors of poor Mrs. Muchafraid he has as good a word of consolation as he has for the ardent aspirations of Faithful and Hopeful. For the dogmatic nonsense of Talkative he has a word of rebuke as strong as he has for the gloomy dungeons of Doubting Castle; and for the treasures of the past he has a feeling as tender and as pervasive as if he had been brought up in the cloisters of Oxford or Westminster Abbey.

When (if I may for a moment speak of myself) in early youth I lighted on the passage where the Pilgrim is taken to the House Beautiful to see "the pedigree of the Ancient of Days, and the rarities and histories of that place, both ancient and modern," I determined that if ever the time should arrive when I should become a professor of ecclesiastical history, these should be the opening words in which I would de-

[1] "Church of the Revolution," by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, p. 175.

scribe the treasures of that magnificent storehouse. Accordingly when, many years after, it so fell out, I could find no better mode of beginning my course at Oxford than by redeeming that early pledge; and when the course came to an end, and I wished to draw a picture of the prospects yet reserved for the future of Christendom, I found again that the best words I could supply were those in which, on leaving the Beautiful house, Christian was shown in the distance the view of the Delectable Mountains, "which, they said, would add to his comfort because they were nearer to the desired haven." What was my own experience in one special branch of knowledge may also be the experience of many others. And for the nation at large, all who appreciate the difficult necessity of refining the atmosphere and cultivating the taste of the uneducated and the half educated, may be thankful that in this instance there is a well of English language and of Christian thought, pure and undefiled, at which the least instructed and the best instructed may alike come to quench their mental thirst, and to refresh their intellectual labours. On no other occasion could such a rustic assemblage have been seen taking part in the glorification of a literary work as we have witnessed this day in Bedford. That is a true education of the people—an education which we know not perhaps whether to call denominational or undenominational, but which is truly national, truly Christian, truly divine.

Lastly, there is the practical, homely, energetic insight into the heart of man, and the spiritual needs of human nature, which make his picture of the Pilgrim's heavenward road a living drama, not a dead disquisition, a thing to be imitated, not merely to be read. Look at John Bunyan himself as he stands before you, whether in the description of his own contemporaries or in the image now so skilfully carved amongst you by the hand of the sculptor. As surely as he walked your streets with his lofty, stalwart form, "tall of stature, strong boned, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion, his hair reddish, but in his latter days sprinkled with grey, his nose well cut, his mouth moderate large, his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest;" as surely also as he was known amongst his neighbours as "in countenance of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity unless occasion required it, observing never to boast of himself, but rather seeming low in his own eyes, and submitting himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing, being just in all that lay in his power to his word, not seeming to revenge injuries, but loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all, with a sharp, quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of person, being of good judgment and quick wit;" as surely as he so seemed when he was alive, as surely as he was one of yourselves, a "man of the people," as you heard at St. Peter's Green this morning, a man of the people of England and the people of Bedford—so surely is the pilgrimage which he described the pilgrimage of every one amongst us, so surely are the combinations of the neighbours, the friends, the enemies whom he saw in his dream the same as we see in our actual lives. You and I, as well as he, have met with Mr. By-ends, and Mr. Facing-both-ways, and Mr. Talkative. Some of us, perhaps, may have seen Mr. Nogood and Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Hatelight and Mr. Implacable. All of us have at times been like Mr. Ready-to-halt, Mr. Feeblemind, and Faintheart, and Noheart, and Slowpace, and Shortwind, and Sleepyhead, and "the young woman whose name was Dull." All of us need to be cheered by the help of Greatheart, and Standfast, and Valiant for the Truth, and good old Honest. Some of us have been in Doubting Castle, some in the Slough of Despond; some have experienced the temptations of Vanity Fair; all of us have to climb the Hill Difficulty; all of us need to be instructed by the Interpreter in the House Beautiful; all of us bear the same burden;

all of us need the same armour in our fight with Apollyon; all of us have to pass through the wicket gate; all of us have to pass through the dark river; and for all of us (if God so will) there wait the Shining Ones at the gates of the Celestial City, "which, when we see, we wish ourselves amongst them."

II.—ARNOLD AND RUGBY.[1]

I HAVE been asked to say a few words to you on this occasion, when by chance I have been enabled to find myself here, on a day which, to me, and to Rugby, must ever be dear, and which, though to many of you it carries no recollection, it is worth while to take this opportunity of impressing on your minds.

It is now thirty-two years ago, since on Sunday morning, the 12th of June, the most famous Headmaster of this school, to whom we all look back as its second founder, Thomas Arnold, was called away by a death, of which the sudden shock was felt through every part of the country, wherever a Rugby scholar happened to be, and which to those who were engaged in their work at that time in the school, whether as masters or as boys, gave the feeling as if the whole place were passed away with one who had been in every sense its head. If any of you wish to have recalled to your minds what were the feelings of Rugby boys at that moment, read again the last chapter of "Tom Brown's School Days." That admirable book gives you the best idea of what Arnold was to Rugby; and that chapter especially gives you the best notion of what his scholars thought and felt when they heard of his death. I myself had, as many of you know, been under his care for six years, which I still cherish as amongst the most precious of my life. The sermons which I heard from his lips in this place are still, through the vicissitudes of an often stormy and eventful time, as fresh in my memory as when I first listened to them in this chapel, with a mixture of admiration and delight which I cannot describe. The effect of his character, and the lessons of his teaching, have been the stimulus to whatever I may have been able to do in the forty years since I left school; and his words constantly come back to me as expressing better than anything else my hopes and fears for this life, and for the life to come.

I have said thus much to you that you may know why it is that I have obeyed your Headmaster's wishes, and ventured (though a stranger whom many of you perhaps never heard of or saw before) to say a few words that may serve to make you know what Arnold was. Let me speak first of his teaching, and then of himself.

Of his teaching. A very distinguished schoolfellow of mine said to me some time ago, "There are two words whose meaning we both learned from him—Religion and History."

Religion. What was it that Arnold told us of Religion? It was that Religion—the relation of the soul to God—depends on our own moral and spiritual characters. He made us understand that the only thing for which God supremely cares, the only thing that God supremely loves is goodness—that the only thing which is supremely hateful to God is wickedness. All other things are useful, admirable, beautiful in their several ways. All forms, ordinances, means of instruction, means of amusement, have their place in our lives. But Religion, the true Religion of Jesus Christ, consists in that which makes us wiser and better, more truthful, more loving, more tender, more considerate, more pure. Therefore, in his view, there was no place or time from which Religion is shut out—there is no place or time where we cannot be serving God by serving our fellow-creatures.

History. No doubt he taught us much beside. But History, past and present, was his favourite study; and he made us feel that the dead men of Greece and Rome, the departed times of England and France, were full of living interest. He made us understand that much that we call ancient

[1] This Address was delivered in the Chapel of Rugby School on Friday, June 12, 1874, an occasion of a passing visit.

was really modern, much that we call modern was really ancient. He made us feel that there was a sequence in the events of history, and that it was through the knowledge of the successive forms which goodness and truth can take at different times that Religion itself can best be understood. He taught us how great a thing it was to be Englishmen—citizens of the kingly commonwealth of England. He taught us the value of Law—that there is in all moral matters only one authority, and that is the law of God; and in all other matters only one authority, and that is the law of our country. He made us understand the greatness of Christianity by making us feel the grandeur of Europe and the magnificence of Christendom.

I have just briefly touched on these two main points of his teaching because the more you look at them as he looked at them, the more you will feel that they will bear all the weight of life, and all the sifting of inquiry. Many things which he said, no doubt, have been changed as times have changed, and knowledge has widened. But the essential spirit of his method remains still.

But most of all, we learned the meaning of those two words from himself. When we looked in his face, when we heard him speak from this pulpit, when we heard him in the Big School reading prayers, or heard him in the library teaching the Sixth Form, we saw that he was always acting, or trying to act, as in the presence of God, enjoying all the innocent pleasures of life because God had given them to him—turning away from everything base, or mean, or dishonourable because he knew that God abhorred it.

That we felt to be his religion. His presence made us also feel what history was. For we—any of us who could think at all—knew that he was like one of those great men of whom we read in history. We thought then, and, after having witnessed many famous events, and seen many famous men of our time, I think and know now, that he was one of the heroes of our age—one whom to have known and loved is an honour and a privilege, and a responsibility which will last as long as life endures.

One word I will say in conclusion. I remember that on the Sunday after his death one of the lessons read in this chapel was that chapter where Samuel takes leave of his people, and says, "Behold, my sons are with you." I remember being deeply affected by those words. I thought then chiefly of his actual children—those sons and daughters who are all, save one, living still, who for the thirty-two years since his departure were gathered round their dear and venerable mother, who only last year departed to join the husband whom she had so loved. But I will now take these words in a larger sense. "Behold his sons are with us." We are indeed all of us here, and in many and many a place besides, "the sons of Arnold." Your teachers, though some of them never saw him—the two most distinguished Headmasters of this place, though they had seen him only as it were but for a moment—were in this sense his sons. They felt, and they feel, that much that was best and noblest within them and around them came from his example and his teaching. He who is now the Primate of the English Church, and he whose farewell words in this place four years and a half ago, I heard with a feeling that it was like hearing Arnold's voice again—are both the sons of Arnold. But you also—you, the youngest amongst you, you to whom the name of Arnold is of one who lived and died long, long ago—you also are, without knowing it, his children. Whatever there is good and inspiriting and lofty and stimulating in this place, comes from him. You need not repeat his words, you need not share his opinions, you may perhaps never read his life, but so far as you sustain the honour of Rugby boys, setting to yourselves now and to your country afterwards, the examples of upright, generous, truthful boys, and afterwards of fearless, energetic, noble-minded Englishmen;—so far you are Christians in Arnold's spirit; so far you carry on to future days the glory of him who sleeps in the midst of this chapel, and whose memory is its best inheritance.

A. P. S.



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1874.

VICTOR HUGO'S DRAMAS.

By an odd, but not unprecedented caprice of opinion, the Parisian public have partially eschewed the more recent productions of the theatre, and turned to plays which have resisted the tests of time and persecution. Among these, Victor Hugo's pieces are the most dear to the hearts of managers. These dramas, which, previous to their production, met with the official ill-will of the interested, who feared—and with good reason—that the stage might be turned into an instrument of revolution; which too frequently encountered the hostility of the actors after running the gauntlet of the censors; which very often were systematically hissed off the stage by the stubborn adversaries of free expression; which would have been suppressed by the state if a cabal had not spared it the trouble—these dramas, proscribed for twenty years by the imperial *régime*, rise before the footlights as strong and vivacious as if they had been written for the occasion; and theatre-goers, *hommes du monde*, artists, journalists, and hardened disciples of M. Offenbach, who have long winced over the pale and unwholesome jokes of patchy vaudevilles, and drunk the vitriol of the operetta until they could scarcely help saying that Molière was a lugubrious buffoon beside Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy; all those, in fact, who greedily partook of such outrageous stuff while unconsciously being led to a great catastrophe, are there as spectators of these works of molten brass, which are of all time, because the passions they express are deeply human. "Ruy Blas" was revived last year, and held the stage of the Odéon for 150 nights—a greater success than when it was first produced; "Marion de Lorme," written in 1829, was lately attracting large and brilliant gatherings at the Comédie Française; La Porte Saint Martin, burnt down under the Commune, recently rose from its ashes with "Marie Tudor" for its inauguration. Whether it be owing to a transient fit of favour, or whether the Parisian public is still able to distinguish between the great and the small, Paris is infatuated with the Hugo *répertoire;* and when we bear in mind that at no time was the poet more attacked and ridiculed than at present, such partiality may perhaps be attributed to good taste rather than to caprice. The dramas of Victor Hugo are in every one's memory; and yet they draw infinitely more than even M. Alexandre Dumas's "first nights," and produce all the excitement and speculation attendant on famous *premières représentations.* To those who believe that France is beyond producing a good piece, a good book, or a good man, the Hugoite infatuation must afford some consolation, for it seems obvious, despite the eloquent declamations lately delivered in speech and print, that a people still open to admiration for masterpieces may be still capable of producing masters.

Opinions may vary, not on the merits

of M. Victor Hugo's dramas, but on their superiority over the plays of other distinguished contemporaries. It has been said, with some semblance of truth, that of all the departments of literature which the great poet has touched, the theatre is the weakest. We cannot say that the highest expression of his genius is revealed in the dramatic portion of his work; for it is scarcely possible to put anything above "La Légende des Siècles" and "Les Rayons et les Ombres;" but when the special subject here treated of is thus disparaged, its merits are only thrown into more striking relief. However inferior to himself Victor Hugo may be in his plays, these are, none the less, the first of the modern *répertoire*. They are therefore only to be judged on their own intrinsic merits, not as the unimportant productions of a man who wrote dramas in his leisure moments as an experiment.

The great superiority of these dramas —some in prose, as "Angelo" and "Lucrèce Borgia," others cast in fine and pregnant verses, like "Le Roi s'amuse" and "Ruy Blas"—is principally obvious when they are submitted to the test of a comparison with the most successful plays of the time. Place M. Hugo's weakest drama beside the finest of M. Ponsard's, and the distance that separates the real from the conventional will at once be measured; do the same with the best productions of M. Octave Feuillet—a dramatist of no mean order—and we see the superiority of a writer who treats human passions, over one who gives a fair superficial tracing of the transient manners of a portion of society. The only safe manner of estimating dramatic creations at their real value is to examine whether they are and will be of all time. If a play appears at all out of fashion—*démodée* —it may fairly be judged inferior, because it has gone little more than skin deep in the reproduction of human sentiments, and is doomed to pass because it pictures things that pass. Otherwise, there is no reason why the reputation of Scudéry should not have transcended that of Corneille. If Molière and Corneille radiantly outlive their age and soar higher than any character of the *grand siècle*, while Scudéry, Voiture, Colletet, and a host of others are all but dead and buried, it is because their types, passions, and feelings live; while the personages of those minor scribes, as successful in their time as M. Sardou is in ours, were, if the metaphor may be allowed, casts of the human visage without any of its characteristic expressions. Moreover, to mould a work which shall resist the raids of time and of the ordinary narrow-minded men who abhor all that is true, because truth is too broad and overwhelming for their intellect, it is not only requisite that the necessities of the scene be not sacrificed to the conception; the situations must be plausible, natural, unsought for, and, even in verse, the *dramatis personæ* must express themselves as other people do. One feature only—the costumes, the place—may be archaic. If the play be not true, if the public do not hear sentiments which, maybe, have traversed their thoughts, if the author has sacrificed reality to rule and convention, however fine and well said the verses, the public will go to sleep, or will remain untouched, respectful, and indifferent.

Shortly before his death, Talma—too great an artist not to be aware of the insufficiency of the Racinian and other classical personations which his talent alone could render acceptable —bewailed the sadness of his fate in having been eternally condemned to express himself on the scene as an Academician, and never as a man, just as Corneille was wont to lament at having to submit to the stage rules of Aristotle. "*Surtout plus de beaux vers!*" said Talma, perhaps unaware that with one word he was laying his finger on the fundamental defect of the classical school. Thus the tragedies of Racine are absolutely dull; and the few spectators "Britannicus" can muster now-a-days are those who suppose that Racine is admirable, and must in consequence be

yawned over with due respect to his great but undetected genius. What can be more dreary than the emphatic tirades of those pompous and extra-human personages, who entwine the simplest expression with paraphrases and circumlocutions, and, instead of

"Il est minuit,"

give us this curt and neatly put euphemism :—

"Du haut de ma demeure,
Seigneur, l'horloge enfin sonne la douzième heure ;"

who cannot make up their minds to the shocking emergency of dying on the stage, but discreetly retire to the greenroom for that operation ; and who continue to express unnatural sentiments in masculine and feminine rhymes of the dreariest and most exasperating perfection? It is by such narrow treatment that dramatic art is destroyed ; conventionality and affectation are far more baneful to stage excellence than the loudest excesses in the other extreme ; and from 1700 to 1810 the unparalleled poverty of the French theatre demonstrates but too conclusively with what degeneracy art may be afflicted under the influence of a Racine. It steadily waned throughout the eighteenth century. Racine was followed by Voltaire, a poor poet and dramatist ; and under Ducis and Pixéricourt, we find the classical style even more unbearable. Voltaire had somewhat vulgarized the name of Shakespeare, hitherto unknown in France, but had stamped him down as a "madman," after vain efforts to imitate him ; and it is a sign of the times that public taste was so radically perverted by pompous tragedy, that men like the immortal author of "Candide" should find it stupid and coarse for Othello to murder Desdemona before the public, and to carry ridicule and indecency so far as to do it witn a pillow.

By a strange reaction, the honour of regenerating French dramatic art was reserved for the man whom the great Voltaire stigmatized as a madman. At the beginning of this century Shakespeare was steadily read in France. A powerful generation, born and bred in the shadow of the first revolution, hot-blooded, passionate, open to generous ideas, possessing to a marvellous degree the keen spirit of art blended with the *esprit révolutionnaire*, taken in its highest acceptation, was inaugurating the age for France and promising great things for the future. On no other public could Shakespeare have worked more profoundly. "*Voilà la vérité dans l'art!*" exclaimed many of these boiling young men, Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, Paul Delacroix, and others. And henceforth Shakespeare was read and worshipped *con furore*. He was translated and imitated, and finally there came forth works pregnant with proud and self-asserted personality, not written after the manner but after the spirit of Shakespeare, in which men and women could die as they liked, where tragic sentiment did not exclude comedy, or comedy drama ; in fact, where creatures could cry, laugh, die, live, and speak as common mortals. These were M. Victor Hugo's.

It was in 1827. The sun of the Bourbons was setting for ever : the revolution of 1830 was already giving unequivocal tokens of its forthcoming outburst ; a spirit of rebellion was stirred, not only in politics but in literature. To Ducis had succeeded Casimir Delavigne ; to Casimir Delavigne, the missing link between *la vieille tragédie* and romanticism, another style was to succeed. At that time Victor Hugo, known hitherto as the young and promising poet of royalty, began to manifest decided leanings to dramatic writing. The young man was well read in the great English plays, but his literary education had been essentially orthodox ; he was brought up to respect Legitimacy and Catholicism, was still obviously impressed by what he had fed on, and his principles clashed for some time with his natural aspirations towards freedom of expression. It was not until an apparently trifling event,

which it is useful to record here as a species of prefatory explanation, revealed to him and others a boundless vein in art, that his ideas were fixed, and that he set with vigour and audacity to breaking with every tradition. The Odéon had given, for the first time in France, Weber's "Freischütz;" and the manager was so encouraged by the success of his foreign importation, that he induced Charles Kean and a troupe of English actors to give a series of Shakespearian performances. The attempt was not a little venturous; Frenchmen are but poor English scholars; it is in translations that they admire the beauties of English literature, even at this period of continuous international communication. We are told, for instance, by Alexandre Dumas (who translated many English books, although he knew not a word of the language) that Gustave Planche was, to his knowledge, one of the three or four literary men who could read Shakespeare in the text. However, this ignorance of English seems not to have impeded Kean's success. Victor Hugo followed with intense interest all the personations of the great English actor; the performances, guessed more than understood, inspired him with enthusiastic admiration for the genius whom he styles, in the preface to "Cromwell," "the god of the theatre, uniting in one person the three characteristic geniuses of the French scene—Corneille, Molière, Beaumarchais." He was then giving a last touch to "Cromwell;" the part of the Protector was destined for Talma. Talma was a man of taste and refinement, as well as a great actor; he divined that the young poet would give him occasions for other triumphs, and solicited a part in the forthcoming drama. But Talma died before its completion; and Victor Hugo developed it to proportions that excluded it from the stage. At the same time he wrote a preface to the play, purporting to be the grand manifesto of the *Romantiques*. The preface produced perhaps more effect than the drama; it was the signal for violent discussions in the two hostile camps, and was the preliminary skirmish to the great battles fought over "Hernani" and "Marion." The *Classiques* were not so easily sent about their business. "La jeunesse dorée"—it *was* a golden youth then, not one of German silver—ranged itself under the banner of Victor Hugo, and the supporters of the old school prepared for the struggle. The painter Delacroix wrote to the poet: "*Eh bien*, the field is ours! Hamlet raises his hideous head, Othello prepares his pillow so essentially murderous and subversive of all good dramatic policy. You had better wear a stout cuirass under your coat. Fear the classical daggers." And, in truth, this jocular recommendation was not without reason, for the struggle was very soon to pass from literary to physical demonstrations.

The principles laid down in the famous preface were those that were to become the basis of the modern drama. "Three kinds of spectators," it said, "compose what it is agreed to call the public: (1) the women; (2) the thinkers; (3) the common mass. What the common mass demand of a dramatic work is *action*; what woman requires, above all things, is *passion*; what thinkers more especially seek are *types*. The common mass is so enamoured with action as willingly to overlook passion and types; women are so absorbed by the development of passion, that they give no attention to the design of the types; and as to thinkers, they are so eager to see types, that is to say, men, alive on the stage, that albeit they accept passion as a natural instinct in a dramatic work, their equanimity is almost disturbed by the action. This is because the common mass especially seek sensations in the theatre; women are in quest of emotion, and thinkers of reflection: all want pleasure; but the first want the pleasure of the eyes, the second that of the heart, the last that of the mind. Hence the existence of three very distinct kinds of dramatic work—one vulgar and imperious, the two others illustrious and superior, but all three

gratifying a separate want: the melodrama for the common mass; for women, the tragedy, where passion is analysed; for thinkers, the comedy, which describes humanity." This classification may be perhaps a little too exclusive, but on consideration it will be found to contain the immutable rules of dramatic production. The plays brimful of poison, murder, duels, and other violent actions, written for the Ambigu, could hardly be presented on any other stage, because they are written for a special unlettered public invincibly allured to the sight of such excrescences by a natural law. "For those," pursues Victor Hugo, "who study the three categories I have spoken of, it is evident that all three are in the right: women are right in wishing to be moved; thinkers in wishing to be taught; the common herd in wishing to be amused. Hence the necessity of the drama. Beyond the foot-lamps, that barrier of fire which separates the real from the ideal world, to create and to vivify men in the combined conditions of art and nature; to instil into these men passions which develop some and modify others; and lastly, out of their collision with the laws of providence, to derive human life—that is to say, great, small, painful, comical, and terrible events — such is the object of the drama. It is, in fact, the alliance of tragedy and comedy."

This was tantamount to classing Racine and his followers among the *perruques* that had fulfilled their time. Unfortunately the *perruques* were numerous in 1827; they clang to the Racinian *répertoire* as desperately as they held on to the Bourbons, and the Bourbons to their crown; and they were seconded by the vacillating mass which will at all times side with the opponents of innovation, following the ingenuous maxim that what has been consecrated by time and past generations must be infinitely superior to anything new, however good. So the *Perruquiers* were determined to play out the game *unguibus et rostro*—with fist and foot; but how could this be done? "Cromwell," covering paper to the extent of five hundred pages, was not to appear on any stage: they would vow it to the infernal divinities on paper, and charge the writer with his scandalous ignorance of French grammar, and with misspelling Shakespeare's name, which he spelt "Schakspere," and indulge in other such little fantasies with the pen. But that was all. There were enough tokens of combativeness in the preface, and sufficient dramatic power in the play to guarantee an early opportunity of fighting out the battle before the foot-lamps.

A year or so elapsed, and it suddenly became known that the desired moment was forthcoming. Victor Hugo had written a five-act drama called "Un Duel sous Richelieu," wherein the principles of romanticism were acted upon with a vengeance. The play had been read to an audience at once numerous and select: Balzac, Alfred de Musset, Frédéric Soulier, Alexandre Dumas, the brother painters Deveria, Delacroix, Saint-Beuve, and the full body of heroes of the *romantique* Iliad. The poet's friends had feared that his talent could not bend itself to the exigencies of the stage; but the *lecture* had dispelled all apprehension; the applause had been unanimous, and Baron Taylor, the royal commissary of theatres, had risen to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to bespeak the piece (the name of which was afterwards changed to "Marion de Lorme") for the Théâtre Français. Shortly after, Victor Hugo received a letter from the manager of the Porte Saint Martin offering a splendid cast, including Frédéric Lemaître and Madame Alain-Dorval, both in the radiancy of their talent. Then a gentleman with white trousers and a white face, and a decoration at his button-hole, the well-known M. Harel, besought the author to let him have it for the Odéon; and when the author alleged his engagement with the Théâtre Français, the enterprising manager, espying the MS. on the table, took forcible possession, and would have walked

off with it had he not with great difficulty been induced to relinquish his prize. So went the classical chronicle. But although the artists of the Comédie received their parts with favour, and the competition between managers was so great, the first onslaught was not to take place over "Marion de Lorme." The Censure condemned the play, on the plea of immoral and subversive tendencies. For the censors, it was a crime to show a Phryne capable of rehabilitation; for the Home Minister, M. de Martignac (poor both as author and statesman), who had perpetrated some vaudevilles in the old style in conjunction with Scribe, it was a grievous offence to write otherwise than Scribe and he did; as for Charles X. it was an enormity to place one of his weakest ancestors on the stage, and still worse to portray Louis XIII. in true colours. So Marion was prohibited by general consent. The drama was performed after the revolution of 1830, not with the original cast of the Théâtre Français, but at the Porte Saint Martin—Bocage in the part of Didier, and Dorval as Marion. Its success was not affirmed without passionate disputes: Madame Dorval, admirable from the first to the last word of her part, was hissed more than once, especially at the verses—

> "Fut-ce pour te sauver, redevenir infâme,
> Je ne le puis. Mon Didier, ton souffle a relevé mon âme!" &c. &c.

by those who, to use the poet's words, "could not hear chaste things with chaste ears." But, as with most pieces the excellence of which is contested because they are partly misunderstood, "Marion de Lorme" eventually triumphed, not because the obnoxious verses and situations, but the public, were altered. This drama, the first stage piece written by M. Victor Hugo, is by no means his best: it is far below "Le Roi s'amuse," "Ruy Blas," and, we should almost say, "Lucrèce Borgia," in dramatic construction. The knowledge of the stage is often meagre; Didier comes in at the window when there is no reason why he should not use the door. There are frequent coincidences, as when Marion says to Didier—

> "Vous êtes mon Didier, mon maître et mon seigneur,"

almost the words of Doña Sol, in "Hernani,"—

> "Vous êtes mon lion superbe et généreux."

There is too much analogy, too, between the parts and speeches of De Nangis and De Silva—an analogy which may be said to extend, for type at least, to St. Vallier in "Le Roi s'amuse." Extreme deference to historical veracity has also led the poet to frame the character of Louis XIII. on a too drawling and laggard pattern. It is true that, allowing for these defects, there remains a very fine drama, altogether worthy of the writer. What wit and *entrain* in the speeches of the volatile De Saverny! The light, harebrained, unconsciously cruel, and yet withal open nature of the seventeenth century *seigneur*, is given with incomparable delicacy and exactness; and the whole of the fifth act, culminating in Didier's forgiveness of Marion for deceiving him, is admirable—

> "Eh bien! non! non! mon cœur se brise! c'est horrible!
> Non; je l'ai trop aimée! Il est bien impossible
> De la quitter ainsi! Non, c'est trop malaisé
> De garder un front dur quand le cœur est brisé!
> Viens! O viens dans mes bras!"

Is the play immoral? The treatment it met at the hands of Charles X.—a treatment, it would seem, recently repeated in this country—points to immorality. An erring creature, lost in the whirl of a brilliant and dissolute life, is by chance touched to the heart by real, profound love; forthwith she eschews the past, leaves for ever the scene of her disorders, and makes herself a life of crystalline purity. The event that has worked this sudden conversion is real love; the woman is transfigured, and feels a horror for her past life. The moral object of "Marion de Lorme" is, then, to show that virtue can bend down even to the most forlorn

and abandoned, and raise them again to the eyes of the world, respectable, if not respected. Looked upon in this light (we think the right one), "Marion de Lorme" is no more the subversive play, the outrage on respectable feelings, it is generally considered to be; and the parallel frequently made with "La Dame aux Camélias" of Dumas fils is false and dishonest.

We have now to return to the sequel of the prohibition of M. Victor Hugo's first piece. "Hernani" was yet to come. It was written a few days after the undaunted dramatist's check, was read to Mademoiselle Mars and the *élite* of the Français, enthusiastically greeted by the artists, and forthwith rehearsed. The eagerness of the best comedians to secure even the most unimportant parts; the excitement caused by the prohibition of "Marion de Lorme;" the rapidly-increasing celebrity of the author, and, most of all, the declared war between the *Ecole* and the *Romantiques* all contributed to raise public curiosity to the highest degree, and turned the forthcoming production into a topic that threw every other question in the shade, and made the first performance of "Hernani" a memorable event. Foes of the new style used every means, *per fas* & *nefas*, to insure its failure. They commenced by disaffecting the actors; and Mademoiselle Mars, the original Doña Sol, showed (as Dumas has told us in his memoirs) that a great artist can be one of the worst-tempered of women. Mademoiselle Mars would insist on altering verses which she accused of being "ridiculous," disregarded the friendly advice of the author, treated him with biting contempt, and drove him to desperation. The play was unknown, and attacked beforehand. Fragments of scenes were surreptitiously secured and held up to public ridicule. A *classique* author was once found concealed, during a rehearsal, taking down the verses as they were recited; and thus a parody of an unproduced play was given at the Vaudeville. The very *figurants* of the theatre, under these combined efforts, regarded M. Victor Hugo with supercilious looks; and it came out that the *chef de claque* himself was an opponent of the *Romantiques*. This worthy chief of the "Romans" claimed literary opinions of his own; by dint of applauding when the public chose to allow him, he thought that the success of pieces depended on his co-operation; and he declared he was too loyal to help Victor Hugo with his puissant hands, after doing the same service to Delavigne and Scribe. The poet, however, appealed from the *claqueurs* to the *jeunesse* of the Quartier Latin, and intrusted them with the preservation of his rights. The substitution was advantageous. Under the leadership of the hirsute and athletic Théophile Gautier, the phalanx was prepared to apply biceps to any amount in favour of literature; most of these exuberant young men afterwards became illustrious in their own sphere, and distinguished themselves in other ways than by their readiness to burn down Paris rather than permit "Hernani" to be hooted off by a cabal. The great day arrived, and with it an avalanche of turnip-tops, cabbages, and other missiles, showered down on the heads of the Gautier phalanx as they waited for admittance, by *Classiques* encamped on the roof of the Comédie Française. This was followed in the house, as a *lever de rideau*, by a hand-to-hand encounter, wherein Gautier gave evidence of his muscular vigour by throwing a weaker *Classique*, who was hissing, at another *Classique* who was also hissing in another part of the pit. In fact, when the curtain rose on Doña Sol's chamber, many a spectator was stanching the blood from his ill-treated nose. The first scenes—the meeting of Hernani and King Don Carlos, the dialogue between the bandit and Ruy Gomez—passed with but faint opposition; the nobleness of the sentiment and the beauty of the verse impressed the enemy more than they had reckoned. The most delicate turn of the evening was the famous "scene of the portraits," in which Ruy Gomez de Silva enumerates to Carlos the exploits of his ancestors. It passed with but a

few murmurs; the opposition was completely cowed, the success almost unanimous; and while the house was still filled with acclamations after the fifth act, and M. Hugo was congratulating Mademoiselle Mars on her admirable performance, Doña Sol, softened by her success, was as charming as she had before been crotchety and overbearing. She no longer haggled over

"Mon lion!"

but declared every verse superb. Her joy, however, was premature. The orthodox *feuilletonistes*, the partisans of "good taste," filled the Comédie Française on the second night, and recommenced the struggle more fiercely than ever. Théophile Gautier and his heroes were at their post; almost every verse was hissed, applauded, interrupted. It became necessary for the champions of romanticism to assist at every representation, and as the number of seats allotted to them did not exceed a hundred, they fought an uphill battle. The performances became more and more stormy, until, on the forty-seventh night, exasperation attained alarming proportions. "Hernani" was given in the provincial towns; at Toulouse it led to a duel which resulted in the death of one combatant. Eight years elapsed before the revival of the play that had provoked such extraordinary demonstrations. Still it was less calculated to provoke outbursts of passion than "Marion," for the morality of the subject was unquestionable, and the clerical party could detect no offensive allusions; but "Hernani"—inferior in many respects to "Marion"—was the first onslaught on literary pedantry; it was, in regard to taste, what "Tartufe" had been to devout hypocrites. It had commenced the work of demolition; and henceforth M. Victor Hugo, having proved that he could write a drama on the plan developed in the preface to "Cromwell," became the leading dramatic celebrity.

His activity was really remarkable. In 1832, barely three years after "Hernani," he had completed two other dramas, one of which was to turn out at once his best and his most unfortunate. "Le Roi s'amuse" has to this day the attraction of a novelty; it was performed once, and then set aside by official prevision not unbacked by public disapproval, and yet its recent revival at the Porte Saint Martin was looked for with more interest than its production had been.[1] The plot is well known: Triboulet, the shapeless buffoon of Francis I. of France, encourages him in his lawless invasions of private life and eulogises his corrupt habits; an old man, St. Vallier, father of Diane de Poitiers, upbraids the king with the seduction of his daughter; Triboulet, who has a daughter too, scoffs at his grief; and by a just retribution, what has happened to St. Vallier strikes him like a curse for his cynicism—the "roi galant" robs him of his daughter Blanche, who dies murdered in an ambush prepared by her father for the king. It is easy to see how fertile this texture is in thrilling dramatic situations; and although some of the scenes arising out of these situations are uncouth and savage, the fundamental idea of the play is not more immoral or repulsive than that of "Marion." Victor Hugo, moreover, throughout the development of "Le Roi s'amuse" (an antithetic title of sinister meaning), betrays that immense compassion for all that is disgraced by nature, prejudice, and human injustice, which has ever been discernible in his works. In "Notre Dame" we have Quasimodo, a monster ejected from society, ill-treated, insulted like a pariah because of his deformity, and yet revealing beneath a hideous form a soul capable of love and fidelity. In "Les Misérables" there is again the pariah of society, Jean Valjean. In "Le Roi s'amuse," the black sheep is Triboulet. It is difficult to depict with more fervent power the sufferings of this poor buffoon, painfully concealed under a mask of laughter; his laughter, at first more

[1] The play has since been prohibited by the French government.

painful than the bitterest tears, turns tragic like that of Mephistopheles; the distorted fool suffers so much from man and nature, that his soul becomes fiendish; he laughs at the sight of misery, scoffs at anguish, whispers corruption in the ears of Francis I., is the evil genius of the royal court. The wretch remains attached to humanity by one single link—paternal love. With his daughter he casts away the mask and the wickedness of the court buffoon. The verses of the monologue in which Triboulet curses his fate are well known:—

"Ah! La nature et les hommes m'ont fait
Bien méchant; bien cruel et bien lâche en effet!
O rage, être bouffon! O rage être difforme!
Toujours cette pensée! Et qu'on veille ou qu'on dorme,
Quand du monde en rêvant vous avez fait le tour,
Retomber sur ceci: je suis bouffon de cour!
Ne vouloir, ne devoir, ne pouvoir, et ne faire
Que rire! quel excès d'opprobre et de misère!

. . .

O Dieu! triste et l'humeur mauvaise,
Pris dans un corps mal fait où je suis mal à l'aise,
Tout rempli du dégoût de ma difformité,
Jaloux de toute force et de toute beauté,
Entouré de splendeurs qui me rendent plus sombre,
Parfois, farouche et seul, quand je cherche un peu l'ombre,
Si je veux recueillir et calmer un moment
Mon âme qui sanglote et pleure amèrement,
Mon maître tout à coup survient, mon joyeux maître,
Qui, tout puissant, aimé des femmes, heureux d'être,
A force de bonheur oubliant le tombeau,
Grand, jeune, et bien-portant, et roi de France, et beau,
Me pousse avec le pied dans l'ombre où je soupire,
Et me dit en baillant: Bouffon, fais moi donc rire!"

Then follow the developments of a curious psychological study. When St. Vallier impeaches the king for granting his reprieve at the cost of his daughter's honour, in accents unsurpassed for elevation of sentiment, and Triboulet roars at his grief, the outraged old man says to Francis—

"Sire, ce n'est pas bien.
Sur le lion mourant vous lâchez votre chien!"

and, turning upon the grinning jester—

"Qui que tu sois, valet à langue de vipère,
Qui fais ainsi risée de la douleur d'un père,
Sois maudit!"

St. Vallier's anathema takes effect. Triboulet's daughter is torn from him and taken in the net of the debauched king; he in his turn feels the anguish of St. Vallier, and the drama reaches its climax when Triboulet insults the courtiers who have served their master's caprice. This scene is written throughout with the consummate skill of a noble artist; and it is really astonishing how the rules of poetry and refined form are united with the most furious and savage expressions of anguish. The evil too is irreparable; for Blanche has learnt to love her ravisher. Triboulet then vows revenge. He allures the king to a *coup-gorge*, and the crime is almost accomplished when the sister of the bravo takes pity on the sleeping monarch, and persuades the keeper of the den to murder the first comer, and hand the body to Triboulet as the object of his revenge. The jester's daughter has heard this, and she resolves to save her royal lover at the cost of her own life. Thus Triboulet, a few moments after, is gloating in the darkness over his child's corpse, believing it to be that of his foe:—

"Scélérat! Pense tu m'entendre encore?
Ma fille, qui vaut plus qui ne vaut ta couronne,
Ma fille, qui n'avait fait de mal à personne,
Tu me l'as enviée et prise! Tu me l'as
Rendue avec la honte—et le malheur, hélas!
Eh bien, dis, m'entends-tu? Maintenant, c'est étrange;
Oui, c'est moi qui suis là, qui ris et qui me venge!
Parce que je feignais d'avoir tout oublié,
Tu t'étais endormi! Tu croyais donc—pitié!—
La colère d'un père aisément édentée!
Oh non, dans cette lutte entre nous suscitée,
Lutte du faible au fort, le faible est le vainqueur;
Lui qui léchait tes pieds, il te ronge le cœur!"

He continues thus to vent his rage until a flash of lightning shows him the countenance, not of the king, but of his daughter. Thus the jester feels

to the end the scourge of his bad action; while throughout the play his desperate situation and the good side of his nature are constantly shown off. The just rendering of passion, the plausibility of the situations, and the beauty of the verse, form a drama that can stand any comparison. And yet thirty-five years ago it was hissed! Had the performance of "Le Roi s'amuse" been continued, the public would probably have altered their verdict; but Louis Philippe took exception to a strong verse in the fourth act. The bourgeois king thought it was an allusion to his family, though the author haughtily denied ever having stooped to such a means of attack. Here we have another instance of the official prohibition of plays turning to the profit of the proscribed and the ridicule of the proscribers. Charles X. could not retard his overthrow by stopping "Marion de Lorme;" Louis Philippe did himself no good by prohibiting "Le Roi s'amuse," nor was the empire a whit stronger for excluding all M. Victor Hugo's dramas from the French stage. In each case M. Hugo was the gainer.

By far the most successful Hugoïte novelty was "Lucrèce Borgia." This time the drama was in prose, and claimed the hospitality of the Boulevard Comédie Française, at the Porte Saint Martin. This house, now so melodramatic, was then literary; it promised actors like F. Lemaître and Bocage; and the celebrated Mademoiselle Georges was to be Lucrèce. The young *Romantiques*—even Théophile Gautier, who by this time had made a reputation of his own by "Mademoiselle de Maupin"—were ever ready to fight for verse; but they hesitated to commit themselves for prose, and were only induced to do so after the reading of a few scenes, which converted them. The drama proved a triumphant success, more especially for that admirable artist Lemaître, who, as Gennaro, was one of the most terrific sons ever begotten by a monstrous stage mother. "Lucrèce Borgia" was a good drama, with a strong tinge about it of the "movement" which the author so severely denounced; it was written in fine vigorous French, and is altogether of more than average quality. The sensational side of "Lucrèce," however, probably captivated more than all its intrinsic value. M. Victor Hugo's genius, more at ease in a poetical form, in this drama writes his poetry in prose; and poetry in prose in M. Hugo's hands must necessarily appear unduly emphatic. The subject of "Lucrèce" is, undoubtedly, repulsive; still Lucrèce Borgia, albeit a monster, is capable of maternal love; so much so, indeed, that she leaves her son Gennaro in ignorance of his birth rather than that he should know her infamy. In "Le Roi s'amuse" Triboulet unwittingly kills his daughter; Gennaro murders his mother. The poet has, doubtless, intended to make a contrast between the two characters: one the victim of injustice and cruelty, but punished because he inflicted on others what he would have others do to himself; the other, the incarnation of vice, malice, and ferocity, justly perishing by what must be to her the most horrible of deaths. To place a parricide on the stage, even when he is unconscious of the extent of his crime, is of very questionable necessity. However, M. Victor Hugo might argue, as he probably did, that the best way of inspiring repulsion for monstrous passions is to exhibit them in all their horror. Moreover, if this controversy on the right of producing certain subjects on the stage, with a view to public teaching, be reserved, the same elevated purpose which the dramatist betrayed in "Marion," is traceable in the portraiture of Lucrèce, and we see that a creature, however monstrous or disgraced, is not wholly beyond the pale of human forgiveness, and may be yet worthy of redemption.

"Marie Tudor," another prose drama, wherein the English queen is the principal person, is still more open to the reproach of exaggerated melodramatic effect than "Lucrèce Borgia." It

scarcely deserved a failure, but it scarcely deserved success. It was in this play that the charming serenade, so prettily put in music by M. Gounod, was introduced :—

> " Quand tu chantes, bercée
> Le soir, entre mes bras,
> Entends tu ma pensée
> Qui te répond tout bas ?
> Ton doux chant me rappelle
> Les plus beaux de mes jours. . .
> Chantez, ma belle !
> Chantez toujours ! "

The last of his prose plays was " Angelo." It was supported by two great actresses, Mademoiselle Mars, and her equal in talent, Madame Alain-Dorval. To pit two rival artists in the same piece against each other was an excellent means of insuring a capital interpretation. Madame Dorval was Catarina, the tyrannized wife of Angelo Malipieri ; and Mademoiselle Mars the *courtisane* La Tisbé—both in love with the same man. Angelo Malipieri, Podestà of Padua, an impulsive man and a jealous husband, suspects his wife of faithlessness, and immediately resolves to have her quietly beheaded in her own room—an ingenious device for avoiding scandal. This is the more unjust, since Catarina, though in love with a third person, Rodolfo, is quite innocent of the crime for which she is to suffer ; while Malipieri, her executioner, is himself guilty of it. As usual, poor Catarina is given a few hours to settle her earthly affairs, and obtains poison instead of the axe. La Tisbé here makes her appearance, and, on learning the poor woman's desperate plight, saves her, gives her the means of running away with Rodolfo — a terrible sacrifice, since she is also in love with him—and, when they are gone, poisons herself. The object is to present two types of women : one in the world, striving against despotism, the other banished from society, yet withal generous, and striving against public contempt. This psychological study has the fault of having been to a great extent expounded in some of the dramas spoken of before.

By way of variety, M. Hugo next extracted a libretto from " Notre Dame de Paris," which was set to music by a lady composer, Mademoiselle Louise Bertin. Meyerbeer volunteered his services ; but they were declined, which was a misfortune, for an opera by Victor Hugo and Meyerbeer might have kept its ground, whereas Mademoiselle Bertin's music was a complete failure. Madame Victor Hugo relates, in her interesting record of her husband's life, that the work had been based on the word ἀνάγκη—" fatality." Fatality indeed pursued the work and the singers who interpreted it. Nourrit, the famous tenor, shortly after committed suicide in Italy ; Mademoiselle Falcon lost her voice immediately after ; Mademoiselle Bertin died. A ship named *Esmeralda* was lost at the time in the Irish Sea ; and a favourite race-horse that had borne the same name, and belonged to the Duc d'Orleans, was killed a few days after the failure of the opera. These odd coincidences are worth recording.

The successful production of " Ruy Blas " was an adequate compensation for the failure at the Opera. This drama, second only to " Le Roi s'amuse," was performed in 1838 at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, now the Italian Opera. The history of the piece is very interesting. The new house was specially established for the demands of the new art ; not only Victor Hugo's plays, but those of Alexandre Dumas, were to be given. The part of Ruy Blas was intrusted to Frédéric Lemaître, Don César was St. Firmin, and Alexandre Mauzin undertook the part of Don Salluste de Bazan. Of these three accomplished comedians, one only—Frédéric Lemaître—is alive, and occasionally shows his white hairs in parts specially written for him. He made Ruy Blas one of the grandest creations of the French stage ; and for the first time, according to Victor Hugo's own words, the poet felt the satisfaction of seeing his hero live as he had imagined him. At one of the rehearsals, Victor Hugo narrowly missed being killed by an iron

bar which fell on the chair he had just vacated. Of these rehearsals Lemaître was the soul; he not only applied all his powers to the perfection of his own part, but he assisted his comrades with valuable advice, reciting their scenes and indicating the proper intonation. When the performance at last took place, it was soon obvious that the usual public of the Hugoïte and other *romantique* representations was no more. A new generation was rapidly replacing it; the ardent friends who had done such stout work at "Hernani," had become too grave and too old to sport red waistcoats and flowing manes; some were popular authors in their turn, and thought of themselves; some had married; all had parted with their hair and much of their enthusiasm. It was the fault of time and age; not a few were already turning longing looks towards the once ostracized Académie Française, and sagaciously reckoned that many romantic idols would have to be sacrificed before they could slip into that respectable circle. We rather think M. Victor Hugo himself had stood as a candidate for academic laurels, and had been deservedly sent about his business for presuming to claim a place not ordinarily accorded to literary merit.[1] "Ruy Blas" was favourably received withal. And it was impossible to resist the effect of such fine verses, and of Lemaître's tremendous acting. It is said that in the fifth act he surpassed the greatest comedians. The passages in which Ruy Blas tears his cloak off and exclaims—

Je m'appelle Ruy Blas, et je suis un valet!"

and stigmatizes his master thus—

"J'ai l'habit d'un laquais, mais vous en avez l'âme!"

were said with a fury and passion which made the public think that never were finer verses or more splendidly said. On the fourth night, Lemaître, noticing a spectator who had systematically hissed at certain portions of the drama, said, as usual, to Don Salluste—

"Sauvons ce peuple! Osons être grands, et frappons!
Otons l'ombre à l'intrigue et le masque. . ."

but instead of addressing the end of the verse to Don Salluste, he advanced to the footlights, looked the perturbator in the face, and said to him—

". . . aux fripons!'

In this closing piece of M. Victor Hugo's dramatic production the reader will find few of his defects, while all his qualities are strained to the highest degree of expansion. Antitheses are used with striking effect, as in the following verses (Ruy Blas's declaration to the queen), so much ridiculed by some writers, but which we take leave to point out as charming:—

"Madame, sous vos pieds, dans l'ombre, un homme est là
Qui vous aime, perdu dans la nuit qui le voile;
Qui souffre, ver de terre amoureux d'une étoile;
Qui pour vous donnera son âme s'il le faut,
Et qui se meurt en bas, quand vous brillez en haut!"

The *scenario* has some likeness with Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules;" but the two ideas are quite differently worked out. Molière's knavish lacqueys, Jodelet and Mascarille, ridicule the *précieuses* in their master's clothes, nearly as much for their own amusement as to serve their master's grudge. Ruy Blas, the valet to Don Salluste de Bazan, is taken in his master's artful trap; Don Salluste is deprived of power at the instigation of the Queen of Spain; and being of a malignant and revengeful temper, resolves to substitute his servant Ruy Blas for a cousin —Don César de Bazan—of whom he has just got rid by sending him to be sold to pirates. Ruy Blas, the menial, thus made the central figure of the play, has the dress, but not the heart of his office; a Bohemian, and a dreamer, he has assumed a livery in a moment of want. His master thinks him clever enough to

[1] He has since been admitted to the Académie.

make a decent figure in the new social sphere, where he will use him as the instrument of his vengeance. He artfully persuades him to try a rich court costume, and as the courtiers enter the room, and before Ruy Blas is aware of his situation, he presents him as his long-lost cousin, Don César. Shortly after the queen passes before the door, and as Ruy Blas, flurried and bewildered, asks, "Et que m'ordonnez vous, seigneur?" Don Salluste raises his finger towards the queen and answers:

"De plaire à cette femme, et d'être son amant."

In the third act we find Ruy Blas, high in favour, prime minister, and the first nobleman of the court. He wishes he could frustrate his master's purpose, but the latter is too profound a villain not to have foreseen everything. The false César de Bazan has come to be looked upon by the queen with a not indifferent eye. Don Salluste at length draws her and his former valet into a situation whence the queen can only emerge dishonoured in the eyes of the world. Unhappily for the vindictive Spaniard, Ruy Blas's character has been misjudged, for he reveals his identity, and saves the reputation of the queen by killing Don Salluste; after which he puts an end to his own life. This plot will appear devoid of charm and somewhat improbable; otherwise "Ruy Blas" would have been M. Victor Hugo's masterpiece.

It was virtually his last play. "Les Burgraves," given at the Comédie Française, was of inferior quality, and failed, after evoking a score of parodies, as in France does almost every piece signed with a famed name. Ever since—that is since twenty-five years—M. Victor Hugo has given up writing for the stage, and has even withheld a drama, "Les Jumeaux," which it is to be hoped will some day be given. His retirement is due, he states, to his repugnance to give his thoughts as a prey to a public so often systematically hostile. The reason is a poor one, inasmuch as the merits of the dramas which once encountered opposition have by this time received full justice; and, moreover, an innovator of Victor Hugo's stamp has scarcely the right to be either surprised or disgusted at the severity of the battle he has to fight. It is more likely that the poet felt he could express himself with greater freedom and brilliancy in other forms of art. In such a matter he is the best judge; and although his retirement from dramatic literature may be regretted, it cannot be blamed. Whether Victor Hugo returns or not to his *premières amours*, his contributions to the drama are memorable, and take rank among the masterpieces of French literature. He deserves well for having sounded a key-note in his country, and freed the stage from mannerism and conventionality. Liberty, it is true, has since been but too frequently turned into licentiousness, under the ever-increasing tendency towards realism observable in the drama; but it is very seldom that justice does not sooner or later condemn works false in idea and baneful in influence. Sooner or later, although public taste may be temporarily debased or misled, good works are estimated at their just value, while those written rather to flatter than to teach, fall into the stillness of oblivion. So have thought all great dramatists worthy of that name.

Wycherly's degrading immoralities are judged according to their value; it will be the same with the so-called Opera Bouffe of these days; but M. Victor Hugo's drama will doubtless remain in its integrity; and whatever faults, in an æsthetic point of view, can be found with it, few will be prepared to show anything better in the modern theatre of France.

Since this was written, M. Victor Hugo has been again at work with that extraordinary exuberance of animal spirits which makes inaction abhorrent to him, and which not even old age can daunt or quell. His readers know to what subjects he has devoted his attention since discarding the dramatic form; and his romances, with their lengthy

developments, their analyses of passions of heart and head, their tumultuous and conflicting emotions, may have shown that he was judicious in preferring a form more adapted to his genius than that of the theatre, with its exigencies as to effect and limit. We are not conscious of uttering a doubtful truth when we say that the preferences of the theatrical public of to-day do not permit stage writing to assume the proportions Shakespeare gavė to his plays. One token of this is that Mr. Wills's plays draw more than Shakespeare's; and English and French tastes are pretty well on the same level in this respect. Victor Hugo was doubtless conscious of the fact when he eschewed the stage form for that of romance. No play could have contained the elements of "Les Misérables," much less could the stage have admitted of the epic proportions of "Quatre-vingt-treize," the new romance in which the poet has undertaken to tell the fearful tale of the French Revolution. Still the principles upon which Victor Hugo acts in his treatment of romance do but slightly vary from the sentiments which guided him of yore. He has merely enlarged his scope. To extol high and noble feelings, to create superb characters embodying the finest human aspirations, to teach, elevate, and improve, was then the object to which he devoted the full range of his intellectual gifts. And so it is now. But after delighting in archaic visions of courts, vicious kings, unhappy queens, distorted buffoons, and cynical courtiers, he has turned his eyes to the drama of modern life, and justly judges that the compass of the drama was inadequate to his new series, and that his personages required a broader expanse for their actions than the necessities of the stage could afford. It is not within our province to examine and analyse "Quatre-vingt-treize;" opinions may differ as to its political bias, although all will join in saying that for a man of Victor Hugo's advanced opinions the scale between the two relentless parties which struggled for supremacy in 1793 is fairly and evenly balanced; but there will be no difference of opinion as to its purely artistic superiority. The manner in which the plot is woven, the *crescendo* which is so admirably sustained from the first to the last page of the story, the tremendous dramatic power constantly revealed, show Victor Hugo to have been well advised when he preferred the romantic scope as more befitting the nature of his recent utterances.

CAMILLE BARRÈRE.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XVII.

If the day had been Ellen's, the evening was Lesbia's.

When she came down stairs into the Castle Daly drawing-room, dressed for late dinner, with a string of seed pearls round her neck, which Bride had taken from the old cedar-wood jewelcase that had not previously been open since their mother's death, and presented to her in acknowledgment of her present right to wear jewels, Lesbia felt not only that she was tasting for the first time the sweets of her heiress-ship, but that she was claiming the more subtle rights of grown-up young lady and beauty-hood which, under the pressure of Aunt Joseph's judicious snubbing, she had hitherto only ventured to take to herself by stealth, and at long intervals.

She did not look vain or self-conscious, or even excited. She was only radiant with the wholesome youthful radiance that comes of eyes shining with happiness, and white teeth gleaming through red lips parted in perpetual smiles.

Mrs. Daly, who had never hitherto bestowed much attention on the friend Ellen and Connor had picked up without introduction, looked at Lesbia Maynard now with surprised approval, and secretly wondered why her own daughter Ellen, who was not less well endowed with natural advantages, had never yet been able to assume the dainty, complete, well-appointed young lady look that seemed to have come in a moment to little Babette.

The Thornleys had brought habits of order and home comfort into the Castle Daly household that were very pleasing to Mrs. Daly, and filled her with envy for Bride's powers of government.

After dinner, at Bride's suggestion, they all adjourned to the library instead of to the large, scantily-furnished drawing-room, where it seemed impossible for a small party to converse or follow any occupations comfortably. A bright wood and turf fire burned on the hearth, and a leaf of one of the long windows was open, letting in the soft moonlight and the scent of garden flowers. The old grand piano on which Ellen used to play jigs and national airs out of time and tune to the torture of her mother's ears, had been brought from the drawing-room to the warmer library, and much improved by Bride's care and tuning. She sat down and played a long sonata tastefully and well, while the young people congregated by the open window talking and laughing. From her comfortable chair by the fireside Mrs Daly noticed all the little improvements and niceties of arrangement that Bride had introduced into the room during her three years' occupancy of it. Ah! she thought to herself, she has been able to carry out her plans. She has contrived to train the servants under her to a degree of neatness and carefulness that I could never persuade them to practise for me. It is because she has had proper support and sympathy from the man at the head of the house. The people under her have not felt as my servants did, that the sympathy of the master was on their side, and that he thought my particularity as tiresome as they did. I could have managed to organize an orderly house, such as I could have lived happily in, if I had been alone, or if Dermot had been different from what he is. It has been very hard

on me. I should actually have done better if I had been alone. My husband has been no support to me.

This was a very ordinary train of thought with Mrs. Daly. She had spent a good many painful half-hours in her life, turning and turning similar thoughts over in her mind. They came and went; accustomed guests looking into her mind with everyday faces of gentle discontent, and going away again leaving no remorse behind. This one was welcomed and entertained as usual. She did not know what a terrible power of pain it was endued with, or that during the few quiet minutes while she communed with it, it was piercing her memory with a sting, whose wound was never again to cease to ache.

When the crash with which Miss Thornley's musical study came to an end died away in the room, the conversation in the window grew audible enough to arrest Mrs. Daly's attention and break the train of her thoughts. It was Ellen's voice a little raised and eager that made itself heard first.

"But that is just what I hate," she was saying. "Sound reasoning is sure to be on the wrong side always. I just hate it."

"Thank you," Mr. Thornley, answered, quickly. "You have quite satisfied me; there is an end of our discussion. You acknowledge that sound reason is on my side. Call it the wrong side after that as much as you please."

"No, no; you won't understand. I did not say reason. I said reasoning. I meant that the reasons that can be put into words are nearly always wrong. The right side has so much above, behind, all round, that cannot possibly be said."

"Is not that a little too ingenious a way of claiming to be always right in an argument, where appearances are against you?" said Mr. Thornley, smiling.

"It is what I shall always think."

"An encouraging prospect for me in future arguments; or is it a warning to keep out of them?"

"Oh, no! I like arguments, only remember if you ever really mean to convince me on any point, you must be unreasonable. Then, I shall perhaps think that there may be something worth listening to in what you are saying."

Mrs. Daly noticed a look of amusement, slightly contemptuous amusement she thought, on Bride Thornley's face, now turned from the piano, and she hastened to put an end to her daughter's exposure of herself by summoning her to accompany her up stairs, and help her to get to bed.

It was growing late when Ellen left her mother's room, for Mrs. Daly was troubled with many nervous fears that were increased by her husband's absence, and Ellen had to make earnest promises of careful supervision as to the putting out of fires and locking of doors, before her mother could be persuaded to compose herself to rest.

The other members of the household had, however, not yet retired to their rooms. Ellen heard sounds from the library as she descended the stairs. Bride was again at the piano, and Lesbia and Pelham (the only musical member of the Daly family) were singing a German watch-song together. She would have to wait a few minutes longer, she found, before she could set out on her promised round of inspection through the house. She thought she would slip out into the garden, and look at the mountains, and breathe the fresh night air, till the song was ended, so throwing a cloak round her head, she ran down the front door steps on to the terrace. The moon was sinking in the west, but the night was not dark. Thousands of fiery lamps glowed overhead, and the lake shimmered a steely sheet of brightness, dotted with reflected points of light. There was a night thrush singing in the bushes near the gate. Ellen stood still for a minute or two to catch the faint warble mingled with the last notes of Lesbia's song "Good night, All's Well, Good night"—the two voices joined in giving the refrain, distinct and sweet, and then ceased. She was turning to go in.

"Miss Eileen, whist! For the love of God and His blessed mother I want

a word wid you.' One that's dying there without wants a word wid you for the love of God." These words in a low hoarse whisper fell on Ellen's ear, and at the same moment a hand was laid on her shoulder from behind. She did not start or scream, for the cracked voice and trembling touch of the hand were familiar of old, and she was not surprised on turning round to find old Molly Malachy standing before her, shivering, shaking, and mumbling with some unusual emotion apparently, but looking a very natural object to be there.

"To-night, Molly?" Ellen exclaimed. "Do you want me to go down to the village to-night? Who is dying? Might not my visit wait till early in the morning? You shall go with me to the house now, and get anything that may be wanted."

"It's you that's wanted, Miss Eileen —a word wid you. Shure his reverence has been sent for, and is on his way, and there's not a minute to lose; and oh, Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, sore will be yer heart, every day that ye live after, if ye don't do as I bid ye this miserable evening that's come to us all."

"Let me call Connor."

"It's yerself that's wanted, and nobody else, and there's not a minute to lose. For the love of God, come wid me now, avourneen macree."

The old woman had seized Ellen's arm by this time, and was dragging her towards the gate more rapidly than Ellen could have supposed such trembling limbs would have had power to move.

She trembled and shivered herself, but it was at the thought of being taken all at once from the gay talk and everyday occupations of the evening into the awful presence of death. She had not the remotest thought of danger or distress to herself; and she was not very much surprised, as she had often seen Anne O'Flaherty hurried away with similar persistence, to receive some death-bed confidence or have some last request urged upon her. She had very little doubt that it was some favour or promise of protection from her father that was sought to be extorted from her by dying lips; and though compliance was painful, she had not the heart to refuse even as startling a request as this on the second evening of her return.

"Is it far, Molly? Is it quite at the other end of the village?" she whispered anxiously, when they had passed the gate and the first group of cottages on the roadside, and were approaching a more solitary spot, where a by-lane leading down hill towards a tract of bog land opened from the village street. In the shadow of a wall a little distance down this lane stood an empty car, with a man wrapped in a loose frieze coat leaning against the horse, his face hidden on his arms. Molly dropped Ellen's hand and ran towards the car, exchanged a word with the man, and then began vehemently signing to Ellen to follow her. Ellen hesitated an instant between fear and kindness, and then turned down into the darkness, a little perplexed and annoyed with Molly for this apparently unnecessary delay, but not seriously alarmed yet. A minute more, and a sickening pang of fear, taking away all power of resistance, came. The cloak she wore was suddenly drawn over her face by a hand she did not see, and she felt herself lifted up from the ground in a strong grasp and pushed on to the car, to the seat of which other hands held her firmly, while the car set off down the steep road at a rapid pace. By the time she had recovered herself so far as to be able to drag the cloak from over her mouth and call for help, they had left the cabins some yards behind, and were plunging into the wild bog-land that lay to the west of the castle. Her cries were stopped by a hand laid on her lips, and old Molly's cracked voice pierced the ringing in her ears.

"Whisht, Miss Eileen, whisht, or we'll have to put you down, and the last words that he's longing to speak to you will never be said. It's our bare lives we're risking, avourneen, to save ye the worst part of the heart-break that has to come upon you; and shure ye'll not hinder what we're willing to do for *him* for want of courage. Darling

lady, is not yer heart warm enough wid love for your father to keep out the could fear?"

"My father!" cried Ellen; "O Molly, no no; nothing can ail him; no one will have hurt him. You would not dare to touch me if they had, and you knew it."

"We're risking our lives for him and you this minute. Whisht, then, it's an accident that's come to him, and the poor boys ran and called me whin they saw how it was, and I'm doing the best I can for him, the best they'll let me who have the power to hinder. And ye'll not be alone, avourneen; I'll stay wid ye, and his reverence will be there before daylight, for one's gone to warn him, braving all the danger that will follow. Bad luck to it all! for if he'd come that was expected, neither priest nor friend would have been needed."

"I don't understand, I don't understand," gasped Ellen. "Did you say papa wanted me, and that he was hurt? Why do we go so slowly? Why do you hold me? Let me get out and run."

"It's flying at the top of speed we are, darling; don't you hear the boy chirriping his horse wid all the voice that is not choked wid sorrow. There, lean against me, and cry yer heart out, and then ye'll be ready to sit out the hours wid a still face and help him."

Ellen had wept away the first blinding rush of tears, and the feverish agony of impatience to be doing something and to know the worst had returned before the car stopped; then Molly again drew the cloak forcibly over her face, while the man who was driving jumped down from his seat, threw the reins on his horse's neck, and lifting her from her place by Molly, carried her a few paces in his arms. She felt that he strode over some sort of fence, and descended a step or two, there was the click of a latch, and she was placed on her feet within a door that had been pushed open far enough to admit her. The man had disappeared before she had thrown the cloak from her face, but she had no thought or observation to give to him. Outside there had been the faint light of a clear, moonless night, and the same glimmer of stars shone on the spot where she stood, for though it was inclosed between four walls, the roof was gone; but there was other light here as well as that of the stars. A lantern placed on a projection in the stone wall cast a broad streak of light along the mud floor, and, lying in the light, Ellen saw, and saw nothing else but her father's figure stretched out; the white face, raised a little by a heap of rags that had been thrust under the head, looked ghastly, and would have been death-like but for the frown of intense pain that contracted the brows. She could not restrain a bitter cry of agony as she threw herself by his side.

"Oh, papa, papa, what is it? Can't you look at me? can't you speak to me?"

The frown of pain relaxed, the eyes opened and were raised to her face with the old look of love, and there was a movement of the lips as if to speak, but, to Ellen's despair, instead of words a thin stream of blood oozed from them and choked utterance.

"Whisht, thin, avourneen, whisht," whispered Molly, who now appeared out of the darkness close to Ellen's side, "don't make him spake a word yet, it's but a few that there's left for him to spake; let him keep the bit of breath that's in him to save his soul whin his reverence comes. There, sit down on the ground, and take his head in your lap. See, he likes that; the breath comes aisier now you have his head up. He's smiling on you, his own sweet smile, sweeter than May flowers."

"A doctor," gasped Ellen. "Oh, Molly, leave me to sit with him alone, I can; and bring a doctor and help. Why did not you think of that first?"

"Would you put the body, that must any way be stiff and could by morning, before the soul, that has got to live in heaven or hell for ever?" cried Molly, indignantly. "Shure, for what he has done for me an' mine, on my bended knees I begged his soul of them that were in sore dismay at the misfortune that had hap-

pened, but had their own lives to think of; and I got leave to bring a priest here if he was alive in the early morning, and I brought you of my own will, but it was all I dare do."

"Mamma and Connor——"

"Whist! whist! look what you have done," said Molly, pointing to the pale face, over which a quiver of pain passed at Ellen's words; "I brought you to whisper holy words into his ear, and help him to die aisy. I thought ye'd have the courage and be woman enough to know how, loving him as you do."

"What can I do! oh, what can I do to make him suffer less!"

"Wet his lips wid that," said Molly, putting a small bottle of whisky into her hand, "and maybe he'll open his eyes and smile at you again."

Ellen did as she was directed, and then with her handkerchief wiped the brows, on which the damp of death had already settled, and raised the head till it rested on her shoulder. The power of swallowing was gone, but the moisture to the lips seemed to bring refreshment, and Ellen repeated the operation again and again, finding some relief for her own extreme anguish of mind in having this little service to perform. She wore a small ivory cross on her neck that night, which Cousin Anne had given her on a long-passed birthday: in stooping to wet her father's lips the ribbon that fastened it became loose, and it slipped down close to his hand; his fingers closed feebly over it, and he smiled. It was more than a smile, he was murmuring some words low. Ellen put her ear close to catch them. "Dying for another, instead of another—it is well. Something worthy at the end of a careless life. In one thing—only in one thing, like Him." Here breath failed, and there was a few minutes of very painful gasping; but he had seen that Ellen was listening, and he made a great effort to go on; and now with more connection in his words. "Remember I die forgiving. Tell Pelham and Connor so. It was not meant for me, but I deserve it. King Log—Well, out of the way. Tell John Thornley I am glad I did not let him come here to-night. It was my place, not his." The sentences came out slowly, with long pauses between, but Ellen thought the voice grew stronger instead of weaker, and that a look of more perfect consciousness and an expression of peace grew into the face. "If you should ever see him anywhere—it is not likely, but if you should—tell him I forgave him my death. It was through my neglect he was tempted, and that I was glad it was not as he intended—it would have been a greater crime."

"Him! do you mean the man who did this?" said Ellen, shuddering inexpressibly—"you know who?"

There was no answer, only a smile; something like one of the old playful smiles that used to come when Ellen tried to coax some piece of news from her father, and he pretended to be unwilling to trust her. Then, after a long pause—

"Your mother will be happier with Pelham. Love is not always enough—but I'll be missed too."

In these alternate pauses and gasps of speech and of intense listening, an hour or two of the night passed. Old Molly sank on her knees in a corner of the cabin, and began to tell her beads rapidly, in a loud voice.

"To keep off the evil spirits that were trying to come in and battle for the soul of the dying," she whispered to Ellen, who would have trembled at the thought at another time, but who had no space in her mind for anything but grief then.

The stars one after another, in their march across the sky, looked through the rafters of the uncovered roof on to the group below. It seemed to Ellen, as her eye, raised now and then, followed their motions, as if she had fallen into some strange relations towards them, and was moving with them in hitherto unknown conditions of time through interminable periods. Millions of years, was it not—had she not read about it somewhere?—that they took to perform

their vast circling round some unknown centre? She had got involved in it somehow, and was living through a millennium of darkness, instead of a common night on which an ordinary day could dawn.

It grew intensely cold; a brisk wind rose, and blew chill and sharp through the hovel.

Molly rose from her knees, wrapped her old cloak round the dying man, and taking his feet into her lap, began to chafe his lower limbs.

"It's only his feet that are stone could yet," she said; "and the dawn is breaking, and wid the dawn the help they promised will come—the best of help—his reverence and the blessed sacrament. Avourneen, we have saved his soul betwixt us, you and I, to-night, keeping him alive for that; and once the sun has fairly risen I'm free of my oath, and can bring who you will. He's muttering to himself now, and does not heed us, but there's life in him yet, and he'll come to himself again before he dies. A strong, well-made man, like his honour, takes a long time to die, even when he's got a bullet inside him; bad luck to the blundering hand that put it there."

Gradually the stars paled in the sky, the shadows in the far corners of the cabin dispersed, and daylight crept in. Mr. Daly seemed to be sinking into a heavy sleep, and Ellen began to urge Molly to set out to the Castle to bring help—declaring her ability to continue the solemn watch alone—when the long-listened-for sound of steps, and of a voice calling out to know if the shieling was inhabited, came at last. It seemed to bring Ellen back into the actual world, and break the numbing spell of horror and bewilderment that had held her all night; but with returning capacity for thought and comprehension of what had happened came still worse pain. It was not a vision or a nightmare; she was not dead among the stars; she was herself, and her murdered father lay in her arms dying. A great burst of tears came and saved her reason, and as the warm drops fell heavy on his forehead, Mr. Daly's eyes opened again, and consciousness and a look of eager welcome and relief dawned into them as they fell upon the priest whom Molly was now bringing in through the cabin door.

Ellen knew the priest's face, though he came from a distant village among the Joice mountains, for she had met him from time to time at Anne O'Flaherty's house, and she took his hand, and through her tears and sobs got out a few words of explanation. He told her that he had been roused at two o'clock in the morning, by a lad bringing a request that he would go to the solitary cabin, near the bog behind Castle Daly, to administer extreme unction to a person who lay dying there, and that he had come at once expecting to find some wandering beggar who had fallen ill, while sheltering temporarily in the deserted house. Mr. Daly's eyes grew impatient, even while these few sentences were exchanged. There was no time to lose, and the priest only waited to despatch the boy, who had accompanied him to the nearest place from which a doctor could be brought, and Molly to the Castle, and then the last service began; Ellen still supporting her father's head on her shoulder, and trying hard not to let her sobs shake her so as to make it an uneasy resting-place. For a little while, the holy rite seemed to lift her above the power of sorrow, as if she, too, stood on the verge, and was entering on conditions of communion which could not be disturbed by absence of bodily sight and touch. Surely, her soul would pass out too, into the unseen world, brought near by the sacramental presence of the One Lord, in whom all souls live. She could not be left behind now the door was open, but must somehow escape, involved in the parting soul to which every fibre of her heart was bound.

She hoped; but that exaltation had to pass, and the hope soon sank down into a mere dread of the moment when her shoulder would no longer feel the weight of the burden that grew heavier every moment, when the close contact

would be over, and her arms empty. The final pang was further off than seemed probable just then, for Molly was right, and it took a long time for the strong man to die. The hovel became crowded with faces as the morning grew older. The first to arrive were Mr. Thornley and Bride, for Connor had had gone off on a fishing expedition at day-dawn, and Pelham stayed to comfort his mother, whom they had not dared to bring to the scene of the accident, till some more reliable account of Mr. Daly's state had been received than could be extracted from Molly. As soon as it was ascertained that any attempt to move the sufferer would only hasten his end, Bride went back to the Castle to fetch Mrs. Daly, and there was half an hour when Ellen and Mr. Thornley shared the watch alone together. It was the half hour when Mr. Daly was most frequently conscious and able to say a word, and Ellen could not help half grudging that a stranger who could not care, should share the precious looks and faintly-breathed words with her. Yet, she could not deny that the moment of clearest consciousness, the most firmly-spoken words and the very sweetest smile that came were called forth by the pleasure her father seemed to feel when he first perceived that Mr. Thornley was near him. His eyes rested vaguely on his face for a moment or two, not recognizing him; but gradually recollection came, and with it a sudden light illumined all the dying face. A halo of glory Ellen thought it was, and always in memory she saw her father dying with that look of joy in his eyes. He made a sign to John Thornley to come near. Ellen bent down to listen too; she could not afford to lose a word.

"You see it was well I came here last night instead of you."

A quiver of strong emotion passed over John Thornley's face.

"I see it saved my life," he said, in a voice trembling with feeling. "This was meant for me. You are lying here instead of me."

"A very good exchange," said Mr Daly, smiling. "I never did think myself worth much; you have all your chances before you."

"But if you thought there was danger, why did you come here alone?"

"At least, I was never a coward. I have done a great deal of harm, and neglected my duties, as Anne O'Flaherty has often told me, but at least I am not a coward to let another person bear the consequences."

"You seem to be able to speak with less pain now," John Thornley went on more calmly. "Don't let us lose the precious moments. Have you not any deposition to make, that might lead to the identification of the murderers. So horrible a crime must not, shall not, I promise you, escape detection and punishment."

"Crime never does; the punishment comes over and over again. Seed and fruit,—my own neglects and follies."

The peaceful face had become suddenly troubled, and again the words came out with painful gasps and struggles. Mr. Thornley bent lower to catch any name that might be spoken. "A single word would do," he urged. "If you know anything don't let the knowledge die with you."

The lips moved again, and some words came, but they were not in answer to the question.

"My sons — Pelham — you could help."

"I shall always feel that my life's service is owed to those you leave behind you," John Thornley answered, and he bent down and solemnly touched the dying man's forehead with his lips.

"Don't make him speak again," Ellen cried, almost angrily. "Don't you see that every word hurts. He was suffering less a minute ago Why did you come near? Why could not you let him lie still with his eyes shut, as he was doing before you came?"

John rose from his knees by Mr. Daly's side, and for answer went and stood behind Ellen and began to pile up some cushions and shawls, which Bride

had brought, into a support for her to lean against as she sat. "You must not grudge me those few words, that one touch," he said, softly. "I will not come near again to disturb him unless he wants me. You are fortunate, you have been here with him all night, while we slept."

Fortunate. The word pleased Ellen; she rewarded it by raising her eyes to the speaker's face, and allowing to herself that it was genuine grief, such as she must admit to her sympathy, that was written there.

New-comers kept appearing at the low door. Mrs. Daly and Pelham, and a little later Connor arrived, accompanied by a doctor. Every moment seemed to add something to the tumult of grief that surged round the dying bed, but which seemed to have less and less power to reach the soul hovering on the confines of peace; only able to turn back now and then and look pityingly through the fast glazing eyes at the pain it was leaving behind.

The last word and look were for Anne O'Flaherty, who reached the cabin half an hour before the end. Mrs. Daly, shaken completely out of her usual composure, and seeming for once to have changed places with Ellen, who had no vehemence of grief that day, had thrown herself on the floor by her husband's side, and was weeping wildly, begging for one more look or word of love. His hand moved feebly, and drew her head close to his own on the pillow, and opening his eyes once more he looked at Anne, who was stooping over him, with a smile of triumph.

"She does love me, you see, Anne; *me* who never satisfied her. She loved me after all."

A few more words were murmured very low to himself a quarter of an hour afterwards. Anne bent low to catch the sounds, and raising her head, repeated the words calmly and gravely to the others.

"Satisfied! When we awake in Thy likeness we shall be satisfied with it."

Then John Thornley came and lifted the head with gentle force from Ellen's shoulder.

"We can take him home to the Castle now," he said. "It will not hurt him."

CHAPTER XVIII.

When a sudden calamity falls upon some members of a group of persons whom circumstances have thrown together, it is curious to see how one or two of the outsiders seem by general consent of the mourners to be taken at once into the fellowship of sorrow, while others, who are conscious perhaps of having within themselves as strong a yearning to offer sympathy and help, are persistently held aloof, and made to feel that they have neither part nor lot in the matter. Is it accident, or has character anything to do with the choice of who shall and who shall not be allowed to offer consolation? Bride Thornley made this observation, and asked this question, rather sorrowfully, of herself two days after Mr. Daly's funeral, as, taking advantage of a short gleam in a very rainy day, she was taking her constitutional walk up and down the terrace before Castle Daly.

Never in all her life had she felt so utterly lonely and left out as during the painful week she was looking back upon. And this as the result of her sister's return home and of John's having attained one of the wishes which he and she had put before themselves as a possibility to be worked towards ten years back. Is there any use in wishing, since the longed-for good always comes wearing such a different face from the one it has shown in the distance that one hardly recognizes it? Bride caught herself up sternly when the thankless sentence had distinctly formed itself in her mind. What was wrong with her? Had she grown mean and base all at once, to let a little sting of personal pain overpower her sympathy with the grief she saw around her? Ah! Here was the answer to her puzzle. No wonder the mourners had held aloof from her when, side by side, with real concern for their sufferings, lay the

half-formed grudge she was conscious of against John and little Lesbia, for that complete pre-occupation in the troubles of their friends, which made a word or look from them hard to obtain in these days.

Yes, it was base. What did a week's loneliness signify? Why could she not put herself completely out of count—the plain, stiff, unlovable self that just in this mood there was so much pleasure in abusing,—and be glad because John for once had had occasion to show the rare unselfishness and tenderness of his character to others besides herself; and because little Babette had won him through her sympathy in the general trouble to adopt her as a real companion, in spite of her childishness? It was certainly very base not to be glad of that? Why should not John have two close friends in his sisters instead of one? Why not indeed?

A gust of rainy wind blew in Bride's face as she walked. She drew her cloak close round and marched quickly on, trampling on herself in imagination, and treading down rebellious thoughts vigorously at every step. The front door opened, and two other figures appeared on the scene to share Bride's pacing place. Sir Charles Pelham, his rosy face composed into a mask of gravity that had yet something important and business-like in the look of it; and, leaning feebly on his arm, Ellen Daly. She had been very ill since the night of her father's death, quite confined to her bed; but there had been much anxious discussion that day during luncheon, in which Sir Charles Pelham, his son Marmaduke, Lesbia, and John had 'all eagerly joined, as to whether it would be possible to coax her out of doors that afternoon—a long, over-eager discussion Bride had called it within herself at the time, and now, (having had that impatient feeling in her heart), she somehow did not feel just in the mood to encounter a full look into Ellen's saddened face. She turned aside to let the pair pass her on the walk, and looked back towards the house.

Well, there was no lack of anxious eyes to watch the progress of that invalid promenade, if she abstained from looking. The front door had been left ajar, and in the opening stood Marmaduke Pelham, gazing intently after his father and cousin, as if he were counting every one of their slow steps. Bride understood the wistful, yearning look that lent something of pathos to the young man's heavy healthy countenance.

"He hoped she would choose his arm for her support during that first walk," Bride said to herself. "Poor fellow! he is very dull; but he knows what it is to be overlooked, I see. I should like to shake hands with him; but why does he draw in suddenly and shut the door with a bang? Ah! I comprehend—he sees and hears as I do, the library window opening cautiously, and John putting out his head to look towards the end of the terrace too. What does he expect to happen to those two that he should watch them like that? Surely one old uncle is competent to take care of a girl walking before her own house; let her have lost her father in ever so shocking a way a week before; two other people are not needed to watch her as well."

If Ellen Daly's sad face was a jar on Bride Thornley's mood, John's anxious one was a yet greater provocation. She could not bear it. She turned abruptly at the end of the house, scrambled up hill, over soaked turf and flower-border, till she reached the high turf terrace at the top of the sloping garden. There, at all events, she should be alone; and yes, for once, just for once, the grudging, self-pitying thoughts should have their turn, and get themselves expressed—so perhaps she should best see how ugly they were, and discover a spell to lay them for ever at rest.

Of course all pity was due to Mrs. Daly and Ellen; they were the sufferers—and yet—and yet—there are so many sorts of loss; it is not only death that takes away one's dearest, and leaves one standing alone. There are other shears besides the shears of the blind Furies that sever lives that

have been closely knit together; and the severing is done so noiselessly, so gently, there must not be a word said—not the least little cry. Surely the losses that can't be complained of are the hardest to bear. No warmth of sympathy comes to put a little fresh life in the numb, frozen heart; it may turn quite to ice for what any one cares. It is so mean to grieve over the loss of the first place in a heart to which one has only the right of having paid away irrevocably all one's own. It was simply what was to be expected; and a middle-aged, plain, unattractive woman, who has been struggling with the world for years, ought to have won reasonable expectations as to her own claims by her struggles, if she has gained nothing else; humility and plain sense at least may be expected of her. It is not even called fortitude, if she stands still with a smiling face, while one by one of those to whom she has given all her love and her life-work, gradually take themselves away, to stand a little and a little further off from her, till the space is too great for any warmth of love to pass between.

Yet surely people might know that it is not so much less hard to see those you love best shut themselves away in a new sphere of interest, and a kind of love to which you are strange, than to seė the golden gate of heaven close behind them. The door is shut all the same; and it does not do you much good to be near enough to hear and see the sound of the festival songs and the light of the lamps streaming through, while you are standing outside. Tears of self-pity welled up into Bride's eyes as the thoughts to which she had so long refused to listen clothed themselves in pathetic words, and one trickled down, at last, the length of her cheek. She had to stand still to wipe it away, and, with the action, a sense of absurdity stole in and shattered the sentimental mood.

The wet cheek wrinkled up into a smile. To cry about herself, plain, middle-aged Bride Thornley, prosperous now, healthy, content, whose life, rightly looked at, had not a rag of pathos to hang round it;—she could have beaten herself for being so absurd. So much for taking a constitutional walk alone, when one has been overwrought, and when there is an atmosphere of infectious emotion pervading the neighbourhood! She would go in and sew a white tucker into Lesbia's new black dress, and put jet studs into John's shirt, ready for evening. When she had done working for those two, no doubt some other work would open up, and with work of any kind, say it was scrubbing floors or hemming dusters, self-pitying moods might be defied.

At the end of the terrace, however, she paused again. She found she was not ready for the house just yet. It was all very well to reason so, but work was not enough. The most congenial work in the world might become husks such as the swine eat, if offered to the heart as a substitute for what the heart craved. It was mind-food, not heart-food, after all. Bride's heart had been stirred and swayed from its usual poise of calm content, and it needed something more potent than ordinary common-sense lessons to still its yearnings.

In spite of wet feet and soaked skirts she stood quite still on the verge of the turf walk, with her face towards the western mountains, unable to make up her mind to descend the slope. There had come a lull in the wind and the rain; a strong gust had lately shaken the trees of the little wood on the north of the Castle, and they were now swaying themselves to rest again, with crisp, pattering sounds of trembling leaves and groaning of branches—a great cloud, like a dusky, wide-winged bird, was moving rapidly across the sky, leaving the mountain-tops from which it had lately risen clear against a horizon where the crimson of sunset glowed through a dim opal cloud-veil. These sights and sounds had a powerful effect on Bride, who, in spite of her pretensions to be prosaic, had an open eye and ear for the mystic appeals of nature.

As she gazed, she felt as if from the glowing west strong arms had been

stretched out, that folded her round and held her to a great heart, whose deep beatings rocked hers to a wonderful peace; and, borne in on her mind as powerfully as if the sobbing wind in her ear had whispered the words, came the sacred appeal that had often touched her before, but never so closely, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." "I am chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely,"—in the wind, but not the wind—in the sunset glow,—in the murmuring of waters,—but above, beneath, within, nearer and closer than these—He was there, the still, small voice, claiming her heart. And she had been pitying herself, instead of blaming herself, because her heart felt empty, while He stood without. She had been measuring love, so much for so much, and forgetting that there was infinite love offered to her love that could never fail or change. Again tears, but not of self-pity this time, welled up into Bride's eyes, and she turned round and once more paced the turf-walk slowly. She would not cheat herself; unpaid service was not good for any one, nor unrequited love; and work for work's sake was poor husky nourishment for a living, craving soul; but then, that was not all that was left for those to whom the closest human love was denied.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

She was ready for the house now, she believed, and for any news that had to come.

By the time she reached the terrace steps, she spied John coming from the house to meet her, and she knew perfectly well how it was that the word *news* had come into her mind. There had been a vague notion hanging over her all day, that some tidings were in store for her, and now the purpose of opening out some important communication was so plainly written in John's face, that she read it a yard off. Well, she was ready, only she thought she would put off the evil day for half an hour or so if she could.

"I am going into the house now," she cried, as John approached. "I warn you, you will find the turf-walk very wet."

"Can't you stay out a little longer, Bride? I have not been able to exchange a word with you for more than a week."

"Look at my boots."

"Brisk walking will dry them; and you say yourself that nothing ever gives you cold."

"I don't think I meant to include wet boots; but I see you are of Connor Daly's opinion, that I am as hard as nails."

"What business had he to say so? But, Bride, go in and change your boots, if you like. I can wait; and I want very much to have some talk with you."

"And I am ready for a talk, wet or dry, only I won't go back to the turf-walk for anyone."

"Let us come out on to the road, then, through the kitchen garden; it is dry enough there."

"Why through the kitchen garden?"

"Miss Daly and Sir Charles Pelham are still on the front terrace, and I should not like to disturb them."

"And that other pair in the flower-garden—are we not to disturb them? Do you see John, Babette, and Connor Daly? I wonder how long they have been together down there looking for violets. Long enough, I have no doubt, to make it only prudent for me to go and act chaperone."

"No, no; Babette has only just left the house. She and I have been together the whole afternoon. Come with me; you need not interfere. I should think we might trust even Connor Daly not to begin talking nonsense to Babette the day after his father's funeral."

"But it is not the day after Babette's father's funeral, and I am not sure that I can trust her not to talk nonsense to him on such an interesting occasion as a first walk after a week of gloom. No, don't start. I am not saying any harm of her; but can't you see that she is just one of those girls who never forget, or let other people forget, that they are

girls, and in the very nature of things require nonsense to be talked to or by them?"

"I think you underrate Lesbia. It strikes me that she has shown remarkable good sense and feeling during this last trying week: and this afternoon she came to me of her own accord, and consulted me about a plan for the future she has thought out with considerable clearness and prudence, as it seems to me."

"Oh, she came to you about it! It is her plan you have been discussing together?"

"Of course; you don't suppose that if I made a plan I should go and talk it over with little Babette before I mentioned it to you. Why, Bride, I thought you were miles above suspicion, and would never imagine such a thing as that I could put you aside, such old partners as we are, you and I."

"Well, well; whatever I may have been thinking, don't stand still and stare at me in the middle of this swamp. One look such as that is punishment enough for all my sins. Let us move on towards the road; and tell me this wonderfully clever plan of Lesbia's."

"Remember that you have a veto on it, and that if you seriously object we both submit at once."

"Honestly."

"Speaking for myself, I should be sorry to give up the scheme now that it has been suggested to me, and I see through it a way opened of fulfilling an obligation that weighs on me; but your wishes come first; new obligations don't unloose old ones. We have fought a hard battle together, you and I, Bride; and not for the world, not for any new duty in the world, would I even seem to throw you over, or detach myself from you, now we are beginning to win it."

"John, you force me to be magnanimous. Here and now I yield for ever an old point of dispute. I solemnly acknowledge that men are juster than women; and that they can, the good ones, even under the impulse of a new feeling, see how things look to those who don't share their infatuation."

"But, Bride, I said nothing about a new feeling. I spoke of a new duty that quite against my will has been thrust upon me."

"Oh, yes, I heard; but now the plan. Let me hear the plan, and when my mind is set at rest about that, we will, if there is time before dressing for dinner, take out our microscopes and our scalpels and dissect our motives scientifically."

"Well, you are aware that Mr. Daly's will was read yesterday morning, and that all the afternoon and evening Sir Charles Pelham—who is Mrs. Daly's trustee—and the sons and I were hard at work examining papers and discussing possibilities. It was a disheartening task enough, for the affairs are even in worse confusion than might have been expected; and when I went to bed last night I could not see that there was anything left for the family but separation, and dependence on the generosity of their relations, for a time at least. We have gone through such another crisis, Bride, and know what it means."

"Yes, yes; and I am sure I feel very much for them all; but I don't believe they can be nearly as badly off as we were when we were turned out of Abbots Thornley. The sons are both grown up and educated in a way, and surely Mrs. Daly had some fortune settled on her?"

"A very small sum. You are right to say that the sons are educated *in a way*. Just enough to make it impossible for them to begin afresh and turn to anything useful."

"It is very sad, and, as you say, we have gone through it all ourselves; but, John, don't think me hard-hearted if I remind you that you have often said you believed we came through as well as we did because from the first no illusive offers of help were held out to us by anyone, and we knew at once all we had to face, and that our dependence must be on ourselves and each other."

"We two have come through the trial, but not all of us who went in;

there were shipwrecks, you know, on that sea."

"Oh, John, don't; it's like touching a wound."

"I know, and I am very sorry. Only if we are to understand each other I must show you all that is in my mind."

"Go on; I don't have to find out now that your heart is really softer than mine. Can't I have the plan without any more preamble?"

"It is just this—Lesbia's idea, mind you, not mine. She tells me that she has taken a very great liking to this house and neighbourhood."

"Where your life has been twice attempted. She has not lived a winter here."

"The winters are pleasant and open enough, and Lesbia professes a great love for fine scenery."

"Or fine compliments, *à la* Connor Daly. I wonder which the child means?"

"She says scenery, at all events. Let me get on with my story. She has asked me, since she must have some settled home of her own now, to rent this place of the Dalys. It is perfectly clear that they can't go on living here; but there is another house on the estate—a small place up among the hills—which Mrs. Daly and her daughter seem to wish to occupy; and if we took the Castle off their hands, they could all live there together in tolerable comfort. Connor would be able to finish his college course in Dublin, and read for the bar, as he wishes; and the eldest son, who seems a sensible fellow, might take the management of the estate into his own hands. His uncle hinted that he should not object to advance a little money to keep things together if I were willing to remain on the spot a few months longer, and superintend till Pelham gained experience. Under this arrangement the debts might be paid off gradually, and affairs worked into order. What do you say?"

"I say it is an excellent plan for the Dalys."

"And for ourselves."

"Oh! John, can you really mean it? To sink down into a land-agent again. To give up the editorship of that "New Quarterly," and the literary career we have looked forward to so long."

"I should not give up the editorship. I am not so Quixotic as to throw away seven or eight hundred a year for a whim, I assure you. Most of the work could be as well done here as in London, and I could run up to town every two months or so. Lesbia will want to be there, I suppose, for part of the spring. It would all fit in very well."

"But why should you work yourself to death for people who a little while ago treated you as only rather better than an upper servant, and who, as far as I can see, are nothing to us?"

"Bride, I think I can make you see further. Have you never thought of it? No, for you did not know how obstinately set I was on keeping my appointment with Dennis Malachy that night, and how steadily resolved Mr. Daly was to go in my stead. It was to his death he went; and you know that shot from behind the wall was meant for me. Can I help feeling that some of the cares and responsibilities of the man who died in my place have fallen on me?"

"I don't know, I am sure—it was not his intention to die."

"I am not a man to take a sentimental view of obligation; but it is impossible to live through such a night as that of Mr. Daly's death without being changed by it. There was a look on his face when he fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'You see it was well I had my way about coming here,' that I shall carry in my memory to my dying day, and after. He meant quite simply, that it was *well* he should be murdered instead of me. I believe the thought made death sweet to him. I used to look upon him as a sort of fool and now——"

John did not finish his sentence, a quiver in his voice warned him to stop. The road began to be steep here. Bride slipped her hand under his arm, and they climbed on a few minutes in silence. She felt as if a prison wall were closing round her. To live on here, with the Dalys for nearest neighbours,

seeing John and Lesbia gradually getting absorbed into their lives, hearing about them continually, breathing the atmosphere of devout preoccupation with their interests, that had roused her jealousy this last week. No prospect could possibly have promised her more temptation or pain, or been more completely distasteful. She would have to acquiesce in it, she knew, but she could not help making one more faint struggle before she gave in.

"Granting that this plan is right for you and me, John," she said, "is it well for Lesbia to be indulged in her wish to remain here? When you first heard of her heiress-ship, you said, the one thing you would most anxiously guard against was her being married for her money. How will you answer it to your conscience to put her in the way of intimacy with those two penniless, handsome young Dalys?"

"Lesbia has a great deal more judgment than I gave her credit for at first, and she is very open. She has told me already exactly what she thinks of Connor Daly, and I can see she is in no more danger of falling in love with him than you are. As for the elder lad, the very handsome one, he and she don't get on together at all. They seem hardly to be on speaking terms. I have watched them closely, and I don't think they have exchanged a dozen words this week. No, I shall not have the least uneasiness on that score. I do not see anything difficult there."

"Of course you don't, just because it is the obvious rock in the way, and straight before your blind masculine eyes," thought Bride to herself.

John paused as they turned to go home, and pointed to a particular spot on the road. "It was just there that I saw Mr. Daly last," he said, "he was mounting his horse for that ride. Miss Daly was standing at the gate to watch him ride away. I heard her ask him to walk with her every night of the full moon. We two were the last people to see him before the accident."

"*We* two" already in his thoughts, and for so long it had seemed a mere matter of course to Bride that no one but herself could be the second in John's we. The walls were closing round indeed, and her consent to be shut up in them would have to be given in a minute or two.

"You are very silent, Bride," John said as they drew near the house. "I have stated my case, and you have hardly spoken a word; but remember, the decision rests with you. Say that the plan of living here is disagreeable to you, and it shall never be mentioned again. I have told you why I think these people have a claim on me for service, but you come first. Lesbia sees it too. After all you did and were to us in our struggling days, the choice of our home, now that we are free to live where we please, should rest with you."

"To live among people who hate us," Bride said slowly at last.

"Yes, take that into consideration. I want you to weigh all the disadvantages fairly. Yet, I don't think that objection counts for much. We should live the prejudice down, and for my part, I think 'beginning with a little aversion,' answers as well with neighbours as with lovers. One has a pleasant sense of victory and triumph over them when one has won their respect at last.

"John, what makes you so ingenious?"

"Bride, what makes you so silent? Are you reluctant to decide, dear, and had you rather I divined your decision without more words? I think I see. It shall be No to Lesbia's plan, then, and without further allusion to it we will revert to our original scheme of a year's travel before we settle anywhere. We used to talk of seeing Rome together, when it seemed as likely as going to the moon. I will speak to Lesbia."

Bride drew a long breath. If it could be settled so. If she might but stretch out her hand and take the pleasant life, far away from the country that was hateful to her, with John and Lesbia, her own brother, her own little sister, for whose sake she had done some hard work in her time, securely withdrawn from the adverse influence she believed was steal-

ing them away from herself. If she might love her own life, and choose her own good, and let other people carry their proper burdens as she had had to carry hers. Why not? Was there never to be an end; had she not done and suffered a good deal for others already? Was it not time to think of herself?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. I with the crown of thorns, with the wounded hands and feet, the Lord and King of sacrifice. Open, and I will come in and sup with you."

Again, in the whisper of the wind among the trees, the low voice seemed to question with Bride's heart. Yes, it was just that, that *was* the question. He was there waiting for an answer. One could not entertain Him without following Him, or have self-pleasing for a third at that feast. Self, or Him—one ruler or the other—and again and again in one's life the choice has to be made. They were close to the castle now. While John stooped to unlatch the garden gate, Bride took a long look, a long considering look at the building before her. Its straggling front, with the ivy-grown towers and irregularly-shaped doors and windows, the neglected premises behind, the rambling untidy garden: all intensely unhomelike in her eyes, but from that moment her home. She swallowed the bitter potion with a gulp, resolving never to allow herself to find its after-taste bitter.

"John," she said, putting her hand on his shoulder, as he held open the gate for her, "you misunderstood me. I was only making up my mind slowly, as you know I do. I have looked at it all round, and if I really have a veto, I decide on staying here. There is a great deal to be said in favour of Lesbia's plan."

"You really think so! My dear Bride, how glad I am."

It was provoking to see how his face brightened. Bride hurried up the walk, and, to escape further conversation, set herself vigorously to work to rub the mud from her boots on the door-mat, as if she could think of nothing further till she had obliterated all trace of her wet walk from her person.

"It's of no use," she said to herself as she worked away, "I don't come into the house the same person that I went out. I know it's a turning-point, and that I shall never be able to forget this wet walk as long as I live. I have turned to a new leaf in my book of life in it, and I can't put back the page. Whatever the new reading is, I've got from this time to begin to spell it out."

There were other people in Castle Daly that day besides Bride Thornley who always had to look back upon that wet afternoon's walk as one of those turning-points in life—places where two roads meet—which in after hours tempt the thoughts so often to recur to them in vague wonder as to how it would have been with the life if the rejected path had been followed.

Ellen and Sir Charles Pelham entered the house a minute or two after Bride quitted the hall, having also come to the conclusion of a conversation that decided the principal events of several lives. Ellen crept up-stairs wearily, looking very pale and subdued; and Sir Charles's ruddy face, as he turned into the library and stood warming his hands over the fire, wore an unusually thoughtful, puzzled expression. He was busy making up his mind whether he was most annoyed or gratified at the result of a step he had taken on a sudden good-natured impulse, aroused by the pitifully red and swollen state of Ellen's eyelids.

"Well, Marmaduke, my boy," he said to his son, who entered the room in the midst of his musing, "so you've come in; I was just thinking about you, and wishing for a chance of speaking to you alone. I've had it all out with your cousin Ellen. I thought it best, for you know there's nothing so wearing as suspense, and she seemed so down-hearted and miserable, poor girl, I thought it would cheer her to know there was a better prospect before her than she had any right to expect."

"You don't mean to say, father, that you've been talking to Ellen about what I confided to you last night? Why, I've

never said a word of the kind myself to her yet."

"I was paving the way for you, and very grateful you ought to be to me for it, knowing as you do the opinions I hold against cousins marrying, and the little inclination I have to this match; there are not many fathers who would have set about such a piece of business for their eldest sons, I can tell you."

"She listened to what you said? you think I have a chance?"

"Of course she listened to me, and though you may fancy I have not the matter as deeply at heart as yourself, you may rest assured that if she can't be induced to see your offer in the light you could wish, it is not for the want of having had its advantages placed before her. 'My dear,' I said, 'Marmaduke surprised me very much yesterday after the funeral by speaking to me about the affection he says he has long entertained for you,' and then I went on. Of course, I did not pretend that it was precisely the match that your mother and I should have chosen for you, being cousins, and so on, but nothing could be kinder or more encouraging than my manner to her. 'We are all very fond of you, my dear,' I said, 'and we would give you a cordial welcome into the family, and do our best to make you happy, and take good care of you. You know you are not exactly fit to take care of yourself,' I said; 'you are unfortunately like your poor dear father, too full of generous feeling to be able to cope with the world;' and then, to prove my point, I just instanced her imprudence in going out with those people on the night of her father's murder, and her impulsive manner at the inquest, which has set everyone in the neighbourhood talking of her, when she came forward a second time to give evidence in favour of the old hag whom everyone but herself believes to be in league with the murderers, and who is, at all events, doing all she can to shield them from justice now. 'Of course,' I said, 'neither I nor any of my family would think for an instant of accusing you of want of proper feeling. I only speak of these things to show you how liable you are to be misconstrued when you follow your quick impulses without consulting anyone, and how much better off you will be under the guidance of a sensible, kind-hearted husband, such as Marmaduke will make you, who has known you all your life, and will understand better than anyone else can how to take care of you.'"

"I am sorry you said all that, father; she will think I am not satisfied with her as she is, and that's not true. She may say and do what she likes for me, there's not an English girl I've ever seen fit to hold a candle to her. I wish you had let me speak for myself."

"It would have been a waste of words. It's no such great privilege to be refused, I should say, that you need look black at me for taking the brunt of your first offer on myself. I'll never take so much trouble again in any of your love affairs, I can tell you, for I've argued and talked in the mist till I've made my throat sore. She has just the same kind of obstinacy that her poor father had. You think she is agreeing with every word you say, and then she turns round and twists it all to prove her own side of the argument. She'll marry some scrambling, out-at-elbows Irishman, who will talk sentiment to her by the yard, and bring her to beggary—that will be her end."

"I shall do my best to prevent it, father."

"You'll be a fool for your pains, then. She does not care a rush for you, and never did, and never will. I've made out so much to-day, at all events, and tell you plainly to settle your mind. Why can't you leave well alone? You told me last night that the chief thing you cared for was to behave handsomely now the family are in trouble, and you have behaved very handsomely, and so have I. It went against the grain, but I did my best to persuade her to have you. I offered her a good husband and a thoroughly comfortable English home; and if she prefers poverty and muddle down here, it's not my fault or yours. It might show you, though, I should think, that she's not the girl to

make you happy, my boy, eh! or to come after your mother at Pelham Court."

"All the same, I wish you had not meddled, father. She'll be on her guard now, and I suppose I shall never have an opportunity of speaking."

"You shall make your next offer yourself, I promise you. I've talked till my throat's sore and done my best, and you don't seem the least grateful or satisfied. I thought you'd have been more reasonable, I must say, Marmaduke. Hark, there's the dinner-bell at last. Well, it's something that another of these dreary days is nearly over."

Mrs. Daly sat at the dinner-table that day for the first time in her widow's weeds. She had been almost beside herself with grief at first, and there had been serious apprehension of brain fever; but in a day or two she recovered her self-command, and seemed by a strong effort of will to shut back her overwhelming pain and despair behind the strong gates of reserve and silence within which she habitually entrenched herself. After that there was little hope of approaching her near enough to comfort her. Her face, always still and grave, hardened into a stony look of endurance that froze words of sympathy on the lips of those who tried to speak them. Her eyes seemed to be always asking the question, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" and forbidding any attempt at an answer.

Little Lesbia was struck with a great awe of her when she came to offer the bunch of violets she and Connor had gathered in the garden.

The large beautiful tears that came so readily into Babette's eyes, welled up at the sight of Mrs. Daly's pale worn face under the circular folds of crimped muslin; and as she held out her hand with the violets, her heart swelled with warm generous feeling; for had not she spent the entire afternoon with John in devising schemes to rescue the widow and her children from poverty and dependence, and secure them a home! She experienced a painful chill of disappointment when Mrs. Daly put out one finger for her to shake, quite ignoring the violets, and met her swimming eyes with a steady, tearless gaze, that seemed somehow to take all the glow and glory from her projects of protection, and made her feel herself as impotent a comforter as if she had sunk back into being Aunt Maynard's snubbed companion again. There was not much conversation during the long evening. After the silent melancholy dinner, Sir Charles Pelham drew John Thornley into a window recess and held whispering consultations with him on business matters from time to time.

Ellen seated herself on a footstool by her mother's chair—secure that no one, not even her cousin Marmaduke on his last evening in Ireland, would have courage to attempt a conversation with her in the neighbourhood of that fortress of grief. Marmaduke Pelham stolidly settled himself in the arm-chair on the opposite side of the hearthrug, determined that, if he might not talk to his cousin Ellen, he would at least spend the last hours of this unhappy visit in looking at her—all the while quite unconscious that he was heaping up bitter wrath against himself in her memory, by being the first person who had ventured to sit down in Mr. Daly's accustomed seat since his death, and that Connor was making vehement signs of disgust at him for his want of consideration behind his back.

Ellen sent one half-angry, half-appealing look towards him as he took his place, the meaning of which he did not in the least understand; and then she appeared to forget that he was there. Her eyes fixed themselves vacantly on the now closely-shuttered and curtained window recess. But her thoughts were evidently far away, following the incidents of that evening when she had stood there last talking and laughing; when the window was open, and when, a mile or two away outside, something was happening that she must not go on thinking about for ever. Now and then she roused herself and turned to look at her mother, and then the expression of another kind of sorrow stole into her face—a look

such as a faithful dog casts into his master's face when he sees he is in pain and cannot help him. At such times she would put up her hand stealthily to stroke her mother's knee, or touch softly the drooping head that never changed its position, or showed the least consciousness of her caresses. Lesbia, watching this little pantomime, was startled by the sound of an impatient groan coming from the direction of the window recess, that in the stillness was quite plainly audible through the room. Everybody turned his or her head to discover what it meant, except John Thornley, who stood still, confused and convicted, and who must have been, Lesbia concluded, much disgusted with himself for betraying so publicly the extent to which Sir Charles Pelham's conversation bored him.

Lesbia had opportunity for watching her neighbours, for no one took much notice of her; and she found so much food for thought, that the long hours of the silent evening did not hang heavily on her hands. It is always a matter of deep interest to watch the way in which new circumstances draw out unexpected points of character in our friends and acquaintances. Little Lesbia was, perhaps unknown to herself, a diligent student of character, and owed the pleasure of her evening to philosophical observations on the change in Mr. Pelham Daly which had been effected by the events of the last ten days.

Everybody in the house had felt the change, but no one but little Lesbia had had leisure of heart to chronicle its signs and comment on them in thought. It was not that Pelham put himself more forward or was less reserved than formerly during those dark days, but his silence no longer seemed the effect of shyness, and his reserve was not, as formerly, worn as a suit of armour for the purpose of keeping intruders at a distance. He looked a great deal older than he had looked a week ago. He was so busy all that evening sorting and numbering letters, and sat so far out of the circle of the lamp-light, at his father's old pigeon-hole desk in a dim corner, that Lesbia could venture to let her eyes rest for quite a second at a time on his face, while she wondered what the difference in him really was—whether there actually was a line between the black brows and a hollow under the large eyes, or whether it was only the new expression on his face that made him seem so completely a grown-up man now, and the head of the house. She had to turn her eyes quickly away for fear of meeting his when he left his place, as he did every now and then, to go and stand behind his mother's chair, and make her talk to him for a few minutes; but though she was not looking, she could hear the tender tones his voice took in addressing his mother, and observe that Mrs. Daly never ignored his little caresses as she did Ellen's. When he crossed the room and laid his hands on Connor's shoulders to stop him in picking out a dance tune on the piano, as he had carelessly begun to do, there was nothing of the old provoking peremptoriness in his manner, nothing that the touchiest younger brother could possibly resent. Connor, who had begun a petulant twist to shake off the restraining hands, changed his mood when he looked up into Pelham's face and substituted an acquiescing nod and his own bright smile for the intended growl of remonstrance.

Connor and Lesbia had been a great deal together during the last week, and had grown quite intimate. He was very miserable. His handsome face had often been quite disfigured with weeping, and his blue eyes, like Ellen's, were almost extinguished under the painfully swollen lids; but he was not in the least altered or transformed by his grief, he was just the same Connor Daly who could not possibly, whatever tortures of body or mind he might be enduring, get through a silent evening without finding something mischievous to do with his hands, or some occasion for making grimaces at somebody.

Lesbia had liked his seeking her out, to talk of his sorrow, and had felt flattered by his finding her little attempts at soothing helpful. It was a new thing to have people coming to her to be comforted, but as she watched the two

brothers that night she acknowledged to herself that, however flattering confidential talk may be, it was the sorrow that could not pour itself out in words that had her strongest sympathy.

Yet one or two words, when they seemed to well up from depths of pain after long restraint, might not be amiss. It might not lessen sympathy to hear such spoken, if they seemed to be able to get themselves said to one person only. It was Lesbia's lot to be drawn into a conversation, quite at the end of the evening, that led her to this amendment of her previous opinion. Sir Charles Pelham, coming hastily out of the window recess to wish Mrs. Daly and Ellen good night as they were leaving the room, knocked over the pigeon-hole desk at which Pelham had been sitting and scattered its miscellaneous contents over the drawing-room floor. Lesbia stooped down to help Pelham to gather them up, and it proved to be a longer business than she had counted on. The other occupants of the room one by one slipped away, and they were left unperceived in the shady corner to finish their task alone. Lesbia picked up and smoothed the papers, and Pelham restored them to their proper divisions in the desk. They worked in silence till the last packet was replaced, and then quite abruptly Pelham began: not looking at Lesbia, but fixing his eyes on a certain pigeon-hole where he had just replaced his own old school letters to his father:

"I wonder why he kept these: there's not a single word in them that anyone would have cared to read a second time. I don't suppose I ever did write a word to him that could have given him a moment's pleasure—Miss Maynard, I'll tell you something. The last time I ever talked alone with my father we had a trifling misunderstanding, he and I. It was on the day when Connor and Ellen called on you to ask you to travel to Ireland with us. My father and I walked along the shore, and he wanted me to speak openly with him, and I would not, though I knew all the time that my reserve pained him. It's folly to think more of that little circumstance than of all the rest, but I do. Perhaps I should be able to grieve openly, like Connor and Ellen, if it were not for that. Can you understand my feeling so?"

Lesbia was so much startled by the abruptness of the address, that not one of the comforting commonplaces she had applied to Connor *would* come into her mind; she could think of nothing to do but to stretch out both her hands towards him.

"Do you know," she whispered, as he grasped them convulsively, "that I could not weep when my father died? I am afraid I did not love him at all as I ought. I have so often wished it had been different. The only thing I can remember about him is, that when he tried to kiss me I used to cry and hide my face. I have often been sorry to think of that since."

"You understand how it is with me, then, and you are sorry for me?"

"Yes, indeed I am."

"I could not have told this to anyone but you; and now, since I have your sympathy, I shall be able to bear it. What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible."

"Has it? I am so very, very glad."

The sound of John's footsteps approaching the door made them aware that they were holding each other's hands still. Lesbia snatched hers away and ran breathless upstairs to bed.

Perhaps it was just that last ten minutes that made the whole evening so memorable to Lesbia.

"What you have said has done me more good than I could have believed possible."

She could not go to sleep for a long time from repeating those words over and over again to herself, and for feeling the tingling in her fingers that Pelham's close clasp had left. Bride, who had her own troubles to think over, could not understand what made the child so restless.

To be continued.

ADDRESSES AT CHESHUNT COLLEGE, JUNE 25, 1874.

In proposing "Prosperity to Cheshunt College," a rather wide field opens upon me. I might perhaps go back to the excellent founders of this college. I might endeavour to depict to you the personal appearance, at one time of her life, the splendid attire[1] of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. Or I might claim for myself some connection with her by the fact that two of her sons, George and Fernando, and her sister, Lady Elizabeth Nightingale, were buried in Westminster Abbey. Her sister is immortalised by one of our most famous monuments, as much admired in the last century as it is depreciated in this. Or I might rank the Countess among the great ecclesiastical worthies of former ages, and point out her resemblance to St. Theresa of Spain, St. Bridget of Ireland, and other famous ladies who have exercised a more than episcopal sway in their times. I might also enlarge upon the apostolic character of the first President of this college before it came to Cheshunt—I mean Fletcher of Madeley. I may claim to myself the honour and privilege, perhaps not shared by many here present, of having made a pilgrimage to Madeley in order to explore all the localities sanctified by that holy memory. I have seen his grave; I have visited the vicarage where he lived and died; I have stood on the ruins of the great landslip in the neighbourhood, the subject of the sermon which some of the students of this college, I hope, have read, on what he calls "The Dreadful Phenomenon."

But I will not detain you with these local and ancient personal associations; I come to the peculiarities of the college itself. And here it seems to me that Cheshunt College furnishes a very large field of ecclesiastical and general interest.

[1] Mrs. Delany's Memoirs, ii. 28.

There is a remark in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which I trust are read as amongst the best part of the theological reading of the students of Cheshunt College. They cannot have sounder maxims on all ecclesiastical subjects than they will get from Sir Walter Scott's novels. In "The Fair Maid of Perth," he says that some of the most interesting features of natural scenery are to be found in those parts of the country where the Highlands and Lowlands meet together. This is very much the position of Cheshunt College. Of course there are great advantages in mounting to those Alpine elevations, far beyond any such point of junction, such as some of our friends have lately traversed with me, in celebrating the memory of John Bunyan, of Bedford, or such as I have traversed on various occasions when I have had to speak the praises of Hooker in the past, and of Sir John Herschel and Livingstone in the present. There is also an advantage in having to go to those green pastures and still waters of pastoral life, of which I hope to say something before the evening closes. Nevertheless, there is a peculiar interest attaching to such a point of junction as is symbolised and brought before us in Cheshunt College.

If Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, had designed it, she could hardly have brought together a more varied collection of curious ecclesiastical—I will not say contradictions, but—diversities than she has combined in the constitution of her college; she herself a devout member of the Church of England, founding a college which certainly has dealt in no illiberal measure with Nonconformity — and thus providing an opportunity for the appearance amongst you from time to time of persons who certainly are widely separated in outward matters, and even in

some serious opinions, not only from the Countess of Huntingdon herself, but from those who represent her here on this occasion.

It was mentioned, I think, as a matter of speculation in some journal the other day, what John Bunyan would have said if he could have foreseen who it was that should deliver the chief oration in his memory at Bedford. I think, also, that Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, might have had some misgivings if she could have anticipated that two of the chief speakers present on this occasion should be my friend Dr. Allon, one of the chief assailants of the Established Church to which the Countess was so deeply attached, and the Dean of Westminster, one of its most stubborn defenders—but certainly one who, in many points of theology, would have differed widely from the excellent Selina.

But, returning, or rather taking my stand on this impregnable basis, which the Countess of Huntingdon has given me in this diversified institution, you will allow me, perhaps, to draw from it some general reflections, which you may take either as an exposition of principles that I think are applicable to all of us, or else as an apology for your foundress in having laid down the lines of such a complex institution as this.

First of all, it seems to me, taking it in the most general sense, a great advantage that there should be any institution or any field in which such tendencies as those represented by the National Church and by Nonconformity should be able to meet together as they do in this college, and as they do on this occasion. There is a saying which I read some time ago in a Persian poet,[1] that "If a man is a Mussulman, he ought, as much as possible, to keep company with Franks." If a man is orthodox, he ought, as much as possible, to keep company with schismatics; to whatever persuasion a man happens to belong, he ought to associate with men of other persuasions, because if he can mix freely with them and yet remain unmoved in his own mind, he has obtained peace and is master of the whole creation. This is a principle which, like all principles, may be pushed too far. No doubt, within certain limits, we must keep to ourselves, otherwise the whole energies of the world would be squandered. No doubt also there is a good deal of irritation, misunderstanding, and obloquy caused by such cross meetings as are produced by occasions of this sort. Still, I think the advantages outweigh these objections. There are reasons deeply seated in human nature why the principles on which this college is founded may be fully justified. It is impossible for persons to be brought together in ecclesiastical or social intercourse, if they come from different points of view, without not only having their angularities rubbed off, but also without being withheld from temptations into which they might otherwise be naturally led. I heard the other day of a clergyman of the Church of England who refused to let the children of his parish go to a flower-show where they would have to compete with Wesleyan children. I heard on the same day of a Nonconformist who, when some liberal Churchman sent a contribution to his chapel, indignantly returned it. Now, I cannot but think that these absurd follies—for I call them nothing else—would have been prevented if these men had had more means of meeting together, whether in social or religious intercourse. That is the first remark I will venture to make.

Again, there is a very common feeling expressed in this day, that nobody ought to have anything to do with any church except those belonging to it. It is a question much agitated at present in the sister kingdom of Scotland with regard to the patronage of the Scottish Church, whether it is possible for such an influence to be exercised over a church in the appointment of its ministers, except by the inner circle of that church itself. A very distinguished and excellent statesman has laid it down most strongly that it is absolutely incompatible with the idea of a church to receive any appoint-

[1] See Moncure Conway's "Sacred Anthology," p. 33.

ment or any influence from the hands of anyone except the members of that church. Here again the Countess of Huntingdon comes to my assistance, because by the constitution of this college her trustees, who are certainly not all of them members of the Church of England, are to bestow, at any rate in one instance, the patronage of the Church of England. I have no doubt they discharge this duty admirably and conscientiously, and I have no doubt that the Church of England reaps the benefit of it, not only in regard to that particular living, but also in regard to the Church at large. A church gains very much from being influenced by and brought into contact with those who are aliens to itself. It is a principle that runs through all ecclesiastical history that all churches, ancient and modern, have been affected to their own greatest benefit by the influences of the external world and of those who are not mixed up with their own peculiar feelings and their own intestine controversies. Therefore, here again I claim the diverse and complex position of this college as a witness to a principle which I hope will be more and more maintained as the churches of the world go on.

Thirdly, I take some comfort from the appearance of this college with regard to the National Church which I here represent. Nothing is more common at this time than to hear it said—I believe sometimes by my own Nonconformist friends as well as by my own friends in the Church—"How is it possible for me, for example, to defend and take a pride and a pleasure in a Church which combines within itself so many diverse elements as the Church of England, including a powerful section that certainly does not receive my name with much respect at public meetings, and whose policy I greatly deplore?" I reply, on the principles of this college, it is far better for me, it is far better for them,—the section to which I allude,—and far better for the country at large, that we should combine within the same Church; that we should have opportunities of knowing, not only by personal, but by ecclesiastical intercourse, the virtues and the merits, as well as the vices and demerits of those to whom we are opposed. It is a great pleasure to me that, in spite of these diversities, the Church is able, as I hope it will always be able, in spite of the complaints, and annoyances, and difficulties which it causes, to contain these several elements within itself, even the element to which I have particularly alluded, which causes so much disturbance and distraction at the present moment; but an element which I am proud to think has produced those whom we could not possibly miss without great loss to ourselves, whom the country would very greatly miss if, being driven into a corner, they were made a narrow, exclusive, and domineering sect; one of whose chief leaders was the author of those beautiful words of the "Christian Year" which you have heard this morning, closing most appropriately the beautiful sermon from the preacher in the chapel.

Then, coming back to the point from which we started, this college has, from the very first, endeavoured to combine, and does still to a certain extent combine, perhaps more than any other on which you could lay your finger, what may be called Churchmanship and Nonconformity together. Its foundress, as I have said, was a Churchwoman; the Liturgy of the Church of England is still read within the walls of its chapel; those who are educated for the ranks of its ministry may be educated alike for the Nonconformist or the National ministry. Now this also is a kind of type or parable of the immense benefit which is conferred on the whole country by the friendly co-existence of the Established and Nonconformist Churches.

I have often dwelt upon this before, but I must, before I conclude, dwell upon it once again, and I ask myself, what would the country have lost, what would the Church of England have lost, if the Nonconformists had been entirely suppressed according to the fatal policy of the seventeenth century? What would have become of those outlying districts, which were visited and revived in the middle and at the close of the

last century by Wesley and Whitfield? What would have occurred, again, if the Society of Friends, whose most eminent representative (Mr. Bright), as you have heard, might have been present with us on this occasion, had been suppressed, as it might have been at one time by the joint action of the Church of England and the Nonconformists? Where should we have had the impulse given by the Quakers to the great cause of the abolition of the slave trade, and the constant protest raised against the cruelty of war? And what would have happened if the mob at Birmingham, who at the end of the last century burnt the library of Dr. Priestley, had been enabled not only to burn his library, but to burn himself and all his adherents? What would have become of the impulse which they gave to the science and criticism of that day?

On the other hand, may I not ask, without offence to my Nonconformist brethren, would not Nonconformity itself also have lost much if there had been no National Church, no central Church from which they all sprang? I have heard that a famous Welsh preacher used to say, "This is the hive from which we came, and it is, possibly, the hive to which we may some day return." Whether you return or not, I ask you, would you willingly have dispensed with the Authorized Version of the English Bible, entirely made by prelates and scholars of the Established Church? Would you have dispensed with the prayers of the Liturgy, which is read in the chapel of Cheshunt College, and which, even where not read, is a model and standard of devotion to all Nonconformist Churches here and in the United States? Would you willingly have lost the enlightening and illuminating presence of such divines as Hooker, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Butler, Paley, Arnold, and many others whom I might name, who certainly would have found no home and resting-place for themselves except within the bosom of the National Church? It is this combination of these elements which it is never out of place to insist upon, which, the more we insist upon, I venture to say, produces not a sense of rivalry, not a sense of animosity, but a sense of mutual gratitude, mutual peace, and mutual harmony.

Long may Cheshunt College flourish and prosper, so long as, by the education of its students in the best courses of Christian theology, it is enabled to keep pace with the wants of our time, to keep pace with the needs of the population of England, which requires all the energies that either Churchmen or Nonconformists can bestow upon them, and with the still greater needs of the vast heathen dependencies of our great British empire, to which missionaries are sent, and must be sent, not only from the Established Church, not only from Nonconformist Churches, but from all alike, if only they can arrive at the appreciation of the necessity, and the evangelical character of that precept which teaches everyone to do his very best, and follow the very highest aims with the peculiar powers which either his own character or his own ecclesiastical organization has placed within his reach.

ADDRESS IN THE CHAPEL OF CHESHUNT COLLEGE, AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO THE THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

It has been my lot at different times to address various classes of students preparing for the Christian ministry; at Oxford, when I was Professor of Ecclesiastical History; in London, when I was examining chaplain to the excellent Bishop of that great diocese; at St. Petersburg, when I visited the ecclesiastical seminary at St. Alexander Nevsky. In each of these places, and in the several generations that have passed since first I became a clergyman myself, I have always felt that whilst the wants of the Christian pastor have greatly varied, yet in all there has been a substantial unity. Therefore I will not scruple, disregarding almost or altogether the peculiar circumstances of your ecclesiastical organization, to express my sentiments almost in the same

words as I have used on some of these other occasions. And in so speaking, I would address myself, not to the most gifted, to whom I could not speak without a closer acquaintance than it is possible for me to have, but to the average class of students who must everywhere form the bulk of the Christian ministry.

I see before me now, as often before in the experiences of my past life, the trembling aspirations, the sense of unworthiness, the sense of ignorance, or the eager hope, perhaps the too presumptuous confidence, perhaps it may even be the longing, lingering look sometimes cast behind to a lost freedom, perhaps the dread of restraints which you may think it difficult to be endured. I see before you, as you may see for yourselves, the dim future filled with doubts, controversies, difficulties, all that you and others may have thought or feared of the office which has in part, and which will ere long be entrusted to all of you. I seem to see the labours on which you will have to enter—the crowded alleys, the wilderness of streets, the secluded villages, the distant heathen dependencies, the wear and tear, the never-ceasing calls and interruptions of official life. I see the exhausting demand for sermon after sermon—as much or perhaps more among Nonconformist ministers than among ourselves. I see the temptations that there must always arise to mechanical routine, to momentary excitement, to blind partizanship, to blank dulness, to languid indifference, or even despair. But I see also the hopes and the opportunities which the Christian ministry, to you as to all, brings with it. I see the various openings for each individual character in the various duties which our complex profession embraces. I see the happiness which may diffuse itself in you, and in all around you, from the mere fact that you will then have no other object than to do good to others by being good yourselves. I see especially, and of this I will speak more particularly, the novelty, the freshness of interest, which the Christian ministry in our day and in our country presents.

When I speak of the novelty of interest, I do not mean that you are to break with the continuity of your past lives. Do not think that because you are to become ministers you therefore cease to be Englishmen or young men. No; carry with you into your new profession whatever you have of good, or manly, or noble already; carry with you your active frames, your vigorous health, your free, outspoken speech, your plain, downright manners, your loving companionship and pride in one another, your admiration of whatever stirs the soul or kindles the imagination; carry with you, and increase tenfold if possible, your love of truth, your love of honour, your affection for home, your early friendships. These are gifts common to the student and the minister, common to the natural man, rather I would say common to the Christian everywhere, which also belong to the Christian pastor from Pope and Patriarchs upwards or downwards to the humblest minister in the humblest village church or the homeliest Nonconformist chapel.

But then, let us consider what new faculties there are that lie hid in your sacred vocation. How often have I seen that in these matters the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong! How many thoughts, never dreamed of before, must enter the mind of any young man who finds himself for the first time by the side of a dying sick man, hanging upon him for support in those few inestimable moments! How suddenly, as by the rod of Moses, is a new spring of living water opened in the hard dead rock by the intercourse of pastoral experience! How strangely has an earnest and powerful preacher thus leaped, as it were, out of the seemingly vacant and thoughtless student; how often have the homely gifts of buoyant spirits and healthy common sense, shot out far and wide in schemes of vast moral and spiritual usefulness; how suddenly has the awkward youth who went in search only of his father's asses, found himself to be the heaven-sent king, or the man of uncircumcised

lips become conscious of a message, yes, even of a voice, of an utterance which nature seemed to have denied him.

It is the charm of this our calling that it perpetually reveals to us these mute prophets. You may enter, the most gifted of you may enter on this profession, and be nothing at all, but the least gifted of you may enter upon it and be everything. It may be everything to you, and you may be everything to it. Yield yourselves to its transforming power. In this sense, magnify your office to the utmost, and it will magnify you in return; you will become great with its greatness, and fresh with its freshness, and glorious with its glory. For, as I have said, with each succeeding age the sacred ministry renews, or ought to renew, its strength. The trumpet-call to enter this sacred service had a sound to the ears of the primitive and the mediæval clergy which it had not for the Reformers or Puritans; it had a sound for the Reformers and Puritans which it has not for us; but, thank God! it has also a peculiar sound for us in all churches of our day which it had not for them of former times.

The services for which our loins are to be girded are different, but not less cheering. The lights which burn in our hands ought to burn more brightly and strongly, because with a peculiar brightness and a peculiar strength, than ever before. The office of a minister has, no doubt, difficulties which it had not in former ages; but those very difficulties are such as make the office doubly interesting. They are such as may well stimulate in every one of you a noble ambition—a noble resolve in the name of Christ, and by the grace of His Spirit, to subdue and overcome these difficulties. And through these obstacles, or in spite of them, the Christian ministry in this our generation opens a career as grand as ever it did in the most stirring days of its primeval simplicity, or, as in the palmiest days of its secular pre-eminence—a host of interests, inspiriting because of their greatness, encouraging because of their newness.

Let me enumerate some of these.

You come among your people as ministers and teachers. Yes; but have you considered, will you consider sufficiently, the immense advantages both to yourselves and to them if you come among them as friends and as learners? If this has not always been the view entertained of the clerical office, if it has not been that which in some great churches has given to them their main influence, yet it is unquestionably that to which our own generation especially invites us. By all means, give your people the best you can out of your own hearts and minds. Prepare yourselves to the utmost to get at that best; but remember, also, that young and inexperienced and incapable as many of you are, you must draw the best that you can out of the hearts and minds also of your hearers. You must read your own thoughts to them, no doubt; but you must make them read their own thoughts to you. You must make them respect you; but you must also respect them. Even from the poorest of your neighbours, you will often gain, even on controverted topics, a light which the half-educated or the over educated would fail to give—a deep calmness where you are agitated, a clear discrimination where you are full of confusion, a steadfast faith and love where you are full of doubt and discord.

And remember the immense value—the religious, moral, theological value—of the opinion of good, enlightened, unprejudiced, practical, scientific laymen, not only the laymen of our own congregation, who are often but exaggerated likenesses of ourselves, but laymen of the great outside world who really make up the materials of English Christendom. Do not make yourselves slavishly dependent upon their opinion, whether that be, as it is called, public opinion or any other opinion, but still remember that, in some respects, outside laymen have an advantage over us ministers, by seeing more, by reading more, by knowing more, and that what is sometimes called secular is often really more sacred than what is sometimes called spiritual, and that what is sometimes called spiritual is sometimes more really

worldly than even the things called secular.

The office of the minister will not sink, but rise in proportion as he is charged with the hopes, the fears, the feelings, and the sympathies, not only of the clergy, but of the whole Church and nation. The ecclesiastical profession in former times did, in a great measure, derive its best social influence from the fact that it then represented the whole intelligence of the age. It is not too late for this influence to be once more ours if we would use the various means which the literature, the science and the progress of our age have put into our hands, regarding all these as the counsels of friends instead of rejecting them as the attacks of enemies, accepting them as the armoury of God, instead of opposing them as the wiles of the devil. We must be understood by others in order to be respected and followed, but we must understand others in order to be understood ourselves. We must look facts in the face. They may be stubborn teachers; they may teach us strange and startling truths, but by them, if by any human means, will our loins be girded for the special task which lies before us.

I turn to another branch of the subject—the trials, controversies, and alarms of the Churches.

Here, too, is a new field of usefulness and importance to those who feel constrained to enter into them, and involving duties not less important to that far larger class of ministers who have no calling to enter upon them at all. There are many qualities which, for this purpose, may be urged—love of truth, boundless charity, unshaken courage, fearless regardlessness of the persons of men; but in addressing the average of theological students (the more highly endowed, as I have said, I leave to take their own counsels), the gift which I should recommend above all things is that which the Apostle commends to us,—"Be clothed with humility." Be modest enough, at least, to abstain from condemning books which you have never read. Be modest enough to abstain from pronouncing solemnly on difficult subjects which you have never studied. You have a call—we all have a call—to be humble, to be studious, to be candid, to be forbearing. We have not, all of us, a call, either from God or man, to sit on the seat of judgment, or to carry out the ark of God into the battle. Whatever strange and erroneous doctrines have to be banished and driven away, are best driven away, not by foul names and fierce attacks, but by quietly, calmly, humbly preaching what you yourselves, according to your best opportunities, believe to be the truth. "Overcome evil with good." Overcome intolerance by charity and forbearance. Overcome folly by such wisdom as you can best put forth. Overcome guile by simplicity. Above all, overcome the spiritual pride of professional polemics by the modesty of the Christian youth. Study the Bible; study mankind; study nature as little children. The aged philosopher can do no more; the young student can surely do no less.

These are simple homely maxims, but, homely as they are, they open to you and to the rising generation a path which you can make entirely your own—a path, indeed, along which some of the wisest and best of God's servants have walked in the firmest faith and in the devoutest love, but which still needs to be known in order to be valued. A path it is which the vulture's eye hath not seen, nor the lion's whelp trodden, but which will guide us to lofty heights and serener regions by eager partisans unknown and uncared for. Truth, candour, modesty—these are not the watchwords of theological controversy in past times—no, nor even in the present; but let them be your watchwords for the future. It is not the way of the world; but it is the way of Jesus Christ. It is not the way of the old, carnal, theological Adam of bygone ages; but it is the way of the new spiritual man created anew in Christ Jesus. It is the true lesson of the soothing, moderating, reconciling, comprehensive spirit of the best aspect of

the Church of England. It is the true lesson, in their best moments, of such men as Baxter and Bunyan and Wesley.

And then as to your preaching. On the general subject I cannot commend to you anything better than the advice which one of yourselves received not long ago from one of our most eminent statesmen, couched in language so wise, so charitable, and so discriminating that you cannot do better than lay it to heart for yourselves and for everyone whose sermons you hear or criticise, or whom you would wish to criticise or to offer any advice upon your own. To those few words of Mr. Bright I offer no addition as to the general objects to be aimed at on the subject of preaching. But there are one or two points which occur to me to say in what concerns—again I speak not of the most gifted, but of what concerns all of us. That even the higher powers of preaching have not been denied to our times is proved by the fact of sermons which some of us have heard, and which all of us have read, during even this century—the sermons, to name only the dead, of Arnold and Robertson in the Church of England, of Chalmers and Macleod in the Church of Scotland, of Robert Hall amongst Nonconformists. I might add many more to these if I were to name the sermons of the living. To the excellence of these powerful preachers I do not ask you to attain. This is granted only to a few; but I do implore each of you to make the best of whatever gifts you have. We cannot acquire other gifts than those which God has given us. But out of what He has given us we can make far more than we often do. How many a man there is who is far worse in his pulpit, far less persuasive, far less interesting, far less truthful, than he is in his common talk and life! Why should he not be in his pulpit much better? At any rate, why should he not be as good as he is elsewhere? To be natural, sincere, genuine, unaffected in our lives, in our common practical lives, this is perhaps acknowledged by all of us to be a duty. But to be natural, sincere, unaffected, genuine in our sermons—what a difficulty! What a contrast is the darkness and the hollowness of our preaching to much even of our common practice and conversation! What a contrast even to much of our professions! The temptation to be wise above that which is written, to appear better than we are, to use language which we do not heartily believe—these temptations are almost irresistible. Yet if there be any one sin against which our blessed Lord warns all religious teachers, it is this great sin of hypocrisy—hypocrisy, not in the grosser sense of the word, but in that far more common, far more dangerous sense in which our Lord always uses it—that is to say, the sense of acting a part, of doing and saying, not what we are in ourselves, but what others put into our minds and mouths. There have been diplomatists who have accomplished their objects by unexpectedly using no concealment and no disguises. May not we also, among the clergy, sometimes take the world by surprise in like manner, and convert men by speaking, thinking, and saying exactly what we think, and appearing to be exactly what we are, by having our loins girt about, not with set phrases and artificial forms, but with that one only girdle which the Apostle recommends — the girdle of truth—truth in action, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in heart, truth in thought?'

There is another suggestion I would make. We hear a great deal in these days said for and against dogmatic religion, a great deal concerning positive and negative theology, concerning definite and indefinite teaching. There may be those who are called upon to increase or diminish the stock of our existing doctrines, but for the vast mass, both of those who hear and those who teach, what is wanted is not so much more or less doctrine, positive or negative, dogmatic or undogmatic, but rather that we should endeavour clearly to understand the full meaning of the doctrines which we already have, but which we now too often repeat only for the sake of repeating them. Those sacred words which we use, whether

from the Bible or from the Church, let us ascertain and define what they really mean, what they really meant in former times, what they mean to us, what others mean by them. Many of them are, no doubt, full of force and life. They can still, if rightly understood, not only stifle many an old quarrel, but open many a new truth. They all represent something. They have all, in their day, represented things very different. They, none of them, represent the same thing to everybody. Hold, therefore, if you will, to each and all of the doctrines you have been taught, but, as you use them, try to see what you mean by them; define as clearly to yourselves, if not to others, the ideas they convey to your own minds. If you cannot put them into other words, be sure that you do not understand them, and that you had better say nothing about them. The silence of theology is often as instructive as its speech. To know that you do not know is the next best gift to know that you do know. To know by cross-examination of your own thoughts is at once the easiest and the best kind of knowledge.

And if the words and ideas of the Church and the Churches thus need to be examined over and over again, how much more, and with how much greater fruit, the words and facts of the Bible! How infinitely has the meaning of the Bible grown upon us even within our own experience! What new lights have been brought to us in the Psalms, the Prophets, and the historians of the Old Testament! What a far nearer approach than ever before to the order, the significance, the beauty of the Epistles and the Gospels! What a field of new topics for the youngest minister, which a hundred years ago would not have occurred to the most learned divine! There is here no lack of subjects for sermons. There is here no lack of fresh thought to fill the hearts and minds of your hearers. And most of all, when we approach the most sacred of all subjects, Jesus Christ Himself, our Lord and Saviour, how can I express my conviction of the depth of new wisdom to be learned from His character, His teaching, His work, if we only set ourselves to ask and to seek out what are the essential characteristics of His Spirit, what are the truths on which He laid the most urgent stress, what was the moral and spiritual meaning of His whole appearance?

And this leads me to make one other remark on the importance of observing the various gradations of truth. There is an admirable essay on an admirable subject by the first president of this college while it still remained at Trevecca—I mean the apostolic Fletcher of Madeley—his essay on "Truth" and on the "Degrees of Truth." The Degrees of Truth—that is a doctrine which the clergy both old and young are extremely unwilling to admit, and yet it is a truth the neglect of which has produced more mischief than the denial of many a doctrine which has been held to be necessary to salvation. Once grasp the value of things eternal, and the things which are transitory and temporal will very soon find their place. Once acknowledge the importance of the spirit, and you will soon cease to be vexed about the letter. Once perceive the value of internal moral evidence as to the true supernatural, and you will then not be too much disquieted by questions about external signs which may be the scaffolding, but can never be the basis, of religion. Once appreciate the truths on which the highest genius, the highest goodness, the highest culture of the world lays most stress, and you will find enough, and more than enough, in common with all churches, without tearing each other to pieces on the points on which they differ. Once learn that the main object of the Christian ministry is to build up, and you will soon lose the pleasure—great though it be—of pulling down. Once learn that our field is nothing else than the whole land of England, and you will find that you, and I, and each of us have enough, and more than enough, to occupy our whole energy, to draw the thoughts of all churches heavenward, to draw the spirits of all honest and good men together.

A. P. Stanley.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

II.—THE FRATE.

"WHAT is the use of the cloister in the midst of society," says Padre Marchese (himself a Fráte Predicatóre of San Marco), "if it is not a focus and centre of morality and religion, diffusing and planting deeply in the hearts of the people ideas of honesty, justice, and virtue, in order to temper and hold in balance the brutal force of the passions, which threaten continually to absorb all the thoughts and affections of men? In this brief description of the monastic life is summed up the life of Sant' Antonino and of his disciples. The saintly Costanzo da Fabriano, and Fathers Santi Schialtesi and Girolamo Lapaccini, with a chosen band of students, went through the cities, towns, and villages of Tuscany, or wherever necessity called them, extinguishing party strife, instructing the people, and bringing back the lost into the path of virtue. Sant' Antonino used his ability and wonderful charity in encouraging the best studies, aiding in the reform of the clergy, and giving a helping-hand to all the charitable works which were rendered necessary by the distresses of those unhappy times. And since the people of Florence took great delight in the arts, and were in the habit of drawing comfort and pleasure from them, the blessed Giovanni Angelico undertook the noble office of making those very arts ministers of religious and moral perfection; educating a school of painters, pure, heavenly-minded, and toned to that high sublime, which raises man from the mud of this world and makes him in love with heaven." Such is the affectionate description given by a son of the convent of its first inhabitants. And his praise scarcely seems too liberal, either of the pure-minded and gentle painter, or of the loftier figure of the Archbishop, his friend and brother in the community, who was, as the story goes, preferred to his high office by Angelico's modest recommendation. Antonino was a man accustomed to influence and rule men, and his position was of much more note in the eyes of the world, no doubt, than that of the humble painter, or would have been so in any community less penetrated with the love of Art than Florence. We cannot pass over his name without notice, notwithstanding that a greater awaits us a few years further on in the history. The story of Antonino's life and works and miracles—those prodigies which procured him his canonization, as well as many fully authenticated acts of loving-kindness which might well entitle him to rank among those whom their fellow-men called Blessed—are painted under the arches of the cloister of San Marco, I do not say with supreme skill, or with any lingering grace of Angelico's art, but clear enough to give an additional reality to the history of the man. Among those frescoes, indeed, is one poor picture, which has a historical interest much above its value in point of art—a picture in which the Archbishop is represented as entering (barefooted, as it is said he did, in humility and protest against the honour which he could not escape) in solemn procession at the great west door of the Cathedral for his consecration. The façade, now a mass of unsightly plaster, as it has been for generations, here appears to us decorated half-way up with the graceful canopy work of Giotto's design, showing at least the beginning which had been made in carrying out that original plan, and its artistic effect. This makes the picture interesting in point of art; but it has still another interest which probably will strike the spectator more than even this reminiscence of the destroyed façade, or

the picture of good Sant' Antonino *affublé* with the gorgeous vestments appropriate to the occasion. In the foreground of the crowd which looks on at the procession, stands a tall figure in the Dominican habit, with the cowl as usual half covering his head, and his marked and powerful, but not handsome features standing out with all the reality of a portrait against the vague background. To be sure it is an anachronism to introduce Savonarola, for Archbishop Antonino was dead long years before his great successor came to Florence; but painters in those days were not limited by vulgar bonds of accuracy in point of date.

Antonino was not, so far as the evidence shows, a man of genius like his friend the painter, or like that later Prior of San Marco whose name is for ever associated with the place. But he possessed that noble inspiration of charity which perhaps more than any other makes the name of a churchman dear to the race among which he lives. The sagacious, shrewd, and kindly face which looks at us, still, with an almost humorous observation, in the bust which remains in the convent, would scarcely perhaps suggest to the spectator the tender depth of loving-kindness which must have been in the man. In Florence, with its perpetual succession of governments, its continually varying ascendency, now of one party, now of another, the community was exposed to still greater vicissitudes of fortune than are the inhabitants of our commercial towns, who have to bear all the caprices of trade. Those who one day had power and office and the ways of making wealth in their hands, were subject on the next to ruinous fines, imprisonments, exile, descent from the highest to the lowest grade. After Cosmo de' Medici had returned from the banishment which his rivals had procured, he treated those rivals and their party in the ordinary way, degrading many of their adherents from their position as *grandi* or nobles, and spreading havoc among all the opposing faction who held by the Albizzi against the Medici. The result was, as may be easily supposed, a large amount of private misery proudly borne and carefully concealed, that poverty of the gentle and proud which is of all others the most terrible. I have said that probably Antonino was not a man of genius at all; but I revoke the words, for what but the essence of Christian genius, fine instinct, tender penetration, could have first thought of the necessity of ministering to *i poveri vergognosi*, the shamefaced poor? Florence had misery enough of all kinds within her mediæval bosom, but none more dismal than that which lurked unseen within some of those gaunt, great houses, where the gently born and delicately bred, starved, yet were ashamed to beg—each house bringing down with it in its fall, through all the various grades of rank which existed in the aristocratic republic, other households who could die but could not ask charity. The kind monk in his cell, separated from the world as we say, and having the miseries of his fellow-creatures in no way forced upon his observation, divined this sacredest want that uttered no groan, and in his wise soul found out the means of aiding it. He sent for twelve of the best men of Florence, men of all classes—shoemakers among them, woolspinners, members of all the different crafts—and told them the subject of his thoughts. He described to them "to the life," as Padre Marchese tells us, the condition of the fallen families, the danger under which they lay of being turned to suicide or to wickedness by despair, and the necessity of bringing help to their hidden misery. The twelve, touched to the heart by this picture, offered themselves willingly as his assistants; and thus arose an institution which still exists and flourishes, a charitable society which has outlived many a benevolent scheme, and given the first impulse to many more. Antonino called his charitable band *Provveditori dei poveri vergognosi*; but the people, always ready to perceive and appreciate a great work of charity, conferred a popular title more handy and natural, and called those messengers of kindness the *Buonuomini de San*

Martino—the little homely church of St. Martin, the church in which Dante was married, and within sight of which he was born, being the head-quarters of the new brotherhood. On the outside wall of this humble little place may still be seen the box for subscriptions, with its legend, which the Good Men of St. Martin put up at the beginning of their enterprise, a touching token of their long existence. The nearest parallel I know to this work is to be found in the plan which Dr. Chalmers so royally inaugurated in the great town of Glasgow, abolishing all legal relief in his parish, and providing for its wants entirely by voluntary neighbourly charity, and the work of Buonuomini, like those of St. Martin—one of the most magnificent experiments made in modern times, but unfortunately, like a song or a poem, ending with the genius which inspired and produced it. It is curious to think that the Scotch minister of the nineteenth century was but repeating the idea of the Dominican monk in the fifteenth. We are in the habit of thinking a great deal of ourselves and our charities, and of ranking them much more highly than the works of other nations; but it is nevertheless a fact, that while Dr. Chalmers' splendid essay at Christian legislation died out in less than a generation and was totally dependent upon one man's influence, Prior Antonino's institution has survived the wear and tear of four hundred years.

There is another institution still in Florence to which Prior Antonino's initiation was of the greatest importance. Every visitor of Florence must have noticed the beautiful little building at the corner of the piazza which surrounds the Baptistery—which is called the Bigallo. This house had been the head-quarters of an older society specially devoted to the care of orphan children and foundlings, which had been diverted—perverted—into an orthodox band of persecutors for the suppression of the heresy of the Paterini by another Dominican, St. Peter Martyr, a gory and terrible saint, whose bleeding head appears perpetually in the art records of the Order. Antonino was not of the persecuting kind, and perhaps the Paterini, poor souls, had been extirpated and got rid of. However that may be, the gentle Prior got the captains of the Bigallo also within the range of his tender inspiration. He sheathed their swords, and calmed down their zeal, and turned them back to their legitimate work; and within the charmed circle which holds the Baptistery, the Campanile, and the Cathedral, standing where Dante must have seen it many a day from the stone bench whence he watched the Duomo, the Bigallo carries on its work of charity, bringing up orphans, and receiving destitute children. Under the lovely little loggia, than which there are few things more beautiful in all the beautiful city, it was the custom to put lost children whom the officers of the society had found about the streets to be recognized by their parents, a fact which suggests many a pretty and touching scene.

In the year 1446, the Prior of San Marco (specially by the recommendation, as has been already told, of the Angelical Painter) was made Archbishop of Florence, an honour which he is said neither to have sought nor wished, but which filled the city with rejoicing. Of all the good things he did in this office we have not space enough to tell; but one or two special incidents must be recorded. A few years after his consecration, in the years 1448 and 1449, one of those great Plagues which terrified the mediæval mind, and of which we have so many terrible records, came upon Florence, and what Boccaccio recorded a century before became again visible in the stricken city. Almost all who could leave the town fled from it, and the miserable masses smitten by the pestilence died without hope and almost without help. But we need not add, that the Archbishop was not one of the deserters. He gathered round him some "young men of his institution," Padre Marchese tells us, and bravely set himself to the work of charity. He himself went about the miserable streets leading

an ass, or mule, laden with everything that charity required—food and wine and medicine, and that sacramental symbol of God which was the best charity of all—*necessariis ad salutem animæ et corporis*, as an ancient writer testifies. At a later period, when Florence was afflicted with a plague of another kind, this noble old man came to its rescue in a way still more original and unlike his age. The people, ignorant and superstitious as they were, had been deeply terrified by some unusual convulsion of the elements, the appearance of a comet for one thing, which was followed by earthquakes, terrific storms, and many signs and wonders very alarming to the popular mind. Besides these natural terrors, they were excited by foolish addresses, prophecies of the approaching end of the world, and exhortations to fly and hide themselves among the caves and mountains, like the lost in the Apocalypse. The Archbishop was not before his age in scientific knowledge; but he instantly published a little treatise, explaining as well as he could the nature of the commotions that frightened the ignorant, "according to the doctrine of Aristotle and the Blessed Albertus Magnus." It was poor science enough, the historian allows, but yet as good as could be had at the time; and the authority of the Archbishop calmed the minds of the people. The reader will find, if he wishes, in the legend of Sant' Antonino, and in the pictorial story of his life which may be seen in the lunettes of the cloister of San Marco, a great number of incidents purely miraculous; but Padre Marchese does not enter into these pious fancies. He finds enough to vindicate the saintship of his Archbishop in the honest and undeniable work for God and man which he did in his generation; and so indeed do I. There is but one incident in this noble and simple record in which the good Antonino was a little hard upon nature. The garden attached to the Archbishop's palace was a beautiful and dainty one, in which former prelates had taken great delight, refreshing their dignified leisure in its glades. But an Archbishop who takes his exercise in the streets, leading a panniered mule laden with charities, has less need, perhaps, of trim terraces on which to saunter. Archbishop Antonino had the flowers dug up, and planted roots and vegetables for his poor, in respect to whom he was fanatical. One grudges the innocent flowers; but the old man, I suppose, had a right to his whim like another, and bishops in that age were addicted sometimes to less virtuous fancies—ravaging the earth for spoil to enrich their families and to buy marbles for their tomb. It was better on the whole to ravage a garden, however beautiful, in order to feed the starving poor.

Antonino died in 1459, gliding peacefully out of the world "as morning whitened on the 2nd of May," when Girolamo Savonarola, coming into it, was just seven years old, a child in Ferrara. The good Archbishop ordered that all that was found in his palace when he died should be given to the poor. All that could be found was four ducats! so true had he been to his vows of poverty. And thus the greatest dignitary of San Marco passed away, followed out of the world by the tears and blessings of the poor, and the semi-adoration of all the city. It is not difficult to understand how the perpetual appeals of the people who knew him so well and had occasion so good to trust in his kindness living, should have glided with natural ease and fervour into the *Ora pro nobis* of a popular litany, when the good Archbishop took his gentle way to heaven, leaving four ducats behind him, on that May morning. The world was a terribly unsatisfactory world in those days, as it is now; and full of evils more monstrous, more appalling, than are the sins of our softer generation; but at the same time, the gates of heaven were somehow nearer, and those rude eyes, bloodshot with wars and passion, could see the saints so unlike themselves going in by that dazzling way.

We must turn northward, however, to find the greatest monk of San Marco, the man who has writ himself large upon the convent, and even on

the city, and who is one of the greatest of the many great figures that inhabit Florence. Savonarola was born in Ferrara in September, 1452, the grandson of an eminent physician at the court of the Duke, and intended by his parents to follow the same profession. He was one of a large family, not over rich, it would appear, and is said to have been the one in whom the hopes of his kindred were chiefly placed. He was a diligent student, "working day and night," as we are told by his earliest biographer Burlamacchi, his contemporary and disciple, whose simple and touching narrative has all the charm of nearness and personal affection—and attained great proficiency in "the liberal arts." He was learned in the learning of his day, and in that philosophy of the schools which held so high a place in the estimation of the world—studying Aristotle, and afterwards, with devotion, St. Thomas Aquinas. But the young man was not of those who take their leading solely from books, however great. He was deeply thoughtful, looking with eyes of profound and indignant observation upon all the ways of man, so vain and melancholy. They were, however, more than vain and melancholy in young Girolamo's day; the softer shades of modern evil were exaggerated in those times into such force of contrast as made the heart of the beholder burn within him. On one side, unbounded luxury, splendour and power; on the other, the deepest misery, helplessness, abandonment—the poor more poor, the rich more brutally indifferent of them than we can understand; and every familiar human crime with which we are acquainted in these latter days set out in rampant breadth of colour and shameless openness. Italy was the prey of petty tyrants and wicked priests: Dukes and Popes vieing with each other which could live most lewdly, most lavishly, most cruelly—their whole existence an *exploitation* of the helpless people they reigned over, or still more helpless "flock" of which these wolves, alas! had got the shepherding. And learning was nought, and philosophy vain, in those evil days. What were grammatical disquisitions, or the subtilties of mediæval logic to a young soul burning for virtue and truth, to a young heart wrung with ineffable pity for suffering and horror of wrong? So soon as Savonarola began to judge for himself, to feel the stirrings of manhood in his youth, this righteous sorrow took possession of the young man's mind. Some poems composed at this time show how deeply penetrated he was by indignation and disgust for all the evils he saw around him. "Seeing," he cries, "the world turned upside down:"

"... . in wild confusion tost,
The very depth and essence lost
Of all good ways and every virtue bright;
Nor shines one living light
Nor one who of his vices feels the shame.

* * * * * *

Happy henceforth he who by rapine lives,
He who on blood of others swells and feeds,
Who widows robs, and from his children's needs
Takes tribute, and the poor to ruin drives.

Those souls shall now be thought most rare and good
Who most by fraud and force can gain,
Who heaven and Christ disdain,
Whose thoughts on other's harm for ever brood."

This profound appreciation of the evils round him made the young Girolamo a sad and silent youth. "He talked little and kept himself retired and solitary," says Burlamacchi. "He took pleasure," adds Padre Marchese, "in solitary places, in the open fields, or along the green banks of the Po, and there wandering, sometimes singing, sometimes weeping, gave utterance to the strong emotions which boiled in his breast." The city raged or revelled behind him, its streets running blood or running wine—what mattered?—according to the turn of fortune; the doctors babbling in their places, of far-fetched questions, of dead grammatical lore; and no man thinking of truth, of mercy, of judgment, with which the lad's bosom was swelling, or of the need of them; but only how to get the most wealth, honour,

pleasure, fine robes, and prancing horses, and beautiful things, and power. Outside the gates on the river side, the youth wandered solitary, tears in those great eyes, which were *resplendenti e di color celeste,* his rugged features moving, his strong heart beating with that high and noble indignation which was the only sign of life amid the national depravity. But in the midst of these deep musings there came a moment, the historians say, when the music and the freshness of existence came back to the boy's soul, and the gates of the earthly paradise opened to him, and all the evil world was veiled with fictitious glamour, by the light which shone out of the eyes of a young Florentine, the daughter of an exiled Strozzi. How long this dream lasted, no one knows; but one of his early biographers informs us that it ended with a scornful rejection of the young Savonarola, on the ground that his family was not sufficiently exalted to mate with that of Strozzi. Here is one of his verses written about the time, which will touch the reader's mind with sympathy for the full heart and forlorn confidence of the rejected lover. One hope still remains to him, he says,

"I cannot let it leave me like the rest—
That in that other life, the best,
Well will be known which soul most highly springs,
And which to noblest flight uplifts its wings."

Thus separated from the magic web of human happiness which might have blinded him temporarily, at least to the evils around him, his darker musings came back with renewed power. He describes to his father in the touching letter which intimates his entrance into the cloister, the motives which moved him, "in order that you may take comfort from this explanation, and feel assured that I have not acted from a juvenile impulse, as some seem to think . . . . ." These were: "the great misery of the world, the iniquities of men, ... so that things have come to such a pass that no one can be found acting righteously. Many times a day have I repeated with tears the verse,

Heu fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!

I could not endure the enormous wickedness of the blinded people of Italy; and the more so because I saw everywhere virtue despised and vice honoured. A greater sorrow I could not have in this world." Alone and solitary among people who did, and who put up with, all these evils, with no one to sympathize with his feelings, perhaps even scoffed at for his exaggerated views, he endured as long as it was possible; while he was silent, his heart burned. Disgusted with the world, disappointed in his personal hopes, weary of the perpetual wrong which he could not remedy, he had decided to adopt the monastic life for some time before his affectionate heart could resolve upon a separation from his family. "So great was my pain and misery," he says in the letter to his father already quoted, "that if I had laid open my breast to you, I verily believe that the very idea that I was going to leave you would have broken my heart." He relieved his burdened mind during this melancholy time by writing a little essay on "Disdain of the World," which he left behind with simple art, "behind the books that lie in the window-sill," to prove hereafter an explanation of his conduct. His mother, divining some resolution in him which he had not expressed, looked at him with such meaning and pitiful eyes, "as if she would penetrate his very heart," that the young man could not support her look. One April morning, as he sat by her playing a melancholy air upon his lute, she turned upon him suddenly and said, "My son, that is a sign we are soon to part." Girolamo durst not risk himself to look at her, but, with his head bent, kept fingering the strings with a faltering touch.

Next day was a great festa in Ferrara, the 24th of April, St. George's Day—one of the many holidays which stood instead of freedom and justice to conciliate the people. When all the family were gone out to those

gay doings, which were brightened and made sweet by the glorious spring of Italy, the young man stole out unnoticed, and with a full heart left his father's house for ever. This was in the year 1475, when he was twenty-three. He went away, lonely, across the sunny plain to Bologna, where he presented himself at once at the Convent of St. Dominic. At this melancholy moment of his life, the youth, his heart sick of all the learned vanity as well as the louder crime of the world, had no desire to be either priest or monk, having an almost hatred in his weary bosom of the vain studies in which he had already spent so much time. He asked only in his despair to be a lay brother, to ease his soul with simple work in the garden, or even, as Burlamacchi tells us, in making the rude robes of the monks—rather than to go back all day long to "vain questions and doctrines of Aristotle," in which respect, he said, there was little difference between the frati and ordinary men. But presently his mind changed as the lassitude which succeeds an important step brought down his very soul into unquestioning obedience. It might indeed seem yet another commentary on the vanity of human wishes that the young monk, so tired of all mundane things, and sick at heart for truth and contact with nature, should have found himself thrown back again as soon as he had fairly taken refuge in his cloister, upon the old miserable round of philosophy, as lecturer of his convent. He obeyed readily, we are told, which good Burlamacchi takes as a sign of grace in him—but who can tell with what struggles of the reluctant heart and that deep disappointment which so often attends the completion of a long-maturing resolve? Soon after he wrote the letter to his father which I have quoted —a letter full of the tender sophistry which we find in so many letters of this time (and indeed of all times), in which the question of duty is begged with many a loving artifice, and heart-broken beseechings brought in instead. "Do you not think that it is a very high mark of favour to have a son a soldier in the army of Jesus Christ?" . . . "If you love me, seeing that I am composed of two parts, of soul and body, say which of them you love most, the body or the soul. . . . If, then, you love the soul most, why not look to the good of that soul?" These arguments have been repeated from the beginning of the world, I suppose, and will be to its end, whenever a good and loving child obeys a personal impulse which is contrary to filial duty, but not to filial tenderness. "Never since I was born did I suffer so great mental anguish as when I felt that I was about to leave my own flesh and blood and go among people who were strangers to me," adds the young man. But the sacrifice had then been accomplished, and for years thereafter the young Savonarola, now Fra Girolamo, had to content himself with "the Aristotle of the cloister instead of the Aristotle of the world," and to go on with those dry and useless studies, making what attempt he could to separate from them "all vain questions, and to bring them back as much as he could to Christian simplicity," while yet his heart burned within him, and wickedness unwarned and wrong unredressed were rampant in the outside world.

Perhaps, indeed, the first effect of this desperate resolution of his, this plunge into the Church by way of escaping from the world, was to convince the young man of the corruption of the Church in a way more sharp and heartfelt than before. No doubt it directed him to look with eyes more critical and enlightened upon those ecclesiastical powers who were now the officers of his own army, and more distinctly within his range of vision; and with a Pope such as Sixtus IV., and many inferior prelates worthy of their head, it is not to be wondered at if the bitter wrath and sorrow of the young Reformer blazed higher and clearer still. As he had written in *De Ruina Mundi* (in the verses which we have already quoted), his horror of the sins of the world, so in *De Ruina Ecclesia*, which now followed, he laments the sins of the Church. He sees the true Church herself in a vision,

and hears from her that her place has been invaded by a shameless creature—*una fallace superba meretrice.* "With eyes that are never dry, with head bowed down, and sad soul," the "ancient mother" replies to him.

"She took my hand, and thus with weeping, led
 To her poor cave, and said—
'When into Rome I saw that proud one pass
 Who 'mid soft flowers and grass
 Securely moves, I shut me up, and here
 Lead my sad life with many a tear.'"

The wondering spectator listens, and sees her bosom torn with a thousand wounds, and hears enough "to make stones weep" of the usurpation of the harlot. Then his whole soul breaks forth in a cry, "Oh God, lady! that I could break these great wings!" What utterance was ever more characteristic of the future purpose of a beginning life? Though the "*antica madre*" bids him rather be silent and weep, the thought of breaking those *grandi ali*, and striking a blow at the thousand corruptions which disgraced Christendom, never abandoned the thoughts of the young Dominican. He had to be silent perforce for years, and to teach the novices, and lecture upon philosophy, as if there was no greater evil in the world than a definite syllogism; but his heart burned all the more in his breast, and his time was to come.

Even, however, out of these undesired studies, Savonarola's active intelligence—which seems to have been restored to the steadiness of common life, and to that necessity of making the best of a lot, now unalterable, which so often follows a decisive step—seems to have made something useful and honourable. He wrote a Compendium of Philosophy, "an epitome of all the writings, various as they are, of the Stagyrite," a work which, according to Padre Marchese, "might have acted as a stepping-stone to the *Novum Organum.*" Another work of a similar character he had begun upon Plato, the study of whose works had been much promoted in Italy by the learned Greeks who were so highly thought of in many of its intellectual centres, but this Savonarola himself tells us he destroyed. "What good is there in so much wisdom, when now every old woman knows more?" he asks, with characteristic simplicity. Such were his occupations during the seven years which he passed in Bologna, a time of quiet, of rest in some respects from the chaos of youthful fancies, and of distasteful, but bravely surmounted work. His convent seems to have acted upon the sorrowful young dreamer as sharp contact with actual life so often acts upon visionary youth. It forced him to take up his burden and labour at common things in the long interval of waiting before the real mission of his life came to him. Monastic writers throw a certain ecclesiastical romanticism over this natural result, by distinguishing it as the fruit of monastic obedience, the new soul of the cloister; but the same thing appears in almost all noble and strong natures when life in its real aspect is accepted, not as a matter of fancy and choice, but of unalterable necessity and duty. There was no particular value in the logic which Fra Girolamo taught the young Dominicans; but there was efficacy inestimable in that sense of certainty and life established which led him to do the work which lay at his hand and accept it, though it was not that which pleased him best.

After some years of this obscure work he came to Florence, and now at last we find him in the scene to which his historical existence belongs. Professor Villari informs us, though without giving any authority, that the young monk came to his new home with hopeful and happy anticipations, pleased with the fair country, the purer language, the higher civilization of the people, and with the saintly associations which the blessed Antonino had left so fresh and fragrant. It is easy indeed to believe that after toiling across the rugged Apennines, when the Dominican, still young and full of natural fervour, came suddenly out from among the folds of the hills upon that glorious landscape; when he saw the beautiful

vision of Florence, seated in the rich garden of her valley, with flowers and olive-trees, and everything that is beautiful in nature, incircling that proud combination of everything that is noble in art; his heart must have risen at the sight, and some dilation of the soul, some sense of coming greatness have been permitted to him in face of the fate he was to accomplish there.

The state of Florence at this period was very remarkable. The most independent and tumultuous of towns was spellbound under the sway of Lorenzo de Medici, the grandson of that Cosmo who built San Marco; and scarcely seemed even to recollect its freedom, so absorbed was it in the present advantages conferred by "a strong government," and solaced by shows, entertainments, festivals, pomp and display of all kinds. It was one of those moments of classic revival which have occurred more than once in the later history of the world, when the higher classes of society, having shaken themselves apart with graceful contempt from the lower, proceed to frame their lives according to a pagan model, leaving the other and much bigger half of the world to pursue *its* superstitions undisturbed. Florence was as near a pagan city as it was possible for its rulers to make it. Its intellectual existence was entirely given up to the past; its days were spent in that worship of antiquity which has no power of discrimination, and deifies not only the wisdom but the trivialities of its golden epoch. Lorenzo reigned in the midst of a lettered crowd of classic parasites and flatterers, writing poems which his courtiers found better than Alighieri's, and surrounding himself with those eloquent slaves who make a prince's name more famous than arms or victories, and who have still left a prejudice in the minds of all literature-loving people in favour of their patron. A man of superb health and physical power, who can give himself up to debauch all night without interfering with his power of working all day, and whose mind is so versatile that he can sack a town one morning and discourse upon the beauties of Plato the next and weave joyous ballads through both occupations—gives his flatterers reason when they applaud him. The few righteous men in the city, the citizens who still thought of Florence above all, kept apart, overwhelmed by the tide which ran in favour of that leading citizen of Florence who had gained the control of the once high-spirited and freedom-loving people. Society had never been more dissolute, more selfish, or more utterly deprived of any higher aim. Barren scholarship, busy over grammatical questions, and elegant philosophy snipping and piecing its logical systems, formed the top dressing to that half brutal, half superstitious ignorance which in such communities is the general portion of the poor. The *dilettante* world dreamed hazily of a restoration of the worship of the pagan gods; Cardinal Bembo bade his friend beware of reading Paul's epistles, lest their barbarous style should corrupt his taste; and even such a man as Pico della Mirandola declared the "Divina Commedia" to be inferior to the "Canti Carnascialeschi" of Lorenzo de Medici. This extraordinary failure of taste itself, in a period which stood upon its fine taste as one of its highest qualities, is curious, but far from being without parallel in the history of the civilized world. Not so very long ago, indeed, among ourselves, in another age of classic revival, sometimes called Augustan, Pope was supposed a much greater poet than Shakespeare, and much inferior names to that of Pope were ranked as equal with, or superior to our prince of poets. The whole mental firmament must have contracted about the heads of a people among whom such verdicts are possible; but the opinion of such a time generally is that nothing has ever been so clever, so great, so elevated as itself. Thus limited intellectually, the age of Lorenzo was still more hopeless morally, full of debauchery, cruelty, and corruption, violating oaths, betraying trusts, believing in nothing but Greek manuscripts, coins, and statues, caring for nothing but pleasure. This was the world in which Savonarola found

himself when, waking from his first pleasurable impressions, he looked forth from the narrow windows of San Marco, by the side of which Angelico's angel faces stood watching the thoughts that arose in his mind. Those thoughts were not of a mirthful kind. Fair Florence lying in bonds, or rather dancing in them, with smear of blood upon her garments and loathsome song upon her lips; and the Church, yet more fair, groaning under the domination of one evil Pope, looking forward to a worse monster still, for the reign of the Borgias' —culmination of all wickedness—was approaching;—who can wonder if visions of gloom crossed the brain of the young lecturer in San Marco, howsoever he might try to stupefy and silence them by his daily work and the subtleties of Aristotle and Aquinas? A sense of approaching judgment, terror, and punishment, the vengeance of God against a world full of iniquity, darkened the very air around him. He tried to restrain the prophetic vision, but could not. Wherever he was allowed to speak, in Brescia, in San Geminiano, the flood poured forth, and in spite of himself he thundered from the pulpit a thousand woes against the wicked with intense and alarming effect. But when he endeavoured to speak in lettered Florence itself, no one took any trouble to listen to the Lombard monk, whose accent was harsh, and his periods not daintily formed, and who went against all the unities, so to speak, as Shakespeare once, when England was in a similar state of refinement, was held to do. In San Lorenzo, where Savonarola first preached, there were not twenty-five people, all counted, to hear him; but San Geminiano among the hills, when it heard that same voice amid the glooms of Lent, thought nothing of the Lombard accent, and trembled at the prophetic woe denounced against sin; and in Brescia the hearers grew pale, and paler still years after, when the preacher's words seemed verified. Woe, woe, he preached in these Lent sermons; woe—but also restoration and the blessing of God if men would turn from their sins. Between these utterances of his full heart and glowing soul, Fra Girolamo came back to teach his novices in the dead quiet of San Marco—not preacher enough to please the Florentines, who loved fine periods—and lectured in the cool of the cloister or in some quiet room, as if there had been nothing but syllogisms and the abstractions of metaphysics in the world.

The crisis in his life occurred when, probably on one of his preaching tours, he attended the Dominican chapter at Reggio, and was there seen and heard by a genial, gentle young courtier, Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, one of Lorenzo's most affectionate flatterers and friends. This court butterfly was the most learned creature that ever fluttered near a prince, full of amiable sentiments and tender-heartedness, and the kindly insight of an unspoiled heart. He saw the Frate of San Marco among the other Dominicans, his remarkable face intent upon the deliberations of the Council; and heard him speak with such power and force of utterance that the whole audience was moved. Probably something more than this, some personal contact, some kindly gleam from those resplendent blue eyes that shone from underneath Fra Girolamo's cavernous brow; some touch of that "urbanitá humile, ornato e grazioso" upon which Burlamacchi insists, went to the heart of the young Pico, himself a noble young gentleman amid all his frippery of courtier and virtuoso. He was so seized upon and captured by the personal attractions of Savonarola, that he gave Lorenzo no peace until he had caused him to be authoritatively recalled from his wanderings and brought back permanently to Florence. Young Pico felt that he could not live without the teacher whom he had thus suddenly discovered. Lorenzo thus at his friend's request ordered back into Florence, the only man who dared stand face to face with himself and tell him he had done wrong. Savonarola came back perhaps not very willingly, and betook himself once more to his novices and his philosophy. But he had by this time learned to

leaven his philosophy with lessons more important, and to bring in the teachings of a greater than Aristotle, taking the Bible which he loved, and which, it is said, he had learned by heart, more and more for his text-book; and launching forth into a wider sea of remark and discussion as day followed day, and his mind expanded and his system grew.

We are not told whether Pico, when his beloved friar came back, made Fra Girolamo's teaching fashionable in Florence; but no doubt he had his share in indicating to the curious the new genius which had risen up in their midst. And as the Frate lectured to the boy Dominicans, discoursing of everything in heaven and earth with full heart and inspired countenance, there grew gradually about him a larger audience, gathering behind the young heads of that handful of convent lads, an ever-widening circle of weightier listeners—men of Florence, one bringing another to hear a man who spoke with authority, and had, if not pretty periods to please their ears, something to tell them—greatest of all attractions to the ever-curious soul of man.

It was summer, and Fra Girolamo sat in the cloister, in the open square which was the monks' garden, under a rose tree. "Sotto un rosajo di rose damaschine"—a rose-tree of damask roses! Never was there a more touching, tender incongruity than that perfumed canopy of bloom over the dark head covered with its cowl. Beneath the blue sky that hung over Florence, within the white square of the cloister with all its arching pillars, with Angelico's Dominic close by kneeling at the cross-foot, and listening too, this crowd of Florentines gathered in the grassy inclosure incircling the scholars and their master. A painter could not desire a more striking scene. The roses waving softly in the summer air above, and the lads in their white convent gowns with earnest faces lifted to the speaker—what a tender central light do they give, soft heart of flowers and youth to the grave scene! For grave as life and death were the speaker and the men that stood around and pressed him on every side. Before long he had to consent, which he did with reluctance, to leave his quiet cloister and return to the pulpit where once his Lombard accent had brought him nothing but contempt and failure. Thus the first chapter of Fra Girolamo's history ends, under the damask rose-tree in the warm July weather, within those white cloisters of San Marco. In the full eye of day, in the pulpit and the public places of Florence, as prophet, spiritual ruler, apostle among men, was the next period of his life to be passed. Here his probation ends.

CHURCH REFORM—LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Our last paper on Church Reform dealt with the subject of patronage, but in such a way that while a scheme was devised for the abolition of purchase and of preferment held by Corporations, such as Deans and Chapters (while in their present condition), yet little or nothing was said as to the persons or bodies by whom the old patrons should be replaced. Let it be granted that Commissioners were appointed in each diocese to buy up livings that came into the market; to constitute these the new patrons would be a very unsatisfactory arrangement. I share entirely in the prejudice against boards of patronage; to bring a number of people together by popular election only for the purpose of giving something away seems to me, as to others, an exceedingly bad plan; although even this would be tenfold less injurious to the welfare of the Church than to vest the patronage of each living in local trustees. How then are we to solve the question before us?

We have retained three sources of patronage, namely, (1) The Crown and other public functionaries; (2) Bishops and other ecclesiastical persons; (3) private patrons who confer the benefices in their gift but do not sell them. What shall we add to these three, in order to complete our system by adding an element of lay popular control which confessedly does not exist within it at present? The abolition of purchase and of corporate preferment will leave a large number of benefices patronless. Who shall be the new patrons? I answer in one word, the Diocese, and what that means I proceed to show.

A moment's consideration, however, will convince us that this opens up the whole question of that "local government" which stands as the subject of this paper. We can have no diocesan organization, no diocesan representation, till we have them in parishes. That is to say, we must enter resolutely upon the subject of the relations subsisting between the clergy and laity in respect of the control and management of Church affairs in each locality, first parochial, then diocesan. An immensely wide and extremely difficult subject, in treating which within these narrow limits I must again beg the indulgence of my readers.

To begin with, this is a very ordinary problem in English politics, and one which we pride ourselves upon having solved by a judicious combination of local self-government and central control. Not only have we inherited this combination as part of the essential constitution of the country, but we have of late years done much to develop it in a great variety of ways by the creation of local Boards placed in connection with State departments. But in religion we never seem to have solved the problem at all satisfactorily, the reason being that the clergy, standing apart as a separate order, introduce a third and complicating element. Speaking generally, we may observe that the Wesleyans give too much power to the Church; the Independents to the congregation; and the Establishment to the clergy. This last has, probably, up to the present time been the least injurious mistake of the three; but almost certainly it will be the worst of the three for the future if allowed to continue. English people, who are compelled to manage their local affairs in respect of health, police, pauperism, and education, are reduced to a practical nullity in matters pertaining to the Church. They have no power that a clergyman is obliged to defer to. A man may conduct the services much as he pleases, may drive his people from the church by extravagances or defects, may do, or not do, his parochial work, may go very far indeed on the pathway of idleness, negligence, and even im-

morality, without restraint or interference. The natural result follows. The laity lose their interest in the practical work of the Church, and can be stimulated only by the zest of that extreme sectarian partizanship which is more and more supplanting the old rational Church of England feeling. And the clergy fail, exactly as men must fail, who are at once responsible for the performance of duties, but not responsible to any authority, or even to public opinion, for the way in which they are done. The characters of men are, in great measure, moulded and formed by that pressure from which the clergy are far too much emancipated; hence the best of the clergy test their work by a conscience, which, though often mistaken, is most strong, and even exacting, while the worst of them take things as easily as human nature when left to itself is wont to do. Lay influence ceases to operate exactly where it would be most beneficial, namely in the case of well-intentioned, but weak-minded clergymen, who do not feel themselves either encouraged or restrained by any responsibility which their people can make them feel. They get their money, and exercise their rights, whether the work is performed to the satisfaction of the people or not. Surely there is no parallel to this in any other sphere of English public life. It accounts for whatever there is of alienation, indifference, impatience, and lack of united vigorous effort. It stamps the English Church as un-English in an important, nay, a vital point. A very cursory survey would convince us that things are so bad as to suggest the alternative—either reform or destruction. The cry of the best of the clergy for lay co-operation, the unsatisfactory, hesitating way in which the relations of clergy and laity are handled, the undecided attitude of the latter as to what they want or complain of, are very serious symptoms. Church reform must therefore take in hand this matter, and must set itself to solve the problem, namely, how shall we strengthen the other two elements in the constitution of the Church, the Laity and Episcopacy, so as to obtain by a balance of powers a freedom of corporate action analogous to what we call in individuals the freedom of the will?

In dealing with local self-government in Church affairs two questions at once present themselves. First, who shall be the electors; second, what shall be the power of the representatives whom they elect. Now, it is not to be denied that the first question is a really difficult one. We are throughout these suggestions treating the Established Church as an institution national in name and in idea, but requiring to be thoroughly reformed in order that it may become national in fact and in extent. But meanwhile, until this object is attained, we have to deal with a state of things that makes legislation difficult, not so much from any practical obstacles as from certain objections which have a plausible and reasonable show, and which reflect but too faithfully the prejudices and the fears of Church people. No statesman who has ever realised the meaning of an Established Church, can hesitate for a moment as to the composition of the future constituency. The same Vestry that elects churchwardens now must elect them for ever, so long as the Church remains national; or if the constituency is altered, it must be only in the direction of widening and strengthening it by the admission of Church people who are not ratepayers. No doubt, this would include a large number of people who are conscientiously opposed to the existence of the Establishment, but that opposition does not in the least disentitle them from their share in the administration of public property. Nor would they be able, even if as a rule they were willing (I entirely deny that they would be willing) to inflict any harm upon the Church. When, I should like to be told, have Dissenters sought to assail the Church by controlling the election of Churchwardens now? The fact is, that the grievance on the part of Churchmen is purely a sentimental, and not a practical one; no doubt a fertile imagination could picture a

thousand injuries and difficulties to which the only answer is that practically they never come to pass. One precaution, and only one, might indeed be suggested, but I do not attach much importance to it. Before a ratepayer was *admitted as a voting member of the* Church Vestry, he might be required to sign some such declaration as this:—"I., A. B., do hereby declare that I claim to vote in the Vestry of the Church of so and so." If this were signed, say three months before admission, it would prevent a rush of hostile electors suddenly brought in at some emergency, and would go some way to show that the voter was really interested in Church affairs. Whether Dissenters would sign in practice this declaration would rest with themselves—I am sure I wish that they would—but, anyhow, all attempts to narrow the limits of a national Church by artificial or enforced qualifications are useless, and in the long run suicidal.

It is necessary to meet here another plausible and reasonable objection. In large towns parochial limits are for religious purposes non-existent; people attach themselves to the church they like best, and it would be folly to insist upon their being members of the Vestry of a church they never entered and felt no interest in. To this the answer is that persons living in a given area, say a town, or a large old parish, should have the right of joining the Vestry of any church in it. Thus anyone living in the parish of St. Pancras, or the city of York, might belong to any *one* of the numerous churches in the parish or city respectively, and thus, what is so very desirable, congregational variety would be preserved.

The constituency being thus settled, there is no need to make much alteration in the existing mode of election. Most emphatically I do *not* propose that the Vestry should be called upon from time to time to decide Church matters at large and excited public meetings; anything which tended to restrain this practice might surely be accepted by the clergy as sufficient compensation for the curtailment of their present nearly absolute power. The vestry would have as much to do with the actual government of the parish as the constituencies have to do with Parliamentary legislation—that and no more. Once a year, at Easter, the Vestry would elect not two, but a Board of Churchwardens, whom I shall call hereafter the Select, or Church Vestry. The vicar would still be *ex-officio* chairman of the Board, and would, as now, appoint one member; it would be very desirable that the Bishop should appoint another, the remainder, varying in number according to the size of the parish, being of course chosen by the Vestry. The Board would succeed to all the rights and duties of the present churchwardens, but then, unhappily, to say this is not saying much, but is only raising another delicate and embarrassing question. For the legal relations between the clergy and the churchwardens are in the most unsatisfactory state, as is sure to be the case in communities that, whether from chance or compulsion, live under obsolete and undefined laws. Nor would the most elaborate regulations as to the respective rights and duties of the clergyman and Select Vestry be of the slightest avail. These would very soon shape themselves, when once the preliminary question, "In whose hands shall power be placed?" is settled. To this, then, we address ourselves.

Now, every one knows that the test of the possession of power is the control of the purse-strings. All public bodies, from the House of Commons downwards, are in possession of real power just so far as they have the control of the money wherewith to carry on the business intrusted to them. But in the Church the clergyman is, as we are often rather disagreeably reminded, a freeholder for life: alone of public servants he draws his pay irrespective of popular consent and public usefulness. While Premiers and Judges are paid quarterly, Bishops are lords of manors and owners of estates.[1] While

[1] To make this assertion good, it may be well to state a fact with which few people are, I fancy, acquainted. In accordance with this

civil servants find nothing degrading in salaries, the clergy rejoice in glebe and tithes. Hence we discern the cause of the failure of voluntary Church Councils. Wherever they have been tried, they have been found to work with just that amount of flickering and transient success that goes to show that a germ of something real and efficient lies at the bottom of the idea. But Englishmen are far too busy and practical to waste their time and energies by taking part in shams; where the money is, there the power is, and at present the money is, for all practical purposes, entirely at the disposal of the clergyman. Hence the plain self-evident result is that any clergyman can defy with impunity the judgment of the Bishop, the wishes of his people, and practically the power of the law.

Such, then, is the state of things for which a remedy is to be found. We do not wish to make the clergy dependent upon the people for their incomes—that is virtually disestablishment. Again, we do not wish to retain the present system by which they are life owners, instead of trustees of national property, holding it for the public good. We must, therefore, devise a compromise, and I beg the serious consideration of all who wish to nationalize and vivify the English Church to the suggestion I am about to make. It is this: *I would vest the whole property and income of the parish from every source (fees excepted) in the Select Vestry constituted as above described.*

What, we at once ask, would be the mutual relations of clergymen and people in respect of money? Practically they would be very little altered. The Board of Churchwardens (or Select Vestry) would be under agreement to pay the incumbent the whole of the proceeds of the living, or such a sum as might be arranged between themselves and the patron (the Bishop consenting) at each vacancy. They would manage the estate together with the voluntary offerings that might now be expected to flow in, and one collateral advantage would be a rise in the value of Church property, due to the power of granting fixed leases, better management and ability to make improvements. The clergyman—except as chairman of the Select Vestry—would be exempt from the too often disagreeable position of collector of rents and lessor of lands. I imagine that a considerable quantity of evidence could be collected to show that the management of Church property under locally-elected trustees works well. One instance—that of the fabric fund of Holy Trinity, Coventry—is known to the writer of this paper.

Now let us observe the effect of this change. We can readily understand how lively an interest would be created in the welfare of the Church how much good might be effected by consultation, the expression of wishes, the desire for harmony, and the interchange of opinion. If anything is ever likely to draw back Dissenters to the Church this is it: it would satisfy the reasonable desire of taking a part in Church management and contributing to its religious efficiency. And under any circumstances no one who knows anything of the ordinary English churchwarden can doubt that the effect of this local government would be to exercise an influence in the direction of mutual good-will and toleration. But the real advantage would be in the relations of the clergyman to the people, though even here the actual change would be small in comparison with the moral alteration in their feelings towards each other. The clergyman's legal right to his income would remain exactly as it was before, for the Vestry

Act, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are now engaged in re-settling estates and manors upon the Bishops, so that in due time land to the value of about £150,000 per annum will be in their possession as freeholders for life. Whether any, and if so, what, precautions are taken against the revival of ancient abuses, I do not know; but that some abuses will certainly revive is abundantly clear. I heard of this first from a farmer, who was complaining strongly of the change of landlords. "But after all," he said, "how can you expect a Bishop to put me up a new gate, when he has got to provide for his children out of a few years' occupation of the estate?" Is this a desirable feeling to encourage?

would be under strict legal covenant to pay it, except in cases of gross misconduct, such as immorality, culpable neglect of duty, breach of law, and obstinate defiance of the people's wishes. If they withheld it, an immediate appeal would be to the Bishop's Court (reformed, as we shall see presently), and thus the third or balancing element would be introduced. Wherever the clergyman's rights had been invaded, the court would throw the odium and the costs of the suit upon the churchwardens personally. Wherever there was a case of clear and proved misconduct they would uphold the action of the Board. Practically, however, in the immense majority of cases there would be no resort to extreme measures : the Bishop would always be able to step in, informally, it might be, as a mediating and conciliating influence. The average clergyman would have nothing whatever to fear, for the law is a terror only to evil-doers : but men with a tendency to rashness, or selfishness, or idleness, would be under a constant, though gentle, influence to restrain those qualities, and to put that best side of their character foremost, which most men can do if circumstances are in their favour. And the laity, on their part, would be under the strongest constraint to treat their clergyman justly. As things now are it must be confessed that they do often treat an unpopular clergyman very badly indeed, but this is entirely due to the fact that the laity feel that they have no remedy against the enormous and disproportionate power lodged in the hands of the clergy, and therefore display their resentment, together with the consciousness of their powerlessness, by violent and unreasonable measures. Once let it be understood that a remedy was in their power, but that it involved serious responsibility, the need of putting themselves in the right, of working together, of convincing a minority, and the best results would follow. And as for the clergy, they would feel that they had the right to do their proper work freely, but that they had lost the right divine of doing whatever wrong the possession of absolute power now invites and enables them to do.

There remains finally for consideration the episcopal or diocesan element in the constitution of the Church. Here at once we discern the same fault: so far as the Bishop's power extends it is autocratic, that is, it is absolutely his own, and is not shared by any representative and consultative body. He may call in lay help just as much, and just as little as he pleases. Two results at once follow. First, his power, like all absolute power in a free country, dwindles to nothing, and his personal influence is accepted only so far as it is liked. Secondly, he is overburdened by an immense variety of duties, whereof the management of episcopal estates will be in future by no means the least, if the Bishop is expected—as surely from the national point of view he ought to be—to perform the duties of an ordinary landlord. And bad as the case is now, it would become infinitely worse when to the present work was added the delicate and arduous task of mediating between the clergy and people, and deciding with authority upon matters of dispute submitted to him. It is no injustice to the present bench of Bishops, or to any other body of men, to say that for such a charge no one man is, or can be fitted ; nor does English custom allow it anywhere except, unhappily, in the Church. Diocesan organization is therefore the final effort of Church Reform.

I call it final with a purpose. As for Convocation, it must be reformed after the fashion of Hamlet, not "indifferently well," but "altogether." If local government is to be restored to the Church, no statesman would tolerate for a moment the idea of establishing what would then be a real and powerful *imperium in imperio*—*i.e.* a Convocation elected by a constituency such as we have described. We fall back upon that which is at once the true ecclesiastical and the true constitutional idea (how fortunate, and yet how character-

istic, that the two should combine!) namely, that each diocese is to be regarded as an independent unit for the purpose of local and provincial government. Thus, whatever was required of a general or national character by the Church, would be obtained through Parliament, while special reforms, or alterations in the way of carrying on her work, would be left to each re-organized diocese. For it cannot be denied that there is a most real demand for conference and combination in order that fresh plans may be started, new machinery invented, advice given and received, local energy stimulated, and, above all, jealousy and suspicion removed by the creation of that brotherly feeling which comes of consultation and united action. For all this the diocese affords a field sufficiently large, and yet so far local as not to interfere with the action of the State. Moreover, the experience of Diocesan Synods, even under present disadvantages, is, on the whole, encouraging; men meet to discuss subjects that really concern them all, and a Diocesan Synod might be trusted to do its work at least as well as any other local institution. It is, of course, not necessary at present to enter into details as to the mode of election, although there is no harm in sketching one out of many possible plans. Supposing each diocese to be divided into a certain number of archdeaconries, say four, and of deaneries, say forty. Then let the clergy in each archdeaconry elect a certain number of representatives, say one in ten; this is a far better plan than local elections of one representative for each deanery, because it would tend to the selection of better men, and also (by cumulative voting) of men of different schools. On the other hand, let the laity elect their representatives in each deanery, the number in each being arranged according to population, but in such a way that the lay members of the council should be about twice the number of the clerical. No nonsense in the shape of voting by orders or three-fourths majorities should be tolerated for a moment. Surely, it might be hoped, that men, anxious for the welfare of English religion, would look with satisfaction upon the life, wisdom, ingenuity, and economy that would flow from the establishment of diocesan organization in the constitution of the English Church.

But this organization of course includes the formation of a Council, or Standing Committee, to assist the Bishop in the government of the diocese, to share his labours and responsibility, and to administer patronage not otherwise provided for. And here again the machinery, the men, and the money are all lying ready to hand, waiting only for a reformer's touch to release them from a state of uselessness and idleness by the simple process of giving them something to do. I allude to the cathedral Chapters, the present condition of which presents one of the most unsatisfactory features in the Church. A number of useful clergymen are well paid for leaving their parochial duties in order to perform certain functions for three months in the cathedral, the joke being further heightened by calling them (*lucus a non lucendo*) Canons Residentiary. Now, assuming without further waste of words that chapters want to be made useful, and that dioceses want a Standing Committee, we have here the very thing we require, at once constitutional, ecclesiastical, venerable, and easily adaptable to modern wants. I will sketch a plan which shall suffice to show how easily and effectually the proposed reform might be carried out.

All plans, to begin with, must be dependent on the revenue that might be secured to the Cathedral, after abolishing all useless offices, appealing to public liberality, and taxing the parishes at least for payment of working expenses. But assuming that there would be revenue enough to maintain the Bishop and four members of the Chapter at least (that is, men who had no parochial preferment or duties), then let the Chapter consist of these five; next of from four to eight parochial clergymen, and double the number of laymen (also elected by the Synod). The Bishop and

Dean would certainly be nominated by the Crown, the other three clerical canons either by the Crown, the Bishop, or the Chapter itself. To this Chapter would belong the administration of the Diocese: for instance, in respect of patronage (that is, of the class of benefices described at the beginning of this paper), finance, legal decisions, and the rest. Perhaps we might get a clearer idea how this would work by assigning various functions to the members.

Taking the lay element first, four honourable and honorary offices suggest themselves which any English gentleman might be glad to hold, and give up some of the time that hangs heavily on his hands to do the same kind of work for the Church that he does for the State. These are: Chancellor (who as being a lawyer might require to be paid), Steward, in whose charge would be the lands and houses of the Diocese, and to whom the local Vestries would be responsible for their management of the glebe; Treasurer, whose name describes his duties; and Registrar, to whom would belong the care of the business of the Synod and Chapter. And, no doubt, work would soon be found for the other lay members, though they need not be called by special titles of office.

The position of Bishop and Dean would remain as they are, though in a well-organized Diocese more work than the mere care of the Cathedral might well be devolved upon the latter. Education, theological instruction, musical ditto, missions home and foreign, charity, and the superintendence of all the many plans of doing good which would soon be struck out, would find occupation for quite as large a staff as the Church would be able to maintain. I will, however, mention two pressing difficulties which the creation of such a staff would enable the Church to meet successfully.

First, there is the question of the increase of the Episcopate. Here, once more, is an admitted evil for which no remedy has been discovered at all suitable to the taste and common sense of the country. The routine work of the diocese, especially in respect of confirmations, is, or ought to be, overwhelming for one man, and it is a matter of just complaint that the essential idea of a Bishop, overlooking or visitation, is become something like a farce. On the other hand, practical sense has condemned the proposal to erect a number of miserable little dioceses at immense expense, and with all the inseparable narrowness and inefficiency; the proposal moreover is, with some justice, thought to be connected with the belief that the spiritual welfare of a Church depends upon the number of independent and absolute Bishops which it can bring together in Synod or Council. But in such a Chapter as I propose the senior Canon might be consecrated as Assistant Bishop; and, in order to prevent the possibility of collision, let him rank below the Dean. He would be in no way dependent upon his superior, except as being responsible for the discharge of a definite list of duties committed to him by virtue of his office and by the will of the Chapter. The following might stand as a sample of these duties. If it be a good thing that the diocese in each one of its deaneries should "undergo visitation" every year, then by dividing it into three parts each locality might be visited by the Assistant Bishop for two years in succession, and by the Bishop himself for the third.

The second is a much more serious and pressing matter. Nothing is more sad than the way in which the organization of women for religious work has missed its mark. How are we to bring light, civilization, secular improvement, cleanliness, hope, contentment, and trust in the Divine order, in one word, Christianity, to the heart of the masses of the people? No answer has been suggested that is half so hopeful as the employment of that great number of women who have the time, the means, and the will to be useful. I have seen too much of the good accomplished by communities of "sisters" to say a disparaging word about them, but they have advanced as far as ever they are likely to do, and what we want now is something more suitable to the genius

of the people, more comprehensive in its scope and views, more secular, but not less religious. All which can only be done as a diocesan work, with experiments, consultation, the bringing to bear new ideas and the adapting of means to ends. Every diocese ought to have an institution under episcopal control, and lay as well as clerical management for the purpose of sending women to act as nurses, visitors, and teachers wherever there was demand for their work. And to develop and superintend this movement might well occupy the whole time and thoughts of at least one clerical member of the Chapter.

This, then, is the crown of my scheme of Church Reform. By it, though the power of *Bishops* (apart from their exclusive right of ordaining, consecrating, and confirming) might be diminished, that of *episcopacy* would be greatly increased. And there is all the difference in the world between the two; whatever men may say of Bishops, episcopacy, or overlooking, is of Divine origin and appointment. But, practically, the Bishop would be, as he ought to be, supreme; so long, that is, as by his zeal, wisdom, ability, industry, and conciliating spirit he carried his people along with him, and worked through twenty willing coadjutors, instead of slaving in vain to do that for which one man's power and discretion are all too small.

I must, however, allude for an instant, to one adverse thought that must have occurred to my readers, as it has all along been pressing upon myself. What, after all, is the use of mere outward arrangements when the spirit is wanting? And that the spirit *is* wanting let no one doubt. Religion (even more, I think, among Dissenters than the Church) has lost the power of reaching the heart of the masses of the people; men sigh for reformation and revival; with the best intentions in the world, and possessed with a new and tender and growing regard for humanity, they yet cannot bridge the gulf that separates the wicked, the miserable, the lost, the ignorant and the hopeless from the fellowship of Christian men. What Christian man, surveying civilization in England, shall dare to abide by the old-fashioned test: "Go, show the things that ye do hear and see"? This I know; I know too that reform must be first intellectual, then moral, before it becomes ecclesiastical. But then, reform is after all a unit, so that in advancing one aspect of it we are really advancing the whole. On its intellectual side it has indeed begun already, for science must ere long leaven the minds of even the mass of men with new ideas of God, duty, worship, immortality, in a word, of religion. Then will quickly follow the moral revival concerning which men say, and say truly, that it is an outpouring of the Spirit by the will of God. Yes, but that does not prevent us from regarding it on its human side as well, and even defining it with something of scientific precision. So regarded, the revival will come to pass whenever the new ideas of religion—of which the actual living Fatherhood of God will be the essence—shall seize like a prophetic burden upon the spirit of some gifted man, or men, and enable him to realise and make others realise with him, in the clear light of science, the appalling gulf that lies between men and things as they are, and men and things as they ought to be, and might be, now and here. Such a revival will speedily create the channels in which its spiritual power will flow, and the machinery by which to perform its work. It will sweep away the Church of England into rapid destruction if she strives to resist it; it will enshrine her deeper than ever in the affection of the people, if, placing herself at the head of it, she summons men in the name of a common Father to the succour of perishing children—perishing not in the fictitious torments of an unknown future, but in the stern realities of a miserable present.

ON THE PERCEPTION OF THE INVISIBLE.

As a rule a man puts absolute faith in his senses. A large proportion—perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred—of the human race, recognize in all that belongs to the natural world those things only which can be handled or seen; the two most common attributes of that which we call *matter*. Tell a half-educated man that the piece of chalk in his hand is principally composed of the remains of some millions of creatures which once lived; that the glass of clear water before him contains some thousands of animalculæ, and he answers that he will believe it when he sees it. "Am I not to believe the evidence of my senses?" is a common enough expression. The world existed for centuries before its rotundity was recognized—it appeared flat to the senses, the sun seemed to move across the heavens, while the earth was at rest. We know with what opposition the fact that the earth moves around the sun was received by all classes. How many fully realize it even now? In the sixteenth century, there were but ten Copernicans in the world. The early ideas of all races relative to things beyond their ken, indicate that the tendency has ever been to identify the unknown and the unknowable with those things which are more familiar to the senses. Thus, savages see the storm-demon rushing wildly over the skies; to them the sun is endowed with life, and climbing the solid vault of heaven; while lightning becomes fire generated by the collision of clouds, after the manner of a flint and steel.

The thinking and observing man is, however, perpetually reminded of the fact that his senses are limited in their capabilities of perception. Their operations are finite; and the limit, as regards the observation and examination of externals, is reached much sooner than we generally imagine. The existence of such instruments as the microscope, telescope, and spectroscope, in itself indicates the limited action of the unassisted senses. The star-depths cannot be penetrated, the structure of the diatomaceæ—nay, often the diatom itself—cannot be perceived by the unaided eye; while the dark lines of the spectrum, and the wonderful system of celestial analysis resulting therefrom, would have remained undiscovered had it not been for the prism, the substitution of the thin slice, for the circular beam, of light, employed by Newton, and the tutored eye of Wollaston.

But it is not our intention to discredit the senses because their faculty of perception is limited. The senses are specially devoted to the composite organism of which they form a part. In all that directly concerns that organism they are perfect; but when we endeavour to press them into some special service apart from the welfare of the organism, when we require our senses to discern and investigate certain phenomena of the external world, we find at once that their capabilities are finite. Now, the special functions of the senses are to guard and protect our bodies, to give warning of impending dangers both from internal and external sources; to enable us to repel the adverse assaults of the forces of nature; to benefit by all that Nature offers us—bright sunlight, pure air, beautiful scenery. Gravity would drag us over the edge of a precipice; the senses give warning, and we are safe: accumulated snow would numb us into the long sleep, but so long as the senses remain sentinel over the organism, we resist the adverse influence. When the senses cease to give warning we perish; the sense-bereft madman dashes out his brains. The senses enable us to comply with all the

conditions requisite for the maintenance of life, and they transmute for us various actions of the external world, such as certain movements of the molecules of air, and of the luminiferous ether, into actions capable of being recognized in a definite form, by the centre of perception—the brain. To these various sensations we give such names as Light, Heat, and Sound.

A horse runs away with a carriage a hundred yards behind us; the ear catches the sound, and conveys the impression—"quick as thought," *not* "quick as lightning"[1]—to the brain; the latter issues its orders, the body turns round, the eye sees the horse, and communicates this new impression to the brain, which puts in action the muscles of the legs, and thus we jump aside and avoid being run over; the whole set of actions having occupied a remarkably small portion of a minute. As in the story of the belly and the members, each organ works with, and for, the entire composite organism; the senses are faithful and loyal servants of the kingdom of the whole body. But when we ask that same faithful eye which so recently helped to save us from destruction, to see the nature of the motion we call Heat, or to distinguish a molecule of oxygen gas, it can no longer serve us. These unwonted tasks bear the same relation to it as did the roc's egg in the palace of Aladdin to the Genius of the Lamp; but the eye does not reply to us as the Genius replied to Aladdin: "What, wretch! is it not enough that I and my companions have done everything thou hast chosen to command, but that thou repayest our services by an ingratitude that is unequalled?" It rather replies: "I cannot indeed see a molecule of oxygen gas, or discern the nature of the motion of Heat; but I will do my best to distinguish them if you will help me." And thus we are led to augment the action of the senses, by using them in conjunction with suitable instruments of observation.

Let us be more precise as to this matter of the limited capacities of our senses. About us and around us, at all times and in all places, float myriads of harmonies which we hear not, myriads of images of things unseen. The idea is very old: the Pythagoreans asserted that the music of the spheres is not heard by man because the narrow portals of the ears cannot admit so great a sound. The peopling of the air with spirits, the existence of the idea of Djin, Kobold, and Fairy, all point to the prevalence of the idea that unseen agencies are for ever about us. Ten thousand motions sweep by, bathing us in their current, and we cannot recognize them. There are, if we may so express it, sounds which the ear cannot hear; light which the eye cannot see; heat which does not affect the sensory nerves. We mean simply that there are actions precisely similar in kind to those which constitute ordinary sound, light, and heat, which do not affect our senses. The difference is one of degree, not of form or kind. In fact, the difference is no more than this: let us suppose that a railway train passes us with a velocity which allows us clearly to distinguish the face of a friend in one of the carriages; next let us suppose the velocity to be increased until we can no longer distinguish him. These are differences of degree, not of kind; for the motion of the train is the same in kind and in direction, but of another degree, and this just makes the difference between recognizing our friend and not doing so. In the one instance the observation falls within the possible powers of the eye; in the other the augmented velocity of

[1] The velocity of a sensory impulse travelling to the brain has been determined to be about 44 metres (144·32 feet) a second in man, while the velocity of a motor impulse travelling from the brain is believed to be 33 metres (108·24 feet) a second. The motion is slowest in the case of sight, less slow in hearing, least slow in touch. According to Donders it takes about one twenty-sixth part of a second to think (*Nature*, vol. ii. p. 2). The duration of a flash of lightning has been calculated by Sir Charles Wheatstone to be less than a thousandth part of a second. The velocity of electricity through short lengths of copper wire is, according to the same observer, 288,000 miles a second.

the train passes the limit of observation. Thus also with the motions of light, heat, and sound. Let them pass certain well-defined limits, and the unaided senses cease to recognize them. Our ears are deaf to sounds produced by more than 38,000 vibrations in a second; our eyes are blind to light produced by more than 699,000,000,000,000 vibrations in a second. Each organ singles out a certain limited range of vibrations, sharply bounded in both directions, beyond which the organ ceases to recognize vibrations similarly generated, and differing from the recognized vibrations only in rate of motion. This limited range is amply sufficient for the wants of the organism; but the vibrations beyond the range in both directions, although they may not influence us, often influence matter external to ourselves, as profoundly as those which we recognize by our unaided senses. Hence, once more, the necessity of exalting the action of the senses when we investigate external matter.

Admitting therefore the limited capabilities of the senses, let us now go one step further. When applied to the investigation of Nature, the unaided senses may not only fail us, but they may positively deceive us by conveying false impressions. A point of light (say the glowing end of a lighted stick) if held at rest appears as a point of light; if moved rapidly in a line, as a line of light; if whirled in a circle, as a circle of light; yet we know that the point of light can only be in one place at one and the same instant of time. Or take the less evident case of the motion of heat. We have before us a mass, say a cubic foot, of iron. It appears to be as solid and as motionless as anything we can well imagine. Yet all the observations of science point to the conclusion that its small particles or atoms are not in contact with each other; and that they are all moving with great relative velocity, not directly forward with motion of translation, but vibrating about a position of rest. If we cool our mass of iron we observe that it occupies less bulk than before; hence clearly the atoms could not have been in contact before cooling, for they have approached each other, and matter is impenetrable: two things cannot be in the same place at the same time. If we continue to cool the mass of iron, it continues to get smaller, the atoms approach closer and closer, and we have never been able to cool a body until it contracts no longer; in fact, we do not know of any substance whose atoms are in contact. Yet our senses of sight and of touch assure us that the iron consists of continuous matter. Now if the atoms are not in contact, and if they are perpetually moving, why, we may ask, is it not possible to thrust our hand into the midst of them, to see them moving, or at least at the bounding surfaces of the mass to feel the movement? Only because our senses are not sufficiently acute for this. The atoms move with excessive velocity, so that, as in the case of the whirled stick, they are, as far as the sense of sight is concerned, apparently in two places at the same time; so also the nerves of touch are not sufficiently delicate to recognize the minute moment of time required by an atom to complete a vibration. For aught we can tell to the contrary, that which to our senses is a cubic foot of iron may be generated by the rapid vibration of a thin plate of iron one foot square within the limits of a foot in length. One more example—a very familiar one—of the fallacy of the senses, and we may pass on to the more immediate subject of our discussion. Place three basins in a row: pour cold water into the left-hand basin, hot water into that on the right, and a mixture of equal parts of the hot and cold water into the central basin. If we now dip our left hand into the cold water, and our right hand into the warm water, simultaneously remove them, and place them in the central basin, the lukewarm water in it will feel warm to the left hand, and cold to the right. Here, then, we have two absolutely antithetical sensations communicated to the brain by similar sets of nerves, and originated by the same medium. Are we to believe

the evidence of the right hand or of the left, or are we to disbelieve both? The old story of the man who cooled his porridge and warmed his hands with the same breath is equally to the point. We must recognize the fact that numberless actions of the external world, as conveyed and interpreted to us by the senses, are *relative* rather than *absolute*. We call a thing hot or cold according as it happens to affect our senses at any particular time. A traveller descending Chimborazo complains at a certain elevation of the heat; a traveller who is ascending, and who meets him at the same place, complains of the cold. "Change of impression," says Professor Bain, "is necessary to our being conscious. . . . The sensation of light supposes a transition from darkness or shade, or from a less degree of illumination to a greater . . . . The principle of Relativity, or the necessity of change in order to our being conscious, is the groundwork of Thought, Intellect, or Knowledge, as well as of Feeling . . . . Our knowledge begins, as it were, with Difference." The interpretation of an external action by any particular sense, and the transmutation of an external impression into an impression capable of being recognized by the brain, involves this principle of Relativity. The process of sifting the relatively absolute from the absolutely relative, or of stating the relative in terms of the absolute, should be diligently attempted in the investigations of nature.

Although, as we have attempted to show, we are surrounded by numberless unseen actions, we can, to some extent —faintly and dimly indeed—visualize them in our mind's eye; and whenever this can be done without hypothesizing too wildly, without going too far out of the world of real existences, we think it behoves us to do so. There can be no doubt that those impressions are best realized which are seen by the eye of the body, or, if invisible to it, are by mental action wrought into the similitude of things seen. Throughout the history of Natural Philosophy—no matter how subtle the entity—this attempt to visualize the invisible has always been apparent: the motion-giving αἴθηρ of Aristotle, the ὁμοιομέρειαι of Anaxagoras, the *materia cœlestis* of Descartes, the igneous motion, "gyratorius sen verticillaris" of Stahl, the "glutinous effluvium" of the old electricians, the "invisible threads" by which, according to Father Linus, the mercury is held suspended in the barometer,—have not the authors of one and all of these pushed imagination to its furthest limit in the attempt to visualize the unseen? And have not the proposers of "subtle effluvia," attractive and repulsive "fluids," "polarized media" for the conveyance of forces, striven to do the same? They have wisely endeavoured to save their conceptions from being dry metaphysical dogmas, unrecognized and unremembered save by abstract mental means, and to fix them in our memories by images, however crude they may be, drawn from the more obvious and material world about us. In regard to those actions of light, heat and sound, of which we have spoken above, do we not try, and ought we not to try yet more, to realize each phase of their existence under any particular condition—their generation by the vibrating body, their transference by the elastic medium, their final rest in the brain?

Let us endeavour to visualize some of the invisible actions which are perpetually taking place around us, such as the assumption of heat by a mass of metal, and the reception of sound and light by the brain. Having recognized from the foregoing remarks the fact that the senses are limited in their capabilities of observation, and otherwise may often give fallacious results, we must at the outset provide ourselves with a suitable organ of observation. And here we must beg the reader to grant us a few important concessions; we must divest ourselves of this "muddy vesture of decay," if we wish to hear the music of the spheres; our bodies will be in the way if we wish to glide amongst ultimate atoms. We will therefore dispossess ourselves of the material part of us, retaining only the eye and the ear,

associated with our normal intellectual powers. But the eye can only be directed towards one point at once, and if a rapidly-moving body passes it, the moving body (like the whirled stick) will appear to be drawn out on account of the persistence of its image on the retina; hence we must have a more complete instrument of vision. Let us then imagine a sphere whose entire surface is studded with eyes, and let us call this organ of vision, for the avoidance of repetition, the *oculus*. We must grant it, moreover, the power of contracting to the size of an atom, and of penetrating where the luminiferous ether can penetrate; the faculty of seeing in the dark; infinite velocity in any direction, or across any position of rest; power of clearly distinguishing the most rapid motion, and of seeing the imagined but ordinarily unseen; and lastly, power of resisting any extremes of temperature. These gifts being conceded, we have an instrument of vision well suited to our purpose, an all-powerful eye; potent as the winged eye which hovers over the head of Osiris in the Hall of Perfect Justice, when the heart of the deceased trembles in the balance.

We will now accompany the *oculus* on its first voyage of discovery. We have before us a little ingot of silver: we magnify it a few billion times, until for example it is as large as Australia, and enter it as an *oculus*. We make ourselves as small as possible, and perfectly elastic, or all our eyes will be put out, and we shall be pounded to pieces, for we are surrounded on every side by small, black, elastic atoms of silver, nearly as large as peas. They are whirling round and round in various planes with exceeding rapidity, in circles about ten feet diameter. It reminds us a little of the effect produced when we look up at a heavy snow-storm accompanied by just enough wind to give the flakes a whirling motion in mid-air; only here the white flakes are exchanged for little black spheroids which move rhythmically. We soon perceive that the velocity augments, the circles become larger, a lurid light surrounds the atoms, the mass no longer preserves its shape: it has exchanged the solid for the liquid condition, and settles down as a vast lake of molten silver. The circles of revolution of the atoms are but slightly larger, they appear now to be eleven or twelve feet diameter. The motion still increases; in other words, the molten silver continues to acquire heat, when suddenly it commences to boil; the atoms, whose velocity has considerably augmented, leave the circular path in which they had hitherto moved, and fly off tangentially, moving rectilineally through space. Now we fix our eyes on an atom, and notice that although its velocity is enormous, it does not make so much progress as we might have expected, because it perpetually comes into collision with other atoms; thus it does not get even a hundred feet of continuous rectilinear motion, its path through space is zigzag, because it is constantly diverted from its straight course by collision with neighbouring atoms. Thus the direction of its motion is changed several hundred times in a second. The atoms are perfectly elastic, and bound off from each other whenever collisions occur. The *oculus* now leaves the interior of the mass, and having reached the outside, notices a vast greenish cloud of silver gas floating above it. Presently the rectilinear motion slackens; the gas is cooling; the atoms approach each other until at length they come within the range of their cohesion, which compounds its own rectilinear attractive force with the motion of the atoms into the former circular motion: they abandon their rectilinear for angular velocity. The cloud of silver vapour condenses; a gigantic rain of molten silver falls; the drops are spheroidal and ellipsoidal masses as large as the dome of St. Paul's; they solidify into a lengthened ridge of silver mountains. Again the *oculus* enters the mass, and finds the atoms still actuated by their ceaseless circular motion of heat. But on looking towards one end of the ridge, the inception of a new kind of motion is perceived; the particles are assimilating an elliptical

motion, which travels rapidly from end to end: the mass is conveying an electric current. The atoms of silver, still retaining their elliptical motion, now assume a peculiar helicoidal motion in varying planes: the mass is under the influence of a magnet. The *oculus* then goes outside again and stations itself near the base of one of the shining silver mountains; it looks up at the bright lustrous sides, and sees the ether-waves dashing down upon them from infinite space; it notices also that the motion of the waves differs from that of the atoms—they cannot assimilate it. Consequently the ether-waves are dashed back, like great sea-waves dashing on a rock-bound coast; in a word, they are reflected, and to some extent scattered, as ether-foam.

Once again, the ingot of silver is placed in a Cyclopæan melting-pot, together with some sulphur: the *oculus* places itself at the bottom of the mass, and diligently watches. The melting-pot is placed in a furnace; motion is rapidly assimilated by the atoms, more quickly by the sulphur than by the silver; at length a white atom of sulphur and two black atoms of silver are seen to coalesce, separate from the rest of the mass and sink to the bottom as a molecule of sulphide of silver. The molecule continues the motion of heat which the individual atoms had before possessed, but the three coalesced atoms now act as one. The motion is observed to differ altogether, both in kind and velocity, from that of the single atoms; and the *oculus* no longer recognizes either the sulphur or the silver as separate bodies: the compound molecule now forms indeed a new substance. The individual atoms of the molecule also move relatively to each other. The combination of the two atoms of silver with one atom of sulphur continues until the whole mass of silver has become a new substance. A few million atoms of sulphur remain in the melting-pot in excess; they move more and more rapidly as the heating continues, and ultimately float away and are seen no more.

Here ends our first voyage with the *oculus*. We have seen some actions which are fairly familiar to many of us. We have endeavoured to visualize the assumption of heat by a mass of melted metal; the continued assumption resulting in fusion and vaporization; the subsequent condensation of the vapour; the conveyance of an electric current by the metallic mass; the action of a magnet upon it; the reflection of light from its polished surface; and finally, its union with sulphur under the influence of the force of chemical affinity.

Whither shall we travel now? To the fiery maelströms of the sun? To the zone of Saturn? To a cloud of planetary matter condensing into new worlds? Or shall we float with the light of Arcturus and α Lyræ into the spectroscope of Mr. Huggins? Since we have attempted to visualize the infinitely little, let us now transport the *oculus* to the infinitely great, and place it in the midst of a new solar system about to be formed.

The *oculus* speeds through space; it sees an earth-lit moon; it reaches Mars during mid-winter, it examines the belt of Saturn with interest, and it gains some entirely new ideas about space of four dimensions. It passes the region

"where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand."

At length, far out of sight of our solar system, it comes to a firmamental desert, and sees beneath it an extended nebulous mass, some ten trillion miles in extent; the mass is hazy and cloud-like, and is gradually contracting its limits, until at length it condenses into a semi-solid spherical mass, intensely radiant, in fact still white-hot. The sphere assumes rotatory motion, and as the motion augments it bulges out more and more in the direction of its motion; then some dozens of masses of molten matter of different sizes are given off from the circumference of the rotating mass. These fly out in orbits more or less eccentric, and revolve around the great

central body, the remains of the original parent mass, and still far larger than any of its offspring. These new worlds possess rotatory motion of their own; one has a girdle; one is accompanied by little moons; some follow a very elliptical path; some rush off into infinite space in hyperbolic curves. The great central mass, now the sun of a vast system, keeps his attendant worlds n order; the greater number revolve about him with regularity. But one of the worlds, a few times larger than our moon, has by the velocity of its impulse been projected into a large and very elliptical orbit, which brings it within the sphere of attraction of a distant, but enormous, sun. Then, as a ship is drawn into a whirlpool, is the errant world drawn to its destruction. It circulates about the greater body, not in a curved path which returns into itself, but in an ever-narrowing spiral. At last comes the final crash: it rushes into the sun with a velocity of more than a million miles a second, and the heat generated by the collision volatilizes the destroyed planet. A thin fiery cloud is now all that remains of what had a short time before been a world. All this, and much more, the *oculus* perceives, and then returns to earth.

With our organ of observation we might now visit those profound depths of the ocean, of which the *Challenger* is telling us so much; we might swim through a di-electric subject to electro-static induction; we might inhabit a Geissler's tube, or bury ourselves in a slice of tourmaline, about the time when a high-priest of Nature cries *Fiat experimentum* in the matter of polarized light. Let us rather visit with the *oculus* those obscure regions in which perception itself originates. Let us float with a sound-wave into the ear, and with an ether-wave enter the portals of the brain itself.

Behold, then, the *oculus* within the dim porches of the ear, tapping upon the tympanum, through which it passes, and entangles itself among those complicated little bones which anatomists call the *malleus*, the *incus*, and the *stapes*. The tympanum is quivering, and the little bones appear to accept its motion, and to transmit it. As the *oculus* passes on it sees beneath it what appears to be a deep narrow well—the *Eustachian tube;* then it looks through the *fenestra rotunda,* and floats through the *fenestra ovalis* into the perilymph, a clear liquid mass agitated by waves; then it nearly loses itself in the *labyrinth* and *cochlear*, a sort of place like the maze at Hampton Court; escaping from this it swims through the endolymph; and finally comes in sight of the cortian fibres, the *scala media*, and the ends of the auditory nerves. The *oculus* fails not to see how each particular fibre vibrates to one particular tone or semitone, and it hears the transmitted vibrations around it; as, standing in the belfry at Bruges, the dreaming listener hears about him, now one bell, now another, bursting into song, and at last a great symphony poured from fifty throats of bronze.

The *oculus* now returns to the outer world, and makes friends with an atom of luminiferous ether which is about to enter the eye. But before they can join company the *oculus* has to shrink to a smaller size than ever before. It has now to enter very microscopical channels, to which a particle the size of a grain of sand would be as a cricket-ball to the channel of a small straw. We next find it with the ether-wave dashing upon the outer surface of the eye. It enters the organism by a gate of horn—the *cornea*—and enters the brain itself by a gate of ivory—the *optic foramen*. We are a little reminded of Virgil's idea of the two gates:—

"Sunt geminæ somni portæ, quarum altera fertur
Cornea. . . . .
Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto."

Having passed the *aqueous humour*, the *oculus* perceives an increase of resistance as it encounters the lens, and on emerging enters a vaulted chamber filled with a substance as clear as crystal. Impulses are speeding through this with extreme velocity, and delivering their messages to the brain. Of all the wonderful things that the *oculus* saw in that

crystal chamber, with black walls, and a window, not yet darkened, which looked upon the external world, it would take us too long to tell. It saw there varied images reflected upon the walls, of things distant, and things near; it saw too the movements of the ciliary muscles which cause the front surface of the lens to change its curvature, and much more. It could have lingered there longer, but its guide, the ether-wave hurried, it on, till it reached the far end of the chamber, and saw the commencement of the optic nerve. The particles of the nerve were seen to be rapidly vibrating under the influence of the ether-waves, and to be finally yielding up the motion to the particles of the brain. The *oculus* floats between the nerve fibres into the brain itself. But there it sees no more. In vain it endeavours to comprehend how the delicate impulses of the ether become transmuted into the sensation of light; how the images of the external world are recognized by the centre of perception.

Although now within the most private chambers of the great domed palace, the *oculus* can understand but little of its inner life. It is reminded somewhat of a central telegraph office, where messages are perpetually being received, and as perpetually being sent; where sometimes a message is retained, carefully copied, and stored away in a safe; where again a message, as soon as received, is sent off by another line of wires; where sometimes the messages originate in the office itself, while at other times clerks rush in breathlessly with messages for instant despatch. The most distant nerves conveyed messages and received back answers, whereupon bodily motions resulted. Thus the will said, "I want to move the arm," and the necessary directions having been given, the arm moved. Or the stomach said, "I am hungry; there is food in the jaws, let them commence operations," and forthwith the jaws began to masticate, and all the auxiliary apparatus of deglutition was simultaneously set in motion. Or the mind said, "I send you these important facts; copy them carefully, and store them away in a chamber, until I want them." But some of these chambers appeared to have very defective locks, and sometimes broken doors.

Thus it was that messages continued to be received and transmitted by the brain. It was apparently a kind of head-quarters, to which every action was referred before being executed. No nerve or muscle ventured to act upon its own account without first obtaining leave from head-quarters, which leave, once given, was responded to by the whole mental and bodily system. The heart and the respiratory apparatus were frequent in their demands, and had a vast number of separate telegraph wires for their special use and behoof. Soon the will said, "I want to read aloud," and the brain at once commenced to receive communications, and to issue the necessary instructions. There were the muscles of the arm to be directed, in order that the book might be held at a proper distance from the eyes; and the muscles which cause the eyes to move horizontally from the beginning to the end of a line, and vertically from the top to the bottom of a page; and the vibrations of the particles of the optic nerve conveying the impression of the letters to be received, and then communicated, to the muscles of the larynx, and the muscles of the tongue, and the muscles of the lips, and the respiratory muscles, and their varied auxiliary apparatus;—all these concurrent causes combined to one end, and thus the words seen by the eye came to be spoken by the mouth, and the organism performed the act of reading aloud. Now the passage which was read was this:—"It is likewise certain that, when we approve of any reason which we do not apprehend, we are either deceived, or, if we stumble upon the truth, it is only by chance, and thus we can never possess the assurance that we are not in error. I confess it seldom happens that we judge of a thing when we have observed we do not apprehend it, because it is a dictate of the natural light,

never to judge of what we do not know. But we most frequently err in this, that we presume upon a past knowledge of much to which we give our assent, as to something treasured up in the memory, and perfectly known to us; whereas, in truth, we have no such knowledge."[1] Then the reading ceased, and the will somewhat peremptorily asked the brain the precise meaning of the passage. Whereupon the molecules of the brain —notably the corpuscles of the grey matter—became strangely agitated; they moved with wonderful motions in wonderful planes; they described in their motions space of four dimensions; they moved in vortices which rolled over each other; in a word, the whole organ was in a state of intense molecular activity. *Was this Thought?* At all events the will received no answer to its question, and having requested the brain to cudgel itself no more, the subject was dropped, and the reading continued. The *oculus* was endeavouring to thread its way through the countless corridors and chambers which surrounded it, when it came upon a small cell out of which came the Genius of the place, who conducted it in safety to the frontier.

Our typical man, who says, "I will believe it when I see it," has after all a good deal of reason on his side, for we cannot speak with any certainty of invisible things; we can only say what we believe them to be, or what they may be. It is thus that we must regard the revelations of the *oculus*.

G. F. RODWELL.

[1] Descartes, *Principia*, Pars 1, 44.

FOUNDLING HOSPITALS IN ITALY.

BY LADY AMBERLEY.

[THE following account was written by Lady Amberley while in Italy during the spring of this year. The statements with regard to matters that could not be the subject of direct observation are given on the authority of the officials connected with the various institutions.

Those whose rare privilege it was to enjoy the happiness of her intimate acquaintance and friendship, alone know how much has been lost to all the highest interests of humanity in the early death of her whose loss to them personally is altogether overwhelming and irreparable.

Her intense sympathy with every form of suffering was of the true kind which spares not itself, and will never be deterred from fearlessly seeking a remedy · while at the same time her active, unclouded intellect would allow her to find comfort in none of the many short-sighted schemes of benevolence. With sad unwillingness she was compelled to trust to the growth of right feeling, and the slow advance of thought and knowledge ; and to this great end she was ready to make every sacrifice Her power of inspiring others to their best efforts was very great; and she had practical plans for the advancement of science and education, to which she had resolved to give her own life and all the material aid she could command.

DOUGLAS A. SPALDING.]

THE great and imposing pile of building which rises on the banks of the Tiber, near the bridge of St. Angelo, known as the Hospital of San Spirito, is one of the many munificent and benevolent bequests of past ages, so benevolent and good in their intention, that we shrink with pain from pointing out the mischief they are doing. If departed spirits continue, as some of us believe, to take an interest in mundane affairs when they have cast off this mortal body, they must grieve indeed to see those who would do them honour clinging to the letter of their bequests, instead of recognizing and making use of the knowledge that succeeding centuries of human labour and research have added to our little stock of science.

On entering this great hospital, you stand in a square hall facing an altar, with high glass doors on each side opening into halls of grand and gigantic proportions. The great height of the building was immensely in its favour, for the ventilation was complete, and no unpleasant odour could offend the most fastidious visitor. Through the fever wards our guide conducted us without hesitation, with the remark, "No fever is infectious ; were it consumption it might be otherwise; that ward we won't take you to." So strong is the Italian prejudice as to the infectiousness of consumption, that only when we insisted that we feared no evil consequences from proximity to that sad complaint, were we allowed to enter the long room set apart for it. Children were in wards by themselves—a bad plan, inasmuch as it is now recognized that mortality is much increased by herding children together; besides, when mixed up with the old, they mutually cheer and amuse one another.

In an inner court of this vast building, we find the largest foundling hospital of Rome now open to our inspection, and we do not remember having ever looked on anything more unpleasant and saddening. Here we have nothing short of the good intentions of one age becoming the curse of another. Through a well-barred door we were admitted, after much parleying, by a brisk little nun, into a great quadrangle. From a sunny gallery that surrounds this inner court we entered a number of large airy rooms, all too sadly alike in their mournful and forlorn aspect. The material appearance was

good enough; most perfect cleanliness visible everywhere. The many little cots so scrupulously clean, with their white sheets and white dimity curtains, each contained three poor abandoned infants, who, swaddled so tightly that no limb could move, looked more like wooden dolls, with indiarubber necks and faces, than like the stretching, crowing, soft little bundles English mothers are accustomed to fondle. A tidy, healthy-looking woman is attached to each cot as wet nurse. Though the cleanliness was great to the outer eye, we could not say in what state the little limbs and bodies were kept cramped in this bundle, which is opened but three times a day. The only convenience of this unhealthy mode of clothing seemed to be that one woman could manage three of them at once, or rather we should say hold three, for we defy the strongest armed and strongest nerved woman to manage even two restless infants when crying with pain. The superintendence of the whole is in the hands of Sisters of Mercy, kind and conscientious, no doubt, but unknowing in the pangs and joys of a mother's heart. They are assisted by a young doctor, who is here studying infant mortality on a large scale, that he may gain experience whereby to keep in health the precious infants of the more fortunate of the same great city. These little ones pass the first year of their life here. At a year old, those who have had vitality enough to survive are put out to nurse among the peasants in the country. From two to nine a day is the number that seek admission. The first duty performed is to baptize these poor little outcasts, and as we entered we met eight strong nurses, each returning from the church with her tiny burden of swaddled humanity, now duly admitted as a member of the great brotherhood of love and equality. And surely one must believe in their creed to be able to see the compensation in store for the sufferings these little ones have to endure. Under the existing system, there seems nothing to prevent a mother depositing her infant, and then hiring herself as wet nurse, trusting to a turn of fortune's wheel to give her her own to suckle, though she must follow it pretty quickly if she wish to find it again among the hundred or so of muling and puking atoms. Let us hope there may be sometimes some such bright oasis of real love in this desert of suffering. We have no word of approval for this kind attempt to remedy artificially the evil consequences of the heedlessness that brings children into this world of suffering, under circumstances that cruelly forbid a mother's love and care. For a mother's love and care can alone bear successfully with all the difficulties of dawning life, and detect rapidly every change and indication of approaching illness. It is no wonder, then, that in the absence of this never tiring and quick-sighted love, 50 per cent. die under three months old; as the doctor carelessly remarked as we gazed into a little cot where an infant had already passed beyond crying, while another still uttered the cry of pain, that tells a mother's heart it is yet struggling for life. Other cots exhibited every variety of sickly and starved babyhood. Poor little wizen faces, open mouths, and moaning cries made one intensely melancholy for the suffering still to be endured before death kindly put an end to their agonies. And why should they not die? Why indeed? No one needs them; and their abandonment proves that those who should most have loved them will not miss them. Looking from the window, the streets teem with young life; and why should any one wish an addition to that mass of pain and wretchedness? Better, indeed, to die; but for the thousands it would surely have been better still had they never been born.

It is time that the old theological idea, that each life is a gift from God, should be modified, and that we should recognize children as the result of a voluntary act. At the same time, until public opinion asserts the necessity of love in connection with duties and responsibilities, and until science and a

sense of duty have spread their wings over the whole of our poverty-stricken population, let us cast no stones at those heedless and forlorn, or maybe only sad and weary women who come and deposit their new-born infants in the hole in the wall through which they are admitted to this living grave. They are as much the victims of their circumstances as the poor babes they have borne; and the blame, if blame there be, must attach rather to those who, while they see, or fancy they see, a solution of our great social problems, hold their peace from cowardice or indifference.

At Palermo we visited another of these institutions, which has been working its mischief for nearly three centuries. The infant department is carried on on much the same plan as the one at Rome, except that the infants were not swaddled, and that many more of those admitted are sent out to nurse in the country. The pay given to the peasant women who take charge of these infants is fourpence a day for the first fifteen months, and after that three farthings a day; and great must be their poverty, when, in the hope of some little gain, they are eager to undertake the charge of these babies. When the foster-parents are tired of them, they can always be brought back to the institution and pass into a school in the same building. The boys, however, are removed at six years old to a separate place, where they are kept until they are eighteen, whereas the girls, unless married, have to remain within these nunnery walls till twenty-one.

The infants under four years old had all a sickly, dull, apathetic look, and the nurses were quite as unprepossessing as the children. When the schooling period is over they are made to do the work of the institution. Washing, sewing, scrubbing, making maccaroni, tending silkworms, weaving, cooking, are their occupations, carried on under the supervision of eight laywomen and twenty-eight Sisters of Charity. The schoolmistress had been trained in a normal school, but for all that she was teaching the children in the Sicilian dialect. The long dormitories were clean and orderly, but the curious and peculiar feature of this establishment was the *parlatorio*, or reception-room. Picture a large, long room, the centre portion of which is divided off from the sides and further end by an iron grating which forms a cage, entered only by a well-barred street door, through which visitors from the outer world are admitted. Here they sit on benches to converse with those on the other side of the iron grating. Friends of the Sisters or *employés* of the place and the foster-parents are the usual visitors. Once a week, however, on Sunday mornings from ten to twelve, this place is the scene of the most novel and ludicrous courtships we ever heard described. One of the objects of this motherly establishment is to find fit and proper husbands for the girls under their charge. The fit and proper here is much like the fit and proper of society; the one requisite being that the young man is bound to show himself in possession of sufficient means to maintain a wife in comfort, before he is allowed to aspire to the hand of one of these precious damsels. Having given in his credentials of fitness to the guardians, he receives a card which admits him next Sunday morning to an inspection of the candidates for matrimony. There, sitting on a bench, if his curiosity and ardour will allow him to remain sitting, he awaits the arrival on the other side of the grating of the Lady Superior accompanied by a girl. She has been selected by order of seniority and capacity for household work from the hundred or more between seventeen and twenty-one awaiting for a youth to deliver them from their prison. The two young people, both no doubt breathless with agitation at the importance of the ceremony, have to take one long fixed look at each other. No word is spoken, no sign made. These good Sisters believe so fully in the language of the eye, that to their minds any addition is futile, and might but serve to mystify the pure and

perfect effect of love at first sight. The look over, the Lady Superior asks the man if he will accept the maiden as his bride. Should he answer in the affirmative, the same question is put to her, and if she bows her assent the betrothal has taken place, and they part till the Sunday following. The young lover again makes his appearance before the tribunal of guardians, and there the contract is signed, the day of marriage fixed, and he is granted leave to bring the ring, earrings, a wedding-dress and *confetti*, and present them—through the grid of course—to his betrothed. Everything has to pass the scrutiny of the Sisters, for fear of a letter or some tender word being slipped in with the gifts.

During the few Sundays that intervene between the first love scene and the marriage an hour's conversation within hearing of the Lady Superior is allowed; but not a touch is exchanged. The empty talk, interspersed with giggling, consists of inquiries as to the wedding-dress, the sort of *confetti* most liked, and the occupation and place of abode of the suitor.

Should the young man refuse the first damsel presented to him, he is favoured with the sight of three or four more; but should he still appear *difficile* he is dismissed. The girl also has the power of refusal.

The marriage over, the task of the Sisters is done; here falls a veil they never lift,—and whether happiness and faithfulness are the result of this heathenish rite they never inquire; that would be an impure region into which they could not enter without sullying their own purity. We do not wonder at these holy Sisters doing their best for the girl till the moment of marriage, and cherishing a vague hope that all will then be right; but we do wonder at the men of the world who manage the institution acquiescing in such a barbarous traffic in human flesh and blood as this sale of women. Our readers must before now have wondered what inducement there can be to make the youths who have the world to choose from come here in search of a wife. Two hundred and fifty francs is the great attraction. That sum is given in dowry with each of these girls, and for that sum, it seems, a Sicilian is willing to sell himself for life. Those girls for whom the institution fails to find husbands are allowed at twenty-one to face temptations alone; and situations are found for them.

The arrangement of the place is on the conventual plan, and our female guide rung a hand-bell as she went along to give warning that a man was approaching.

This monstrous institution is kept up partly by government aid, and last year no less than 1,400 babies were passed through the rota, or revolving cage. The strange love-making we have described is not peculiar to this place; it is also carried on in another institution of Palermo on an even more extensive scale. This is the Asile, or poorhouse, an enormous building, containing 800 children, orphans or destitute, 200 young girls of marriageable age, besides many wives, widows, and aged women. We visited this asylum between nine and ten in the morning, and in spite of the early hour a general idle and listless appearance was visible. True, in some rooms girls were making paste, in others baking, &c., but an enormous proportion stood about looking at us and idling. The children, we were told, were on their way to the schoolrooms, but the leisurely way they went to them betokened little industry when there. Great supervision seemed requisite, for the Sister in charge would on no account permit a member of our party to wander even a few feet away from us; and though a request was made, that, not being strong he might be allowed to rest in the sun in the crowded quadrangle, this even was considered dangerous to the peace of mind of these frail damsels.

This institution has a good many of its inmates on the foundation supported by the misplaced charity of the past. The rest are maintained by government aid, supplemented in a very trifling degree

by the work of the able-bodied among the inmates. Sisters of Charity as usual manage the whole thing, and mass and religious meditation are by no means unimportant parts of the general *régime*. But while we have a poor-law at work in England we cannot afford to be too hard on the Italians for their schemes of charity. They surpass us, however, in stupidity, in keeping girls to the age of twenty-one under far better circumstances than they could be in had their parents not been improvident and reckless, and in then providing them with dowries at the expense of the state.

In conclusion, we would observe that foundling hospitals are not only pernicious as encouragements to over-population. One of the worst things to be said against them, as it appears to us, is that they tend to weaken still further in the breast of parents that instinctive love of offspring by which nature provides for the care of the little ones. The want of this instinct is already one of the greatest defects in the character of men—a defect whereby, besides being disastrous in its social consequences, there is lost to themselves one of the richest sources of human enjoyment. So far has this gone, that a man is reckoned a good father if he conscientiously *provide* for the care of his children. But we would have it recognized that conscience and a sense of duty, admirable and indispensable though they be, are at best but stepmothers, which at their highest can scarcely be expected to take the place of the natural affection which wells up spontaneously in the breast of a true mother: and that these worthy parents, though they may have many a happiness in their children, must for ever remain strangers to one of the most supreme and tender emotions. The advocates of the emancipation of women are at times assailed with chaff about the feminine philosopher staying at home to mind the baby in the absence of his strong-minded helpmate. We in no way resent this chaff, for we recognize it as no more essential to social regeneration that women should become strong and independent in the world than that men should become tender and helpful in the family.

K. A.

THE GROUPING OF PLANTS.

Some botantists are of opinion that the Arctic Circle — where Hyperboreans breathed feathers in a credulous age, and where snowflakes fill the air sometimes at the present day—was the cradle of plants, as well as the birthplace of winds, and that the Alpines are the oldest of vegetables and first-born of Flora—that is, of the living Flora, for there is a dead Flora in the coal measures, of unknown origin, though of well-known fate, from whose ashes new plant-life springs.

"Nothing in this world is single;
All things, by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle."

The Alpines, growing round Upsal and about the house of the great botanist, were the group of plants that Linnæus first explored; and he always wrote lovingly of them, as if they had breath as well as beauty, speaking of them as those "numerous tribes in Sweden." He calls the algæ and lichens "the last of the vegetables, living on the confines of the earth." And as he climbed North Cape on the very edge of Europe he saw the last of the lichens (*Parmelia saxatilis*) sticking like a patch on a rock which crowns that mountain mass in the feather district.

Long since Linnæus wrote his "Tour in Lapland" Professor Charles Martins of Montpelier visited the humble tribes of Alpine plants on the shores of the North Sea, and observed the dogwood of Sweden (*Cornus alba*), the snowy gentian, and others, on the path that leads up North Cape; and climbing ladders, as Linnæus had done before him, to see what flowers were blossoming round the chimneys on the turf-roofs of Hammerfest (70° 48′ N. lat.) he found the ubiquitous shepherd's purse, a chrysanthemum, a lychnis, and many primitive plants which are scattered over the heights of Europe, from the tops of the Grampian hills to the Pyrenees and Alps. It has been said that they were left on their present sites by the congealed but moving waves of the glacial sea that once covered Europe, the plains of the arctic regions having been the original centre of distribution of this kind of plants. There is perhaps no reason why one Alpine height should claim to be a birthplace of plants more than another, but a cradle theory is attractive and need not be disputed here. Dr. Daubeny sums up the evidence on this subject with the remark, that, "by a process of logical exhaustion we are driven to conclude that each species was originally introduced into a particular locality, from whence it diffused itself over a greater or lesser area, according to the amount of obstacles which checked its propagation and its own inherent power of surmounting them."

The isolated groups of plants appear to have been gradually moulded into their present types by the pressure of surrounding circumstances, and thus new species were formed; and the cedars of Lebanon and of the Atlas may have both sprung from the Deodar of the Himalayan mountains, which is supposed to be the typical form, being the most fixed in character and extending over the largest area with the least variation.

It must remain a matter of conjecture whether the Alpines originated on this point, or on that; or whether the peaks and plants now separated are parts of a continent and Flora that were once united.

Professor Edward Forbes's theory of specific centres seems to us the most probable solution of a difficult problem, as opposed to Schouw's belief in many primary individuals of a species. The fact that a few plants are native both to North America and Europe, 'and to

Europe and Australia, which are not found in intermediate countries, affords a glimpse of the startling movements of plants and changes of sea and land in former ages. Some plants must have spread far from their birthplace, wherever it was; others are less widely diffused. Our own irregular coasts, torn, it is supposed, from adjoining continents, exhibit a curiously broken Flora, whose general character is that of Central and Western Europe, tinged, however, with the sap—we can hardly say blood—of adjoining nations of plants. There are, 1st, a West Pyrenean flora in the mountainous districts of the west and south-west of Ireland; 2ndly, an Armorican type on the south-west of England and south-east of Ireland, related to that of the Channel Islands and of Brittany and Normandy; 3rdly, the Flora of the south-east of England and the opposite coast of France; 4thly, the Alpine or Scandinavian type of the Scotch, Welsh, and Cumberland mountains. The most probable explanation of these old but severed alliances is that the scattered links of vegetation were once united, till the bridges of the primeval world were broken and its communications destroyed by upheaval, or by submergence, which buried vegetation and left only the fossils to bear witness of the change.

There is no spot in the world which contains so many distinct groups as the central portion of Eastern Africa, where the botanist finds plants typical of the Cape, Madagascar, the East Indies, Arabia, the north and west coasts of Africa, and, on the high mountains, the Alpines of Europe.

The Alpines are the rats and mice of the vegetable world, ranging widely like those "small deer," while other plants resemble the reindeer and camel in the narrowness of their habitat. Byron said of the date-palm—

> "It cannot quit its place of birth,
> It will not live in other earth."

It flourishes in the burning sands of Africa and Syria, and is revered as the source of nutriment and raiment in districts where it forms the single link which binds human life to its desert home. The "palm dynasty" to which the date belongs, and the Soldanella, a lichen which vegetates at zero, while the cocoa-nut-tree does not stir under 68° Fahr., bound the plant world from the tropics to the Arctic circle. There are very few cosmopolitan individuals in the vegetable kingdom, and plants, unlike animals, have very limited powers of acclimatizing; nor can they travel unless conveyed by ships, icebergs, birds, or currents of water, except in the case of cryptogamic tribes, whose sporules are borne on the wings of the wind so easily that any spot on earth might be peopled with them.

Grouping may be regarded as natural when the causes cannot be discovered, and nothing more occult than a mountain range, or other tangible obstacle, intervenes between two Floras. The continent of America is split laterally from north to south into two great plant kingdoms, by the barrier of the Rocky Mountains.

There are lesser groups whose origin is quite unknown, or can only be inferred. The Flora of the East Indian islands is quite distinct from that of China, Japan, or Australia, while the little island of St. Helena has its own Flora distinct from that of the adjacent coast of Africa. There are three species of beech growing respectively in Tierra del Fuego, in Chili, and in Van Diemen's Land, each of which bears on its limbs a peculiar fungus. This is in the strictest sense a natural, not an accidental grouping, since Nature alone could have planted those fungi, and man's hand cannot transplant them. But as the first-named country is sterile, the tall Patagonians might be exterminated by any side wind which destroyed their beeches! since they live almost entirely on the bright yellow, globular fungus (*Cyttaria Darwinii*), which grows in great abundance on the trees, and is the solitary instance of a cryptogamic plant affording the main support of a nation.

Natural groups, like the crops of our fields, are fugitive. They may last as many years as our crops last hours per-

haps, but the sickle of Time cuts them down at last and others replace them. A fern once covered immense tracts in New Zealand, and its root was largely eaten by the aborigines before they learned the art of culture and obtained the potato. It was believed that the fern had succeeded naturally to the primeval forests; its own removal has been effected by cultivation, and in some instances by the encroachments of the fast-spreading Scotch thistle.

Change, not rigidity, is the order of Nature, and suitable sites become unsuitable by a variety of accidents—as when the clearing of timber in the province of Caracas exposed the country to drying winds, which banished the plantations of cocoa-trees to the moist forests of the Upper Orinoco, and other wooded tracts.

The coast of North America, for seventeen hundred miles, from Virginia to the Mississippi, is fringed with pine barrens 130 miles wide, and when the trees are cut down for the exportation of their inflammable products from the port of Wilmington, pines may spring again on the best of the bad soils; but in general the scrub oak is the succession plant. Towards the outfall of the river, where magnificent mixed forests of liquid amber, elm, ash, white and red oak, cherry, magnolia, mulberry, and wild grape have been felled, and the land scourged by corn and cotton, and then abandoned to Nature, the pine and scrub oak, trees of poor soils, have sprung up. But when the land was left unscourged the mixed forest again clothed the bare earth.

It is 200 years since "Sylva" Evelyn planted the Wotton woods near Dorking with beech, the ground having been cleared of oak for that purpose. The woods are now magnificent, but in one exposed plantation a wreck of great beeches occurred a few years ago, when a gale followed a snow-storm that had laden their branches heavily, and we observed that birch immediately sprung up thickly on the levelled site, being the crop Nature had sown there at some former period. In like manner a sand-hill, whose surface of mould had been removed to the glorious gardens at Trentham, was soon gracefully clad with self-sown birch, the offspring of primeval forests. The unexpected springing up of plants which no mortal hand can have sown suggests seedings and rotations longer and less known than that of Norfolk!

We shall proceed to notice other contrasts of vegetation as they occur to us, groups and rotations, rather than logical sequences, being our aim.

De Candolle observes that plants resist extremes in inverse ratio to the quantity of water they contain; and in proportion to the vascidity of their fluids. They resist cold in inverse ratio to the rapidity with which their fluids circulate; they are liable to freeze in proportion to the size of the cells in which their fluids are contained, and the power of absorbing sap, by roots that are little exposed to the atmosphere, lessens the liability. Air, confined in the tissues, enables plants to resist extremes. The hardy character of the Scotch fir therefore may be explained by the fact that its resinous sap does not easily freeze; and dissection may reveal the immediate causes of climatic groupings, but it does not show why the heaths of the Cape are unable to thrive side by side with those of Jutland and the heath-tracts of Northern Germany. We do not propose to grapple with the unknown, but we may discourse a little of the doubtful, and ask how it was that nearly all the heaths, except five or six European species, were confined to the Cape, the epacrises—so closely allied to them—to Australia, the orange to China, nearly all the passion flowers to the New World, and nearly all the roses to the Old? Why are "misery balls" found only in the Falkland Islands, in wet mountainous hollows where huge masses of vegetable matter are formed, partly by their own decay, so near together that the foliage meets above and excludes the sky, shutting in the traveller who ventures into the horrid bog? There are other miserable spots on earth; why

cannot they boast their mounds of balsam-bog (*Bolax glebaria*) and hillocks of tussock grass?

The isolation of particular plants gave rise to the ancient opinion that the gods created them at odd times, when they saw fit, as when Minerva planted the olive in the Mediterranean basin, or when the goddess of discovery presented mandrakes to Dioscorides, the ancient plant collector, who immediately noted them down in his list of new plants. The Hindoo deities had been busy long before those of Greece, and perhaps certain curiously isolated groups at the present day may have sprung from plantlings formerly left on their sites by capricious genii; and in many cases isolated plants would have remained for ever, like shipwrecked mariners, on their desolate islands, but for the agency of that singular busybody who is constantly tampering with Nature by sea and land, and removing landmarks and plant-boundaries.

But there are constant changes in the vegetable world, necessary to its order and stability, and due to an innate power of organic adaptability which enables plants to survive the struggle for existence to which they are so often exposed, as in the case of the Rhododendron Dalhousiæ of Sikkim, which would have been lost in certain sites if it had not acquired the power of living, however poorly, on the trunks and limbs of trees in those parts of the humid and teeming forest which are too dense for undergrowth. Dr. Hooker observed that it grew far more luxuriantly when some new road, or fall of timber, provided it with an open site where its seeds found soil to root in, and it was only in the thick forest that the little shrub became epiphytical, and saved its life by rooting on the rough, wet, and moss-grown branches of the trees. It is probable that under stress of adverse circumstances it might so far change its habits as to lose the power of rooting in its mother earth; and on the other hand, if a specimen were removed to a more open part of the forest it might become the parent of species that retained no trace of parasitical character.

Elasticity of organization insures the power of development and secures the wonderful variety in the forms of vegetation. We classify our knowledge of parts, organs, and forms under the term Morphology, which leads to the convenient arrangement of plants into classes, species, and genera; but the laws by which fundamental types and shapes were originated and have sometimes deviated into new forms, have not yet been unfolded. We cannot dissect out the disposition of plants or animals, or trace the causes of variation, correlation, and other phenomena of growth; but we can follow the operation of those causes, and avail ourselves of the results of that beneficence which endowed vegetables with a capability of progression and enabled wild plants to establish themselves on their shifting sites, giving the oolite, the lias, the wealden, and all other formations their distinguishing Flora, and providing seeds for every site—seeds for shades and for sunny sites, and for damp places and dry.

Introduced plants frequently eject their predecessors, and appear to benefit, as people often do, by a change of air, thriving in new and distant homes better than in their original habitats.

The plants of Europe have in many cases driven off the vegetable tribes of America and Australia, and occupied their sites; and while the footsteps of the white man are sounding the death-knell of the aboriginal people, his plants are destroying those of the poor savage.[1] There is no kingdom on earth so revolutionary as the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be said to live amidst strife and constant struggles, and to slay each other mercilessly, though without bloodshed or cruelty. The larger trees of the tropical forests are entwined and throttled by trailers, and hugged by lianas till they die; smaller plants seem to wait for the places filled by their

[1] See "Notes on North America," by Johnston; "Lake Superior," by Agassiz; and Dr. Hooker's papers in the *Journal of the Horticultural Society*.

stronger neighbours. There is less rivalry in European forests, only because a few sovereign species of timber trees, like the Scotch and spruce firs of Scandinavia, hold possession of the soil and do not allow the approach of rivals. The plants that feed the populations of the world have prevailed in the fields of nature and of cultivation by virtue of conquest, effected with or without the aid of man; and it is remarkable that the most useful plants are the most robust and elastic, such as the hardy grasses and those great wanderers the *Graminaceæ*, wheat, rice, maize, and millet, which have followed man in all his migrations. What a determination of physical character wheat, maize, the banana-tree, cassava, and others must possess, since they have pushed their way among their compeers, till they each dominate over wide surfaces of the globe, and their true or native country cannot now be determined!

The grouping of plants and the constant testing of those inherent qualities which determine their fortunes, if we may use the expression, have been, and still are, largely influenced by the operation of the natural forces of earth and air. Ice, snow, and water, the trickling rill and the flood, the snowdrift and the storm, or the rasping and abrading glacier, are alike levellers and excavators and promoters of those changes in contour, climate, and vegetation whose records are read by the geologist, while the naturalist detects them in the groupings of plants. It is the "hand of Nature"—a phrase which attractively indicates the source of so many natural phenomena—which has had the greatest share in clothing the earth with its characteristic vegetation. The part man has played in this great work has been comparatively limited in regard both to time and the object to be attained, and it has been confined to the dispersion of useful and ornamental plants, and the forming of botanical collections in gardens, or in the *hortus siccus;* the grander and primary design seems to have been that all the earth should become "with verdure clad."

In conclusion, we add a brief description of the zones of vegetation, and a few examples of those interesting botanical divisions which record the labours of the botanists who have investigated the plants of particular localities: and first let us mention Linnæus's region in Northern Europe and Asia, including the Umbelliferæ and Cruciferæ, the carrot and turnip tribes, and the fruits, cereals, pasture grasses, fodder plants, and trees which are found in connection with those esculents. De Candolle's region includes rice and millets, and the fruits and vegetation of the south, represented by the Labiatæ and Caryophylleæ. Kœmpfer's region includes China and Japan and the tea-plant, with gourds and melons, indigo, hemp, and cotton. Roxburgh's region is Indian and Tropical, and his pages smell of spices. There are twenty-five botanical regions which have been examined by as many eminent botanists, who have named and described more than 100,000 species of plants, while Pliny could only enumerate 1,000 species in his "Historia Naturalis." We pass on to notice the zones of vegetation which Humboldt sketched so charmingly in "Aspects of Nature," and which other travellers have laboured at till the details of some portions of the botanical map have been filled in with tolerable completeness, and only such districts as the interior of Africa and the Central portions of Asia and South America remain comparatively unexplored. The division just referred to consists of eight botanical zones or kingdoms, extending from the equator to the poles, with corresponding mountain regions extending from the equator upwards towards the cold air of the mountain-tops. Nature does not conform strictly to the arbitrary lines which have been laid down for the purpose of methodizing knowledge and of obtaining a framework to hold its fabric during the process of investigation. Her vegetable subjects often wander beyond the limits of the eight broad beltings, which should therefore be printed on the memory with overlapping edges—or rather, should be

imagined as blending the one with the other like the hues of the rainbow. They are as follows:—

The Horizontal Zones of Vegetation and corresponding Vertical Regions at the Equator:—

1. The Equatorial Zone, 15° N. 15° S. lat. Region of palms and bananas: reaching an altitude of 1,900 feet. Mean annual temperature 81° Fahr.

2. The Tropical Zone, from 15° to 23° of lat. Region of tree-ferns, figs, and pepper-plants: reaching from an altitude of 1,900 feet at the equator to 3,600 feet or 3,800 feet. Mean annual temperature 74°.

3. The Sub-tropical Zone, from 23° to 34° of lat. Region of myrtles, magnolias, and laurels: reaching from an altitude of 3,800 at the equator to 5,700 feet. Mean annual temperature 68°.

4. The Warmer Temperate Zone, from 34° to 45° of lat. Region of evergreen and leathery-leaved trees. The palms and arborescent grasses that were features of the scene in the three warmer zones disappear; the forest-trees begin to appear, and the evergreen oaks, oleander, phillyreæ, laurustinus, strawberry-tree, and pomegranate of the Mediterranean basin; the evergreen gleditschiæ and climing bignonia of the Ohio; the magnoliaceæ (tulip-trees, &c.) and leguminous trees (acacias, &c.), and gigantic reeds of America; the arborescent grasses of the Pampas plains of Buenos Ayres; the araucariæ and beeches of Chili, with the Chilian palm as an outlier, like the dwarf palm of Southern Europe and the palmetto of North America: reaching from an altitude of 5,700 feet to about 7,600 feet. Mean annual temperature 63°.

5. The Cooler Temperate Zone, from 45° to 58° of lat. Region of deciduous trees, with social conifers, pasture grasses, the honeysuckle, the ivy, and the hop (replacing the lianes of the tropics), and of mosses and lichens which feather the trunks and branches of trees instead of the orchids of the tropics. The shrubs are roses, brambles, viburnas, &c., which lose their leaves in winter—there is no cool zone in Africa:—reaching from an altitude of 7,600 feet to 9,500 feet. Mean annual temperature 58°.

6. The Sub-Arctic (and Sub-Antarctic) Zone, from 58° of lat. to the arctic (and antarctic) circle. Region of abietinæ (firs), of the birch and alder, of gay spring flowers and pastures: reaching from 9,500 feet to 11,500 feet. Mean annual temperature 52°.

7. The Arctic (and Antarctic) Zone, from the arctic (and antarctic) circle to 72° of lat. Region of prostrate Alpine shrubs and dwarfs: reaching from 11,500 to 13,300 feet. Mean annual temperature 43°.

8. The Polar Zone, above 72° of lat. Region of Alpine plants, saxifrages, ranunculi, potentillæ, and cryptogamic plants, from the upper line of bushes to that of perpetual snow. Mean annual temperature 38°.

H. Evershed.

PICTURA POESIS.*

Two sunny winter-days I sped along
  The Riviera's winding mountain-way,
Scarcely I caught the blue sea's faint far song,
  By terraced hill and olive-shadow'd bay.

Far off, the Alpine snows' eternal line
  Stretch'd over hills, with wondrous curves cut well
Against the irridescent dome divine,
  The cupola of light ineffable.

They say thought loses 'neath the Italian heaven
  The mortal languor of its modern scorn;
That England's passionless pilgrims have outgiven
  An ampler soul beneath the ampler morn.

Would it were thus! In sooth it may be so:
  Yet well I ween my littleness I bore,
In sight of that imperishable snow,
  In presence of the glory of that shore.

Selfish, before that pureness without end;
  Faith's eye ungifted with a sight more keen,
What time the outward eye had fullest kenn'd
  Those long deep distances of lustrous sheen.

False, where our God so many a secret writes
  In glorious syllables for souls elect!
Oh, where the very winter half his nights
  In gardens sleeps, of roses not undeck'd.

If he have wrinkles, they are greenly hid;
  If murmurings, they are tuned to silver seas;
And any dimness goldenly is chid
  By the great lamps of all the orange-trees.

And so we came to that world-famous sweep,
  Where, on her amphitheatre of hill,
Old Genoa looks superbly on the deep,
  As if she held her own Columbus still;

[1] Suggested by Vandyke's picture of a child of the Brignola family in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa.

As if toward Africa at close of day
  Her galleys headed under press of sail,
And grand old Admiral Doria, grim and gray,
  Watch'd from his terraces their golden trail,

And to the gentle girl who paced beside
  Told tales of sinking ships, and war-clouds dun,
Until he heard again the humming tide,
  And the long growling of the battle-gun.

Yet still, through all the witchery of the clime,
  My heart felt burden'd with its years—and then
I ask'd for something beyond reach of Time,
  To make me for a moment young again.

Nor ask'd in vain; for, wandering here and there,
  To see the pictures with an idle heart,
Above the Red Palazzo's marble stair
  I own'd the magic of old Vandyke's art.

Be still, and let me gaze! A noble child
  Upon the master's canvas here I see—
Surely two hundred summer suns have smiled
  Italian light, young Brignola, on thee—

The light that makes such violets divine,
  And hangs such roses o'er that haunted soil,
And spheres such flashes in the flasks of wine
  And fills the olives with such golden oil;

The light, too, that makes heart with living chords
  Too fine for happiness, that never fails
To ripen lives too richly—whence the words
  Of all those strange, pathetic passion-tales.

But thou, immortal child! with those dark eyes,
  And that proud brow—I will not call it white,
A something rather like the snow that lies
  Between dark clouds and the unclouded light,—

I know not—will not ask—what was thy fate:
  Whether thou laughedst in this very spot,
Then wentest forth in beauty with thy mate,
  A fair adventure and a gentle lot:

Whether with intermingling gleam and gloom
  Thy shadow and thy sunshine did rain down,
Like that sweet lady in the other room—
  Thy sister with the gold on her green gown:

Whether thou livedst till life's winter came,
  And the calm with it that its spring denies;
Retaining only of thy primal flame
  The unextinguish'd light of those full eyes:

Whether thou lovedst, and the winds of Heaven
  Blew favourably, and the moon-touch'd sail,
Glimmering into the dark, to thee was given
  The sweet life of a little fairy-tale:

Whether thou lovedst, after that forlorn,
  Tasting the bitter that grows out of sweet,
Thy forehead pierced and punctured with the thorn,
  The cruel thistles stabbing all thy feet:

Till, as befalls in this strange land of thine,
  Where prayer and passion, earth and heaven, so mix;
A wounded thing thou fledd'st to love divine,
  And foundst a bridegroom in the Crucifix.

But, as it is, thou standest here for aye,
  Type of the gracious childhood of the South;
Thy dark hair never fleck'd with thread of gray,
  No channell'd line beside thy perfect mouth.

Thou hast no grief, no selfishness at all,
  Possessing all of beauty but its scorn;
Thou floatest smilingly outside the Fall,
  Unsuffering, unsinking, unforlorn.

I cannot question thee. If thou couldst speak,
  Thy soft Italian would but touch my ears
As if a sweet wind beat upon my cheek,
  Through the dim light, a rain of flowers and tears.

Enough, that wrought by Vandyke's master hand,
  I see thy beauty with an inward sight;
And in a better language understand
  Thy childhood's inextinguishable light.

William Derry.

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.[1]

THE general working of the scheme which was settled in the year 1855 for selecting candidates by competitive examination for appointments in the Civil Service of India is quite as unpopular among the examinees as it is with the public in England and the authorities in India. The former complain of the absence of consistency and uniformity in the mode of assessing the value of the written papers, and of the haphazard way in which the *vivâ voce* examinations are conducted; the latter maintain that some of the selected candidates are failures socially, and that the present method of selection by means of what has been termed "intellectual gymnastics," without reference to any further qualification than a certificate of moral character, is very detrimental to the interests of the Indian Civil Service.

The question therefore before the public is how to combine the intellectual benefits of open competition with the social advantages of the Haileybury system?

A return to close competition, after nomination, would not necessarily secure the kind of social fitness that is wanted, while it would undoubtedly tend to cramp the area of intellectual fitness, at the same time that it would deprive the public of a substantial boon.

The solution of this question would seem to depend on the result of a dual process: (1) selection by competitive examination; (2) final selection after probation.

[1] The text of a paper addressed to the members of the Indian Council, on the method of selecting candidates for the Civil Service of India.

1. *Selection by Competitive Examination.*

The inferior limit of age is fixed at 17; the superior limit at 21. If the inferior limit could be fixed at say 18½, and the superior at 22½, the alteration would be welcomed at the two extremes.

(*a*) It would enable candidates to complete their course of school reading preparatory to entering on any special course of study; and in many cases would admit of their proceeding to the examination direct from school.

(*b*) Many more university undergraduates would offer themselves. A great number of the best scholars at public schools do not, as a first choice, elect to go to India. They prefer to compete for university distinctions; and once embarked on an academical career, they are tempted to remain for the purpose of taking a degree rather than interrupt their course halfway.

The subjects prescribed for the open competitive examination are:—

	Marks.
English Composition	500
History of England—including that of the Laws and Constitution	500
English Language and Literature	500
Language, Literature, and History of Greece	750
" " Rome	750
" " France	375
" " Germany	375
" " Italy	375
Mathematics (pure and mixed)	1,250
Natural Science: that is, Chemistry, including Heat; Electricity and Magnetism; Geology and Mineralogy; Zoology; Botany	1,000

** The total (1,000) marks may be obtained by adequate proficiency in any two or more of the five branches of science included under this head.

Moral Science: that is, Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy	500
Sanskrit Language and Literature . .	500
Arabic Language and Literature . .	500

No restraint is placed on the examinee in regard to the number of subjects he may elect to be examined in. For various and obvious reasons some well-defined limit should be imposed.

The estimate of the relative importance of each branch of knowledge is very generally approved; but the practice of deducting 125 marks from each subject is as generally condemned. The authorities justly consider "that a candidate ought to be allowed no credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere smatterer." The penalty is supposed to act as a deterrent with those who would otherwise take up a great number of subjects on the chance of gaining marks "for knowledge of wide surface and small depth." This tax, salutary in some cases, is unjust in others; for it is imposed not only on the smatterer who asks to be examined in six or seven subjects, but on the scholar who seeks examination in two branches.

For instance: A, B, C are examined in Latin:—

	First Marking	Final Marking.
A marks	30/750ths	*minus* 125 = 0
B marks	124/750ths	*minus* 125 = 0
C marks	325/750ths	*minus* 125 = 200

Thus C, who in the first marking is shown to be a better classic than A by 295 marks, is made to lose 95 marks by the transaction. And B has no means of ascertaining that he has really made four times as many marks as A. This process would be quite legitimate if all the candidates were examined in the same number of subjects, and if each subject carried the same value in marks. But C may be depending entirely on English and classical scholarship; whereas A and B may have two or three other branches to fall back upon.

Again, assuming that a fair knowledge of the language, literature, and history of France, Germany, and Italy is equivalent to a fair knowledge of mathematics, and that two rival candidates exhibit proficiency to the extent of half the whole number of marks in their respective branches—what is the result?

				Total.
The Mathematician marks		625/1250ths	*minus* 125 =	500
The Linguist marks	Italian	187/375ths	*minus* 125 = 62	186
	French	187/375ths	*minus* 125 = 62	
	German	187/375ths	*minus* 125 = 62	

English Composition.

Another kind of objection may be taken in regard to both the first and second marking for English Composition.

A written essay may belong to one of three or more classes. It is either good, fair, indifferent, or bad. Each essay should be entered under one of these classes, and each class should represent a given number of marks. But the method of assessment which declares an essay to be worth 114 or 116 500ths is at best ideal. If the essay be wanting in originality, or in substance, or in the logical arrangement of matter, it may be condemned accordingly; but it is difficult to understand how the deduction for superficial knowledge can be brought to bear on style in composition. However, assuming for a moment that the deduction of 125 marks from each branch is a just tax, it is not too much to say that the very abuses which it was anticipated would be avoided have been actually fostered by its imposition. A careful study of the analysis of the recent six or eight yearly examinations will show how few candidates have cared to run the risk of competing on two or even on three branches of knowledge.

The following figures explain this :—

Number of Candidates examined at the Open Competitions for the five years, 1870 to 1874, inclusive.	Number of Candidates who asked to be examined in two branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in three branches only.	Number of Candidates selected from these 1170 competitors for service in India.	Number of these 184 selected Candidates who asked to be examined in two branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in three branches only.	Ditto, ditto, in five or more branches.
1,170	53	309	184	0	26	44

N.B.—The term "branch" must be taken, of course, to mean English generally, or Classics generally, and not a particular subdivision of a subject.

If the supplementary *vivâ voce* examinations, instituted, as is generally supposed, for the purpose of detecting and exposing the superficially read man, are of any real worth, then the continuance of the system of deduction can only be viewed under two aspects—(*a*) As an extra-judicial and very irritating additional safeguard; or (*b*), as a mild protest against the discriminating powers of the examiners.

The prevalent feeling among the examinees is that they are prepared to undergo any amount of examination, provided the only test of merit be by a process of thorough investigation.

If some distinct standard of merit, according to which the marks in the several subjects could be awarded, were set up, a real boon would be conferred on examinees; at present the examiners are changed every year, and each examiner introduces his own standard of what is excellent, or the reverse. The consequence is that each examination provides a large number of candidates with a substantial grievance.

The following statistics are noted as evidence of the fluctuation of marks :—

Mathematics in 1873.

1 Candidate only marked over 500
3 Candidates „ 400
14 „ „ 250 } 1250ths
37 „ did not qualify.

Mathematics in 1874.

15 Candidates marked over . 500
26 „ „ 400
44 „ „ 250 } 1250ths
15 „ did not qualify.

English Composition, 1873.

33 of the 35 selected candidates marked over 100
24 „ „ 150
12 „ „ 200 } 500ths

English Composition, 1874.

5 of the 38 selected candidates marked over 100
8 only reached . . . . . 60 } 500ths
10 of the 38 marked 0

N.B.—97 out of 207 competitors marked 0.

Natural Science, 1872.

The marks were awarded lavishly, notably in the departments of Geology and Zoology.

Natural Science, 1873.

The marks were perhaps more equally and more sparingly distributed.

Natural Science, 1874.

The awards under the heads of "Chemistry" and "Electricity and Magnetism" were high—but the Geologists and Zoologists were, in many cases, positively victimized.

The conclusion to which a person unacquainted with the candidates themselves would come after a scrutiny of what is recorded year by year in the Government Reports, would be that the variation in the marks was a consequence of the fluctuating condition of proficiency. This is by no means the case. A certain number of candidates who began the study of geology and zoology late in the year 1871, remarked that the standard of merit recorded at the examination for the year 1872 was such as to give them reasonable hopes of ultimate success. Notwithstanding the higher standard set up for the year 1873, the results were so far encouraging that, subject to another year of study, they had the clearest right to anticipate satisfactory results.

Had this not been self-evident, many of these candidates who had to rely on Science as their *pièce de résistance* would have withdrawn from the contest. It had been well for them had they done so; since several scored exactly "0," and others lost from 50 to 80 per cent. of the marks gained in the previous competition.

If the writer on Competitive Examinations in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1874 had followed these students through their long course of lecture and practical work, as well in the open country as at the Royal School of Mines, the British Museum, and the College of Surgeons, he would hardly have ventured on so ill-advised a statement as this:—

"Natural Science, according to the mode of examination here pursued, is essentially a cram subject, because it is almost impossible to distinguish between the knowledge which a candidate has gained from actual observation of phenomena and that which he has picked up from books, and also because the study of it in its earlier stages is very much a matter of memory applied to get up facts. Accordingly, while every candidate is prepared in Natural Science, he is not encouraged to go far into it, and the subject is usually left to be got up at the last, after the ground has been made safe in other lines. That it is thus a cram subject might be inferred from the published lists of marks; almost every candidate obtains some marks in Natural Science, but hardly any one obtains a high number. 'Naturals' pay better than anything else to get up in a hurry. This explains the success of the crammers."

A statement so inaccurate and misleading as this has probably never before found a niche in the columns of the *Edinburgh Review*; for any one who will be at the trouble of carefully scrutinizing the "published lists" will learn that at the last four examinations, 546 candidates in all were tested in Natural Science, and that no less than 187 scored 0. But the writer insists that hardly any one obtains a high number. Surely he must have cast his eye, somewhat casually, down the wrong column.

By way of instituting some curious comparisons, and for the sake of perfect fairness, let us append the marks made by those of the selected candidates for the years 1871—1874 inclusive, who happen to have been examined in each of four subjects.

	English Composition	Latin	Mathematics.	Natural Science
Maximum No. of Marks.	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more
1871.				
	190	405	185	120
	135	93	494	305
	20	199	403	331
	190	201	266	395
	0	77	668	449
	215	260	126	20
	50	148	312	295
	95	277	338	0
	175	274	237	77
	90	283	570	0
	105	239	345	115
	100	255	65	139
	265	86	430	290
	75	111	442	167
	240	159	358	0
	30	283	81	348
	175	40	470	285
1872.				
	71	177	493	430
	97	336	208	85
	61	83	663	305
	24	251	345	233
	55	316	181	107
	0	83	627	330
	105	182	417	228
	78	114	478	230
1873.				
	220	215	158	104
	99	252	60	472
	101	146	405	0
	168	230	71	217
	188	107	237	0
	292	228	0	181
	101	273	209	5
	169	286	0	140

1874.

	English Composition.	Latin.	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No of Marks.	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	0	419	575	197
	0	400	717	324
	19	205	586	421
	0	178	679	309
	24	324	534	24
	17	123	609	330
	65	224	158	35
	0	134	549	191
	3	218	527	0

And if we pick and choose among the unsuccessful candidates of these years we may meet with the following startling results :—

	English Composition.	Latin	Mathematics.	Natural Science.
Maximum No of Marks	500	750	1,250	500 for one branch. 1,000 if two or more.
	175	116	201	327
	95	235	44	324
	175	1'5	98	259
	110	0	192	554
	10	203	104	241
	200	84	0	253
	180	142	97	185
	30	208	92	248
	0	166	0	252
	81	161	250	203
	121	183	122	329
	28	226	14	324
	63	26	270	338
	12	261	77	322
	53	34	8	395
	0	29	165	272
	64	147	184	396
	128	0	228	389
	113	143	169	208

Had the reviewer sounded this note of alarm four years ago, it would not have been out of season; moreover, the public would have been placed in the possession of information which at the time was known only to a very few. But he is guilty of telling a tale in the year 1874, the virtue of which has long since exploded. Briefly, this is what occurred. In the year 1868 the maximum number of marks allotted to Natural Science was 500. This, in the opinion of certain scientific gentlemen, was a very low figure to assign to a branch of knowledge which at our universities, and at some few of our public schools, was claiming particular attention. Accordingly the authorities consented to place Natural Science on a better footing by increasing the maximum of marks to 1,000. The consequence was precisely what every sane man would have expected. The bait was tempting, the idea was novel and liberal, the subject was interesting, and thus the bids for marks in Science were plentiful. University men, schoolboys, and the candidates reading with private tutors, all had a bite at the cherry; indeed, the entries for Science in 1869 nearly doubled those for the previous year, and what with the then benevolent spirit of examiners, and the want of a fixed standard of qualification, a great number of competitors had a short and by no means unsuccessful mark hunt. Of course the critics may assume, if they choose, that the same sort of thing is going on now, and they may tell the public so, and the public will probably believe it; but this is no guarantee that the information is correct.

It is much to be regretted that a literary essay of so much theoretical merit, and to which, in consequence, such prominent attention has been called, should have abandoned some of its chiefest points of attack to this sort of counter evidence. The public have been pestered for years with "competitive" theories: they now want facts, and nothing but scrupulously accurate facts; and they ought to be disabused of the notions they have formed respecting what is vulgarly called "cram." It may be remarked that all work that is done away from school, or from one of the universities, whether it be of the highest or the lowest order,

is nowadays supposed to be indigestible, and is called "cram." The forced imparting of ill-digested matter may reasonably be called "cram;" but the careful conveyance of well-digested matter is not "cram." By what authority, then, are these scathing tirades against private tuition uttered and written? Why is every man, who does not happen to be a lecturer in an endowed educational institution, to be styled a "crammer?" A pertinent refutation of this popular fallacy was conveyed in the following remark made a short time ago by a gentleman eminent in the scientific world:—"I assisted in the lecture work at the University of Cambridge for twelve successive years; I bring my university lectures, together with increased experience, to bear on my pupils in London, and I am dubbed a 'crammer.'"

The British public seriously believe that competition wallahs are undergrown, brainspent creatures, who have been subjected to a "nefarious system" of education, and have been allowed to suffer premature growth in an exotic nursery; and that their tutors, the so-called crammers, are little better than burglars, who possess a Mephistophelian aptitude for rendering pupils impervious to assaults by the Civil Service Commissioners. The truth is, that the candidates for these higher examinations are notoriously the most exacting and the most hypercritical of students. They know perfectly well what scholarship and high class tuition mean; and if they leave school for a course of special reading, it is not because the school instruction is not of the highest order, but because their prospects of securing the prize of a grand start in life are enhanced by a continuous and uninterrupted course of study, and by having a definite object constantly in view. What the most earnest of these candidates also desire is to be placed, for the nonce, at a safe distance from the temptations and daily interruptions of the cricket field, the boating and foot-ball clubs, and other school sports. And will anybody assert that this is not the very moment of their lives when a little self-denial should be cheerfully exercised?

The purport of this paper is not to champion private teaching, nor to assume that it is necessary for a candidate to read with this or that tutor if he would be successful. It is sufficient to say that the best teachers have no special art, except the power of teaching; and that really good and sound work will always hold its own by whatever name it may be called. I am, however, most anxious to put on record a few details bearing on the defective principles of action now in vogue; for nine-tenths of the strictures contained in the above quoted article, and, indeed, in nearly all that has been written on this subject of late, are really referable to other causes than the evils of private tuition. So very little is known about the process and the practical results of this examination, that the critics, anxious to explain the reason of its comparative failure, have selected the private tutors for their scapegoats.

So numerous are the instances of premiums being paid for paltry knowledge in some subjects, that it is fast becoming a moot point whether the candidate who aims at a high standard and the tutor who helps him are not over-exerting themselves. It may be that some tutors who prepare men for the higher as well as lower examinations have found this out long ago, and have saved themselves and their pupils the labour of serious reading. Hence, the ugly sobriquet of "crammer" has been transmitted through them to the more painstaking but less wary members of the profession. One case in point is worth quoting. A candidate after $4\frac{1}{2}$ years study, in view of the Indian Civil Service, has just succeeded in gaining a low place on the selected list. Very few, if any, more honestly read men in English and Science have presented themselves for examination during the past ten years. Last year the highest mark awarded for English Literature, and a very high mark for History, fell to him. The year before he also distinguished himself

in the same subjects. Among the historical works to which he had access, and which he had carefully read, and continued to read to the last, were:—Freeman's "Norman Conquest" and "Growth of the English Constitution;" Kemble's "Saxons in England;" Stubbs's "Select Charters;" Pearson's "History of the Middle Ages;" "The Paston Letters;" Hallam's "Constitutional History;" Erskine May's "Constitutional History;" besides parts of Palgrave's "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," miscellaneous biographies, and historical tracts.

But the verdict passed in 1874 on his knowledge of history was identical, as expressed in a small number of marks, with that passed on a comrade of his who knew comparatively nothing whatever of the subject. In fact, the cursory perusal of a school text-book for six months would have served this candidate's purpose equally well; and young men are apt to notice these things. One may fairly conjecture he was vigorous enough for this year's struggle, as he was the only man of 207 competitors who appears to have really pleased Mr. Matthew Arnold in English essay writing.

The lesson to be derived from this serio-comic circumstance is, that high class reading may suffer equally with pure "cram" in the process of examination; and that they who condescend to take their stand on the low level of "mere smattering" have been, so to speak, warned off the higher ground by "caution" signals of this authoritative character. In the teaching communities, there may be persons with such queer notions of what is legitimate and high-minded that the profession of private "coaching" (outside the walls of universities) is liable to lose in dignity what it may gain in a certain vulgar notoriety. It is not that special preparation for the multiform ordeals regulated by the Civil Service Commissioners is a dangerous expedient in itself if properly carried out, since in most large schools there appear to be distinct arrangements to meet this particular end; but that recent legislation, by abolishing patronage, and by opening the door to every adult in Great Britain and Ireland within a particular limit of age, has tended to multiply twentyfold the number of competitors, and has consequently created a market, now quite flooded, for the employment of private tutors and lecturers.

It was obvious that in the excitement of such vast changes the theory that "all is fair in war" would freely obtain with some men more selfish and less scrupulous than they ought to be; and judging from the tempest of denunciation which has lately spent itself in the public press, it is to be inferred that there are delinquents in the land. And just as hundreds of innocent persons were arrested under the "general warrants," issued to trap offenders of the John Wilkes stamp, so the despotic and potent arm of anonymous criticism has fallen heavily on all to make sure of reaching the few who have abused their opportunities.

The foregoing statistics represent a mere fraction of the evidence which can be brought forward to support the charge of inconsistency in the present scheme of marking. It must, however, be admitted that four branches have been marked throughout with fair consistency—Classics, Italian, Sanskrit and Arabic. The value of proficiency in the other branches seems to be about as unfixed as the weather during these Eastertide competitions. And it is quite intolerable to hear the ever-recurring question put by anxious aspirants, "Do you think such and such a subject will pay this year?"

A new rule has recently been introduced which imposes on each candidate a fine of 5*l.* for the privilege of being examined. The sum collected annually in aid of the expenses of this competition amounts to over 1,000*l.* If the whole or the greater part of this sum were expended on a Court of Examiners, whose duty it would be to suggest questions, to fix the character of the examination, and to see that the marks were distributed in accordance with

a prescribed plan, there would be an end to the exercise of those erratic and arbitrary assessments of merit which are the occasion of so much positive injustice.

The practice of compelling each candidate to undergo a *vivâ voce* examination in all his subjects would, if carried beyond its present narrow limit, answer two purposes. It would entirely obviate the necessity of deducting marks for so-called superficial knowledge; and it would give the more able men a chance of being subjected to a really crucial test. But where is the opportunity in a ten or twelve minutes' conversation of discovering the merit that is exceptionally high? One hears far too many instances of candidates of second-rate merit being asked questions in history or literature that "suited" them, and of well-read men meeting with "dreadful luck;" and it is notorious that in the process of comparing notes after these brief interviews, A finds he could have answered the questions which B missed, and *vice versâ*. This species of lottery, if amusing to some, is demoralizing to others.

It is suggested that a searching test in this direction would prove to be the backbone of this examination. Many a man of ready and fluent expression will make mere text-book reading do him extravagant service, and if this happens to be supported by certain suitable questions in a brief *vivâ voce* test, he will do far more than hold his own against a less lucky but infinitely superior competitor.

If we may assume that it is feasible to fix a definite standard of merit, and to have this standard kept under supervision and control, it would not be necessary to make any change in the regulations presently in force touching Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Oriental languages. But the time allowed to each competitor for a *vivâ voce* examination in modern languages ought to be extended to half an hour, except in cases of unmistakable breakdown. And the examinees in Moral Philosophy, English History, English Literature, and in the four remaining branches of Natural Science, should be tested by two sets of examiners in the respective subjects.

The time now allowed for Practical Chemistry is ample; but the Zoologists, for instance, have no sufficient opportunity of recording a sound practical acquaintance with this special branch of science. At the recent competition a few unusually advanced students of Zoology presented themselves — men who had worked diligently on the subject for three years, and who had supplemented private study by over a hundred lectures, delivered during the final year alone. Of what substantial avail to them was a somewhat hurried talk with an examiner who had only a couple of bones on a table? The very test which on the previous occasions was pronounced all-important, and indeed imperative as evidence of merit, viz., Comparative Anatomy, was not even introduced by the new examiner. Not a single subject was offered for dissection. It was pleasantly hinted that the examiner might possibly have been contaminated by the startling revelations in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had taken for granted that "naturals" are invariably "got up in a hurry." It is humbly submitted that if anything is done "in a hurry," the candidates themselves are rarely responsible for it; and in justification of the proposal made on this head, the following remark once made by a Civil Service examiner will not be out of place:—"How can I get at the bottom of a man's knowledge in so wide a subject as Mental and Moral Philosophy in a quarter of an hour?"

2. *Final selection after probation.*

After what has been remarked respecting the state of public feeling in regard to the general character of Civil Service Examinations, it is easy to understand how the impression has gone abroad that our prestige in India is declining. The Anglo-Indian is wont to regard each new arrival with a cautious and supercilious eye; he has made up his mind that the men who have

pushed their way through the gates of open competition have given no further evidence of fitness to undertake the delicate task of governing a proud, susceptible and keen-sighted race of men, than is implied by a certificate of good moral character, and the somewhat whimsical approbation of an irregularly constituted staff of examiners. In his opinion the main qualification aimed at is the kind of ability that is brought out in the course of a technical examination. Beyond this, it would seem to matter little whether a candidate be utterly devoid of tact or good manner, or capacity for governing others. It is enough that he has made good his claim at a paper work ordeal. Now, no one shall say that alarmist cries have not been dinned into our ears during the last decade; some, in England, against the vices of the competitive system, and some, from India, against individuals. The echoes of these alarms are perpetual; but somehow they suggest nothing beyond an honest grumble.

I venture to assert that if the whole matter be viewed from a single focus we shall discover two large bubbles: the one represents Conservative prejudice in a somewhat exaggerated form; the other represents the political blunder of rewarding ability in a few cases in the wrong direction. Every unprejudiced person who knows anything about the stamp of recruits during the last ten years, will admit that, despite the falling off in English university undergraduates, a very large proportion of eminently desirable men have joined the service, and that a certain number of undesirable men have crept in. Small as the number of undesirable men may be annually, it should be remembered that the process of accumulation has been going on for years; and that the evil is beginning to assume proportions sufficiently dangerous to justify the outspoken remonstrances of impartial men. The doctrine that a man who can make a given number of marks in an examination is quite as efficient as any other man for the purposes of service in India, is one as false as it is politically inexpedient. In the recesses of a Government office at home, where good abilities combined with sound common-sense are chiefly wanted, such a theory may perhaps hold good; but to maintain the same view in regard to men whose individuality must always be prominent in their management of tens of thousands of aliens, is about as wild and impractical as were the Paper Governments of defunct Utopists. It is no argument to assert that the modern social failures are merely duplicates of the intellectual failures under the Haileybury system. Of the two the former are perhaps the more capable of disseminating unsatisfactory and injurious influences.

In a lecture which was delivered on this subject by Dr. Birdwood some time back, marked allusions were made inferentially to a process of "cajoling" and "crimping" clever candidates to join in the race. There is certainly no restrictive machinery at work in Cannon Row sufficient to check anything of the sort; and if there be any measure of truth in this inference it would go far towards accounting for the successful intruders. Dr. Birdwood possibly had in his mind a passage in "The Mirror for Magistrates":—

> "For *knowing fancie* was the forcing *rother*
> Which stirreth youth to any kind of strife."

But this is obviously a matter in the hands of the authorities and for a Commission of Inquiry. In the present emergency, what is really wanted is to procure by means of open competition a wide and varied assortment of intellectually capable men, *in excess of the number actually wanted*, and to submit them to a subsequently rigorous inquisition.

It so happens that in an examination for the selection of a given number of candidates, the line must be drawn very rigidly at the foot of an aggregate number of marks; anything answering to sub-division of merit into classes would create an *embarras de richesses*. Occasionally one mark, and very frequently as few as ten marks

in a gross total of 7,875, will separate candidates from their last hopes of entering the service; and the history of the last fifteen competitions will tell us that the want of from one mark to about 150 marks has, alone, caused the rejection each year of thirty to forty candidates. Now, apart from what has been urged touching the variable standard of this particular competition overwhelming evidence can be produced to show that there is little or no difference in the intellectual calibre of the last twenty who succeed, and the next thirty who fail. The small distinction which exists within this range has its origin in the process of examination; indeed, a little luck here and there reduces the whole affair to a lottery in which the candidates, say from Nos. 20 to 70, are the players; and thus it is that one constantly hears of the failure of so-called "dead certainties," and the success of less brilliant but more plodding men. And as it is to be feared that so long as open competition continues in force, the caprices of private speculation will provoke the current of straightforward legislation, the most wholesome and the most legitimate check would seem to be—

1. To nominate, supposing there are forty vacancies, the first 65 or 70 candidates from the examiners' lists, not in order of mark-merit, but in alphabetical order.

2. To bring these candidates under one roof—by all means an absolutely independent one—and then proceed to the final selection.

3. To give each nominee distinctly to understand that he has been selected as a probationer, and that his preliminary qualification in the intellectual test shall in nowise entitle him to a definite claim.

4. To publish the names of the selected candidates with as little delay as possible, and to retain them in a college for one year only, for reasons given in clause 8.

5. To distribute rewards among the most deserving of three-fourths of the remaining nominees without further examination; some to be appointed to the India Engineering College, others to the Indian Forest Department, or to the Indian Public Works Department, according to evidence of fitness displayed in the first competition.

6. Government to bear the expenses in college for these three months of the absolutely unsuccessful men, subject of course to satisfactory certificates of conduct. It would scarcely be politic to indulge each probationer with the idea that some sort of reward will be the consequence of admission to the college; therefore a few of the least deserving should be made to draw blanks.

7. To apply the money now paid in salaries to the selected candidates during the interval between the open competition and their departure for India, towards the expenses of board and tuition in college.

8. To arrange for two "final" examinations to be held within twelve months. The present method of subjecting these candidates to four periodical examinations in Indian Law and general Jurisprudence, Political Economy, History and Geography of India, and Oriental Languages, extending over two years, is felt to be an irksome eking out of precious time in a state of chronic competition. I must, however, in making this remark, be understood to be representing the opinions expressed by only a certain proportion of competition wallahs; but I have reason to believe the feeling obtains very generally among them. In truth, having triumphed over the main impediment, and having been actually allocated to their respective Presidencies, the offers of a few 10*l*. prizes for special excellence in these new branches of learning cause very little excitement among men already nauseated with competition; and the 10*l*. fines which are imposed (and deducted from the salaries) when a certain qualifying minimum of marks is not reached, do not necessarily conduce to more than a minimum amount of study. So languid, indeed, is the work in many cases, that the fine-money has sometimes paid for the prizes. The

vesting, as it were, in each candidate of a reversionary interest payable in two years, subject to his keeping pace with "a respectable degree of proficiency," will account for the lukewarmness which is said to characterise the finishing touches. The reversioners are masters of the situation; they may live where they like; attend lectures or leave them alone as they like; in fact, they may do pretty well as it listeth them, provided they come up to mark at the end of each successive half-year, either by forced marches or by "dragging the slow length along."

The business of founding such a college and of selecting a staff of adjudicators, would, beyond doubt, be a difficult and delicate matter; and still more difficult would it be to convince the legion of sceptics that the arbitrators who start on patriotic principles shall not have the opportunity of degenerating into dispensers of patronage. But a few clear-headed, practical, and liberally-minded men may be trusted to build their house on something better than sand; and if an idea may be borrowed from Fuller's "Worthies of England," these architects would know beforehand that their mansion would not be fitted with trumpery "furniture." The whole, or nearly the whole of it, would be very solid, and if it must needs leave the country, why not send the best and more appropriate pieces to districts most in want of them?

The vast importance of recruiting the Civil Service of India with the best procurable material will justify this recourse to a process of elimination. But as no single nominee, on entering the college, would have the remotest right to consider his claim in any way pre-eminent, the protective character of the scheme would be more than counterbalanced by the liberality of the compromise; and the additional appointments could be made annually without any strain on the resources of the Government. The development of this plan may perchance lead to a satisfactory solution of a much-vexed question. At the present moment, the wire is being pulled from opposite extremes: from the West by the supporters of the competitive system as such, and from the East in aid of a more appreciative recognition of the peculiar wants of an empire of no mean stature. The strain is now very great, and it would be well to take precautionary measures in good season for preventing the shock of a too elastic recoil, either to the one side or to the other.

If it should be conceded that a college with governing powers, answering to the dimensions proposed, be necessary, the graver question of a feasible plan of operations—the appointment of the staff, and so forth—can be considered at a future time. It will be patent to every one that the scheme in its present shape is but a skeleton scheme, and that the objections and complications that may arise therefrom will culminate at the point where I am leaving it. But this seems to me a convenient halting-place; for unless the broad principles of the plan embodied in Clauses 1 to 5 inclusive be approved, the further development of the idea would be futile. But I claim for the idea, as such, an attempt to bring about, and that in a liberal manner, those elements of change which have been advocated from time to time by different classes of partisans; namely, that there should be unrestricted competition open to all natural born British subjects; that the means for distributing rewards among those who have sacrificed time and labour in view of this competition be widely extended; that the beneficial influences claimed for Old Haileybury be in part restored; and—what is of paramount importance to the interests of the Indian Civil Service—that the social and moral qualities of examiners be not absolutely cast aside in favour of an intellectual or mere mark-making test. There are plenty of Anglo-Indians resident among us who would be competent to preside over such an institution; and the difficulty of selecting a jury of clever, discriminating and impartial men is not quite insurmountable; for we have ample evidence of the existence of most able

management, contempt for any form of partiality, and unswerving honesty of purpose in that colossal Government organ—the Civil Service Commission; and there is no reason why a smaller sister-chamber, which would be brought more or less under its supervision and influence, should be started on false lines, or be conducted on less dignified principles. And if I have ventured to comment somewhat plainly on the too great freedom vested in individual examiners for the exercise of private judgment, there was no covert intention of impugning either the legislative, judicial, or executive functions of this Commission.

In submitting these few observations to the consideration of all who may be interested in the Civil Service of India, I should wish to state, in conclusion, that I have entered the arena of this controversy with diffidence, owing to the peculiar position in which I am placed relatively to this and to other Government examinations; but as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* has come forward with indifferent details and without a practicable plan, and as he threatens some private tutors with excommunication, and talks of "sounding the knell," I may be excused for appearing even with this modest contribution before my "parting day," the more so because I am writing by the express invitation and under cover of the moral support of some head masters of leading public schools.

W. Baptiste Scoones.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1874.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.[1]

If the man to perpetuate whose memory we have this day raised a statue had been asked on what part of his busy life's work he set the highest value, he would undoubtedly have pointed to his voluminous contributions to theology. In season and out of season, he was the steadfast champion of that hypothesis respecting the Divine nature which is termed Unitarianism by its friends and Socinianism by its foes. Regardless of odds, he was ready to do battle with all comers in that cause; and if no adversaries entered the lists, he would sally forth to seek them.

To this, his highest ideal of duty, Joseph Priestley sacrificed the vulgar prizes of life, which, assuredly, were within easy reach of a man of his singular energy and varied abilities. For this object he put aside, as of secondary importance, those scientific investigations which he loved so well, and in which he showed himself so competent to enlarge the boundaries of natural knowledge and to win fame. In this cause, he not only cheerfully suffered obloquy from the bigoted and the unthinking, and came within sight of martyrdom; but bore with that which is much harder to be borne than all these, the unfeigned astonishment and hardly disguised contempt of a brilliant society, composed of men whose sympathy and esteem must have been most dear to him, and to whom it was simply incomprehensible that a philosopher should seriously occupy himself with any form of Christianity.

It appears to me that the man who, setting before himself such an ideal of life, acted up to it consistently, is worthy of the deepest respect, whatever opinion may be entertained as to the real value of the tenets which he so zealously propagated and defended.

But I am sure that I speak not only for myself, but for all this assemblage, when I say that our purpose to-day is to do honour, not to Priestley, the Unitarian divine, but to Priestley, the fearless defender of rational freedom in thought and in action: to Priestley, the philosophic thinker; to that Priestley who held a foremost place among "the swift runners who hand over the lamp of life,"[2] and transmit from one generation to another the fire kindled, in the childhood of the world, at the Promethean altar of Science.

The main incidents of Priestley's life are so well known that I need dwell upon them at no great length.

Born in 1733, at Fieldhead, near Leeds, and brought up among Calvinists of the straitest orthodoxy, the boy's striking natural ability led to his being devoted to the profession of a minister of religion; and, in 1752, he was sent to the Dissenting Academy at Daventry—an institution which authority left undisturbed,

[1] An Address delivered on the occasion of the presentation of a statue of Priestley to the town of Birmingham, August 1. 1874. With some additions.

[2] "Quasi cursores, vitaï lampada tradunt." LUCR. *De Rerum Nat.* ii. 78.

though its existence contravened the law. The teachers under whose instruction and influence the young man came at Daventry, carried out to the letter the injunction to "try all things: hold fast that which is good," and encouraged the discussion of every imaginable proposition with complete freedom, the leading professors taking opposite sides; a discipline which, admirable as it may be from a purely scientific point of view, would seem to be calculated to make acute, rather than sound, divines. Priestley tells us, in his "Autobiography," that he generally found himself on the unorthodox side: and as he grew older, and his faculties attained their maturity, this native tendency towards heterodoxy grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He passed from Calvinism to Arianism; and finally, in middle life, landed in that very broad form of Unitarianism, by which his craving after a credible and consistent theory of things was satisfied.

On leaving Daventry, Priestley became minister of a congregation, first at Needham Market and secondly at Nantwich; but whether on account of his heterodox opinions, or of the stuttering which impeded his expression of them in the pulpit, little success attended his efforts in this capacity. In 1761, a career much more suited to his abilities became open to him. He was appointed "tutor in the languages" in the Dissenting Academy at Warrington, in which capacity, besides giving three courses of lectures, he taught Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and read lectures on the Theory of Language and Universal Grammar, on Oratory, Philosophical Criticism, and the Civil Law. And it is interesting to observe that, as a teacher, he encouraged and cherished in those whom he instructed, the freedom which he had enjoyed, in his own student days, at Daventry. One of his pupils tells us that—

"At the conclusion of his lecture, he always encouraged his students to express their sentiments relative to the subject of it, and to urge any objections to what he had delivered, without reserve. It pleased him when any one commenced such a conversation. In order to excite the freest discussion, he occasionally invited the students to drink tea with him, in order to canvass the subjects of his lectures. I do not recollect that he ever showed the least displeasure at the strongest objections that were made to what he delivered, but I distinctly remember the smile of approbation with which he usually received them: nor did he fail to point out, in a very encouraging manner, the ingenuity or force of any remarks that were made, when they merited these characters. His object, as well as Dr. Aikin's, was to engage the students to examine and decide for themselves, uninfluenced by the sentiments of any other persons."[1]

It would be difficult to give a better description of a model teacher than that conveyed in these words.

From his earliest days, Priestley had shown a strong bent towards the study of nature; and his brother Timothy tells that the boy put spiders into bottles to see how long they would live in the same air—a curious anticipation of the investigations of his later years. At Nantwich, where he set up a school, Priestley informs us that he bought an air-pump, an electrical machine, and other instruments, in the use of which he instructed his scholars. But he does not seem to have devoted himself seriously to physical science until 1766, when he had the great good fortune to meet Benjamin Franklin, whose friendship he ever afterwards enjoyed. Encouraged by Franklin, he wrote a "History of Electricity," which was published in 1767, and appears to have met with considerable success.

In the same year, Priestley left Warrington to become the minister of a congregation at Leeds; and, here, happening to live next door to a public brewery, as he says:—

"I at first amused myself with making experiments on the fixed air which I found ready made in the process of fermentation. When I removed from that house I was under the necessity of making fixed air for myself; and one experiment leading to another, as I have distinctly and faithfully noted in my various publications on the subject, I by degrees contrived a convenient apparatus for the purpose, but of the cheapest kind.

"When I began these experiments I knew very little of *chemistry*, and had, in a manner, no idea on the subject before I attended a

[1] "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Priestley," by J. T. Rutt. Vol. i. p. 50.

course of chemical lectures, delivered in the Academy at Warrington, by Dr. Turner, of Liverpool. But I have often thought that, upon the whole, this circumstance was no disadvantage to me; as, in this situation, I was led to devise an apparatus and processes of my own, adapted to my peculiar views; whereas, if I had been previously accustomed to the usual chemical processes, I should not have so easily thought of any other, and without new modes of operation, I should hardly have discovered anything materially new."[1]

The first outcome of Priestley's chemical work, published in 1772, was of a very practical character. He discovered the way of impregnating water with an excess of "fixed air," or carbonic acid, and thereby producing what we now know as "soda water"—a service to naturally, and still more to artificially, thirsty souls, which those whose parched throats and hot heads are cooled by morning draughts of that beverage, cannot too gratefully acknowledge. In the same year, Priestley communicated the extensive series of observations which his industry and ingenuity had accumulated, in the course of four years, to the Royal Society, under the title of "*Observations on Different Kinds of Air*"—a memoir which was justly regarded of so much merit and importance, that the Society at once conferred upon the author the highest distinction in their power, by awarding him the Copley Medal.

In 1771, a proposal was made to Priestley to accompany Captain Cook in his second voyage to the South Seas. He accepted it, and his congregation agreed to pay an assistant to supply his place during his absence. But the appointment lay in the hands of the Board of Longitude, of which certain clergymen were members; and whether these worthy ecclesiastics feared that Priestley's presence among the ship's company might expose his Majesty's Sloop *Resolution* to the fate which aforetime befell a certain ship that went from Joppa to Tarshish; or whether they were alarmed lest a Socinian should undermine that piety which, in the days of Commodore Trunnion, so strikingly characterised sailors, does not appear; but, at any rate, they objected to Priestley "on account of his religious principles," and appointed the two Forsters, whose "religious principles," if they had been known to these well-meaning but not farsighted persons, would probably have surprised them.

In 1772, another proposal was made to Priestley. Lord Shelburne, desiring a "literary companion," had been brought into communication with Priestley by the good offices of a friend of both, Dr. Price; and offered him the nominal post of librarian, with a good house and appointments, and an annuity in case of the termination of the engagement. Priestley accepted the offer, and remained with Lord Shelburne for seven years, sometimes residing at Calne, sometimes travelling abroad with the Earl.

Why the connection terminated has never been exactly known; but it is certain that Lord Shelburne behaved with the utmost consideration and kindness towards Priestley; that he fulfilled his engagements to the letter; and that, at a later period, he expressed a desire that Priestley should return to his old footing in his house. Probably enough, the politician, aspiring to the highest offices in the state, may have found the position of the protector of a man who was being denounced all over the country as an infidel and an atheist somewhat embarrassing. In fact, a passage in Priestley's "Autobiography" on the occasion of the publication of his "Disquisitions Relating to Matter and Spirit, which took place in 1777, indicates pretty clearly the state of the case:—

"(126) It being probable that this publication would be unpopular, and might be the means of bringing odium on my patron, several attempts were made by his friends, though none by himself, to dissuade me from persisting in it. But being, as I thought, engaged in the cause of important truth, I proceeded without regard to any consequences, assuring them that this publication should not be injurious to his lordship."

It is not unreasonable to suppose that his lordship, as a keen, practical man of the world, did not derive much satisfaction from this assurance. The "evident marks of dissatisfaction" which Priestley says he first perceived in his

[1] "Autobiography," §§ 100, 101.

patron in 1778, may well have arisen from the peer's not unnatural uneasiness as to what his domesticated, but not tamed, philosopher might write next, and what storm might thereby be brought down on his own head; and it speaks very highly for Lord Shelburne's delicacy that, in the midst of such perplexities, he made not the least attempt to interfere with Priestley's freedom of action. In 1780, however, he intimated to Dr. Price that he should be glad to establish Priestley on his Irish estates: the suggestion was interpreted, as Lord Shelburne probably intended it should be, and Priestley left him, the annuity of 150*l.* a year, which had been promised in view of such a contingency, being punctually paid.

After leaving Calne, Priestley spent some little time in London, and then, having settled in Birmingham at the desire of his brother-in-law, he was soon invited to become the minister of a large congregation. This settlement Priestley considered, at the time, to be "the happiest event of his life." And well he might think so; for it gave him competence and leisure; placed him within reach of the best makers of apparatus of the day; made him a member of that remarkable "Lunar Society," at whose meetings he could exchange thoughts with such men as Watt, Wedgewood, Darwin, and Boulton; and threw open to him the pleasant house of the Galtons of Barr, where these men, and others of less note, formed a society of exceptional charm and intelligence.[1]

But these halcyon days were ended by a bitter storm. The French Revolution broke out. An electric shock ran through the nations; whatever there was of corrupt and retrograde, and, at the same time, a great deal of what there was of best and noblest, in European society shuddered at the outburst of long pent-up social fires. Men's feelings were excited in a way that we, in this generation, can hardly comprehend. Party wrath and virulence were expressed in a manner unparalleled, and it is to be hoped impossible, in our times; and Priestley and his friends were held up to public scorn, even in Parliament, as fomenters of sedition. A "Church-and-King" cry was raised against the Liberal Dissenters; and in Birmingham it was intensified and specially directed towards Priestley by a local controversy, in which he had engaged with his usual vigour. In 1791, the celebration of the second anniversary of the taking of the Bastille by a public dinner, with which Priestley had nothing whatever to do, gave the signal to the loyal and pious mob, who, unchecked, and indeed to some extent encouraged, by those who were responsible for order, had the town at their mercy for three days. The chapels and houses of the leading Dissenters were wrecked, and Priestley and his family had to fly for their lives, leaving library, apparatus, papers, and all their possessions, a prey to the flames.

Priestley never returned to Birmingham. He bore the outrages and losses inflicted upon him with extreme patience and sweetness,[2] and betook himself to London. But even his scientific col-

[1] See "The Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck." Mrs. Schimmelpenninck (*née* Galton) remembered Priestley very well, and her description of him is worth quotation:—"A man of admirable simplicity, gentleness and kindness of heart, united with great acuteness of intellect. I can never forget the impression produced on me by the serene expression of his countenance. He, indeed, seemed present with God by recollection, and with man by cheerfulness. I remember that, in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manner, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mecænas; even as a child, I used to feel, when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief in the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of the truth held in its vitality."

[2] Even Mrs. Priestley, who might be forgiven for regarding the destroyers of her household gods with some asperity, contents herself, in writing to Mrs. Barbauld, with the sarcasm that the Birmingham people "will scarcely find so many respectable characters, a second time, to make a bonfire of."

leagues gave him a cold shoulder; and though he was elected minister of a congregation at Hackney, he felt his position to be insecure, and finally determined on emigrating to the United States. He landed in America in 1794; lived quietly with his sons at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, where his posterity still flourish; and, clear-headed and busy to the last, died on the 6th of February, 1804.

Such were the conditions under which Joseph Priestley did the work which lay before him, and then, as the Norse Sagas say, went out of the story. The work itself was of the most varied kind. No human interest was without its attraction for Priestley, and few men have ever had so many irons in the fire at once; but though he may have burned his fingers a little, very few who have tried that operation have burned their fingers so little. He made admirable discoveries in science; his philosophical treatises are still well worth reading; his political works are full of insight and replete with the spirit of freedom; and while all these sparks flew off from his anvil, the controversial hammer rained a hail of blows on orthodox priest and bishop. While thus engaged, the kindly, cheerful doctor felt no more wrath or uncharitableness towards his opponents than a smith does towards his iron. But if the iron could only speak!—and the priests and bishops took the point of view of the iron.

No doubt what Priestley's friends repeatedly urged upon him—that he would have escaped the heavier trials of his life and done more for the advancement of knowledge, if he had confined himself to his scientific pursuits and let his fellow-men go their way—was true. But it seems to have been Priestley's feeling that he was a man and a citizen before he was a philosopher, and that the duties of the two former positions are at least as imperative as those of the latter. Moreover, there are men (and I think Priestley was one of them) to whom the satisfaction of throwing down a triumphant fallacy is as great as that which attends the discovery of a new truth; who feel better satisfied with the government of the world, when they have been helping Providence by knocking an imposture on the head; and who care even more for freedom of thought than for mere advance of knowledge. These men are the Carnots who organize victory for truth, and they are, at least, as important as the generals who visibly fight her battles in the field.

Priestley's reputation as a man of science rests upon his numerous and important contributions to the chemistry of gaseous bodies, and to form a just estimate of the value of his work—of the extent to which it advanced the knowledge of fact and the development of sound theoretical views—we must reflect what chemistry was in the first half of the eighteenth century.

The vast science which now passes under that name had no existence. Air, water, and fire were still counted among the elemental bodies; and though Van Helmont, a century before, had distinguished different kinds of air as *gas carbonum* and *gas sylvestre*, and Boyle and Hales had experimentally defined the physical properties of air, and discriminated some of the various kinds of aeriform bodies, no one suspected the existence of the numerous totally distinct gaseous elements which are now known, or dreamed that the air we breathe and the water we drink are compounds of gaseous elements.

But, in 1754, a young Scotch physician, Dr. Black, made the first clearing in this tangled backwood of knowledge. And it gives one a wonderful impression of the juvenility of scientific chemistry to think that Lord Brougham, whom so many of us recollect, attended Black's lectures when he was a student in Edinburgh. Black's researches gave the world the novel and startling conception of a gas that was a permanently elastic fluid like air, but that differed from common air in being much heavier, very poisonous, and in having the properties of an acid, capable of neutralizing the strongest alkalies; and it took the

world some time to become accustomed to the notion.

A dozen years later, one of the most sagacious and accurate investigators who has adorned this, or any other, country, Henry Cavendish, published a memoir in the "Philosophical Transactions," in which he deals not only with the "fixed air" (now called carbonic acid or carbonic anhydride) of Black, but with "inflammable air," or what we now term hydrogen.

By the rigorous application of weight and measure to all his processes, Cavendish implied the belief subsequently formulated by Lavoisier, that, in chemical processes, matter is neither created nor destroyed, and indicated the path along which all future explorers must travel. Nor did he himself halt until this path led him, in 1784, to the brilliant and fundamental discovery that water is composed of two gases united in fixed and constant proportions.

It is a trying ordeal for any man to be compared with Black and Cavendish, and Priestley cannot be said to stand on their level. Nevertheless, his achievements are not only great in themselves, but truly wonderful, if we consider the disadvantages under which he laboured. Without the careful scientific training of Black, without the leisure and appliances secured by the wealth of Cavendish, he scaled the walls of science as so many Englishmen have done before and since his day; and trusting to mother wit to supply the place of training, and to ingenuity to create apparatus out of washing tubs, he discovered more new gases than all his predecessors put together had done. He laid the foundations of gas analysis; he discovered the complementary actions of animal and vegetable life upon the constituents of the atmosphere; and, finally, he crowned his work, this day one hundred years ago, by the discovery of that "pure dephlogisticated air" to which the French chemists subsequently gave the name of oxygen. Its importance, as the constituent of the atmosphere which disappears in the processes of respiration and combustion, and is restored by green plants growing in sunshine, was proved somewhat later. For these brilliant discoveries the Royal Society elected Priestley a Fellow and gave him their medal, while the Academies of Paris and St. Petersburg conferred their membership upon him. Edinburgh had made him an honorary doctor of laws at an early period of his career; but, I need hardly add, that a man of Priestley's opinions received no recognition from the universities of his own country.

That Priestley's contributions to the knowledge of chemical fact were of the greatest importance, and that they richly deserve all the praise that has been awarded to them is unquestionable; but it must, at the same time, be admitted that he had no comprehension of the deeper significance of his work; and, so far from contributing anything to the theory of the facts which he discovered, or assisting in their rational explanation, his influence to the end of his life was warmly exerted in favour of error. From first to last, he was a stiff adherent of the phlogiston doctrine which was prevalent when his studies commenced; and, by a curious irony of fate, the man who by the discovery of what he called "dephlogisticated air" furnished the essential datum for the true theory of combustion, of respiration, and of the composition of water, to the end of his days, fought against the inevitable corollaries from his own labours. His last scientific work, published in 1800, bears the title, "The Doctrine of Phlogiston Established, and that of the Composition of Water Refuted."

When Priestley commenced his studies, the current belief was, that atmospheric air, freed from accidental impurities, is a simple elementary substance, indestructible and unalterable, as water was supposed to be. When a combustible burned, or when an animal breathed in air, it was supposed that a substance, "phlogiston," the matter of heat and light, passed from the burning or breathing body into it, and destroyed its powers of supporting life and combustion. Thus, air contained in a vessel in which a lighted candle had

gone out, or a living animal had breathed until it could breathe no longer, was called "phlogisticated." The same result was supposed to be brought about by the addition of what Priestley called "nitrous gas" to common air.

In the course of his researches, Priestley found, that the quantity of common air which can thus become "phlogisticated," amounts to about one-fifth the volume of the whole quantity submitted to experiment. Hence it appeared that common air consists, to the extent of four-fifths of its volume, of air which is already "phlogisticated;" while the other fifth is free from phlogiston, or "dephlogisticated." On the other hand, Priestley found that air "phlogisticated" by combustion or respiration could be "dephlogisticated," or have the properties of pure common air restored to it, by the action of green plants in sunshine. The question, therefore, would naturally arise—as common air can be wholly phlogisticated by combustion, and converted into a substance which will no longer support combustion, is it possible to get air that shall be less phlogisticated than common air, and consequently, support combustion better than common air does?

Now, Priestley says that, in 1774, the possibility of obtaining air less phlogisticated than common air had not occurred to him.[1] But in pursuing his experiments on the evolution of air from various bodies by means of heat, it happened that, on the 1st of August, 1774, he threw the heat of the sun, by means of a large burning glass which he had recently obtained, upon a substance which was then called *mercurius calcinatus per se*, and which is commonly known as red precipitate.

"I presently found that, by means of this lens, air was expelled from it very readily. Having got about three or four times as much as the bulk of my materials, I admitted water to it, and found that it was not imbibed by it. But what surprised me more than I can well express, was that a candle burned in this air with a remarkably vigorous flame, very much like that enlarged flame with which a candle burns in nitrous air, exposed to iron or lime of sulphur; but as I had got nothing like this remarkable appearance from any kind of air besides this particular modification of nitrous air, and I knew no nitrous acid was used in the preparation of *mercurius calcinatus*, I was utterly at a loss how to account for it.

"In this case also, though I did not give sufficient attention to the circumstance at that time, the flame of the candle, besides being larger, burned with more splendour and heat than in that species of nitrous air; and a piece of red-hot vood sparkled in it, exactly like paper dipped in a solution of nitre, and it consumed very fast—an experiment which I had never thought of trying with nitrous air."[2]

Priestley obtained the same sort of air from red lead, but, as he says himself, he remained in ignorance of the properties of this new kind of air for seven months, or until March 1775,[3] when he found that the new air behaved with "nitrous gas" in the same way as the dephlogisticated part of common air does; but that, instead of being diminished to four-fifths, it almost completely vanished, and, therefore, showed itself to be "between five and six times as good as the best common air I have ever met with."[4] As this new air thus appeared to be completely free from phlogiston, Priestley called it "dephlogisticated air."

What was the nature of this air? Priestley found that the same kind of air was to be obtained by moistening with the spirit of nitre (which he terms nitrous acid) any kind of earth that is free from phlogiston, and applying heat; and consequently he says, "There remained no doubt on my mind but that the atmospherical air, or the thing that we breathe, consists of the nitrous acid and earth, with so much phlogiston as is necessary to its elasticity, and likewise so much more as is required to bring it from its state of perfect purity to the mean condition in which we find it."[5]

Priestley's view, in fact, is that atmospheric air is a kind of saltpetre, in which the potash is replaced by some

[1] "Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air," vol. ii. p. 31.

[2] "Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air," vol. ii. pp. 34, 35.

[3] Ibid. p. 40. [4] Ibid. p. 48. [5] Ibid. p. 55.

unknown earth. And in speculating on the manner in which saltpetre is formed, he enunciates the hypothesis, "that nitre is formed by a real *decomposition of the air itself*, the *bases* that are presented to it having, in such circumstances, a nearer affinity with the spirit of nitre than that kind of earth with which it is united in the atmosphere."[1]

It would have been hard for the most ingenious person to have wandered further from the truth than Priestley does in this hypothesis of his—and though Lavoisier undoubtedly treated Priestley very ill, and pretended to have discovered dephlogisticated air, or oxygen, as he called it, independently, we can almost forgive him when we reflect how different were the ideas which the great French chemist attached to the body which Priestley discovered.

They are like two navigators of whom the first sees a new country, but takes clouds for mountains and mirage for lowlands; while the second determines its length and breadth, and lays down on a chart its exact place, so that it, thenceforth, serves as a guide to his successors, and becomes a secure outpost whence new explorations may be pushed.

Nevertheless, as Priestley himself somewhere remarks, the first object of physical science is to ascertain facts, and the service which he rendered to chemistry by the definite establishment of a large number of new and fundamentally important facts, is such as to entitle him to a very high place among the fathers of chemical science.

It is difficult to say whether Priestley's philosophical, political, or theological views were most responsible for the bitter hatred which was borne to him by a large body of his countrymen,[2] and which found its expression in the malignant insinuations in which Burke, to his everlasting shame, indulged in the House of Commons.

Without containing much that will be new to the readers of Hobbes, Spinoza, Collins, Hume, and Hartley, and, indeed, while making no pretensions to originality, Priestley's "Disquisitions Relating to Matter and Spirit," and his "Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity Illustrated," are among the most powerful, clear, and unflinching expositions of materialism and necessarianism which exist in the English language, and are still well worth reading.

Priestley denied the freedom of the will in the sense of its self-determination; he denied the existence of a soul distinct from the body; and as a natural consequence, he denied the natural immortality of man.

In relation to these matters English opinion, a century ago, was very much what it is now.

A man may be a necessarian without incurring graver reproach than that implied in being called a gloomy fanatic, necessarianism, though very shocking, having a note of Calvinistic orthodoxy; but, if a man is a materialist; or, if good authorities say he is and must be so, in spite of his assertion to the contrary; or, if he acknowledge himself unable to see good reasons for believing in the natural immortality of man, respectable folks look upon him as an unsafe neighbour of a cash-box, as an actual or potential sensualist, the more virtuous in outward seeming, the more certainly loaded with secret "grave personal sins."

Nevertheless, it is as certain as anything can be, that Joseph Priestley was no gloomy fanatic, but as cheerful and kindly a soul as ever breathed, the idol

[1] "Experiments and Observations on Different Kinds of Air," p. 60. The italics are Priestley's own.

[2] "In all the newspapers and most of the periodical publications I was represented as an unbeliever in Revelation, and no better than an atheist."—*Autobiography*, Rutt. vol. i., p. 124. "On the walls of houses, &c., and especially where I usually went, were to be seen, in large characters, 'MADAN FOR EVER; DAMN PRIESTLEY; NO PRESBYTERIANISM; DAMN THE PRESBYTERIANS,' &c., &c.; and, at one time, I was followed by a number of boys, who left their play, repeating what they had seen on the walls and shouting out, '*Damn Priestley; damn him, damn him, for ever, for ever*,' &c. &c. This was no doubt a lesson which they had been taught by their parents, and what they, I fear, had learned from their superiors."—*Appeal to the Public on the Subject of the Riots at Birmingham.*

of children; a man who was hated only by those who did not know him, and who charmed away the bitterest prejudices in personal intercourse; a man who never lost a friend, and the best testimony to whose worth is the generous and tender warmth with which his many friends vied with one another in rendering him substantial help, in all the crises of his career.

The unspotted purity of Priestley's life, the strictness of his performance of every duty, his transparent sincerity, the unostentatious and deep-seated piety which breathes through all his correspondence, are in themselves a sufficient refutation of the hypothesis, invented by bigots to cover uncharitableness, that such opinions as his must arise from moral defects. And his statue will do as good service as the brazen image that was set upon a pole before the Israelites, if those who have been bitten by the fiery serpents of sectarian hatred, which still haunt this wilderness of a world, are made whole by looking upon the image of a heretic, who was yet a saint.

Though Priestley did not believe in the natural immortality of man, he held with an almost naive realism, that man would be raised from the dead by a direct exertion of the power of God, and thenceforward be immortal. And it may be as well for those who may be shocked by this doctrine to know, that views, substantially identical with Priestley's, have been advocated, since his time, by two prelates of the Anglican Church: by Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, in his well-known "Essays;"[1] and by Dr. Courtenay, Bishop of Kingston in Jamaica, the first edition of whose remarkable book "On the Future States," dedicated to Archbishop Whately, was published in 1843 and the second in 1857. According to Bishop Courtenay,

"The death of the body will cause a cessation of all the activity of the mind by way of natural consequence; to continue for ever UNLESS the Creator should interfere."

And again:—

"The natural end of human existence is the 'first death,' the dreamless slumber of the grave, wherein man lies spell-bound, soul and body, under the dominion of sin and death—that whatever modes of conscious existence, whatever future states of 'life' or of 'torment' beyond Hades are reserved for man, are results of our blessed Lord's victory over sin and death; that the resurrection of the dead must be preliminary to their entrance into either of the future states, and that the nature and even existence of these states, and even the mere fact that there is a futurity of consciousness, can be known *only* through God's revelation of Himself in the Person and the Gospel of His Son," p. 389.

And now hear Priestley:—

"Man, according to this system [of materialism], is no more than we now see of him. His being commences at the time of his conception, or perhaps at an earlier period. The corporeal and mental faculties, in being in the same substance, grow, ripen, and decay together; and whenever the system is dissolved it continues in a state of dissolution till it shall please that Almighty Being who called it into existence to restore it to life again."—*Matter and Spirit*, p. 49.

And again:—

"The doctrine of the Scripture is, that God made man of the dust of the ground, and by simply animating this organized matter, made man that living percipient and intelligent being that he is. According to Revelation, *death* is a state of rest and insensibility, and our only though sure hope of a future life is founded on the doctrine of the resurrection of the whole man at some distant period: this assurance being sufficiently confirmed to us both by the evident tokens of a Divine commission attending the persons who delivered the doctrine, and especially by the actual resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is more authentically attested than any other fact in history."—*Ibid*, p. 247.

We all know that "a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;" but it is not yet admitted that the views which are consistent with such saintliness in lawn, become diabolical when held by a mere dissenter.[2]

[1] First Series. "On Some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion." Essay I. Revelation of a Future State.

[2] Not only is Priestley at one with Bishop Courtenay in this matter, but with Hartley and Bonnet, both of them stout champions of Christianity. Moreover, Archbishop Whately's essay is little better than an expansion of the first paragraph of Hume's famous essay on the Immortality of the Soul:—"By the mere light of reason it seems difficult to prove the immortality of the soul; the arguments for it are commonly derived either from metaphysical

I am not here either to defend, or to attack Priestley's philosophical views, and I cannot say that I am personally disposed to attach much value to episcopal authority in philosophical questions; but it seems right to call attention to the fact, that those of Priestley's opinions which have brought most odium upon him, have been openly promulgated, without challenge, by persons occupying the highest positions in the State Church.

I must confess that what interests me most about Priestley's materialism, is the evidence that he saw dimly the seed of destruction which such materialism carries within its own bosom. In the course of his reading for his "History of Discoveries Relating to Vision, Light, and Colours," he had come upon the speculations of Boscovich and Michell, and had been led to admit the sufficiently obvious truth that our knowledge of matter is a knowledge of its properties; and that of its substance—if it have a substance—we know nothing. And this led to the further admission that, so far as we can know, there may be no difference between the substance of matter and the substance of spirit ("Disquisitions," p. 16). A step further would have shown Priestley that his materialism was, in substance, very little different from the Idealism of his contemporary, the Bishop of Cloyne.

As Priestley's philosophy is mainly a clear statement of the views of the deeper thinkers of his day, so are his political conceptions based upon those of Locke. Locke's aphorism that "the end of government is the good of mankind," is thus expanded by Priestley:—

"It must necessarily be understood therefore, whether it be expressed or not, that all people live in society for their mutual advantage; so that the good and happiness of the members, that is, of the majority of the members, of any state, is the great standard by which everything relating to that state must finally be determined."[1]

The little sentence here interpolated, "that is, of the majority of the members of any state," appears to be that passage which suggested to Bentham, according to his own acknowledgment, the famous "greatest happiness" formula, which by substituting "happiness" for "good," has converted a noble into an ignoble principle. But I do not call to mind that there is any utterance in Locke quite so outspoken as the following passage in the "Essay on the First Principles of Government." After laying down as "a fundamental maxim in all governments," the proposition that "kings, senators, and nobles" are "the servants of the public," Priestley goes on to say:—

"But in the largest states, if the abuses of the government should at any time be great and manifest; if the servants of the people, forgetting their masters and their masters' interest, should pursue a separate one of their own; if, instead of considering that they are made for the people, they should consider the people as made for them; if the oppressions and violation of right should be great, flagrant, and universally resented; if the tyrannical governors should have no friends but a few sycophants, who had long preyed upon the vitals of their fellow-citizens, and who might be expected to desert a government whenever their interests should be detached from it; if, in consequence of these circumstances, it should become manifest that the risk which would be run in attempting a revolution would be trifling, and the evils which might be apprehended from it were far less than those which were actually suffered and which were daily increasing; in the name of God, I ask, what principles are those which ought to restrain an injured and insulted people from asserting their natural rights, and from changing or even punishing their governors—that is, their servants—who had abused their trust, or from altering the whole form of their government, if it appeared to be of a structure so liable to abuse?"

As a Dissenter, subject to the operation of the Corporation and Test Acts, and as a Unitarian, excluded from the benefit of the Toleration Act, it is not surprising to find that Priestley had very definite opinions about Ecclesiastical Establishments; the only wonder is

topics, or moral, or physical. But it is in reality the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, that has brought *life and immortality to light.*" It is impossible to imagine that a man of Whately's tastes and acquirements had not read Hume or Hartley, though he refers to neither.

[1] "Essay on the First Principles of Government." Second edition, 1771, p. 13.

that these opinion were so moderate as the following passages show them to have been :—

"Ecclesiastical authority may have been necessary in the infant state of society, and, for the same reason, it may perhaps continue to be, in some degree, necessary as long as society is imperfect; and therefore may not be entirely abolished till civil governments have arrived at a much greater degree of perfection. If, therefore, I were asked whether I should approve of the immediate dissolution of all the ecclesiastical establishments in Europe, I should answer, No. . . . Let experiment be first made of *alterations*, or, which is the same thing, of *better establishments* than the present. Let them be reformed in many essential articles, and then not thrown aside entirely till it be found by experience that no good can be made of them."

Priestley goes on to suggest four such reforms of a capital nature :—

"1. Let the Articles of Faith to be subscribed by candidates for the ministry be greatly reduced. In the formulary of the Church of England, might not thirty-eight out of the thirty-nine be very well spared? It is a reproach to any Christian establishment if every man cannot claim the benefit of it who can say that he believes in the religion of Jesus Christ as it is set forth in the New Testament. You say the terms are so general that even Deists would quibble and insinuate themselves. I answer that all the articles which are subscribed at present, by no means exclude Deists who will prevaricate; and upon this scheme you would at least exclude fewer honest men."[1]

The second reform suggested is the equalization, in proportion to work done, of the stipends of the clergy; the third, the exclusion of the bishops from Parliament; and the fourth, complete toleration, so that every man may enjoy the rights of a citizen, and be qualified to serve his country, whether he belong to the Established Church or not.

Opinions such as those I have quoted, respecting the duties and the responsibilities of governors, are the commonplaces of modern Liberalism; and Priestley's views on Ecclesiastical Establishments would, I fear, meet with but a cool reception, as altogether too conservative, from a large proportion of the lineal descendants of the people who taught their children to cry "Damn Priestley;" and, with that love for the practical application of science which is the source of the greatness of Birmingham, tried to set fire to the doctor's house with sparks from his own electrical machine; thereby giving the man they called an incendiary and raiser of sedition against Church and King, an appropriately experimental illustration of the nature of arson and riot.

If I have succeeded in putting before you the main features of Priestley's work, its value will become apparent, when we compare the condition of the English nation, as he knew it, with its present state.

The fact that France has been for eighty-five years, trying, without much success, to right herself after the great storm of the Revolution, is not unfrequently cited among us, as an indication of some inherent incapacity for self-government among the French people. I think, however, that Englishmen who argue thus, forget that, from the meeting of the Long Parliament in 1640, to the last Stuart rebellion, in 1745, is a hundred and five years, and that, in the middle of the last century, we had but just safely freed ourselves from our Bourbons and all that they represented. The corruption of our state was as bad as that of the Second Empire. Bribery was the instrument of government, and peculation its reward. Four-fifths of the seats in the House of Commons were more or less openly dealt with as property. A minister had to consider the state of the vote market, and the sovereign secured a sufficiency of "king's friends" by payments allotted with retail, rather than royal, sagacity.

Barefaced and brutal immorality and intemperance pervaded the land, from the highest to the lowest classes of society. The Established Church was torpid, so far as it was not a scandal; but those who dissented from it came within the meshes of the Act of Uniformity, the Test Act, and the Corporation Act. By law, such a man as Priest-

[1] "Utility of Establishments," in "Essay on First Principles of Government," p. 198. 1771.

ley, being a Unitarian, could neither teach nor preach, and was liable to ruinous fines and long imprisonment.[1] In those days, the guns that were pointed by the Church against the Dissenters were shotted. The law was a cesspool of iniquity and cruelty. Adam Smith was a new prophet whom few regarded, and commerce was hampered by idiotic impediments, and ruined by still more absurd help, on the part of government.

Birmingham, though already the centre of a considerable industry, was a mere village as compared with its present extent. People who travelled went about armed, by reason of the abundance of highwaymen and the paucity and inefficiency of the police. Stage coaches had not reached Birmingham, and it took three days to get to London. Even canals were a recent and much-opposed invention.

Newton had laid the foundation of a mechanical conception of the physical universe: Hartley, putting a modern face upon ancient materialism, had extended that mechanical conception to psychology; Linnæus and Haller were beginning to introduce method and order into the chaotic accumulation of biological facts. But those parts of physical science which deal with heat, electricity, and magnetism, and above all, chemistry, in the modern sense, can hardly be said to have had an existence. No one knew that two of the old elemental bodies, air and water, are compounds, and that a third, fire, is not a substance but a motion. The great industries that have grown out of the applications of modern scientific discoveries had no existence, and the man who should have foretold their coming into being in the days of his son, would have been regarded as a mad enthusiast.

In common with many other excellent persons, Priestley believed that man is capable of reaching, and will eventually attain, perfection. If the temperature of space presented no obstacle, I should be glad to entertain the same idea; but judging from the past progress of our species, I am afraid that the globe will have cooled down so far, before the advent of this natural millennium, that we shall be, at best, perfected Esquimaux. For all practical purposes, however, it is enough that man may visibly improve his condition in the course of a century or so. And, if the picture of the state of things in Priestley's time, which I have just drawn, have any pretence to accuracy, I think it must be admitted that there has been a considerable change for the better.

I need not advert to the well-worn topic of material advancement, in a place in which the very stones testify to that progress—in the town of Watt and of Boulton. I will only remark, in passing, that material advancement has its share in moral and intellectual progress. Becky Sharp's acute remark that it is not difficult to be virtuous on ten thousand a year, has its application to nations; and it is futile to expect a hungry and squalid population to be anything but violent and gross. But as regards other than material welfare, although perfection is not yet in sight—even from the mast-head—it is surely true that things are much better than they were.

Take the upper and middle classes as a whole, and it may be said that open immorality and gross intemperance have vanished. Four and six-bottle men are as extinct as the dodo. Women do not gamble, and talk modelled upon Dean Swift's "Art of Polite Conversation," would be tolerated in no decent kitchen.

Members of the legislature are not to be bought; and constituents are awakening to the fact that votes must not be sold—even for such trifles as rabbits and tea and cake. Political power has passed into the hands of the masses of the people. Those whom Priestley calls their servants have recognized their position, and have requested the master to be so good as to go to school and fit himself for the administration of his property. No civil disability attaches to any one on theological grounds, and the highest offices of the state are open to Papist, Jew, or Secularist.

[1] In 1732 Doddridge was cited for teaching without the Bishop's leave, at Northampton.

Whatever men's opinions as to the policy of Establishment, no one can hesitate to admit that the clergy of the Church are men of pure life and conversation, zealous in the discharge of their duties, and, at present, apparently, more bent on prosecuting one another than on meddling with Dissenters. Theology itself has broadened so much, that Anglican divines put forward doctrines more liberal than those of Priestley; and, in our state-supported churches, one listener may hear a sermon to which Bossuet might have given his approbation, while another may hear a discourse in which Socrates would find nothing new.

But great as these changes may be, they sink into insignificance beside the progress of physical science, whether we consider the improvement of methods of investigation, or the increase in bulk of solid knowledge. Consider that the labours of Laplace, of Young, of Davy, and of Faraday; of Cuvier, of Lamarck, and of Robert Brown; of Von Baer, and of Schwann; of Smith and of Hutton, have all been carried on since Priestley discovered oxygen; and consider that they are now things of the past, concealed by the industry of those who have built upon them, as the first founders of a coral reef are hidden beneath the life's work of their successors; consid r that the methods of physical science are slowly spreading into all investigations, and that proofs as valid as those required by her canons of investigation, are being demanded of all doctrines which ask for men's assent; and you will have a faint image of the astounding difference in this respect between the nineteenth century and the eighteenth.

If we ask what is the deeper meaning of all these vast changes, I think there can be but one reply. They mean that reason has asserted and exercised her primacy over all provinces of human activity: that ecclesiastical authority has been relegated to its proper place; that the good of the governed has been finally recognized as the end of government, and the complete responsibility of governors to the people as its means; and that the dependence of natural phenomena in general, on the laws of action of what we call matter has become an axiom.

But it was to bring these things about, and to enforce the recognition of these truths, that Joseph Priestley laboured. If the nineteenth century is other and better than the eighteenth, it is to him and to such men as he, that we owe the change. If the twentieth century is to be better than the nineteenth, it will be because there are among us men who walk in Priestley's footsteps.

Such men are not those whom their own generation delights to honour; such men, in fact, rarely trouble themselves about honour, but ask, in another spirit than Falstaff's, "What is honour? Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday." But whether Priestley's lot be theirs, and a future generation, in justice and in gratitude, set up their statues; or whether their names and fame are blotted out from remembrance, their work will live as long as time endures. To all eternity, the sum of truth and right will have been increased by their means; to all eternity, falsehood and injustice will be the weaker because they have lived.

T. H. HUXLEY.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Daly establishment had been reduced since the beginning of the winter by the defection of two English servants whom Mrs. Daly had brought to the new house with her, and who had been frightened away early in the year by the loneliness of Eagle's Edge and the miseries of the famine year. An anxious consultation with Ellen over ways and means had induced Pelham to persuade his mother not to replace them till the times improved, so that the kitchen regions were now only tenanted by one old woman and a girl and boy, over whose doings Ellen was obliged to exercise active supervision to prevent her mother's notions of comfort and propriety from being outraged a dozen times a day. She made a hasty incursion into the back premises before she opened the door to Pelham and the guests he was bringing with him; called old Bridget from telling her beads in the chimney corner, and summoned Patsy and Kathleen from a flirtation in the wash-house, to attend to the business of the evening. Then she went to the front of the house and stood in the porch, holding up the stable lantern, by whose light Patsy had been doing his courtship, as a beacon to assist the visitors in their progress from the yard where they had dismounted, through the straggling wind-grieved shrubs, and up the broken path to the front door. The scene had greatly changed since she had looked from the same spot in the morning. The clouds, which had lain then like silver ridges in the western sky, making a shining background for the Maam Turks to rear their dark heads against, had now spread over the whole horizon, and, swooping down the sides of the hills, filled the valley with wreaths of mist and slanting sheets of rain. It was like looking down into a chaos of seething elements, smoke and water curdled confusedly together, while the solid features of the landscape loomed through, ghost-like and dim, as if they were taking uncertain shape for the first time from the boiling caldron of creation. Ellen was well used to the rapid changes of weather peculiar to the country, and could see almost as much to admire in the mountains when they were wrapt in rain as when they slept in peace with the sunshine on their heads. But the effect on a stranger's eyes of the mountain farm-house seen in such a storm was not cheerful.

One pair of eyes on which the lighted porch loomed as a goal, to be reached through the blinding rain barrier, grew very dark and pitiful as they looked, taking mental note of all the accessories of the picture, and putting them aside for future consideration, while their owner cautiously picked his way through the rain pools and stones of the path.

"Yes, it is a horribly melancholy place for them to live in; you are quite right, Lesbia, we ought to try and tempt them away whenever we can."

By this time the murmur of voices close at hand had reached Ellen's ears, and she descried through the gloom two figures, one wearing a habit and lady's hat, and neither as tall as Pelham, pushing their way between the wet overhanging shrubs. Heedless of rain and soaked gravel she ran forward to meet them.

"Is Pelham with you? Has anything happened? Speak low, the window is open, and mamma is listening," she cried, holding out a hand vaguely

towards the two, without any spoken greeting. John Thornley took the hand in his, and felt how cold and trembling it was.

"Pelham is in the yard holding his horse while Patsy puts ours into the stables, and nothing whatever is the matter," he said. "Do you never mean to see me all the rest of your life Miss Daly, without suspecting me of being the bearer of bad news? I am afraid you must hate the sight of me."

Ellen did not suppose that it mattered much to him or anybody else whether she did hate the sight of him or not; and she was too busy greeting Lesbia to have an answer ready for this remark.

"Dear Babette, how kind of you to find your way out here in such weather. Your habit must be soaked through. Come in quickly, to the kitchen fire first if you don't mind, while I prepare mamma to see you, and tell her that Pelham is safe. It is very silly to be so nervous, I know, but I believe fear is catching, and you can't be surprised that mamma should have a dread of sudden news."

"I did not say I was surprised," put in John blankly, wondering what unlucky spirit of *mal à propos* always made him say something to Ellen Daly that sounded like censure.

He chose to feel too much snubbed to come forward uninvited into the circle of firelight in the kitchen towards which Ellen dragged Lesbia, but stood leaning against the door-post, dripping little pools of water from his macintosh on to the floor, and watching what went on within, while Ellen thrust Lesbia down into the three-cornered chair by the hearth, and proceeded to lift off the heavy cape of her habit, and deal with the wet knots and tangles of her hat-strings and veil. He was so absorbed in looking, that when she darted into a dark corner and reappeared with a heavy wooden pail of peat sods in her hands, he let her drag it across the kitchen and land it safely in front of the fire before he had presence of mind to come forward with offers of help. When he did make his way to the hearth, he stood looking at the peat pail with such an expression of horror that Ellen could not help laughing in his face, as she rubbed away the red ridges the iron handle had left on her fingers.

"You carried that great heavy thing all that distance yourself," he said.

"Yes, I did; I don't remember that you helped me, Mr. Thornley," she answered gaily.

"You might have asked me; I was there."

"Yes, you were there, but to tell you the truth I did not want your help. If you mean to go on wearing your wet coat I had rather you stood in the passage and let it drip there, instead of just in front of the fire, where I shall have to kneel soon to make the toast."

"John, I do believe you are half asleep," said Lesbia; "you have no idea how stupid you look standing up in your dripping overcoat."

John took off his overcoat, and planted himself in front of the peat-pail, but was not quick enough to secure the peat tongs, with which Ellen proceeded to pile up the fire.

"Show me the place where this has to be carried back," he demanded when she had finished her task.

"It is not going to be put back in its place just yet; there must be a fire lighted in the room where Lesbia will have to sleep to-night; and as Kathleen has evidently quite lost her wits at the sight of visitors, and Patsy is in the stables, and Bridget laying the cloth in the dining-room, I think the shortest way will be to do it myself."

"No, I shall do it"

"You! the notion of an Englishman knowing how to lay a *peat* fire!"

"You must really let me."

"I'll be much obliged to you, Mr. Thornley, if you'll carry the pail across the passage, but after that you had better come back here and sit by the fire with Lesbia till your rooms are ready."

She took up a lamp and the peat-tongs, and led the way across the passage into a bedroom, and he followed;

but when he had deposited his burden and received her smile of thanks and little nod of dismissal, he could not make up his mind to leave her. She thought him somewhat stupid and tiresome for standing upright by the chimney-piece while the fire-lighting business progressed, his helpless hands hanging down, or making vague dashes to reach her things she did not want, or drag the peat pail into corners where it was not required to be.

If he really cared particularly to study the art of piling peat-sods scientifically, she thought he need not have chosen to do it in wet clothes, in a cold room; and that there was no occasion to look so profoundly melancholy over the lesson.

"There," she said, arising from her knees when she had applied the match, and the little tongues of flame were shooting gaily from fibre to fibre of the carefully arranged cone of sods, "do you think you shall know how to do that another time?"

"I can't imagine how you come to know how to do it," he answered, as his eye fell on the white taper fingers that had been so busy, and then travelled upwards to the fair, soft, delicately-tinted face.

"I will explain the mystery if you like, though it involves a revelation which Pelham and my English cousins consider very humiliating to Connor and me. We, both of us, passed the first years of our lives in a mountain cabin. Mamma had always very delicate health, the country did not agree with her, and papa insisted on our being sent out to nurse, as used to be the fashion for everybody in our rank of life in this part of the world when papa was young. I was left long enough with my foster-mother to remember the cabin life perfectly; and I know two or three things, besides how to build up peat-fires, that you will never know if you live to be a hundred, and study all the books in the world. One is, exactly how it feels to run about barefoot on a turfy mountain side on a spring morning early, and how delicious potatoes dipped in egg-noggin taste when you come in afterwards and sit on the cabin step, with the sweet peat-smoke curling round you—a sensible Connaught pig munching the parings at your side, and a brood of downy little goslings stumbling over your feet. You would not think the peasants such savages for living in the way they do, if you happened to know how pleasant all that is."

"I can't promise to be an immediate convert to the convenience of pig-haunted cabins, but I give in about the peat-smoke from this night. I promise to find it the most delicious scent in the world, and to like no fire so well as a peat fire."

"You must have been very cold when you came in then," exclaimed Ellen, surprised. "You shall have time for the good impression to be confirmed, for now, as you have borne my first humiliating confession so well without any of the triumph over me I expected, I will tell you something else. This is *your* fire I have been lighting. I sent old Bridget to make up one for Lesbia when I looked into the dining-room just now to speak to mamma. This room and fire are for you."

She looked up playfully into his grave face, and was puzzled to meet no responsive smile of thanks, no glance up, even of the eyes that had sought the ground when she began to speak.

She could not guess that he was afraid to look up or speak, because the thought that she should have acted servant to him was more than his reverential chivalrous heart, that knew itself hid under such a cold crust of reserve could bear.

When the door closed behind her he crossed his arms on the chimney-piece, and leaning his head on them and staring down at the fire, saw it all over again. One by one the rapid changes in the face, which he now acknowledged to be the dearest face in all the world to him, rose up before his eyes and photographed themselves in his memory, so as never to be forgotten again. The patient weariness that was

now the prevailing expression when the face was at rest (he had not failed when she was kneeling by the fire and looking down to observe the red lines round the eyes that told of recent tears), the flicker of amusement that brought light and life back to the countenance at once, the playful curl of defiance on the smiling lips, the glow of interest when speaking; lights and shades that followed each other as quickly as the shadow and sunshine on the mountain sides on a windy day, and had the self-same magical glamour of beauty about them. He tried hard to find something to criticize, to satisfy his conscience as to his loyalty to his old ideals. Bride would not have stood there and talked, and shown her thoughts to a comparative stranger, without any special reason for doing so; the little excitement of an unexpected influx of visitors would not have changed her mood from a tearful to a talkative one all at once. Could there be worth or persistence in feelings that followed each other so lightly? Was there not a want of dignity in such easy communicativeness shown indifferently to every one; for it was no special mark of friendliness to himself, he perfectly understood. He tried to think he did not like it—that a person of such a nature could have no confidence to give that would be of any value; nothing in her to make real intimacy worth striving for—but it would not do, he could not wish any change in her. She was just herself, she had got into his heart and he must worship her. Why should not the lily open out its leaves and show all its golden heart? The sun and the wind that visited it might be dazzled by its white sheen and the lustre of gold in its depths, but its proud, pure head held itself unsullied and apart, however many gazers came.

What nonsense comparisons are. John caught himself up, ashamed and annoyed at the extravagances into which his thoughts were rising. He had schooled himself all his life against exaggeration, or excess of feeling of any kind. Heavy responsibilities laid on him had sobered him early; he had been used to say that in his life he had never had, and hoped never to have, time for sentiment. Sober duties that had to be met with well-regulated energies and sober judgment, had succeeded each other too rapidly to leave him any interval for dreaming; and of all kinds of dreams he was most resolute against love dreams. If he ever fell in love, he had meant it to be with such sober certainty of fitness and possibility as would provide against the waste of energy, thought, and life, that he held to be the worst result of disappointment in such a matter.

And now that it had come, in a very different guise to any he had intended, was there still time to turn it away? Did he wish to turn it away? His thoughts flew back through the events of the last eight months, since the autumn evening when Ellen and Connor had appeared suddenly at Castle Daly, concentrating all their joys and sorrows into a bitter-sweet draught which his spirit seemed to taste. His first amused distant admiration, and Bride's disdain of it. The pitifulness of that night in Dennis's cabin, when the playful girl he had half-admired, half-feared, had seemed to him transformed into an angel of consolation and strength. The long dumb pain of seeing her grief through the dreary weeks that followed, and having to stand quite apart from it, feeling every tear of hers he saw fall like a weight on his heart, and possessing no power to comfort. The meetings since they had left Castle Daly; the senseless keen pangs of mortification at heedless little words and phrases, that perhaps were not meant to carry any pain with them; the equally senseless keen pleasure called up by smiles or thanks, or sentences of acquiescence in something he had said, which reasonably could not be made to bear the weight of signification attributed to them at the time. The underlying satisfaction that through all the winter had been the secret spring of his content, arising from the fact that unknown to herself, he was protecting her and hers, standing every

day between them and a great flood of calamity, that would overwhelm them but for his unmeasured exertions and watchfulness. Ah, yes! and that was the consideration which must determine his course. The question no longer was—whether or not this love would end in his own good and well-being. He had made himself necessary to them —to her; and as long as she had no one else to look after her interests and protect her, he would not desert his post, let the pain be what it would to himself. When his thoughts reached this point, John raised his head from his arms, drew a long breath, and began to move about the room and get ready for dinner. If Ellen had passed a rubicon, and taken a resolution that rainy afternoon, so had he; he looked the future in the face, and with his eyes open accepted a love which he had very little hope would ever bring joy into his life. He did not say to himself that there are some sorts of pain better than joy, or some sorts of giving that transcend taking a millionfold, and that life is indeed more than meat; for he had not come yet to give such clear account to himself of what was working within him; but he felt the calm and strength that a deliberate putting away of self-seeking always brings with it.

Ellen, meanwhile, had really thrust aside all sad thoughts, in the bustle and actual hard work that under present circumstances an unexpected inroad of visitors to such a house entailed. When Lesbia had been taken to her room, and furnished with a change of dress—the selection of which from Ellen's wardrobe had given rise to a good deal of chatter and reference to old times between the two girls—Ellen returned to the kitchen, and found Pelham standing by the fire, with an expression of much anxiety, mingled with a certain triumph, on his handsome face. She lifted up her hands with pretended amazement and horror at his doings.

"I would not have believed it of you, Pelham! You to have been guilty of the indiscreet Irish hospitality of bringing hungry visitors to a house where there is not a scrap of food for them to eat. Yes, it is true, there is no use in your turning pale now, or grumbling at me, for I can't help it. Our tiresome hens are not laying as well as they did, and I gave away two eggs this morning for a girl that is dying, and I must keep all I have left for mamma, so there is absolutely nothing in the house but some bread and the leg and wing of a chicken that old Bridget has fricasseed for your dinner, and that you must eat on pain of breaking mamma's heart. What could you be thinking of, to expose our famine Castle to such keen eyes as those I have shut up in the panelled bedroom over there? I should not have expected it of you."

"Well, there is a boy now at the door. I made them ride on as we passed through Lenane, and went into the market to see if I could get hold of anything. There was not a bit of meat to be had; but I secured a white loaf and some cakes—the last bit of bread there was in the town; and I bought some decent fish that I spied in a tub by a cabin door, and that a woman told me she had caught out of the creek this morning in her petticoat. It's a poor kind of fish, I'm afraid; but it will be something to eat. I had it put into a basket, and hired a boy to run after us with it, and he has just arrived."

"How clever of you, Pelham; you are worth a hundred of Connor and me for foresight. I suppose these purchases will have made a great hole in next week's allowance, and some one will have to pinch for them; but, never mind, we won't grudge. We'll have two dishes on the table, and piles of toast, and for four or five hours we'll fancy ourselves in the land of plenty again. I'll do my best with the fish to make it pass for a dainty, and I don't suppose either of the Thornleys has much discernment. I should be quite easy if I were sure it was last year's little Babette who was going to sup with us; I could make her think we were having a pic-nic, and enjoying ourselves immensely; but you know there is a degree of uncertainty in that quarter now. I left little Babette

in my room, dressing in my old pink silk, that she used to covet rather last year; but it may be the great heiress, Miss Maynard, who walks into the dining-room."

"I don't at all know what you mean. I have never seen anything of the difference you speak of."

"No, I dare say not; you are too snubby yourself ever to be snubbed; but what induced you to invite them here, and why did they come?"

"I met them on the road between Good People's Hollow and Lenane. They had been spending the morning with Anne O'Flaherty, and said that they had intended to call on our mother, but had been detained at the Hollow, discussing relief measures with Anne. It was raining fast, and Eagle's Edge was nearer than the Castle, so I proposed that they should come on with me and stay the night. I hardly expected they would have consented; but Thornley said that he had business to speak to me about—and I certainly thought that she—that he, I mean—in point of fact, that both of them rather caught at the idea of coming here."

"Ah, I wonder if she can have heard." The words escaped from Ellen's lips involuntarily, and then a look of perplexity crossed her face, and she stopped short.

"What is the matter? What do you suppose she can have heard?"

"Nothing—nothing!—don't look at me like that, Pelham; you know I say silly things often."

He came close to her, and detained her when she would have escaped, by holding her wrists tightly, looking down into her changing face, with eyes full of dark fire.

"Yes, yes!—but silly or not, I choose to hear this!—What have you got in your mind? You have no business to have suspicions of *her* that you are ashamed to speak out."

"No, I know I ought not. Dear Pelham, I so hate myself for being such a sieve, that I should like to bite my tongue out. It was only that I had a letter from Connor this afternoon, and I wondered whether by chance she could have heard anything that made her want to talk to me about him."

"By chance! I wish by chance you would give a straightforward answer. How could Miss Maynard possibly know anything about a letter of yours that only arrived this afternoon? You don't mean to insinuate, do you, that she and Connor correspond?"

"No—of course not. Please, let me go, Pelham; I know I am very silly—I wish I could hold my tongue."

"That is not the chief thing to be wished; what I wish is that you would not concoct mysteries. I don't know what it is between Connor and you that makes you always seem to be living in a web of plots. I suppose you like it; but it is perfectly hateful to me to live among people whose doings I can't understand; and I beg, that at all events, you won't draw into your mysteries those who naturally prefer straightforward ways. At least, don't insinuate stratagems that don't exist, as if you could not believe in such a thing as a truthful person."

The indignant tones and looks were very hard to bear; the colour flew to Ellen's face, and an eager vindication of her own straightforwardness rose to her lips. Then she remembered Connor's letter, and the secret sympathy she had that afternoon resolved to give to him and his friends. "I have crossed the Rubicon now, and I don't think you are the girl to shrink from any consequences you may have to face on my account." The inevitable concealments,—the having to seem a traitor to household confidence, would be to her the worst of these consequences; but since she had resolved to run such risk, the best homage she could pay to truth would be not to attempt any self-justification just then. The indignant flush faded out of her face, as Pelham continued to look at her, and tears slowly welled up and drowned the anger in her eyes. She felt very unhappy and helpless, but there was nothing to be said: Pelham relaxed his hold on her wrists.

"You think me very savage," he said,

"and I suppose I am. Ellen, I am sorry I have made you cry. I did not think you cared enough for anything I said for that; but I have so much distrust and dislike shown to me out of doors, that I can't help feeling it hard when you and Connor put such a mist of secrecy between us, that I don't know whether you are sympathising with my enemies or my friends."

"Oh, Pelham, how could we sympathise with enemies of yours?"

"The Thornleys are my only friends, and my friendship with them is counted as a crime by the stupid people here, who, because they choose to believe that our father met his death in Thornley's stead, transfer to him all the horror due to the actual murderer."

"No, not all the horror; you would not say so if you knew more about it."

"There now, another mystery."

"Pelham, I can't help it; if people tell me secrets that have life and death in them; I can't betray unhappy wretches that trust me."

"Perhaps not; but you can help giving all your sympathy to the wrong side. You ought to acknowledge that the Thornleys are behaving nobly, and to be indignant at the monstrous ingratitude shown to them. I say nothing about their generosity to us, though I wonder where you can think we should be without it; but just consider what a sacrifice they have made in staying through this miserable winter at Castle Daly, toiling night and day, and spending their money to feed a set of people who have no claim on them whatever, and who give them nothing but hatred and misconception in return for their charity. Why does not your sense of justice stir itself on their side?"

"Lesbia is liked—the people are grateful to her."

"She can't separate herself from her brother; she is not content to be adored by his haters."

"Oh, Pelham, no more can I separate myself from my brothers. You don't know how hard it is when there is so much sorrow on every side, that one feels as if one's heart were being torn to pieces every minute. I can see your hardships at all events, if I can't care as much as I ought for Mr. Thornley's, and I promise you now to be just to your friends, and to stand up for them to the extent of my little power. Indeed, I did not mean to make you suspect Lesbia of anything underhand. You misunderstood me there. Dear Pelham, let us be happy this one evening—forget that I vexed you, dear, and let us all be happy together this once. I want so to have one happy evening, we have been sad so very long." She threw her arms round his neck as she spoke, and tried to draw his face down to hers. The muscles of his countenance relaxed, but he held his head rigidly upright.

"You can be unhappy and happy when you please then?"

"No, you uncompromising creature; but to night I could be a little happy if you would let me. I don't know how, but I think some fresh light has come into the house since morning. It won't last long, there is so much to quench it; but let us bask in it for an hour or two. Someone is thinking kind thoughts of us somewhere to-night, and the warmth of them trembles round us."

"I don't understand such nonsense as that. Shall you?"—(hesitating)—"Shall you?"—(with a great effort)—"Are you going to read that letter of Connor's to Miss Maynard?"

"No, that I am not; I shall not think of doing such a thing. Pelham, you may say what you like about my secrecies, I can't defend myself; but one thing you must believe about me—that my secrets are not of that kind that I would ever be a clandestine go-between in the way you are thinking of. No, not even for Connor."

Then the stiff neck bent, and the kiss of forgiveness was given, with a warmth and tenderness of brotherly affection that Ellen had never before experienced from him.

Decidedly it should be a very happy evening.

The first thing that Lesbia did when Ellen left her alone to put the finishing

touches to her toilet, was to thrust her hand into the pocket of the wet riding-habit that hung against the wall, and draw out a somewhat-soiled and crumpled envelope, directed to herself, and still unopened. A lame man-servant, who had come forward to help her to mount her horse at the gate of Happy-go-Luck Lodge, had thrust it into her hand as he placed the reins between her fingers, accompanying the action with a look of such reverential admiration towards herself, and a gesture of such cunning caution towards John, that Lesbia could not feel as much offended at the liberty so taken as she believed she ought to have been. Bride was always warning her against allowing herself to be looked upon by the poor people round her, as a possible source of favour independent of John; but what was the use of being an heiress—of all the money and power being really hers—if the luxury of dispensing patronage was altogether to be denied her, and no one was so much as to know that she was the real queen? Lesbia believed the paper to be a petition, which she resolved at least to examine herself before referring it to the proper authority, till she brought the writing within the glow of the peat-fire and the light of the flickering candles, stuck on the high chimney-piece, that left the ends and corners of the large wainscoted room to dimness and shadows; then, glancing down upon it, she started, and threw herself into the low straw chair Ellen had drawn in front of the fire, with an exclamation between amazement and dismay. Yes, certainly, this sending her a letter privately by a servant's hand, and such a queer-looking, familiar, lame servant too, was a great liberty for Connor Daly to take. What would Bride and John say? What strong disapproval would breathe from all the grave lines of Bride's face when she heard! how satirical John would be! and how disagreeably their opinion of her easy deceivableness and vanity would creep out! What ought she to do? Give it to Ellen unopened, and beg her to return it to her brother? That would be the truly dignified maidenly course which neither John nor Bride could find a word to say against. And yet—and yet, Lesbia's eyes turned again to the bold curves and flourishes in her name written on the envelope, and all at once the objects surrounding her faded away, and a very different scene came up. The dusty panes of the little conservatory at Whitecliffe and the straggling branches of sweet-briar tapping them, on a windy summer day—herself seated on the stone steps, leading from the house, with Mrs. Maynard's week's mending scattered round her, and an envelope with this same handwriting on it in her hand. What a strange whirl of feeling she had been in when she opened and read that letter. It had seemed like a voice calling her from the shores of an old country which she was in the act of leaving for something new. And now, the new did not look altogether so glorious, and the old was beginning to have a glow of tender recollections round it—not regret, that would be too ridiculous, but an enveloping sentimental haze, as of being hung round with all sorts of pleasant possibilities, which actual experience had robbed of a good deal of their charm.

"Mavourneen wears the poorest gown."

John might say what he liked about fortune-hunters, but that was written about her when it was only too true.

If she dare show that to Bride. Bride would have to acknowledge that it was not *only* being an heiress that made people think her charming.

"My thoughts are born in chains; they move
All round and round her in one groove,"

that was the sort of thing real love was, Lesbia supposed. She leaned her dimpled chin on her hand, and looked fixedly at the fire. Brother's and sister's love—of whose satisfactions she had had such beautiful dreams when she had lived a little forlorn waif in her aunt's house—was not like that; or, at all events, it was her thoughts that were expected to be born in chains, and to move round

and round John and Bride in that deep groove of duty and self-culture and intellectual occupation which they prescribed; and which certainly had a great deal of sameness and dreariness in it. If any other gayer privileges or more dazzling homage belonged of right to her youth and her heiress-ship—and, yes, her beauty—her two conscientious guardians seemed determined not to let her know it. Could anything be strong enough to break through the brazen tower of proprieties and cautions they had built round their poor little Cinderella princess? Was there any knight at hand bold enough or strong enough to pierce even a small chink and let a breath of fresh air and a little music of flattery in? The handsome knight, with the dark eyes that looked quite unutterable things, seemed to be more anxious than even the guardians to keep every chink of the tower in good repair. It might be gratifying to see him ride round and round, not able to keep away, though too spell-bound to challenge an entrance. But surely the spell ought to be broken some time, some kind of a catastrophe, some new element introduced into the scene, might be desirable. Life was too short now for enchantments to be allowed to last through a hundred years, and it was quite in accordance with all the old stories that letters should come to imprisoned princesses in unorthodox ways. A lame, slip-shod servant, or a talking bird, it did not much matter which was the postman. Lesbia had broken the seal and abstracted the letter from the envelope before her thoughts reached this point, and now, while the candles, which had flickered in the draughty, ill-built room down to their sockets, were giving out their last rays, she read :—

"Oh, say, doth any flower blow
Meet to adorn my lady's brow?
The rose is pale with envy grown
To watch the tints her cheeks upon,
And with her beauty to compare
The virgin lilies shamèd are;
Nor can she grace or sweetness get
From hyacinth or violet.
But though the flower doth not live
Which to her charms fresh charm can give,
Her beauty yet such power shall show,
To scorn the high and raise the low,
That worn by her this shamrock twine,
Shall seem an aureole divine."

Lesbia turned the leaf, and a little garland of shamrocks, crushed, but still green, fluttered out on the hearth. She stooped and picked it up, and with rather trembling fingers—for just then there came a rap at the door, and she heard Ellen's voice summoning her to tea—she twisted the leaves in among the braids of her hair, which, in spite of Ellen's patient drying, clung in wet coils round her head.

She had not read the verses calmly enough to gather their meaning fully; but it was something flattering, about her being fairer than all the flowers in the world, and this green crown was a badge of sovereignty, and it was pleasant to wear it. How nice it was to be as beautiful and charming as the writer of these verses found her. And how cross of John and Bride to be always trying to persuade her that she was nothing but a sadly undereducated little girl, whom no one would notice if she were not an heiress. As she crossed the room, she stopped before a cheval glass in a corner to interrogate it as to what verdict it had to give between the two contradictory opinions. The fitful light of dying candles and ruddy-peat fire, with the dark background of gloom in the far corners of the room, gave the effect of looking down into mysterious depths at the fairy-like figure that seemed to be rising out of a sea of darkness and red fire. Long trailing pink robes hiding all but the points of the tiny feet,—a small flushed face above,—eyes like dark diamonds,—red lips that trembled into loveliest curves of pleasure as the eyes looked,—delicate black brows,—a crown of soft dusky hair with points of green showing in it. Lesbia turned away, quite satisfied to bring that answer into the next room with her.

Eagle's Edge was an irregularly built one-storied house, with no passage but the central hall; the bedrooms, and sitting-rooms all opening into one another. Lesbia had only to turn the

handle of her bedroom door to find herself among the party assembled round the supper-table. The room looked cheerful enough just then, in the glow of lamp-light and fire-light, with the table drawn cosily in front of the hearth, and a circle of animated faces assembled round it. Mrs. Daly invited Lesbia to a seat between herself and Pelham. Even she for once looked happy. The evening was always her best time. The contrast between the anxiety of the day and the satisfaction of having her son safe by her side within sight and touch, was so great as to raise her naturally depressed spirits to a degree of cheerfulness she had not often known in more tranquil days; and to-night the sight of the well-filled table, and of Ellen and Pelham partaking freely of such fare as there was, the little excitement, too, of showing hospitality again, all helped to swell the measure of her content and make her positively gay. Gracious looks and words from her seemed to mean more and gave far greater pleasure than other people's graciousness. Lesbia felt a flutter of gratification and pride when she found herself addressed kindly again and again, and when once or twice her replies called up on her hostess' face the rare beautiful smile that Mr. Daly had prized so highly. John observed the unusual attention bestowed on Lesbia, and cast one of his quick criticizing glances that way. What could he be thinking of, Babette wondered. A provoking consciousness tingled into her face under his eyes, and she felt as if the shamrock wreath in her hair was pushing itself into undue prominence, and the note in her pocket burning her, almost as if she feared he could read it through the folds of the pink silk.

It was not like the merry evenings of last summer, when Lesbia had come into the Dalys' house after a picnic or a sail, to join in the evening meal, and had been thankful to sit in the background under Ellen's wing, listening to the extravagant mirth and wild jokes Mr. Daly and Connor originated. There would never be mirth like that among them again; yet they were far from a silent party; and once or twice Ellen caught herself up in the midst of a hearty laugh, startled by the thought that it was the first time gay talking and laughter had been heard in that house since they came to live there, and wondering what the dingy old walls thought of the sound.

When the meal was over and the table pushed back into the dim, half-lighted region of the wide room, the party drew their chairs in a circle round the hearth, and the conversation gradually took a graver tone. Lesbia went round and seated herself by Ellen, perhaps with an idea of disarming John in case he should be disposed to criticize the amount of low-toned talk she and Pelham had indulged in at intervals during supper time—perhaps from a secret persuasion that the folds of pink silk and peach-bloom cheeks, and brilliant eyes that had looked at her from the depths of the mirror, would be seen to greatest advantage from the other side of the hearth-rug, with the fire-light playing on them. Not that she was so wholly occupied with these as to fail to notice one or two things that passed on the opposite side of the fire, and to be touched by them in a region of her heart which the surface-flutter of self-occupation and vanity had not yet invaded. She saw the wistful looks Mrs. Daly turned on her son when John began to talk business with him, and she admired the patient tact with which Pelham replied to all the querulous objections her anxiety prompted her to make to every plan that involved a lengthened ride, or a late return home in the evening; not arguing or giving way, but soothing her by reassuring explanations, and sometimes when explanations seemed only to aggravate the nervous terror, by a caressing hand laid on her shoulder, and a word or two of remonstrance in a tone that had a touch of authority in it.

"I can't help it, mother; I have got this business to do, and you would not have me always idling in the house, would you?"

"I ought not to expect it of you;

but, oh! Pelham, if you knew what I suffer when you are away, if you would but remember——."

"I never forget it, mother."

The words were spoken low, but Lesbia heard them and noticed that Pelham took his mother's trembling hand in his as he spoke, and gently stroked the thin fingers, till the nervous twitching in them ceased, and Mrs. Daly was content to lie back in her chair silent while the rest of the discussion went on; finding a certain peace in the strength of will that checked the unreasonable exactions she could not herself control. Her son managed her better than her too yielding husband had done, and gave her over-busy heart more rest. John thought, with livelier gratitude than he had ever felt before, of Bride's self-control, that through anxious months had saved him from having to add the harass of constant recollection of fears at home to the harass of distressing business abroad. Lesbia softly put up her hand, and disengaged the shamrock wreath from her hair, and looked with a sigh into the fire as she wondered, vaguely, whether it would be nicer to be loved by a person who could put his admiration for you into verses that people would talk about, or by one who could hardly say in so many words whether you were pretty or not, yet, who did the sort of things that made people trust and look up to him. Before she had come to any conclusion on this delicate question, the silence that had fallen on the group when the business discussion closed was broken by John's turning to Mrs. Daly, and preferring the request which had, he said, brought him and Lesbia to Eagle's Edge that evening. He was obliged, he explained, to go up to London on business connected with his literary occupations, and must remain in town part of the summer; he wished to take Bride with him, as her health had been rather failing lately, and she dreaded the spring winds; but Lesbia was anxious to remain at Castle Daly a little longer, till he and Bride had taken a house somewhere in London and were settled for the season. If Mrs. Daly would consent to stay for a few weeks at Castle Daly, and take charge of Lesbia till he could return and take her to England, it would be doing them all a great kindness.

John hesitated a good deal over the wording of his request, as if he had not quite realized how great a favour he was asking, till he found himself picking out words for it, with Mrs. Daly's dignified figure before him and Ellen's questioning eyes reading his face as he spoke. He wished they would not keep him waiting so long for an answer. Pelham had looked pleased, even eager, for the first moment, and then came the gradual stiffening of features and figure, which John, from the last eight months' experience, had learned to recognize as the attitude he took when he was considering how most effectually to quench an offer of help or kindness that he looked upon as an attempt at patronage. Lesbia proved a better ally in the difficulty than he had expected: she crossed the hearth-rug, and, seating herself on a footstool at Mrs. Daly's feet, touched the folds of her dress to draw her attention.

"It would be coming back to your own house, you know, dear Mrs. Daly, with only me in it, and I would try not to be in the way; you were so kind to me last spring that I hoped you all liked me a little."

It was Babette who was speaking now, not Miss Maynard—the timid, coaxing, humble little Babette, of whom John and Bride only had occasional glimpses. Still there was no answer, only a deepening of the frown of pain on Mrs. Daly's brow.

Lesbia went on as if she were talking to herself. "Castle Daly is a great deal nearer Ballyowen than Eagle's Edge; when John goes there to attend the relief committee, or for any other business, he is home again by five o'clock. I ride there and back with him several times a week; and when he is likely to be detained till after dark, Bride and I drive into the town and bring him

back in the carriage; we like it so much better than waiting at home."

Mrs. Daly's eyes, which had hitherto been staring at some imaginary distance over Lesbia's head, suddenly came to life again, and looked down into the glowing little face upturned to hers: it was only for half a second that the two pair of eyes met, for Lesbia's curled black lashes swooped down and hid hers instantly; but there was time for some lightning current of electrical fellow-feeling to pass between the two, which made their owners secret allies from that time forth.

Mrs. Daly's manner changed instantly. She sat upright in her chair, turned her face towards John Thornley, and signified her acceptance of his invitation with frank and cordial thanks.

"It would be an effort," she acknowledged, to visit her old home under the altered circumstances, but the pleasure of being of use to such good friends would overweigh any pain. She was glad the plan had been thought of, and agreed to it joyfully.

Pelham's objections were all overruled, and he soon let it be seen that his opposition had not arisen from any personal dislike to the visit; only Ellen remained silent, and no one but John noticed the perplexed expression that deepened on her face, as she sat apart looking steadily into the fire while the others discussed details.

"I am afraid you don't like the prospect of going back to Castle Daly," he said, at last.

"No, I don't," rousing herself with a great sigh, and turning her face towards him. "Of course I don't like going back there now; but that is not what I was thinking of. Just now it does not seem much to matter what one likes or dislikes."

"I wish I had consulted you and found out your wishes before I spoke to other people."

"Yes, I wish you had;" then, seeing an expression of surprise on his face, "you think me very selfish, don't you, for wishing that I could have put a stop to a plan that pleases mamma?"

"I think you see some objections unknown to the rest of the family, and I am hoping that you mean to tell them to me."

"You could not do me any good."

"You can't tell the help I might be till you have tried."

A smile as at some very incongruous idea flitted across Ellen's face, and she said, hastily, "*You*—but indeed you are the very last person." Then, seeing how his countenance fell, she added, "I did not mean it unkindly; I don't doubt your kindness; only that in the particular difficulty I was thinking of just then, you are the last person whose help I could ask."

"I wish you would make the experiment."

Ellen shook her head, and turned again towards the fire.

"Can't you trust me?"

He was grieved when she looked at him again, to see that she had been winking away tears.

"I think I had better hold my tongue, I so often say more than I mean when I do speak. I was accused to-day of making mysteries, and that came of talking. When one can't tell the whole truth, it's better, I find, to say nothing, even if it leaves one with ever so heavy a weight of responsibility on one's mind."

"I am sorry you have responsibilities you don't share with any one; it ought not to be."

"I can't help it."

"The truth is, you are working too hard. The work that has to be done is trying enough to tough, resolute people, and you identify yourself too much with the sufferers; you let them drag upon you. I am glad you are obliged to go away."

"I am only one person, and it's hundreds who want me here."

"They won't be neglected, there will be just as much given away. Does not that satisfy you?"

"You should not ask me, because I told you I could not explain my real difficulty to you."

"I am afraid it comes from a consciousness that you have been too indulgent. Indeed, I was preparing to bring an instance before you of the way

you are imposed upon. Do you know what became of that half-crown which you, in spite of our rule against giving money, bestowed on Mary Joice a week ago?"

"Yes, just as well as I see you do. She told me how she spent it this morning herself."

"I hope you were properly angry. Come now, won't you allow that this instance of the harm that comes of breaking rules ought reasonably to reconcile you to giving up the management of such impracticable people as Mary Joice into stricter hands? When a whole neighbourhood is in a state of starvation, is it right to trust one silly woman with a sum of money that would have fed herself and all her neighbours for a week?"

"On Indian meal."

"Yes, on Indian meal. More substantial fare, at all events, than Mary Joice's half-crown's-worth of holy water."

"Mary Joice bought something else with her half-crown, Mr. Thornley—something that she showed me this morning in her eyes—she bought hope with it, and I don't grudge her my last penny for that. It will make your Indian meal go a great deal further."

"Such pitiable folly! You would not encourage people to comfort themselves with false hopes, would you?"

"I don't know. I suppose you would not; you are a sensible person, and really wish to know all the disagreeable things that may possibly happen to you in your life. You would not thank any one, I suppose, for helping you over a very hard time by giving you a gleam of happy possibility that was not sure to come true."

A week or two ago he would have said No decidedly; but, looking into her face, a doubt seized him; he was not sure that he might not come to the point of infatuation of wishing those lips not to put an end to groundless hopes.

Mrs. Daly rose to say good-night a few minutes later. While she was exchanging last words with Pelham and Lesbia, John, who by a law of his nature gravitated towards anything readable there might be in any room he was in, spied out Connor's newspaper which Ellen thought she had hidden away among the litter of her work-table, and began to read it, guided in his selection of passages by the emphatic lines that scored the pages. He was just going to burst out in energetic expressions of dislike to what he read, when his attention was caught by some fainter marks that lay thickest in one corner of the paper, and raising it to the light he discovered what they were—large heavy blots of tears that someone had shed while reading. The pain that shot through him like a knife at the thought of whose tears they were, was not altogether the pain of pity; there was a mixture of indignation in it, against the influence, whosever it was, that recklessly exposed so sensitive a heart to such fruitless emotion. Ellen came back after accompanying her mother to her bedroom to wish him good-night, while he was still looking blankly at the blisters on the paper, not reading any words, seeing nothing but the ragged blotches hardly yet dry. She was not very well pleased to observe what he had got hold of.

"I suppose it is just impossible to keep a man's hands from a newspaper," she said; "I thought I had put that one out of sight."

"I beg your pardon, then, for disturbing it, it is best out of sight. You pain yourself by reading such worthless productions. I would not let you if I could prevent it."

"No more than you would let Mary Joice buy holy water."

"This is a much more serious question. Look here," he said, pointing to a sentence in the speech Connor had scored. "It is not water they are talking of buying their vain hopes with, but blood. Have you read that? I don't want to make you needlessly anxious, but you must not encourage anyone you care for to identify himself with such sentiments as these. Do you realize the danger? It is absolute treason they are talking; and wild words in a time like this are too horribly mischievous to be overlooked. If you have any influence still with your brother

Connor, keep him from connecting himself with these madmen. He used to send verses to this newspaper, did he not? Pray warn him."

"Unfortunately, to warn Connor against principles or people because they are dangerous, would be the very way to make him cling more closely to them."

"At least, don't you encourage him in his infatuation by showing him sympathy."

"Give me back my paper, please, Mr. Thornley. We shall not get any nearer agreeing about this if we talk till midnight. You are very much in earnest in wishing to rob Mary Joice and me of the poor little gleams of hope we are trying to live by. You would throw as black a shadow over us as Lac na-Weel throws on Eagle's Edge, if we listened to you."

"If I could shelter you from false hopes and the bitter disappointment that must come of them, I should not mind your calling me a shadow now."

Ellen looked up, surprised at the earnestness of his tone; and Lesbia laughed—she was a little afraid of her clever, satirical brother, and that anyone should presume to argue with him was a triumph for her.

"I will risk the bitter disappointment, and go on hoping for Ireland and her heroes as long as I can, I think," said Ellen; "for here is a token of hope lying at my feet." She stooped and picked up the shamrock wreath that Lesbia had let fall.

"See, this must have dropped out of the folds of the newspaper that came from Dublin. I recognize Connor's handiwork here. It is meant for me to wear, and shows that *I* am to put the Green above the Red, at all events."

"It does not belong to you, it is Miss Maynard's," said Pelham, who had just joined the group; "she wore it in her hair at tea-time."

"Yours, Lesbia!—but where did you find it? It must have dropped from Connor's newspaper. I don't believe anyone but he would have patience to make such wreaths."

"Yes, where did you find it, Lesbia?" repeated John, who had noticed the sudden rush of colour that suffused Lesbia's face when Pelham spoke.

"What does it matter where I found it?—it is only a little, crushed, faded thing." And Lesbia snatched the wreath hastily from Ellen's hand and threw it on the fire.

There was a little blank space of silence, while Lesbia kept her averted eyes steadily fixed on the green wreath, that would not smoulder all at once into blackness on the peat-sod where it fell, but curled up its leaves and showed all the careful plaiting and tying of the tiny stalks beneath. Pelham sent distrustful glances at Ellen, who stood with brows knitted in thought, and John took in the disturbance on all their faces with much surprise. He spoke first.

"I don't mean any disrespect to the shamrock," he said, "but if I were you, young ladies, I think I would avoid either wearing it or burning it just now, when people may be disposed to put more meaning on your doing so than would be convenient."

"I am sure I don't care what meaning anyone puts on what I do," cried Lesbia, struggling out of her confusion to meet all the looks turned on her, with an air of petulant defiance.

"But if people were tempted to suspect a mystery that you could explain by a single straightforward word," said Pelham, in a low voice, coming up close to her, and trying to catch her eye again as he spoke, "you would explain, would you not?"

She put out her hand to wish him good-night without looking up. "I am sure I don't know what we are all talking about, we meant to say good-night half an hour ago."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The rain had ceased by eleven o'clock, and John Thornley and Pelham turned out to smoke a cigar in the garden before going to bed. Neither was in the mood for conversation, and Pelham, after venting some grumbling against mystery-mongers, retired to the house, but John lingered full half-an-hour

longer. The peat-fire Ellen had lighted was waiting for him in his room; but in spite of his promise to like peat-smoke for the rest of his life, he found the fresh, soft air more soothing and fitter for bringing his thoughts into order. The heavy clouds had broken up into great silver-edged continents and islands, separated by deep seas of blue, through which the full moon sailed majestically, and into which, while John looked, Lac-na-Weel lifted his head bare. The rest of the valley and the lower hills lay in patches of cold, misty light and dark shadow. John, with his mind fixed on the events of the evening, saw all without noticing any particular feature of the scene, till his attention was drawn to a small moving light, a yard or two from the garden, that seemed to hover over a cutting in the bog. Was it a Will-o'-the-wisp light? or had he not been half unconsciously watching it for some time receding slowly into the distance till it stopped there? His curiosity became roused at last to the point of throwing away his cigar, vaulting over the low garden wall, and walking towards the appearance. Once across the road he was in uncut bog-land, and his feet sank deeper and deeper in the wet spungy turf at every step. He was just beginning to remonstrate with himself on his folly in pursuing Friar's lantern into a swamp, when a sound of voices reached him; he strode on another yard, gaining firmer footing on the top of a little knoll, and then he could see plainly. There was a cutting in the bog, five or six feet deep, some distance before him, skirted at the sides by little piles of turf; and, partly hidden by these piles, partly showing plainly in the moonlight, he perceived two figures—a woman with a cloak over her head, and a man, deeper in the shadow, who, as far as he could make out, was crouching or kneeling before her. While he looked, the woman stooped as if to speak to her companion, and in raising her head again the cloak fell down to her shoulders, and a streak of moonlight displayed a mass of golden braids that could belong to nobody but Ellen Daly. At the same moment the wind brought again a murmur of voices: a guttural, moaning sound, and then the clear, sweet tones he would have known among a thousand. One step more forward, and he could have distinguished the words,—but he could not bear the thought of spying upon her. He folded his arms and stood still, determined to wait where he was for the chance of being wanted, but to approach no nearer. He waited some time in the cold, long enough to come to the conclusion that if Irishmen had courage and determination to match those of Irish girls, the schemes of Connor's friends need not be desperate after all.

Ellen would have cut shorter the conversation she was engaged in, and suffered more trepidation while carrying it on, if she had known who was watching. The expedition itself was one to which she had become accustomed, having undertaken it every two or three days for the last six weeks, but to-night it brought her a painful shock of surprise and pain. She had crossed the strip of bog-land quickly, knowing by experience how to avoid the swampiest spots; and having reached the stacks of peat-sods, she put her heavy basket and the lantern down on one of them, and called, softly, "Molly;" there was an instant's delay, and then a bent, wasted figure, that looked like a mass of moving rags rather than a man, crept from the dark shadow of the cutting. Ellen recoiled a few steps, with a gesture that even in the dim light expressed shuddering horror and avoidance of what she saw. The man gave a faint moaning cry, as of a creature struck in the extremity of pain, and, throwing himself on his knees, crept after her and clutched the skirt of her dress with both hands; then lifting his right hand towards the light, he cried, with a little sob of excitement and exultation in his weak voice—

"Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, look, I've done it. I always tauld them I would; and no one will ever dare to say again that it was my hand fired the shot that killed Squire Daly; for would it not have withered black before it could have touched a thread you wore!"

Ellen hesitated a moment, and then, throwing back the cloak so as to show her face, she stooped towards the crouching figure at her feet and held out her hand.

"There," she said, "it is not enough to touch my clothes; but I don't think you will dare clasp that, if yours has his blood upon it."

"It has not, God hear me!" said the man. "But any way, I'm a sinner, and not fit to touch your hand, Miss Eileen. I'll tell ye the whole of it now as I would to a priest. The lot fell on two of us for the job we had to do that night, but it was a boy from another part of the country that fired the shot that killed him. We were behind the wall that skirts the road at that end of Lac-na-Weel pass, you know of; and when we heard horses' hoofs we got ready. The moon was under a cloud just then—bad luck for ever to it for the same. Dark as it was, I saw, and dropped my gun; but the other boy, who did not know either of the gentlemen by sight, was too quick for me. He got away to his own people, who have no grudge agin him for the mistake, but I can't get away. The neighbours protected me and hid me at first, as they were bound to do, but now they all turn agin me and hate me, for they think that night's work brought the curse, or keeps it on us; and indeed, why would not it be so? It would not be much to starve meself, but it's them that belangs to me—the mother, and the wife, and the childer—that cry out for help, for bit nor sup, not a drop of cauld water, will any hand give us but your own."

"Why did you come here to-night instead of Molly? It is much less safe, and I had rather see her."

"It's a turn of the faver that's on her, and my wife is that wake wid nursing the baby and starving, that she could not have crawled the length of the way in a month, or I would not have come. I'll not come again—we can die, all of us, since you don't belave me, and the sight of me hurts yer eyes."

"I do believe what you have told me, Dennis; but I can't forget that if another person had ridden along the road that night you would have been a murderer; and I am afraid you have not repented of your intended crime—that you hate your enemy in your heart still; that is why I drew my hand back, why I cannot offer to touch you again."

A dark, wild look convulsed the man's face, upturned and white in the moonlight.

"Miss Eileen, I do hate him. I would not have been as I am now if he had let me alone."

"You can't tell that, Dennis. Does not being hated by your neighbours unjustly yourself make you feel how unjust it is to hate Mr. Thornley as you do?"

"Why would it, then?"

A puzzled, helpless expression came into the eyes that were raised towards her face, and with the pity it brought, a sudden recollection flashed into Ellen's mind. He was right: it was not experience of hatred but of love that was needed to extinguish hate.

"Dennis, I have forgotten something," she said. "I have a message to give you. When my father lay dying, he told me to tell you, if I ever saw you again, that he forgave you his death. He must have recognised you when you lifted him up and carried him into your cabin. But he avoided mentioning your name, and only made me understand."

The man, who had never let go his hold on Ellen's dress, now relaxed his grasp, and sank down to the ground in a heap, hiding his face in the earth and moaning.

"He thought I did it, then; he thought I did it. He died wid that in his mind. I that he'd been generous and good to all his life, and that would have died for him."

"But he forgave you—he sent you a message; and, Dennis, though it tears my heart still to talk of that night, I will tell you something more. He said he was glad you had killed him instead of Mr. Thornley—that the other murder would have been the greater crime; and now, knowing that, don't you think you owe it to him, and to us who have been robbed of him, to put all evil intentions out of your heart against the man whose life he was glad to purchase with his own? It would be killing my father

twice over to touch him now. You must promise me, Dennis."

Ellen stooped as she finished speaking, and held out both hands to lift the prostrate man from the ground.

"Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen," he groaned out, resuming his kneeling posture at her feet, "I'll not decave you any more than I would a priest. I had it in my heart to be revenged wid the last grain of strength that was in me. I meant to have gone to-morrow to the valley by the Holy Well and turned Lac Fecheen[1] against him in the name of the devil, and then I'd have had him in my power, and it would not have been many days afther that before I'd have waylaid him somewhere, and he would not have escaped me that time. I meant to have done for him before I died; but now I'll die like a dog, laving him that's wronged me to prosper—to plase you."

"Like a Christian, Dennis, to obey God."

"Eh, I will, or I'll bring your father's double curse down on me from heaven, you think."

"People don't curse up in heaven, Dennis, but you would cut yourself off from him for ever, and from our Lord, who died forgiving. There, give me your hand, and we will kneel down and say the Lord's prayer together, and I'll take that as your solemn promise that you'll never undertake anything to any one's hurt again."

They knelt down on the grass side by side, and Ellen slowly repeated a Pater Noster, pausing every now and then, and looking steadily at her companion's face, to make sure that his lips formed the words after hers. She did not feel any fear or any sense of the strangeness of the situation; she was wholly absorbed in the consciousness of being engaged in a momentous struggle, spirit with spirit, which involved the saving of a fellow-creature's life, perhaps, by God's help, the rescue of a soul from the dominion of evil. She was too deeply in earnest to have a thought to spare for personal fear. It was only when the effort was over, and, having risen from her knees and dismissed Dennis with the basket of provisions she had brought for his family she stood watching his figure receding across the bog, that she was aware of the extreme exhaustion such a contest leaves. Her limbs were trembling so that she could scarcely support herself, and the distance that stretched between the spot where she stood and the house seemed interminable. It did not lessen her agitation, that, when she had dragged herself beyond the shelter of the turf-stacks, she perceived the dark outline of Mr. Thornley's figure upright and motionless on the knoll between her and the house. She had to stand still to control the beating of her heart, and to keep herself from fainting, and then she perceived that he was moving forward, coming to meet her; and the anxiety that seized her to increase the distance between him and Dennis as much as possible gave her strength to quicken her steps. He had determined to meet her in quite a commonplace way, and leave it to her to explain the occasion of her late walk if she pleased.

"I took you and your lantern for a Will-o'-the-wisp, Miss Daly," he began, "and as I have always been ambitious of making the acquaintance of that historical personage, I followed you. Not beyond that knoll, though. When my Jack-o'-lantern resolved itself into a lady with a lantern I stopped."

She longed to ask him if he had recognized any one but herself, but the words she tried to form died away in gasps on her lips. Shocked at the state of agitation he found her in, he drew her hand within his arm without another word, and walked on for some distance, supporting her as much as she would let him, and carefully avoiding so much as a glance at her face.

When they were entering the house he spoke again: "Miss Daly, if I had any authority over you I would not let you do such things as this—no, not if the alternative was half the people in the neighbourhood starving."

"How shocking," she said, in a voice that trembled still. "But you are not thinking of what you are saying. You don't know what I have seen and heard to-night."

[1] The stone of fate.

"You ought not to be exposed to such sights and sounds. I am more glad than I can say that you are leaving this place for a time; if it had not been so settled, I should have been obliged to tell your brother about this."

"I would never have forgiven you if you had."

"That would have been very hard to bear, but it would not have been so bad as your hurting yourself. You must not think that you are the only person in the world that can make sacrifices, or that no one is ever to make them for you."

They had entered the house now by the back door. The place was silent, but not quite dark; there was a rush candle burning in a niche by the door, and the glow of the embers made twilight still in the low-raftered kitchen. John Thornley led Ellen in there and drew a chair forwards towards the fire, into which she was glad to let herself sink. The shuddering horror and faintness, which she had been struggling against ever since Dennis left her, came upon her again in full force, now that the goal she had fixed her mind on attaining was reached. She could only cover her face with her hands and give way to the trembling that shook every limb. "Don't mind," she managed to whisper softly between the spasms of shuddering, "don't call anyone, don't let mamma be frightened, I shall be better soon. It was just seeing——" And again the dark wild face rose up before her, and overpowered her with horror; the wasted, feverish hand which to her thoughts would look blood-stained, clutched hers, and again she seemed to be battling with the power of an evil purpose, and imploring heavenly aid to exorcise it. Gradually the paroxysm of nervous terror passed away, and a sense of peace and victory came, restoring her to full self-possession. She uncovered her face and leaned back quietly in her chair to rest before she rose to go to her room.

John Thornley had had the tact to leave her alone to recover, and had employed himself in putting fresh sods on the fire and coaxing them to a blaze.

"Can I get you anything now?" he asked, coming nearer when she looked up.

"I don't want anything, thank you. I am quite well now, and will wish you good night and go back to mamma's room. She likes me to keep about as long as Pelham is up, and to see that all is safe before I go to bed; but she will expect me now it is getting late."

"Your mother is exaggeratedly anxious about Pelham's safety; but how is it that she lets you run such risks? I can't understand your being allowed to expose yourself to danger without anybody's interfering to prevent it."

"But there is no danger for me, itis you that don't understand the difference between one person and another here. I run no risk. It was not fear that made me so silly just now, it was only the pain of something I had to do."

"You must never do such a thing again."

"I don't suppose I shall ever need to do it; but oh, you don't know how thankful I am that I did go out to-night."

She had only been thinking hitherto of the evil deed that had been averted; now, as she looked up into John Thornley's face, a more definite image came. It was this man's life that had been, as it were, given to her that night. She had saved him from a treacherous enemy who had planned his murder. And he stood there looking at her with an expression of devotion in his eyes almost as if he understood that he owed his life to her. Something in his face, at that moment, recalled to her mind an expression she had once noticed in Bride Thornley's eyes while she was looking at her brother, and the remembrance of the sister's affection for her brother raised her own thankfulness to vivid joy. It was well, it was well indeed, to have saved the life of a person who was so much loved—it must be worth saving. From this time the brother and sister would have a new interest for her; she should never look at either of them again without a renewal of this moment's joy and thankfulness.

John saw the glow of feeling dawn

and brighten in her face, restoring colour and life to it. Her eyes, full of happy light, met his without a shade of embarrassment or self-consciousness in them as she wished him good night. He did not at all understand what the look, so simple and so fervent, meant, but it thrilled him to the bottom of his heart with happiness. If he never got another such look, he thought, he could live on the recollection of this to the end of his life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"How will it look to them, do you suppose, Bride?"

The Thornleys were momentarily expecting their guests, the late owners of the house, for the first time their visitors in it; and during the last half hour John had severely tried Bride's patience by fidgeting about the library and drawing-room, spying out and quarrelling with all the little added touches of ornament which Lesbia, to the yet greater trial of her patience, had spent the entire morning in devising and carrying into effect.

She looked up a little sharply from her work, when John addressed her.

"My dear John, how can I tell? If your and Lesbia's principal anxiety about the house is that it should look homelike to the Dalys, you should have thought of that before the new furniture was brought in. It is quite impossible, I assure you, now, whatever you do or undo, to bring back the old look.

"If my experience is any rule for them, and I think it is," said Anne O'Flaherty, who was seated on the other side of Bride's work-table, in the recess of the newly thrown-out bay window, "the completeness of the change will be a great relief. They are just now dreading a stirring up of old memories, but when they are once shut into the house, the surprise of its transformation will drive other thoughts away, and they will be spared pain. I doubt whether I could have borne to spend so many hours here, as I have done this winter, or whether you would have found my head so clear for business, as you are pleased to say it is, if I had not found the sight of your grandeur and luxury very hostile to dreams of old times."

"Luxury you do call it, then?" cried John; "and that is just the impression I rebel against creating. To say nothing of the absurdity of sober caterpillars like ourselves turning into gaudy butterflies, there is the bad taste of our doing it in such a time as this. It will look very heartless to some people."

"There is nothing absurd in caterpillars turning into butterflies that I ever heard of," remarked Bride, dryly; "and as to the house, you agreed with me that Lesbia should have her own way about furnishing it. What has happened to alter your opinion since?"

"One does not set up to be infallible, I suppose," said John, turning away; and Bride's eyes, that had been raised to his with a keen question in them, fell back on her work.

In a minute or two Anne O'Flaherty came round to Bride's side of the work-table, and put an arm across her shoulder, while she leaned over her and discussed the measurements of the poor-garments they were making together; and Bride looked up at her, gratefully willing that she should perceive, and sympathise with, the discomfort which so small an approach to altercation between herself and John caused her.

This was one of the results of that winter's troubles, the springing up of a warm friendship between these two women, who had neither of them been much thrown in the way of feminine companionship before, and who had sufficient unlikeness in their characters to have begun their acquaintance with considerable mutual repulsion. Hard work for other people, and the daily witnessing of suffering they were equally anxious to alleviate, had been the bond that had drawn them near enough to look through the outworks of unlikeness, and discern the wide meeting-ground of agreement behind.

Anne, the more sympathetic and deep-sighted of the two, had found a yet closer tie between herself and her new

friend. She had made a mistake when she said that she had passed much of her time at Castle Daly that winter without being tempted to recur in her thoughts to old times. There had been a good deal of retrospect in her moods, but it had not been the old places that had called it back; it was the subtler interest of living over again through sympathy some of the mental conflicts she had carried on in the same spot years before. The circumstances had been different, but the training through which Bride Thornley was passing was the same—the training of having to sit still and see the person she loved best in the world, to whom her sympathy and companionship had hitherto seemed all-sufficient, drawn away from her towards a more absorbing love, leaving her to stand alone in the old place. There had been a time of such withdrawal of old-accustomed affection in Anne's life; she knew the signs of the sufferings it caused and their dangers. She knew that women to whom Providence appoints a solitary lot, have to come, when early ties are broken up, to a turning point in life, when the prospect of being henceforth first to no one—second, or perhaps nothing at all, to those they have loved best—has to be faced, and that the manner in which this crisis is met, determines generally whether they are to sink or rise for ever in the scale of being—sink to a level of narrower interests, of pettier loves and cares, and hates, than belong to ordinary womanhood, or rise to an outlook of far-reaching sympathies and capacity for unthanked service that endows them with a foretaste of the selfless joys of the angels. Having passed through such a valley of humiliation herself, and come out at the right end, Anne was glad to be at hand to give such little aid as an understanding onlooker knows how to offer silently to a fellow-traveller on her way.

Bride Thornley had no idea that the struggles of her soul were in any way open to her friend; they had never exchanged a word that seemed to bear on the subject, but she had a sense of being comprehended and helped that was comfortable.

The mere touch of Anne's hand soothed her irritability just now, and helped her, when John came back to their side of the room, to resume the conversation without that note of sharpness in her voice that had driven him away.

"I believe we have done nothing but make mistakes all through," he began again. "It is all incongruous. My eyes are open to-day, and I see the hideousness of our doings. I wish we could conjure everything back to look as it did four months ago."

"Oh, John, and don't I wish I could conjure everything *not to look*, but to be, with ourselves as it was four years ago?"

"I don't say that."

"I do; I quite agree with my namesake, Bridget Elia, in thinking that being well off is a very uninteresting state of things, and in longing for the good old times again when we were poor and enjoyed ourselves. Have you ever read Elia's delicious essay on old china, Anne? Yes?—then I can make you envy us. John and I were as poor once as Elia and Bridget in their good old times. Like them, we two used to lengthen out the times of old hats, and coats, and bonnets (don't I hold some of them dear in my memory,)! that we might buy books and prints with the money that ought to have gone in new ones. That lovely old Morghen print of the Madonna à la Seggiola cost John the wearing a napless hat and me the going without gloves a whole year. The evening we hung it up in its shabby frame over our chimney-piece in our dark London lodging, we read that essay together over our tea, and we walked about (or at least I did) on mental stilts for days after, hardly knowing whether we were not Charles Lamb and his sister instead of ourselves, or, at all events, feeling as if they were hailing us as congenial spirits from somewhere. Now we have come down to wearing superfine broadcloth and fresh silks, and moving about among furniture that have no-

thing whatever to do with each other, and scarcely more with ourselves, since the furniture came by waggon-loads from Dublin shops that we don't even know by sight."

"That's just what I am complaining of," struck in John. "It's an upholsterer's house—not ours. We have turned the place into a mere warehouse."

"Not quite that," said Anne, looking down the long room lined with bookshelves to the vista of conservatory beyond; "but I am of opinion myself that it takes at least a hundred years and the influence of a generation or two to make a big place into a family house. One or two people can turn a small house or a few rooms into a congruous shell for themselves in a few years; but if you want to fill a large space you must take time to grow into it."

"After all," said Bride, with a sigh, "it does not greatly concern us. We are only here for a time, taking care of Lesbia's house till the right guardian comes. In a few years we shall hang up our Madonna again over some chimney-piece somewhere, and set about secreting a suitable shell for ourselves. John will never be allowed to wear shabby coats and hats again; he is too well-known a person now, and his work is too well paid. But if he marries, and I find myself a supernumerary in the establishment, I shall let myself gradually sink or rise into congenial shabbiness again. No one will mind."

She looked at her brother as she finished, anxious to read by the expression of his face what he thought of the picture she had drawn. She was quite sure, by the far-away look in his eyes, that a vision of the new home was before him, but if there was any expression on his face it was one of annoyance.

"Of course it will come to something of the kind in a year or two," he said. "But you need not trouble yourself with so many suppositions, Bride. When you and I settle to our life work in some London home, there is no likelihood whatever of your not being first in it." He had asked himself and answered, that not for any consideration in the world, if he had the power, which he never should have, would he bring Ellen Daly to pine in such a cage.

"Where is Lesbia?" he asked. "I hope she means to be in the way when our guests arrive."

"No fear but she will, she feels the dear importance of acting hostess far too deeply to miss any of its duties. I wish it had not happened to occur to her that the best way of doing honour to her guests is to receive them with great state. I can say nothing to dissuade her from her elaborate preparations, for Mrs. and Miss Daly are much more her friends than mine, and she professes to know their taste."

"She may be right about Mrs. Daly," said Anne. "She is used to a good deal of formality."

"But," hesitated John, "there are other members of the family very unlike her, to whom the old ways of the house seemed to belong."

"If you are thinking of Ellen, I believe you may trust to her seeing nothing for the first hour beyond my face. It was certainly a very good thought, your starting off this morning to fetch me. I wonder how you came to have it."

"Ah! there," cried John, "there are the carriage-wheels, and the commotion that announces an arrival at Castle Daly is beginning. Now, Bride."

"No, no, John, you forget; you and I are to keep in the background; it is Miss Maynard's house, and there she is, coming down stairs to receive her visitors. Let her enjoy herself. She has been three-quarters of an hour dressing for the situation. But how is this? I left her arraying herself in her newest Paris costume, and she appears in one of the old despised Whitecliffe dresses. What is the child thinking of."

"If Connor Daly were coming, a caprice like that would make me anxious," whispered John to Bride, as they stood in the library doorway and watched Lesbia's progress down the hall; "but as it is only Pelham, who takes no more notice of Babette than if she were a

doll, we must put it down to sheer love of change."

"Why not to more refinement of feeling than we gave her credit for?" returned Bride. "She is quite pale with excitement, poor child. The Dalys were kind to her in her Cinderella state, remember. I am glad she felt at the last moment that she could only welcome them in her old Whitecliffe attire."

After all the anxiety of the three hosts to do the honours of their house gracefully, the most prominent part in the welcoming fell to Anne O'Flaherty's share. Mrs. Daly put up her heavy crape veil when she saw Anne waiting in the hall, and hurried towards her, her poor pale face so working with emotion, that when they met she could only throw herself into Anne's arms and sob on her shoulder. It was just there that Anne had stood to receive her when she had entered the house a bride with her husband twenty-five years before. She had been jealous of her influence then, anxious to put an end to her intimacy in the house, for fear it should interfere with her own rights; but now, how wretched the old barriers and heartburnings looked when they two stood the only companions left who could enrich each other with recollections of what *he* had said and done in the old days. All misconceptions fell before that thought, and they felt that, whatever had gone before, it is people of the same generations who in great sorrows and losses can best comfort each other.

Ellen stood by, full of joy at the unexpected warmth of her mother's manner to Anne, and content to wait her turn till Mrs. Daly had turned to Lesbia with apologies for her emotion. Then she seized Anne's hands.

"How much better than I had hoped—how good of you to come here."

"I did not come—I was brought," Anne said; and on this hint Ellen all at once remembered her real hostess, and turned to Bride blushing and eager to make up for her own and her mother's remissness.

"We are so grateful to you for having such a kind thought."

"Not to me—for I hadn't it," said Bride, bluntly; it went against the grain to give the explanation, but honesty obliged. "It was my brother, who went to Good People's Hollow this morning without saying a word to anybody, and brought her away almost by force."

Ellen did not feel disposed to offer a third time the thanks that had been twice rejected, but she looked up at John as she passed him to go up stairs with the light of the pleasant surprise still glowing on her face.

"It was very clever of you, do you know?" she said confidentially. "I begin to think that in emergencies you are the person who knows the right thing to do."

Begin to think! The sentence sounded audacious to Bride, but it was quite enough to make John feel foolishly happy all the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Daly did not come down stairs again, and escaped the pang of seeing little Lesbia occupy her old place at the head of the dinner-table, and Ellen was so engrossed in hearing news of the Hollow from Anne, that she hardly noticed where any one sat. It was quite otherwise with Pelham. The prospect of returning to Castle Daly as a visitor had not troubled him beforehand. He had been to the house several times since his father's death, and the changes in it were quite familiar to him. Yet it was he who was the real sufferer on that first evening of the old possessors sitting as guests in the family rooms. He was the person to whom the trial brought all, and more than all the bitterness that might have been anticipated from it. It was he who, in every morsel of food that passed his lips, ate the bitter bread of exile and humiliation. He had not cared for the old home as the others had cared for it; there had been times when he had despised it, and after his long absences in England hated to come back to it; yet, even then, there had lurked at the bottom of his heart a certain pride and joy in the feeling that it was his; that it belonged to

him as unalterably as the sun to the sky. Visions of his early days came back to him that evening, with the hazy glory hanging round them that belongs to half-remembered childish scenes — of the days when he used regularly to be mounted on his father's shoulder, after breakfast, to make his morning rounds with him to the stables and dog-kennels, and when a babyish whim of his always found a dozen dependents eager to carry it out: of the times when he rode through the villages on the estate on his pony by his father's side, and the people pressed out of the cabins to look at him, and call down blessings on his head. He had felt like a prince then; it had been nothing to him then that his subjects were in rags, and the grandeur and state had all been slip-shod. It was the worst part of his pain now that the discovery and the consequent contempt had come later, for it made him feel as if his present sense of loss and longing was a punishment—a wierd sort of revenge which one part of himself was taking on the other. If he had always been loyal to his own, he fancied he could have let it go with more inward dignity. At least, he should not have felt the present appearance of the house, realizing as it did his discontented dreams in past times of what it ought to be, such a bitter mockery as he felt it now—a Tantalus vision put so close to him, that it seemed as if the least movement of his hand would grasp it, and yet utterly beyond his reach. For a few moments in the course of the evening Pelham tried to turn the pain out of his mind by giving himself up to a day dream. He was not much addicted to day-dreaming, but just now the vision seemed made to his hand, and instead of inventing anything he had only to forget. He was sitting a little apart from the rest of the party, in a window-recess of the well-lighted, tastefully-furnished drawing-room. Bride Thornley was playing soft music on the grand-piano at the far end of the room. Anne O'Flaherty and Ellen occupied a sofa by the fire; and Lesbia Maynard, in her old pink muslin dress, of Whitecliffe memories, sat meekly on a stool at their feet. It might have been last year, or rather one of his visions of last year, realized by an enchanter's wand. This was home; his father's house, to which he was heir; not as it ever had been, but as he used to see it sometimes in his thoughts, while he dreamed of the day when he would ask a certain little penniless girl to share it with him. It was his taste and care that, for her sake, had brought together all the comforts and elegances he saw round him. She was on a visit to his father and mother, and to-morrow he was going to speak to her and tell her of his love. She would lift up her dark eyes surprised and grateful; a low hesitating voice would answer sweetly. She would think only of him; but he should look round proudly, glad to have so much to offer—such a worthy casket to enshrine his pearl. That was such a natural reading of the picture his eyes rested on; to make it real, so little undoing, so little forgetting was needed, that in spite of all the pain the reaction would be sure to bring, Pelham let his thoughts stand still before it, to contemplate it a little while.

"Mr. Daly"—the voice of which he had been dreaming, just as soft and meek as he had been fancying it, woke him from his reverie. Lesbia had left her footstool, and tripped across the room to the window recess—"Mr. Daly, I want you to come into the conservatory to look at some new plants I have just had sent from Dublin, and advise me about placing them."

The dream fell shattered into a thousand pieces, and Pelham got up to follow her with an inward groan, feeling as if every nerve of his body had been bruised and wounded in the concussion of the fall

Lesbia paused once or twice in her progress across the drawing-room, to draw his attention to objects they were passing. "That picture over the sofa was my present to John and Bride at Christmas. It is a Landseer. They fell in love with it when it was exhibited in London years ago, and when I read in the *Art Journal* that it was again to to be sold, I secured it for them. Was

not I lucky? That mosaic table, with the doves, and the marble statuette of Psyche, belonged to my great uncle, and came to me from Florence after his death. You must come a little this way to see the Psyche to advantage. Some people think it very beautiful—John does."

Young Mr. O'Roone, when Lesbia had introduced him to the Psyche a few days before, had found something flattering to insinuate about the disadvantage that marble Psyches were under when animated ones stood near. Lesbia could not help wondering whether any thought of the kind would by chance occur to Pelham Daly, and she stole a glance from under her eyelashes to see if there were any trace of it in his face. He was not looking at the Psyche with any favour, but neither was he looking at her. Lesbia was not quick enough to read the sensitive pained pride his carefully-composed features expressed, but she felt chilled and mortified, just as she had often felt at Whitecliffe in the early days of her acquaintance with the Dalys, when Connor and Ellen made much of her in their impulsive wild way, and the standing aloof of the dignified elder brother gave her the impression that she was to blame somehow, and had committed herself to something silly. She felt just as she had often felt then, that she could not bear to come to the end of the evening without having gained some little token of homage from the quarter whence it was hardest to win, to restore her self-complacency. They had to pass through a vestibule, connecting the drawing-room with the conservatory, that had lately been decorated and furnished with orange-trees in tubs.

"Look there," said Lesbia, standing still before one of these, and pointing upward to a moth-eaten stuffed elk's head surrounded with a decoration of rusty spears and old double swords that occupied one side of the wall. "Those curious old things were left behind in the hall when the old furniture was taken away, as not worth moving. I had them taken down carefully, and put up here after this wall was painted, because I thought your mother, all of you perhaps, valued them—and it is nice to keep something that was here before. How do you think the old elk's horns and the armour look among my orange trees?"

"Very much out of place and very shabby, I think they look," said Pelham. "You had much better turn them out after their original owners; if the poor things could speak they would remonstrate on the cruelty of being put up in their old places to act as foils to new importations. I pity them myself."

"I thought you would like it," Lesbia said, timidly. "We are only tenants here, you know, and your people have lived in this castle for hundreds of years. When you come back here to live——"

"I never shall. I know now that it is impossible. The misfortunes of this year are too overwhelming to leave us any hope of making head against them. We must go down. Let every scrap and shred of a memory of us be put away; it is the best thing that can happen. I stay in this neighbourhood at present for my mother's sake and for Ellen's, but I hate it. If I could, I would go away to the furthest part of the earth and struggle to forget all here as hard—as hard as a swimmer struggles who is fighting for his life."

The words were spoken low, but Lesbia looked up frightened at the vehemence with which they came out, and at the sort of angry light in the eyes that were fixed on the mouldy relics far above her head.

"Would you really wish to forget everything quite?" she said. There was the appealing, injured baby-look in her eyes that used to come in Whitecliffe days, when Wattie tore her dress or Bobby pinched her, the sight of which had made Pelham tingle with indignation and desire to interfere in her behalf often and often. He caught the look as he was turning to walk away, but it did not stop him—it was only another sting added to the multifarious pains of the evening. He had wakened from his dream with a start of fear at something most repugnant to his pride,

which such dreaming might bring him near, and the only thing to be done was to shake himself roughly free from every trammel of illusion. The bell rang for evening prayers just then, and Bride, as she came forward towards the upper end of the room from the piano, happened to observe Lesbia's entrance from the conservatory, and was surprised and a good deal amused at the dignified height to which she had drawn her small head, and the air of general proprietorship of the whole house with which she seated herself by John's side at the reading table while the servants filed in. Lesbia was unusually talkative when, after prayers, she and her guests stood in a group together discussing plans for the next day, and surprised Bride again by the sharp tone in which she contradicted some assertion of Pelham Daly's, and her pertness to John when he came to the snubbed young man's rescue, and tried to prove to her that she was in the wrong. Bride thought she had cured Lesbia of Missish airs caught from Aunt Joseph; and was dismayed at a relapse on this first occasion of her being thrown with old acquaintances again.

But her chief surprise came later in the evening, when on going, as was her custom, to take a last look at her sister asleep in bed in the room next her own, she discovered that the round rosy cheek she stooped to kiss was wet with tears, so were the soft dark curls that strayed on the pillow. Greatly disturbed, Bride put down the candle and knelt by the bed. The child crying herself to sleep in her own beautiful prosperous home —what could it mean? She lingered a moment, hoping that the heavy wet lashes would be lifted up, and that her sister finding her near would confide to her the trouble, whatever it was, that weighed on her mind. She had reason to suspect that the sleep was only pretended; but the appearance of unconsciousness was persevered in, the eyelids remained tightly closed, and she had to get up and go away unsatisfied. At all events, little Lesbia's troubles could not lie very deep, Bride said to herself; and she hoped it might be other people's sorrows, not her own, that had called forth the tears. She herself had knelt long that night thinking of their guests, and praying that the widow and orphan son and daughter who had come back to a home desolate for them might be comforted. She had had to struggle hard with her heart as she prayed, lest a grudging reservation should creep in respecting a compensation which she believed to be awaiting Ellen, and which in her thoughts so far surpassed her loss that it was difficult not to envy instead of pitying her. She had tried to pray: "Let all the treasure of the thoughts and tender love of the heart in which I have reposed so long be made over to her, to comfort and enrich her life for ever; and let me learn how to be poor in earthly love;" and she had succeeded at last in winning the glow of disinterested love, and the peace that comes to those who arrive at hating their lives and finding them again. The sight of little Lesbia's tears seemed a rebuke to her for her struggles. They no doubt had welled forth freely; without any self-regarding reflections or far-seeing grudges; from pure pity and tenderness, showing how near the child's heart is to God. Before she fell asleep Bride took herself severely to task for having ever looked down on little Lesbia. It did not occur to her to suspect that any other struggle with chilled affection, except of the kind she knew, could be going on near her. Her experience of sorrow had all been in one direction, and she was not fanciful. If it had been Connor with his winning ways, and openly-shown preference for Lesbia, who had come to the house that day, she might have been suspicious; but to suppose that her little sister could cherish a secret regard for one who seemed to avoid rather than seek her, would have been an outrage to her sensitive proud maidenliness.

To be continued.

SCHOLARS AND FRIARS:

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ECCLESIASTICAL STRIFE.

About a year ago the University of Paris acquired an ephemeral importance in the eyes of politicians. The still waters of its history were harassed by greedy theorists, whose drag-nets were at work night and day in the search for facts of some educational importance, wherewithal to garnish parliamentary repasts and regale political adherents. During this hour of turmoil, the dilettante historian packed up his rod and line, and sighed to think that his quiet haunts were mobbed by a crew of grasping statisticians, whose noisy labours were incompatible with his meditation and tranquil sport. They are gone, however; the tumult has subsided, and the waters have settled down into their wonted somnolence, so that he may return to ply his rod, secure at least of obtaining some dainty prize, rejected as worthless by these utilitarian fishermen. Fact, perhaps, has been exhausted, but fancy and romance remain, and these latter only it is our province to discover.

It may seem absurd to look for romance in the clumsy Latin of Duboullay, or the antiquated French of his translator Crevier, in whose dry analysis history is so mummified, that it would seem to crumble at a touch; and, indeed, neither of these authors rises above the level of pedantic archæologists, wanting the *naïveté* of the early chroniclers, and equally innocent of the philosophic insight of modern historians. Nevertheless, they tell a plain story plainly, and leave its illustration and enlivenment to others. It is the object of this essay to extract from their works the subject-matter of a real historical romance, and present it to the reader in a more modern dress. Not for its general historical importance, nor yet for its importance in the history of education, has this subject been chosen, but simply because it presents an attractive study of human passions drawn out and characterized with dramatic exactness, the whole action dividing itself into acts and scenes while centering continually round a few principal figures. We see exhibited in this drama ambition developing in slow stages of worldliness and hypocrisy out of the most intense and heartfelt humility; grasping at power, at first cautiously, then with an utter disregard for appearances—as it were, first lifting, then flinging away the cloak;—jealousy and mutual distrust brought into collision within the narrow limits of the university; oppression on the part of the friars, supported by the Church, which ought to have been neutral; stubborn resistance on the part of the scholars; passionate appeals to unjust judges, and stout demands for liberty. There is a climax and an anti-climax:—oppression gains the day, but spends its strength upon the effort, and justice follows with limping steps to overtake the guilty and pull down the mighty from his seat.

Before the curtain rises, however, let us compare the position of the students and the friars[1] at Paris previous to their struggle for supremacy. Paris, that is, intellectual Paris (the university is not mentioned till about 1208), had grown up in the tenth and eleveth centuries, gradually swelling its numbers, and extending its influence, until in the twelfth it was the intellectual heart of Europe, which gathered in the

[1] I have called the two parties students (or scholars) and friars. Of course the friars were students also, but as regular ecclesiastics they kept aloof from the secular students who really formed the university, and are always called 'the students' or 'the scholars' of Paris.

warm blood of science and learning, to send it rushing forth again through all the arteries and veins, rousing the distant and torpid members of Christendom with its quick and continuous pulsations. In the thirteenth century the university life became fixed and formal, the students grouped themselves according to the nature of their studies, degrees were given and officers elected, the whole forming an intellectual guild, self-governing, and self-organizing. This could not take place without exciting the jealousy of watchful neighbours; the Provost of Paris discovered within his jurisdiction this *imperium in imperio*, the Chancellor of Notre Dame felt a like loss of authority, and these two combined to harass, and almost succeeded in destroying the new university. But justice was on the side of the students, and after a sharp contention, resulting in what is known as the Great Secession of 1228-31, the university was finally re-established on a still firmer basis, its jurisdiction secured, and its relations to the provost and chancellor established by law. So things continued in peace and harmony, till the sudden rise of the mendicants caused a new danger to the university from within, as formidable as that which she had already combated from without.

In the history of the Latin Church previous to the Reformation, there is no period so intensely interesting as that which saw the rise of the mendicant orders. It seemed as if carnal Rome had renewed her spiritual life, and struck out a new path, which might lead to eternal dominion over the minds of men. Religion had become the neglected privilege of an aristocracy. Innocent III. was himself the great aristocrat, and his clergy, if they preached at all, addressed themselves only to hearers of gentle blood. All above this level were faithful to Rome, but there seems much reason to believe that all, or nearly all, below it were rapidly sinking into heresy. The Dominicans and Franciscans appeared on the scene just in time to arrest the progress of decay. They came declaredly to preach the gospel to the poor, not arrayed in scarlet and fine linen, like the Papal envoys, but humbled in dust and ashes. So striking was the contrast, so sudden the awakening of humanity to a sense of amazement at the state of things revealed in the Church, that the mendicants rose as if by magic to the highest place in the estimation of mankind. The history of the university shows the effect of this sudden advancement upon men prepared for the scorn rather than the admiration of the world. When the mendicants first came to Paris (about 1220 A.D.) it was in the guise of humble applicants for favour; they did not ask to be allowed to compete for honours or offices, they merely begged for the crumbs of learning that fell from the scholars' tables. To such men the university gladly opened her arms; both orders were received, and houses were bestowed upon them by pious benefactors. They applied themselves to study with all the ardour of men who had renounced the world—but even in study the snares of the world beset them. Mediæval universities were eminently calculated to vitiate the character of clever students, and beget in them a love of display. The schools of disputation encouraged wit and learning, but their effect upon the mind was essentially dangerous to the heart. Within the circle of the university, moreover, there were distinctions coveted by scholars, the doctor's degree, the proctorship and the office of rector, all objects of contention to violent and hostile factions, and it would have been strange indeed if the mendicants had kept their hearts pure in this dangerous atmosphere, with all the *irritamenta* of ambition at work around them.

We cannot be astonished therefore to hear that in ten short years after the arrival of these humble friars at Paris, ambition and pride were found lurking beneath the black cloaks of the preachers and the grey hoods of the minorites. They aspired to professorial chairs, though it was only by violence to their oaths that they could accept the ordinary degrees. Nor were they content

with aspiring to equality: they wished to uproot secular instruction altogether, to monopolize the honours of learning, and alone dominate the schools. In 1244 the Dominicans had obtained a bull from Innocent IV. ordering the university to admit them to a share of its academic honours. But there was still an obstacle in the path; they could not, in accordance with their vows, apply for degrees—how were they to obtain them otherwise? For five long years the representatives of the friar-preachers besieged the pontifical throne with a petition that degrees might be lawfully *forced* upon deserving members of their order. Innocent was deaf to these appeals, and his sudden decease was attributed by the superstitious to the malignancy of the Dominicans, so that 'Save us from the prayers of the preachers,' became a by-word with their enemies. The university was jealous of her rights, and with good reason. The Dominicans had seized their opportunity during the secession, and in collusion with the Papal legate had established a chair of theology. To this act they had without difficulty obtained the consent of the Chancellor and Chapter of Notre Dame. The university on its return to Paris, after the short exile of the secession, was still embroiled with the Church, and was not in a position to notice this flagrant usurpation. Not long after the Dominicans established a second chair of theology, and upon these two chairs they placed Albert the Great and Hugh of St. Cher, whose talents and world-wide celebrity attracted crowds of students, and augmented the glory while adding to the numbers of the preaching fraternity. The Franciscans were not slow in imitating this example. Alexander Hales, the great English theologian, was already a doctor of some standing when he suddenly embraced the profession of St. Francis. With the oath of humility fresh upon his lips he opened his class-rooms as before, and none dared oppose this act on the part of so famous a teacher. Thus the Franciscans also acquired a chair of theology.

The secular members of the university were in dismay. Of the twelve chairs in theology, three had always belonged to the canons of Notre Dame, one to each of the regular brotherhoods affiliated to the university, the Val des Ecoliers, the Cistercians, the Præmonstratensians, and the Trinitarians. Of the remaining seven chairs three were now appropriated by the mendicants alone, and only two remained for secular students. A complaint was heard that theology was in danger of being totally neglected by the seculars, owing to the absence of those rewards of learning which stimulate application and encourage talent.

The doctors of theology assembled to discuss this serious matter, and very wisely decided that thenceforth no body of regulars belonging to the university should have more than one professor's chair. It was easier to judge, however, than to execute judgment. The Dominicans refused to yield up their second chair. This happened in 1252. In 1253 a circumstance occurred which embittered the contest and hastened a catastrophe. Some students had been seized and imprisoned by the royal archers for engaging in a street fray. A 'cessation of lectures' was secretly proposed as the surest means of vindicating the privileges of the university. The design was acceptable to all save only the two Dominican doctors and the Franciscan, who not only put their veto on the measure, but even revealed the intentions of the university to the outer world. Now though secresy of debate was not enjoined by law, it was an established custom, and those who violated it were considered enemies to the intellectual republic. The university was in great wrath, and in order to censure as strongly as possible such a breach of etiquette, a decree was proposed and carried, declaring that for the future no one should be made master of arts, until he had sworn to accept the solemn conclusions of the assembled body as determined by the votes of a majority, and to keep their deliberations a profound secret. To this new law the

Dominicans assented, but with the irritating proviso, 'so long as the conclusions contain nothing unlawful for a friar-preacher to comply with.' The university lost patience. It cut off the Dominicans from all connection with its own body, and deprived their two professors of the theological chairs. Such was the declaration of war.

Soon after this, the imprisoned students (in whose behalf the 'cessation' had been declared) having been restored to liberty, the university reopened her class-rooms and returned to her labours. But the Dominicans meanwhile had slandered her at court and to the Pope. Alfonso of Poictiers, who was Regent during the absence of St. Louis on his first crusade, was persuaded to refrain from interfering, while Innocent IV. was so far wrought upon, as to command the temporary restoration of the Dominicans as members of the university, pending the trial of their cause by arbitration. A war of chicanery and abuse, in which the subtle friars seem to have far excelled their opponents, occupied the interval between these appeals and the papal judgment. Innocent appointed arbiters, but the wily Dominicans wearied him with unfounded objections against all whom they thought adverse to their cause, until he had given them a judge after their own hearts in Luke, canon of Notre Dame. Luke was no sooner assured of his powers by letters from Rome, than without so much as giving due warning to the university, he declared the masters of arts of that body suspended from their functions, and published this insulting notice in every parish church of the capital. The university treated his measures with silent contempt. It had already lodged an appeal against him at Rome, suspecting his partiality towards the friars, and was now anxiously awaiting the result. There followed a short period of expectation, during which the two parties insulted each other with malignant ingenuity, and even resorted to occasional acts of violence. Each sought to gain friends: the mendicants continued to enlist in their cause the sympathies of the court, while the university sent circular letters to all the bishops of France, imploring the aid of some as old members of its body, of all as natural enemies to the upstart and ambitious mendicants.

At this critical moment an event occurred which weighed down the balance in favour of the mendicants. Innocent IV., once their closest ally, but of late inclined to check them in the career of worldly ambition upon which they were so clearly entering, died suddenly and left his place to be filled by Alexander IV. (1254). The new Pope did not hesitate to disclose his partiality for the friars: his first act was the repeal of a decree by which Innocent had subjected them to episcopal control: every other measure of this pontiff was similarly in their favour: he became their tool, almost their slave.

But if the friars thus found a leader capable of wielding even the thunders of the Vatican, the scholars also found a puissant champion to maintain their cause and encourage them in a bold stand against Papal oppression. This champion was the celebrated William of St. Amour, native of the village of that name in Franche-Comté, and Doctor of Theology, one of the few secular doctors. He was the author of a work entitled, 'The Perils of the Last Times,' speciously professing to be a denunciation of the new heresies rife in Europe, but really a covert though unmistakable satire upon the mendicant fraternities. His accusations breathed all the bitter spirit of personal hostility, and could not but reach their true aim in the consciences of the friars themselves. Not content with thus attacking them, he ventured to ridicule and condemn the first principle of their order—the profession of mendicancy itself. It is hardly necessary to say that this attack was fraught with personal danger to the writer, as any condemnation of mendicancy was a reflection upon the Popes who had favoured it, and more especially upon Alexander, who showed

such open partiality to the two orders. Crevier charges St. Amour with falsity in veiling his sentiments by giving his accusations a pretended aim while none could fail to see their real bearing. The very thinness and transparency of the veil is his excuse. We can only wonder at the daring of a man who should thus, even indirectly, wage war upon the spoilt children of the Papacy. St. Amour certainly combined the fox with the lion, but no deceit at least can be charged on a man who could so boldly maintain his doctrines in the face of his enemies, and we cannot forget that this 'falsity' of St. Amour was necessary to save both him and his partizans from certain destruction.

The friars seized the opportunity of their favour in the eyes of Alexander to demand the condemnation of St. Amour's book. But the university could retaliate in kind. Unfortunately for the friars a work had appeared accredited to one of their own order, which was thrust upon the Pope for condemnation at the same time as 'The Perils.' Dean Milman has so thoroughly explained the circumstances which produced and disseminated the 'Eternal Gospel' of Abbot Joacchin and the 'Introduction' to that work, and has so fully discussed their authorship, that it is hardly necessary here to dwell upon the subject. Suffice it to say, that though the Franciscans alone were intimately associated with this book and its doctrines, the Dominicans also were not free from some taint of Joacchinism, and their enemies took prompt advantage of the circumstance. Throughout the contest between the university and the mendicants, these two works, 'The Perils of the Last Times' and the 'Introduction to the Eternal Gospel' are continually reappearing.

With the year 1255 appeared a celebrated bull of Alexander IV., by means of which he hoped to place the heel of the mendicants upon the head of the university. It is known as the bull *Quasi Lignum.* The decree cutting off the Dominicans from the university was annulled, and the chancellor was authorized to grant licences (that is, licences to teach, or degrees) to all whom he should consider worthy of the honour without distinction of seculars and regulars. Nor was this all: not only were the Dominicans to receive degrees without hindrance, but they were even to create as many chairs of theology as they should think fit. The 'cessations' of the university, moreover, were only to be declared when the measure had received the assent of a majority of three-fourths in each faculty. The power of vetoing cessations was thus handed over to the mendicants, who would always be able to muster at least a strong minority, if not a majority, in the faculty of theology, and thus hamper every act of the university. Lastly, the papal commissioners were authorized to pronounce excommunication upon every member of the university who should refuse to accept the decision of the Pope.

In order to elude this heavy blow the scholars had recourse to a clever artifice. Pretending that they had by common consent severed the ties which bound them in a community, they met the papal commissioners with smiling faces, and informed them that the university had ceased to exist; it was no longer possible to admit the Dominicans, for the body corporate was defunct. We can imagine the vexation of the commissioners whose bulls of excommunication, being made out against students of the university, were now merely waste paper. The spiritual thunders shook the air in vain: there were no longer any members of the university to suffer excommunication.

Of course such a farce, though it served the purpose in baffling the commissioners, was naturally played out very soon; the scholars wished to exclude the friars, but they were not prepared to retire from the scene and leave the work of reconstructing the university to their enemies. Accordingly, while many of the masters left Paris as a on secession (it happened to be vacation time, and the act might serve to frighten lovers of the university with that idea, while it was really the natural thing to do), those

who remained, acting individually and entirely on their own responsibility, wrote a long letter to the Pope complaining of his unjust partiality to the mendicants. They did not write as members of the university, but very plainly stated the impossibility of their remaining to study in Paris unprotected by those privileges of which the bull *Quasi Lignum* had robbed them. 'Our cessations alone,' they said, 'assure the redress of injustice, and if this decree be carried out, even these are no longer available. The faculty of theology, composed almost entirely of the canons of Notre Dame and of the regular fraternities, has no feeling for the wrongs of artists [members of the faculty of arts] who are for the most part solitary exiles in a strange country. They thwart all our plans, and if this law be observed will be able to veto every one of our measures. Thus are we led like sheep to the slaughter.' The writers then hint at a secession, but evidently for the sake of effect only; they knew better than to leave another gap for the mendicants to creep in by; they even kept their class-rooms open, acting however entirely as individuals. The Dominicans meanwhile also kept their class-rooms open, and even celebrated the promotion of their members to the degree of doctor with some pomp; the ceremonial, be it observed, was conducted under the supervision of a band of royal archers, lest the jealous scholars should interfere.

It is at this crisis that William of St. Amour comes into prominence as the champion of the scholars. He had returned from Rome, where he had presented to Alexander the complaints of the university, and was now in Paris, exposed to all the malignant fury of the mendicants. They first brought him before the tribunal of his diocesan for some petty charge which was easily refuted. Then followed a more odious attempt. He was charged before the Bishop of Paris with having read in several assemblies of friends and pupils a libel defamatory of the Pope. William appeared to answer the bishop's summons, but his false accuser did not venture to confront him. The bishop, a friend of the mendicants, hesitated about pronouncing his acquittal; but William cleared himself on oath, supported by no less than 4,000 students, his compurgators, and was at last solemnly absolved from the charge.

These ill-concerted and fruitless attempts by the friars to defame their opponents could only serve to discredit their own cause. The fortunes of either party kept shifting continually; but it was not the fault of Alexander if every blow sustained by the Dominicans was not lightened in its effect, every misfortune to the scholars aggravated. When the 'Introduction to the Eternal Gospel' was condemned, the Bishop of Paris, who had been appointed to publish its condemnation, was exhorted to spare the feelings of the Dominicans even by a negligent discharge of his duty; when 'The Perils' were condemned, their condemnation was to be trumpeted from the altar of every parish church. The Pope himself continued to aim fierce blows at the recalcitrant students. He enjoined the chancellor to deny the 'licence' to all who had refused to accept the bull *Quasi Lignum*. Three new bulls insisted even upon excommunication, suspension, and deprivation of benefices for all who refused to accept the decree admitting the mendicants to the university, and among them William of St. Amour is specially mentioned. The pretence of the scholars, that they no longer formed a university, was too shallow to be retained, nor was it again revived.

But all these bulls came to nothing, a new power having appeared to stem the torrent of papal indignation. Louis IX., who had returned from his first disastrous crusade, took the affair into his own hands, and determined to decide the question at home, without further reference to the Vatican. Louis loved learning, and could not but look with favour upon the university; but he loved religion more than learning, and in his eyes the mendicant fraternities represented religion better than any

other body in the Church. With him piety was a consuming passion, which blinded his bodily eyes and perverted his reason; so that, convinced from the experience of early years of the excellence of the mendicants, he could neither see nor realise their falsity and worldliness. But the corrective to this unreasoning piety in the mind of Louis was his love of justice. He seems to have dreaded interfering personally in a question which so deeply interested his ruling passion and appealed to his unreasoning instincts. Instead therefore of acting as arbiter himself, he summoned a council of the Gallic Church to appoint arbiters, whose decision upon the question should be final. With this the question takes a national turn: the opposition of reason to dogma is involved in a truly national opposition to foreign dictation even on spiritual questions.

Observe how deftly St. Amour turns to his profit this new sentiment; the fox and the lion uniting in his subtle though courageous policy. Warned that an attack would be made upon him by the friars in a church where he was expected to preach, he went there armed to the teeth, not with carnal but with spiritual weapons, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, the Holy Scriptures themselves. From the pulpit he read a long list of the errors imputed to him, and denied each separately, taking his audience to witness the truth of his assertions. He then confirmed the statements made in his polemical work, by scriptural proofs. "He had no bishop's mitre, or crozier, or ring," he said, "to be authority and warrant for his doctrine, and for that reason he had brought with him the Holy Scriptures themselves, in order to prove from them the truth of all he had averred concerning 'The Perils of the Last Times.'" Thus did he defy his adversaries, and they made no attempt to answer the challenge. He felt no doubt that French sentiment was on his side, and he did not hesitate, though with great danger to himself, thus to assume the leadership of all who were prepared to resist papal dictation.

Meanwhile the arbiters appointed by the council, the Archbishops of Bourges, Sens, Rheims, and Rouen, declared the following award:—The Dominicans were to keep their two chairs, but on no account to create another; they were thenceforth to be a distinct and separate body, unconnected with the university. The university, on her part, was to make no law injurious or insulting to the Dominican scholars. But such an accommodation failed to please either party; it was as if two hostile armies had been left in possession of a country and told not to fight. Moreover, this award as the act of a national council, in direct opposition to the bull *Quasi Lignum*, was insulting to the Pope's authority, and whichever side was discontented would not fail to question its validity. Nor was the Pope slow to express his indignation. Three bulls came forth in quick succession to traverse judgment. One warned the university that she was already under excommunication, while attempting to soothe her by attributing her crime (in accepting this decision), wholly to the influence of evil-minded men—such as St. Amour. The Pope was jealous of Louis' council, and felt that it would not be safe to threaten very harshly at such a critical moment, when the university might once for all revolt from his authority and place itself under the Gallican Church. Another bull was addressed to the bishops of France, chiding them for their ill-feeling towards the mendicants. The third urged Louis to interfere personally on behalf of the friars.

These bulls had all been sent out during the session of the council, but before the actual award of the arbiters was made known at Rome. A new bull (dated June 10th, 1255) severely reprehended the four archbishops for their judgment, reproved the Dominicans for acceding to it, and commanded them, nothing loth, to disavow the act. Moreover, it distinctly declared four principal members of the university to have lost their privileges; these were William of St. Amour, Otho of Douay,

Nicholas of Bar, and Christian of Beauvais. 'If these men,' says the bull, 'persist in their wickedness, they must be driven out of the kingdom.' Crevier notes the peculiar turn of expression by which the Pope bids King Louis see to the execution of this sentence; he is to do it 'for the remission of his sins.' St. Louis was too wise, however, to become the mere tool of Rome; rather than admit that the Pope possessed any temporal sovereignty in France (which would be implied in an act of banishment carried out at the Pope's command), he was content to rest neutral, even where his beloved mendicants were concerned. But if he would not execute the Pope's orders in banishing St. Amour and the others from France, in order to show his interest in the cause, he sent St. Amour's book to Alexander that it might receive a full and final condemnation at Rome. No sooner were the scholars acquainted with this fact than they hastened to send a copy of the Eternal Gospel to Rome for a similar purpose; they even appointed to the office of carrying it the four proscribed Doctors (St. Amour, Otho, Nicholas, and Christian), in company with their ex-rector and a theologian of some note, as if to show how completely the university, its officials and dignitaries, were associated in the cause of St. Amour. The choice of colleagues for their champion, however, proved unfortunate, as the sequel will show.

St. Amour and his colleagues arrived at Rome too late to defend 'The Perils;' the Dominicans had outstript them, and done the business out of hand. Hugh of St. Cher, one of the order, and the cardinal most in favour with Alexander, had acted as judge, jury, and witness all in one, and pronounced a solemn verdict of guilty. 'The Perils' were already burnt, and their ashes scattered to the four winds.

And now the representatives of the university were in Rome, face to face with their arch-enemy; the result of a long, stubborn, and so far by no means unsuccessful struggle, depending upon their firmness and sagacity; liberty of thought, the honour of Paris and of the Gallican Church, their own fame, and the future prosperity of those whom they represented, all depending upon them and the support they should give to their undaunted, unwavering leader, St. Amour. Yet, as if the only object of their mission had been to exalt still more the fame of their heroic colleague, at this critical moment St. Amour's three comrades deserted him. Otho, Christian, and Nicholas, terrified apparently at the thought of their own rashness, and quailing in the awful presence of the Pope, shamefully deserted their champion and recanted. In the presence of St. Cher and another cardinal, they took an oath to observe every article of the *Quasi Lignum*, especially that concerning the re-admission of the Dominicans; they condemned 'The Perils,' retracted its doctrine concerning mendicancy, and declared themselves innocent of having ever agreed with its author in stigmatizing the friars as false preachers and Antichrists.

Abandoned by his friends, assailed on all sides by malicious accusers, and alone as it were in the enemies' camp, St. Amour nevertheless stood firm. Not only did he refuse to retract, he even dared openly to defend the statements which had entailed so much danger on his person and to his cause. He never lost his head for a moment. Threatened, bullied, and cross-questioned by domineering adversaries, he retorted upon them their own accusations, and while explaining the sentiments of his book as referring only to heretics, he suggested that if the mendicants charged him with reviling them, it was because they knew themselves to be guilty and felt the justice of the accusation. His enemies could not entrap him into a single compromising admission. They were fairly baffled, and the Pope could only warn the university anew against any attempt to slander or vilify the mendicants. St. Amour escaped, unhurt and uncondemned.

Possessed with the dauntless spirit of their champion, the university refused

to listen to any terms from the Pope. Bull followed bull, but all in vain. The last of these (dated 1257), is addressed to St. Louis, and after totally annulling the award of the arbiters, urges the king to employ his temporal power in behalf of the mendicants, of whom it speaks in terms of unmeasured eulogy.

Meanwhile the three delegates of the university had returned to Paris, but St. Amour, who was ill, and perhaps unfit to renew the battle, was resting in his native Franche-Comté.[1] A Papal Bull had forbidden his entrance into France, and he was, perhaps, awaiting the decision of the French king as to its validity. Their champion thus removed, the Pope now thought to try milder measures with the refractory students. He assured them that St. Amour was banished, not as the representative of their cause, but as author of 'The Perils.' A similar policy of conciliation was adopted by the Dominicans; they prayed the Pope to raise the excommunication which still weighed upon the university, and Alexander promised consent to this request, on condition that the offenders should promise to obey the *Quasi Lignum* and burn their copies of 'The Perils.'

The university might well have repeated the well-known saying, 'Preserve us from the prayers of the preachers!' Her hour was come. The retirement of St. Amour seemed to have completely unnerved her. Two crushing blows followed in quick succession, and the opposition of the students was beaten down. First, they had to listen in passive humiliation and disgust to the public retractation of Otho, Nicholas, and Christian, which these apostates were compelled to renew in Paris with every circumstance of indignity. Then followed the unwelcome admission of Aquinas and Bonaventura, the one Dominican, the other Franciscan, to the degree of Doctors of Theology, a distinction which had been often claimed by them, and which the university, yielding to strong moral pressure, was compelled to accord. Their admission to degrees was the more galling, as it actually conferred an honour upon the university. It was the last drop of bitterness in the cup; the enemies of the university had not only obtained success, they even seemed to have deserved it. Aquinas and Bonaventura hardly needed university degrees, however, to improve their title to general respect. 'N'auroient ils mieux faits,' says Crevier, quoting from the Abbé Fleuri, 'de se contenter d'être doctes sans être si jaloux du title de Docteur.'

The *Quasi Lignum* was now pressed upon Paris with a heavy hand. The mendicants were triumphant; the schools were open to them, and their savants almost alone sustained the honour of Parisian learning. Albert the Great, Alexander Hales, Thomas of Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Bonaventura,—all these names, the most celebrated of the age in literary circles, were claimed by the orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic. Ambition had reached its goal, and might turn round complacently to survey the course it had accomplished. But no sooner had fortune's wheel raised the friars to the summit of prosperity, than its ceaseless motion began to carry them down again as surely, if not as rapidly, as it had lifted them up.

At first the secular students could only snarl and growl at the hated intruders; they dared not openly attack them, but harassed them with petty annoyances. If the mendicants appeared at an assembly, the seculars would begin to question received dogmas of the Church, and the friars, fearful of compromising themselves in the eyes of the Pope, would retire precipitately; or the recall of St. Amour would be suggested, and such ominous clamour arose when this subject was introduced, that the mendicants dared not stay to face the menaces of their furious fellow-students. Moreover, although the friars had been admitted to the university, they were only admitted to the faculty of theology, and even in

[1] Franche-Comté was at that time a part of the German Empire.

this faculty they seem to have been out-voted by the ordinary clergy, who detested them, and were quite ready to act with the students against them. As early as 1260 we find a decree, declaring that for the future in all assemblies and other ceremonies the Dominicans should take the last place; that is, rank below all the other components of the university body—a bitter tribute to their profession of humility. Perhaps in this case the Franciscans did not act with the Dominicans. We know that at the close of the thirteenth century the two orders were at open war as Thomists and Scotists, and they probably carried the sentiments of their philosophical debates into the assembly. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Moreover, the two potentates most favourable to the friars were removed at this critical time. Louis IX. died in 1270, and with him died away that extravagant admiration of the mendicant fraternities which his example had propagated. Alexander IV. had died in 1261, and his successors failed to show the same warmth in the cause.

So things went on, the balance inclining more and more in favour of the students, until it was precipitated by the breach with Rome in the beginning of the fourteenth century. Then Philip the Fair appealed to the university against Boniface. Popular feeling was in favour of the monarch, the secular students were all for his cause, and the friars failed to make their voices heard. A short, sharp struggle, between France and Rome ended in the utter prostration of the Papacy. The next Pope was Clement V., a Frenchman, and the slave of Philip. The Church was completely humbled, lay-supremacy had begun, the crusades and all such outbursts of religious enthusiasm were a thing of the past, and, for a time, France was given over to the rule of sophists, legists and economists. It is not astonishing, therefore, to find this opportunity chosen by the students for a final triumph over their ecclesiastical opponents. In 1318, a measure was passed by which the old decree was enforced, forbidding entrance to the governing body to all who had not previously sworn observance to the statutes and customs, and taken an oath not to reveal the subject of deliberations. After a futile resistance, the mendicants, no longer supported by Papal aid, yielded the point, and were thus reduced to the position which they had previously occupied.

Thus ended the memorable struggle. Never again did the mendicants rise from their prostrate condition. It is unnecessary to pursue their history further, ending, as it deserved, in even greater humiliation. We hear of their being driven through the streets by infuriated mobs, and pelted with stones and mud by the poor,—the poor, to whom their especial mission had been directed, and who now reviled them for neglect of the task. Had not ambition corrupted them, they might have revolutionized society, and been the precursors of a far gentler and more spiritual Reformation than that of the sixteenth century; but when the salt had lost its savour, how could it preserve the world?

Meanwhile, what had become of St. Amour? Many attempts were made to restore him to the university, but in vain. Alexander IV. was always his bitter enemy; Clement IV., more merciful, treated him to kind words, but held out no hope of ultimate pardon and reconciliation to the author of 'The Perils.' St. Amour died in 1272, in his native Franche-Comté. He was the idol of the university and of all Paris, and his epitaph is to be found in the well-known words of the Romaunt:—

> 'Estre banny de ce royaume
> A tort, com' fut maistre Guillaume
> De Sanct Amour, qu' hypocrisie
> Fit exiler par grand' envie.'

GEORGE L. B. WILDIG.

ON MR. SWINBURNE'S "BOTHWELL."[1]

THE stately line which closed *Chastelard*—

> "Place for my lord of Bothwell next the queen"—

pointed to the next episode in the great drama of Mary Stuart. The growing complication of incidents after Mary was fired with hatred towards Darnley and passion for Bothwell makes the effective treatment of the period between the murder of Rizzio and the flight of the Queen over the Border, much more difficult. The plot and counterplot of the rival factions, the play of diplomatic intrigue between France and England, the rapid kaleidoscopic shifting of the situation, the multitude of the actors, are elements which render the attainment of dramatic concentration of interest a fact that demands consummate grasp of poetic conception. There is almost a superfluity of figures of the first degree of prominence, when we think, besides Mary herself, of John Knox, of Murray, of Bothwell—all of them commanding personages. No doubt, the intense and superlative interest that attaches to the Queen, throws even massive figures like Knox and Bothwell into the second place, and thus helps the poet in the harmonious grouping and subordination of his characters. Mr. Swinburne's strength and sweep of imagination have carried him triumphantly over this fundamental obstacle, and the triumph is all the greater and more remarkable because he is as much scholar as poet. He has first set himself to master the reality of the situation as a historian would master it. Historic truth with Mr. Swinburne marks the limits of dramatic effect. A poet with less of the student's conscience in him might have been content to labour the two heroic figures of Knox and the Queen, and then to leave the nobles in mere sketchy outline. Mr. Swinburne has treated his subject in a more thorough and serious spirit. He has read his authorities as carefully as the dullest of us poor prose-writers could do; and he has read them to true purpose. The actual record of history at once bounds and informs every part of the dramatic conception. And this is in small things as in great; in details of time and place, no less than in the large presentation of the actors. The reader of Knox's *History of the Reformation*, if he remembers it well enough, may be surprised to find the very words of the old writer flowing into the verse of the new:—

> "Cowper Moor,
> Saint Johnston, and the Crags of Edinburgh,
> Are recent in my heart."

To this historic conscientiousness is no doubt due the tragedy's great length, to which so much objection has been made. We are quite of opinion that the objection, so far as it goes, is a good and well-grounded one. The first scene of the fifth act, where Morton and Maitland debate the manifold issues of policy which the Queen's captivity at Lochleven presses upon the nobles, is an illustration of the extreme to which, as it seems to us, Mr. Swinburne's carefulness has sometimes made him push historic elaboration. But though to point out the length of the tragedy is the first criticism, and one which any listless, or captious, or stupid reader may make, it is in the highest degree both indolent and ungenerous to let it be our last criticism as well as our first. No lover of serious work will acquiesce in leaving the matter there. So much of the profoundest artistic sincerity as Mr. Swinburne shows in *Bothwell* deserves and will find hearty recognition from all who have a care for the preservation

[1] Bothwell: A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto and Windus. 1874.

of force, exaltation, and reality in our imaginative literature.

It is a great thing that a writer should take himself and his art *au sérieux.* The very excesses to which this may lead a man are infinitely less mischievous than those which come of his suffering himself to be spoiled and pampered by his public, or on the other hand of his indulging in all the grotesque perversities that come into his head by way of defying his public. In the one case, we do at least secure the best results of the writer's strength, whether great or small; in the other two cases, strength is frittered away by all manner of alien thought and dividing purpose. Mr. Swinburne is devoted to his art for its own sake—for its beauty and music, the variety of its impression, the fine perfection of its forms. He has spared no toil in seeking devices for the enrichment of his work, and yet this scholarly and painstaking and very admirable habit never for an instant checks the full breath of his inspiration. Throughout this long drama we know not whether to admire more the sumptuousness and dexterity of the workmanship, or the amazing poetic vigour which surrounds the work with an unbroken atmosphere of the largest imaginative effects. Mr. Swinburne sometimes exults too much in his prodigious and hardly rivalled mastery over his instrument; and there are passages in *Bothwell* as elsewhere in his poetry, where his eager and impetuous rejoicing in the wings of his words carries him beyond just measure and proportion. Such passages in his lyrics will occur to even those readers who most warmly admire their rich and curiously varied music. This wonderful exuberance produces still less satisfactory effects in the dramatic than even in the lyrical form. When the poet is carried by the heat and rush of his versification into passages of thirty or forty lines long without the pause of a full stop, panting readers toil after him in vain. It seems to us to demand more than a reasonable closeness of attention, to thread one's way easily through the passage of which the following lines form only a part:—

> "And rather by our mean
> Would they procure her slaying than by their own
> Make swift the death which they desire for her,
> And from our hands with craft would draw it down
> By show of friendship to her and threat of arms
> That menace us with mockery and false fear
> Of her deliverance by their swords, whose light
> Being drawn and shining in our eyes should scare
> Our heart with doubt of what might fall if she
> Stood by their help rekingdomed, and impel
> Even in that fear our hands to spill her blood
> That lag too long behind their wish, who wait
> Till seeing her slain of us they may rise up
> Heirs of her cause and lineage, and reclaim
> By right of blood and justice and revenge,
> The crown that drops from Stuart to Hamilton
> With no more let or thwart than a child's life
> Whose length should be their pleasure."

Yet even in a passage like this, which seems to us viciously encumbered in its structure, any one who has ever tried to reproduce those effects in sustention of language in which the great prose-writers of the seventeenth century were such masters, will know how to appreciate and admire the infinite skill, as well as the strong nervous impetus, which carry the composer successfully through all these mazes and involutions. When we consider how strongly the tide in modern style, alike in prose and verse, sets in the other direction towards the short sentence, sometimes mutilated into a mere snap, we may the more readily forgive even the excess of sustention and the over-fulness of sonority in some of these pages. Literary style is one of the most unfailing keys to the secret of a generation's moral temper. Our short sentence is the symbol of a hasty and impatient time. To unfold in a single sentence not only the main proposition but all the qualifications that limit and define its scope, implied both such a full and completed grasp of the thought, and such firm and worthy patience in setting it forth, as could

only be supported by deep respect for truth, and deep sense of the writer's own responsibility in expounding it aright. And the old style, in the hands of the best masters, correct without being meagre, many-jointed without being clumsy, long and sustained without being intricate or confused, if it implied gravity and patience and mastery of thought in the writer, summoned the reader to raise himself to the same level of energy and interest. Those who know our literature best, and have thought most carefully about the relative worth of the qualities that underlie all good literature and spring from it, do well in commending the young writer to make a study of the greater authors of the seventeenth century. And we may now point to many a scene in *Bothwell*, this product of our own century, as an excellent study for any who would learn more of the immense strength and richness and capabilities of the noble English tongue, than can be gathered from the thin and slipshod stuff which passes for a style among too many of our moderns.

However men may judge *Bothwell* as a whole, everybody will count the discourse of Knox in the fourth act (pp. 105 - 117) a masterpiece of the highest poetic eloquence. It seems to us too long for its place, or any place, in a drama. A speech of some four hundred lines could not be borne in representation, and representation after all is the true test of all dramatic propriety. The longest speech in Shakspere does not, we fancy, exceed seventy-five or eighty lines; and Knox's harangue to the people is five times as long as that. It is really a dramatic poem in itself, and the reader will not do ill to study it as that; it bears such detachment. Apart, then, from its place in the tragedy, no more magnificent piece of versification has been composed in our time, and it will rank among the highest achievements of true poetic declamation in our literature. Only those who have seriously tried to handle language as the sculptor deals with marble, or the composer with musical sound, will fully seize the consummate power of such a passage as that where Knox describes the fate of Chastelard and of Rizzio.

"So they twain
Perished; and on men meaner far than these
When this queen looked, how fared they? folk that came
With wiles and songs and sins from over sea,
With harping hands and dancing feet, and made
Music and change of praises in her ear—
White rose out of the south, star out of France,
Light of men's eyes and love! yea, verily,
Red rose out of the pit, star out of hell,
Fire of men's eyes and burning! for the first
Was caught as in a chamber snare and fell
Smiling, and died with *Farewell, the most fair*
And the most cruel princess in the world—
With suchlike psalms go suchlike souls to God
Naked—and in his blood she washed her feet
Who sat and saw men spill it; and this reward
Had this man of his dancing. For the next,
On him ye know what hand was last year laid,
David, the close tongue of the Pope, the hand
That held the key of subtle and secret craft
As of his viol, and tuned all strings of state
With cunning finger; not the foot o' the king
Before God's ark when Michal mocked at him
Danced higher than this man's heart for confidence
To bring from Babylon that ark again
Which he that touches, he shall surely die,
But not the death of Uzzah; for thereon
God's glory rests not, but the shadow of death,
And dead men's bones within it: yet his trust
Was to lift up again and relume
The tabernacle of Moloch, and the star
Of Remphan, figures which our fathers made,
That such as he might go before, and play
On timbrels and on psalteries and on harps,
On cornets and on cymbals; and the Lord
Brake him; and she being wroth at God took thought
How they that saw might call his place of death
The breach of David, and her heart waxed hot
Till she should make a breach upon his foes
As God on him."

Here is music, flexibility, strength, elevation, sustention, and the finest fusion of history in poetic eloquence. It is a new demonstration of the resources of our language, when they are explored and mastered by a man of imaginative genius, who adds to genius the gifts and the industry of the true literary scholar. After the death of Théophile Gautier, a memorial volume

of verse was published, containing commemorative pieces by some of the friends of that most exquisite and gracious of poets, beginning with Victor Hugo, the acknowledged master of them all. Among the contributors was Mr. Swinburne, who sent not one but four sets of verses, each in a different tongue, and each marked by an admirable finish. To be a poet at all is much, but to be able to play the poet in English, in French, in Greek, and in Latin, shows a degree of literary accomplishment and implies an amount of patient study and labour which would be a distinction in the merest Dryasdust and pedant. Apart from all the other functions of the poet, this also belongs to him—to make style richer and stronger; and Mr. Swinburne's scholarly respect for his art and the language which is its medium, ought to give him much valuable power in this region. Hitherto his defect, to which we have already pointed, has been in the direction of uncontrolled exuberance. And a mischievous effect has followed in the appearance in one or two quarters of a rank, over-coloured, affected, and generally detestable kind of prose, which Mr. Swinburne himself has far too fine a taste not to condemn, but for which, nevertheless, he has been in some degree responsible. *Bothwell* ought to act in the other direction, and teach the greatness of such qualities as weight, firmness, gravity, in all diction whether prosaic or poetic. The sustained cadences of many of these splendid periods, vibrating as they do with the pulses of a sonorous energy, that is always a poetic energy, are full both of delight and instruction for the lover of noble expression. We feel the fervid glow as of Milton's grave and majestic muse in such lines as these:—

"Nay, for ye know it, nor have I need again
To bring it in your mind if God ere now
Have borne me witness; in that dreary day
When men's hearts failed them for pure grief and fear
To see the tyranny that was, and rule
Of this queen's mother, where was no light left
But of the fires wherein His servants died,
I bade those lords that clave in heart to God
And were perplexed with trembling and with tears
Lift up their hearts, and fear not; and they heard,
What some hear no more, the word I spake
Who have been with them, as their own souls know,
In their most extreme danger; Cowper Moor,
Saint Johnston, and the Crags of Edinburgh,
Are recent in my heart; yea, let these know
That dark and dolorous night wherein all they
With shame and fear were driven forth of this town
Is yet within my mind; and God forbid
That ever I forget it. What, I say,
Was then my exhortation, and what word
Of all God ever promised by my mouth
Is fallen in vain, they live to testify
Of whom not one that then was doomed to death
Is perished in that danger; and their foes,
How many of these hath God before their eyes
Plague-stricken with destruction! lo the thanks
They render Him, now to betray His cause
Put in their hands to stablish; even that God's
That kept them all the darkness through to see
Light, and the way that some now see no more,
But are gone after light of the fen's fire
And walk askant in slippery ways; but ye
Know if God's hand have ever when I spake
Writ liar upon me, or with adverse proof
Turned my free speech to shame; for in my lips
He put a word, and knowledge in my heart
When I was fast bound of His enemies' hands
An oarsman on their galleys, and beheld
From off the sea whereon I sat in chains
The walls wherein I knew that I there bound
Should one day witness of Him; and this pledge
Hath God redeemed not?"

We know not if it has been given to any previous poet to unite this facility in blank verse with Mr. Swinburne's lyric power—such power, for instance, as shows in the French song that Mary sings under the casement of Darnley lying on his bed of doom (p. 215). Mr. Swinburne seems to have the skill of the Elizabethans, and of that master of the epic measure who came after them, in moulding the dramatic line to

all soft as well as severest effects. For instance, compare with the austerity of the passage we have just quoted, this from the lips of the captive Queen at Lochleven :—

"Ay, we were fools, we Maries twain, and thought
To be into the summer back again
And see the broom glow in the golden world,
The gentle broom on hill. For all men's talk
And all things come and gone yet, yet I find
I am not tired of that I see not here,
The sun, and the large air, and the sweet earth,
And the hours that hum like fire-flies on the hills
As they burn out and die, and the broad heaven,
And the small clouds that swim and swoon i' the sun,
And the small flowers."

The serious action of the tragedy is constantly relieved by picturesque glimpses such as this (p. 123) :—

"The moon
Is seasonable and full: see where it burns
Between the bare boughs and the broken tombs
Like a white flower whose leaves were fire: the night
Is deep and sharp wherein it hangs, and heaven
Gives not the wind a cloud to carry, nor
Fails one faint star of all that fill their count
To lend our flight its comfort."

Or in Bothwell's account of his ride through the sullen muttering multitudes in the streets of Edinburgh (p. 277) :—

"And those within the gates
Hurtled together with blind cries and thrusts,
But at my sight fell silent as a sea
Settling, that growls yet with the sunken wind."

And there is exquisite music in this line (p. 496) :—

"The wind is loud beneath the mounting moon,
And the stars merry ;"

Or here (p. 197) :—

"His shrunk eyes were stark with fright
That like a live thing shuddered in his hair."

These fine glimpses of poetic phrase seize even a languid reader, who may find the elaboration of many of the speeches excessive, just as Marlowe's violence, for instance, is forgiven for the sake of some strong or lovely line, or superbly coloured piece of imagery, such as—

"The ebon gates of ever-burning hell,"

from *Faustus ;* or this :

"O thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

or this from the *Jew of Malta* :—

"Like the sad presaging raven that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And *in the shadow of the silent night*
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings."

And who does not willingly resist the tediousness of many a page in *Paradise Regained,* in the chance of coming upon such a line as that which paints the Oriental in the streets of old Rome ?—

"Dusk faces in white silken turbans clad."

Some of Mr. Swinburne's imagery is not unworthy to be compared with that of these great masters 'of the mighty line.' It is full of force and strong colour, and it is not jarred by any of those falsenesses or incongruities which mar the imagery of poets of a less certain hand. And when he chooses, Mr. Swinburne can show the gift of condensation. Thus Hay of Talla marvels how Mary can endure to lie in the chamber under Darnley's the night before he is to be slain (p. 217) :—

"She has the stouter heart.
I have trod as deep in the red wash o' the wars
As who walks reddest, yet I could not sleep
I doubt, with next night's dead man overhead."

One may wish that such terseness as that of this last line had been more common in the play. True pomp of diction, of which Mr. Swinburne is emphatically a master, and which we prize all the more because it is so rare in our hurried days, is not inconsistent with firm-handed condensation, and it is matter of regret that Mr. Swinburne's eager and strenuous flight has so often carried him away from this truth.

One of the most striking passages in the tragedy, alike for the vividness of its imagining and the strong sustention of picturesque description is Darnley's strange and terrible dream (pp. 222—5). It abounds in the most striking effects of weird colour and a ghostly realism. To quote a portion would be to spoil it; its singular power lying in the imaginative vehemence which carries the poet through so complex and difficult a legend, with an unfaltering congruity that fascinates the reader with wonder and horror, as it might have fascinated Nelson, who heard the dream from Darnley's lips. One or two strong and energetic lines in it are too marked by alliteration :—

"Through their breach
Swarmed in the dense surf of the dolorous sea."

"For all these cried upon me that mine ears
Rang and my brain was like as beaten brass
Vibrating."

"Then mine ill spirit of sleep
Shifted and showed me as a garden walled,
Wherein I stood naked, a shipwrecked man,
Stunned yet and staggered from the sea, and soiled
With all the weed and scurf of the gross wave
Whose breach had cast me on that shore."

It is only pedantry and folly, or else mere ignorance of the practice of our greatest poets, that makes critics pretend to exclude alliteration from the list of permitted artifices; but it is obviously possible to multiply alliterative effects beyond the limits of a pure taste, and in some instances, if not even in the above extracts, we venture, with all deference for Mr. Swinburne's surpassing feeling for right and wrong in the *technique* of his art to think that he has used this artifice too unsparingly, *e.g.* :—

"Where lives are as leaves wavering in a wind," (p. 248.)

"That was not fooled of fortune nor of fire," (p. 248.)

"To peer and pasture, track and tread upon," (p. 63.)

The greatest poets have, no doubt, left lines as disagreeably and as meaninglessly alliterative as these, but they must surely be pronounced blemishes.

Let us turn from the literary to the dramatic quality of the tragedy. We make no apology for having taken the literary quality first, for in truth style is the expression of the spirit of literature, and the way in which it is followed by the author and accepted by his readers marks the moral qualities of an epoch. And the literary interest of such a performance as *Bothwell* is to a scholar hardly less than its dramatic interest. Yet its dramatic interest is of a lofty and genuine kind. It seems to us to be unequal. The first half, ending with the striking scene of the meeting of Bothwell and the Queen by Darnley's bier (Act iii. Sc. 2) has a vividness, a rapidity of movement, a variety, a fire of action which are less stirring in the second half, although this portion includes the two fine battle pieces of Carberry Hill and Langside. In fact, the absence of the figure of Darnley from the second portion in some way accounts for this. Mr. Swinburne has dealt with this luckless person with consummate dramatic skill. It was essential to make Darnley a fool, and yet if he were made a mere fool, the tragedy would lose height and dignity of interest. He must be a fool with such singularity of foolish quality that we may understand how Mary hates as well as despises him, and may feel something that shall not be indifference, when the poor wretch comes to so deadly an ending. Mr. Swinburne has undoubtedly succeeded to a very surprising degree in this difficult achievement, and has made of Darnley so curious and original a personage that, as we have said, his disappearance from the movement of the drama marks a sensible loss in the variety of its energy. The very manner of his bodily presence is made very real to us :—

"Pale
As one half drunken, stammering as in wrath,
With insolent forehead and irresolute eyes,
Between false fear and shameful hardihood,
With frontless face that lied against itself,
And trembling lips that were not yet abashed
For all their trembling," (p. 136.)

Or in this other line of terrible force (p. 163) :—

"With his lewd eyes and sodden sidelong face."

His hurry, shrillness, vanity, cowardice, silly ambition, instability, wantonness, all shift and change and come each after other with a vivacity and a reality which make of this poor figure a something genuinely dramatic, a creation clothed with the liveliest interest, and that an interest thoroughly proper for tragedy. The weakness of Darnley, made so specific and individual as it is by the skill of the poet, stands in a relief that is not without a certain subtle element of horror, to the fiery resolution of the Queen, the grave, long-headed cunning of Bothwell, and the unscrupulous statecraft of the nobles. It is this sight of the inevitable doom of the sorry witling with such merciless hunters as these on his track, which renders his personality sufficiently tragic, and makes the reader follow the many windings of the game with the interest that belongs to every game where man is stalked by the destiny of character, his own and others'. The first and second Acts bring all this out with most excellent adroitness. The scenes between Mary and Darnley in the first Act (*e.g.* Sc. iii. p. 53), where the Queen mocks and gibes at her futile lord, are full of the keenest zest and relish. At the end of this act Rizzio is murdered, and Mary vows that she will lay up against her heart the worthier wisdom than of words which his assassins have taught her. In the second Act a different note is heard in Mary's words with the miserable Darnley. Her dexterous humility assumed to urge him into breaking with those who had been his stronger fellows in the plot against Rizzio (pp. 94—199), tells us before he has left her presence of the vengeance soon to smite him. The deadly, unrelenting, deep-eyed dissimulation of the Court of Catherine of Medici shows in the air, when Mary, after making sure of Darnley, summons Morton and Ruthven, and assures them of her forgiveness. There is a fine example of dramatic εἰρωνεία in this speech (p. 114). Indeed the scene as a whole is one of true dramatic power—Mary's humble professions of pardon and good faith, the sage caution and misgiving of the lords, and the eager futilities of Darnley. Other scenes follow with a similar play, deepened in interest by the rise of Mary's passion for Bothwell, in whom she finds all those qualities of strong and resolute manhood that are wanting in Darnley :—

"Here is man indeed,
Not fool or boy! . . .
How fairer is this warrior-face, and eyes
With the iron light of battle in them left
As the after fire of sunset left in heaven
When the sun sinks, than any fool's face made
Of smiles and courtly colour," (p. 151.)

Of this, perhaps, before we reach the first parting between the two after the rout of Carberry (Act iv. Sc. iii.) we have something too much; but in the earlier scenes it is natural enough and fitting, and the intensity of Mary's feeling for Bothwell sheds a kind of hot glow, both over the poor babbling days of Darnley, and over the plot for destroying him. The end of the second Act, from Scene xvii., where Darnley comes to Kirk of Field, is worked out with a skill and power, alike literary and dramatic, for which hardly such regal praise as Mr. Swinburne is generously wont to lavish on his poetic brethren or masters could be deemed too high. Some of the finest dramatic qualities are to be found within these forty pages (202—240). First, there is the quick and vivid dialogue between Darnley as he lies sick in his chamber, and Robert Stuart, who comes to warn him of the mischief that is afoot. While they talk, the Queen sings in the garden beneath—a song that has a sting in it for Darnley's heart, for it is the song which Rizzio sang when the assassins burst in upon him. Then there is a second most ingenious dialogue in which Mary extracts from Darnley's weakness and braggart vanity what it is that Robert Stuart has told him to move him so. And the scene closes with a French lyric of supreme grace and beauty. Follows a scene of Bothwell

and his allies, and a fine soliloquy (p. 219)—indeed, the one piece, if we must confess all, in which Bothwell rises to the pitch of poetic nobility we crave in so heroic a figure, even if it be a figure stained by crime and violent deeds. While Bothwell sees to the laying of the train, Robert Stuart comes to reproach Darnley for betraying his warning to the Queen, and we hear once more, and for the last time, Darnley's strange fence of craven fear and stuttering braggadocio. The catastrophe hurries on. The Queen comes to bid Darnley good-night, and while they talk the noise is heard of the men who strew the gunpowder in the chamber underneath. Mary lingers for a moment gazing over Edinburgh :—

"The town looks like a smoke whose flame is out,
Deformed by night, defaced and featureless,
Dull as the dead fume of a fallen fire.
There starts out of the cloud a climbing star,
And there is caught and slain.
Darnley. Why gaze you so?
Queen. I looked to see if there should rise again
Out of its timeless grave the mounting light
That so was overtaken."

Then she reminds him, "'Twas just this time last year David was slain," and quits his room, leaving him in distracted wonder and affright. He takes his book of Psalms and reads the Psalms for the day (February 9, 1567); they can give him but sorry comfort :—

"This is a bitter writing where he saith
How in his prayer he mourns, and hath his heart
Disquieted within him ; and again,
The fear of death is fallen upon him, see,
And fearfulness and trembling, as is writ,
Are come upon him, and an horrible dread
Hath him o'erwhelmed: O that I had, saith he,
Wings like a dove! then would I flee away
And be at rest: would get me then far off
And bide within the wilderness, it saith,
I would make haste to escape. Lo, here am I,
That bide as in a wilderness indeed
And have not wings to bear me forth of fear.
Nor is it an open enemy, he saith,
Hath done me this dishonour : (what hath put
This deadly scripture in mine eye to-night?)
For then I could have borne it; but it was
Even thou, mine own familiar friend, with whom
I took sweet counsel ; in the house of God
We walked as friends. Ay, in God's house it was
That we joined hands, even she, my wife and I,
Who took but now sweet counsel mouth to mouth
And kissed as friends together. Wouldst thou think,
She set this ring at parting on my hand
And to my lips her lips? And then she spake
Words of that last year's slaughter. O God, God,
I know not if it be not of Thy will
My heart begins to pass into her heart,
Mine eye to read within her eye, and find
Therein a deadlier scripture."

And so, with a few more powerfully wrought lines, the curtain falls on Darnley's piteous horror, and we know the end. If Mr. Swinburne had lived two hundred years ago, this would be universally placed among the most effective passages in the English drama. No doubt, history had made an intensely impressive situation ready to his hand; but these situations which are so strong in themselves are precisely the most difficult to handle, because art demands that new strength shall be added to the reality.

We have no space to follow the poet through the three remaining Acts, though they well deserve analysis. They are, as it seems to us, too prolonged, and the dialogue too much elaborated. But they contain their full share of striking and animated work. For instance, the scene, to which we have already referred, of Bothwell and Mary by the bier of Darnley (pp. 249—253); the scene where Mary first feels the iron of her new lord set its cold edge on her own will (pp. 324—332); Bothwell's terrible night vision of the dread fate that awaits both him and Mary in the long years (pp. 346—348); the energetic dialogue and description at Carberry Hill (p. 357 and following); Knox's harangue to the people of Edinburgh, of which we have already spoken; the scene between Mary and the Lords at Lochleven, containing the strong consonantal line, "No, let

some Flodden sword dip in my blood" (p. 481).

We are inclined to agree with Lord Houghton that towards the closing scenes Mr. Swinburne makes Mary rather too vehement and over fierce. She pours forth her torrent of fiery menace with some excess of repetition. As a whole, however, Mr. Swinburne's conception of the heroine of his drama is marked both by great power and great subtlety. Her shifting moods are described with a certain eagerness of relish; her mockeries are made so dainty, her anger so keen and poignant, her passion so hot, her bravery so open, her sense of all delights of nature and of music so exquisite. Of Darnley and of Knox we have already spoken, and we may only add of Knox that some of those who have studied the old prophet's character, while admitting to the full the worthiness of Mr. Swinburne's conception of it, think that he should have done some justice to Knox's sense of humour.

Of Bothwell we have said that he somewhat lacks poetic nobility. Perhaps, however, the dramatic necessities of the situation, no less than regard for historic correctness, made this inevitable. It is a cardinal element in Mary's singular nature, that what attracts her in Bothwell is his brute vigour, his rough mastery, his untempered manhood. To have added a single tint of sentimental or meditative quality to this grim and intractable figure, would have had the effect of making Mary's passion for him, if not exactly less intelligible, at any rate less consistent with her almost animal craving for a lover with iron force and the fire of battle in his veins. If Bothwell, then, repels us by his something of ruffianism, that is only the better reason why he should have fascinated Mary Stuart.

And so for the present we leave "The most fair and the most cruel princess in the world." Mary Beaton's words of second sight, which close the play in a melodious foreboding line—"But I shall never leave you till you die"—seem to announce a completion of what will be a truly striking trilogy, in the final tragedy of Fotheringay.

The impression made by *Bothwell* as a whole, we must leave to readers to describe for themselves. The idle question whether it will satisfy posterity or not, we leave to posterity. It is enough, meanwhile, to have pointed out some of the fine and masterly poetic qualities in which it abounds.

LADY DUFF GORDON.

Lucie Duff Gordon was the only child of John and Sara Austin. Her grandfather, Mr. Jonathan Austin, of Creeting Mill, in Suffolk, was a remarkable man, of sturdy good sense and great vigour. He gave all his children a first-rate education. The wisdom and vehement eloquence of Mr. John Austin, author of the "Province of Jurisprudence," made Lord Brougham say, "If John Austin had had health, neither Lyndhurst nor I should have been Chancellor;" and the beauty and talent of his wife imparted to a life of narrow means and incessant labour the attraction and elegance of the best society. Mr. John Austin had served in the army, and was in Sicily under Lord William Bentinck. He was called to the bar, and in 1819 married Sara, the youngest daughter of John Taylor, of Norwich. They lived in Queen Square, Westminster, almost next door to the house belonging to Mr. James Mill, the historian of British India, and their windows looked into the garden of Jeremy Bentham. These were the most intimate friends of John Austin; and here it may be said the utilitarian philosophy of the nineteenth century was born. Bentham's garden was the playground of Lucie Austin and the young Mills; his coach-house was converted into a gymnasium, and his flower-beds were intersected by threads and tapes to represent the passages of a panopticon prison.

Here in Queen Square was born, June 24th, 1821, Lucie, the only child of John and Sara Austin. She was a puny infant, and could scarcely breathe when she came into the world. The surgeon, Maudsley, took her on his knees, and brought her to life by sheer skill in nursing and giving play to the lungs. He afterwards used to boast of the exploit, and call her his child.

Lucie Austin's chief playfellows were her first-cousin Henry Reeve, and "Bun Don" (Brother John), as she called the late great philosopher, John Stuart Mill. She grew in vigour and in sense, with a strong tinge of originality and independence, and an extreme love of animals.

It was, I think, in 1826, that the Austins first went to Germany. He had been nominated Professor of Civil Law in the new London University, and he went to Bonn to prepare himself in the law school there. As their residence in Germany was of some duration, Lucie came back transformed into a little German maiden, with long braids of hair down her back, and speaking German like her own language.

Her education was of the most random character. She read everything. She lived in a world of fairies and elfs. But she had little regular instruction, and *accomplishments* were never attempted. I believe she went for a short time to a mixed school of boys and girls, kept by a Dr. Biker, at Hampstead, where she learnt Latin.

It would not be easy to say how Lucie Austin acquired her correct and vigorous style and nice sense of language. It was hereditary rather than implanted. But from her earliest years she was accustomed to hear the best of conversation; the Mills, the Grotes, the Bullers (Charles and Arthur), the Carlyles, the Sterlings, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Rogers, Jeremy Bentham, and Lord Jeffrey, were the most intimate friends of the family; and "Toodie," as she was called, was a universal favourite. Once staying at a friend's house, and hearing their little girl rebuked for asking questions, she said, "*My* mamma never says, 'I don't know,' or, 'Don't ask questions.'"

In 1836, Mr. Austin was appointed a commissioner at the Island of Malta, and his wife accompanied him. It was thought undesirable to take a girl of

fifteen to a hot climate, and she was then for the first time sent to school at Clapham, with a Miss Sheperd. She must have been as great a novelty in the school as the school-life was to her, for with a great deal of strange knowledge she was singularly devoid of many of the rudiments of ordinary instruction. She wrote well already at fifteen, and corresponded a good deal with Mrs. Grote. The following is one of her first letters from school :—

November 6th, 1836.

As I have permission to write (not without due inspection of all letters written and received, however), I shall put you to the expense of twopence to tell you how I am getting on. I like my *convent* very much. I cannot give my opinion of Miss Sheperd, for I won't praise her to her face, and I dare not abuse her if I would, so we must wait till Christmas, when I have a holiday of a fortnight. I have written to mamma and upbraided her for telling me that Bromley was but four or five miles from London, whereas I find myself at twelve miles off, within a little at least. I hope that when you have nothing better to do, you will come down and see me. Between one and two is the best time, as we go out afterwards to walk. Or, *au pis aller*, that you will write me a note, letter, or what you will; so long as it is from you I shall be delighted to receive it. I am dying to see you or hear from you ; and don't hope that you will escape my quartering myself upon you for a day at Christmas, for I *will* hold a solemn palaver with you, which I could not accomplish before coming here. I shall not be able to write to you again, as I shall not have time to write to any one but mamma, and not much to her, as, if I do my Latin and Greek lessons satisfactorily, I shall be rather hard-worked.

At sixteen she determined on being baptized and confirmed as a member of the Church of England (her parents and relations were Unitarians). Lord Monteagle was her sponsor, and I believe this step was chiefly owing to his influence and that of his family, with whom she was very intimate, in spite of her Radical ideas. She thus mentions the event in a letter, remarkable for a young girl :—

BROMLEY, *February 20th*, 1838.

Perhaps you have already heard of my having, and I hope most conscientiously, sought to be admitted by baptism into the Established Church, and you may think with many I ought not to have taken so important a step solely on my own responsibility; but till you tell me so I will not attempt defence of that which does not appear to come under the denomination "optional." I believe I have done my duty, and acted in obedience to the Giver of the "commandment with promise," and that in no way could I more honour my parents than by confident trust they will sanction my conduct. I hope they and I will be but of one heart and one mind on this important point. I am prepared for some slight crosses from many excellent friends, whose creed I never could satisfactorily adopt; but with the "fear of God" before my eyes I could not be deterred by this difficulty, through which I know, if I place but perfect trust in Him, and cultivate *humility*, His strength will guide me. I expect to be pitied for that ignorance and weakness which has made me an easy victim to others' rule; but my own heart tells me I have no claims upon any such commiseration. My sponsors were wholly unprepared for my application to them to become such, and had not an unlooked-for and quiet opportunity of attending an infant of Mrs. North's to the baptismal font offered itself, I had probably yet remained in the same painfully unsatisfied state of mind that had so long been mine. I already experience happiness and advantage in and from the views and hopes which from day to day seem to unfold themselves more and more, and I expect and pray, if I make religion my guide, that even the most opposed to my present opinions will ultimately re-

joice in their influence upon my character and conduct. Surely you, who have ever been to me the best and dearest of friends, will be the last to disapprove of anything which could tend to my improvement and happiness, which I feel convinced must be the case with my present faith and feelings."

In 1838 Lucie Austin's parents returned from Malta, and she began to appear in the world. Mrs. Austin's old friends flocked about her; many new acquaintances mingled with them, as the Austins had become *habitués* of Lansdowne House. Here they met Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, who at once became attracted by the mother, and deeply attached to the daughter. They used to walk out together, as she was left much to herself, and had no companions. One day Sir Alexander said to her, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" She was annoyed at being talked about, and hurt at his *brusque* way of mentioning it, and was going to give a sharp answer, when he added, "Shall we make it true?" She replied, with characteristic straightforwardness, by the monosyllable, "Yes," and so they were engaged. At this time she translated and published Niebuhr's "Greek Legends," the only literary work she did before her marriage, which took place in Kensington old church, on the 16th of May, 1840. Eye-witnesses still remember with interest the beauty of the young pair. They took a house in Queen Square, Westminster, No. 8, with a statue of Queen Anne at one end, just opposite the house of Sir Benjamin Hawes.

The talent, associated with the beauty, sincerity, and utter unaffectedness, of Lady Duff Gordon, soon attracted a remarkable circle of friends and acquaintances, many of whom, alas, have passed away. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Monteagle, Dickens, Thackeray, Elliot Warburton (who was burnt in the *Amazon*), Tom Taylor, Tennyson, Kinglake, and Henry Taylor were *habitués*, and every foreigner of talent and renown looked upon the Duff-Gordon house as a centre of interest. I remember when a little child to have been much astonished at Leopold Ranke walking up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in a kind of *olla podrida* of English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, with now and then a Latin quotation. He was almost impossible to understand, as he talked fast, and mixed up all languages into a compound of his own. When Monsieur Guizot escaped from France, his first dinner and welcome was in Queen Square. Soon after their marriage my father and mother went abroad, and she wrote from Munich to Mrs. Austin:—

Our friend Magnus took us to Kaulbach's *atelier*, where we saw his "Hunnenschlacht," his "Tollhaus," a great new picture he is designing of the destruction of Jerusalem, and last, but not least, a set of drawings for a new edition of "Reineke Fuchs," for which I could have worshipped him. The "Lion's Court," the "Cock accusing Reineke to the King," "Reineke keeping School for the Rabbits," and "Reineke stellte sich fromm" (over which Alick laughed till large tears ran down), were finished; but there will be forty or fifty. If you could see Reineke's face and attitude, his shaven crown, his downcast eye, and mouth down at the corners—in short, the drawings are quite as good as the poem. Kaulbach is a wonderful genius; he had beautiful *erhaben* paintings, drawings which might have been Hogarth's, and this Reineke in quite another style; besides which he is a beautiful portrait-painter. We were amused by a bookseller, into whose shop we went to buy the Gospel of the Life of Maria. He had not got it, and wanted us to buy Sievert's "Leben Christi." Alick, not hearing the name of the author, asked if it was Strauss's. The poor man looked shocked and frightened, and on our expressing decorous sympathy with his feelings, he added, in a most confidential tone, "Aber wissen Sie doch, gnädige Frau, es gibt auch Freigeister hier in Augsburg!" His face was inimitable,

and we only suppressed our laughter till the door closed behind us.

In 1842 their eldest child was born, and in 1844 Lady Duff Gordon published her translation of Meinhold's "Amber Witch," and of the "French in Algiers." The year after she translated Feuerbach's "Remarkable German Crimes and Trials."

In 1846 my father had the cholera very badly, and Lord Lansdowne, ever thoughtful and kind, lent him his villa at Richmond for the autumn. Thence my mother wrote :—

RICHMOND, *August* 1846.

Here we are in the most perfect of villas; were the weather but tolerable it would be a paradise, but, alas! November could not be more cold, damp, and gloomy than this August. The Berrys are here in Mrs. Lamb's house, and Lady Char. [Lady Charlotte Lindsay] at Petersham, all well and youthful. Mr. Senior is vacation master in London this year again, and finds us a godsend for his Saturdays and Sundays. We have had various people here, and many more have announced their intention of coming. Lord Lansdowne was here for a day in passing through London, and he was "so much obliged for our kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed." Dwarkana th Tagore, the clever Hindoo merchant, and Landseer and Eastlake.

The most amusing book this year is Ford's "Handbook of Spain," one of the "Red Murrays." It is written in a style between "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy" and any work by the immortal Sancho Panza, had he ever written a book—so quaint, so lively, and such knowledge of the country. How I envy you Munich If you see Kaulbach, tell him how often we talk of him, his pictures, and his beautiful little girl; and look at Albrecht Dürer's pale, beautiful face in the gallery, and *grüss* him for me —so sweet and so sad, no print could ever catch the life in the face and in the very hair.

This house is Bowood on a diminished scale. Hassan (a black boy) is an inch taller for our grandeur—*peu s'en faut,* he thinks me a great lady and himself a great butler.

"Hassen el Bakkeet" was quite a feature of the establishment. Lady Duff Gordon had taken him in from charity one night, his master having turned him out of doors because he was going blind. She took care of him, and he devoted himself to her and still more to the eldest child, whose constant playmate he was. Mr. Hilliard, the American author, was much shocked at seeing Hassan come into the dining-room with the baby in his arms. The oculist who cured him offered to take him into his service, with good wages. His mistress advised him to accept the place, upon which he fell on his knees and begged to be whipped instead of being sent away, as he said, "5*l.* a year with you are sweeter than the 12*l.* a year he offers." He was then twelve.

He associated himself entirely with the family. On the birth of a son he said triumphantly to all callers, "*We* have got a boy." One evening when Prince Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor of the French, came unexpectedly to dinner, Hassan announced gravely, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two pennyworth of sprats for the Prince."

Poor Hassan caught cold at Weybridge, and died about 1849; and never was a servant more regretted.

In 1847 Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon translated together Ranke's "History of Prussia," and wrote the "Sketches of German Life."

Lady Duff Gordon's old friend, William Bridges Adams, the engineer, had a workshop, which she sometimes went to visit. During the riots in 1848 the men came to protect their "Lady." She thus describes the night of the 10th of April:—

I had only time to write once yesterday, as all hands were full of bustle preparing for our guests. I never wish to see forty better gentlemen than we had

here last night. All was quiet. We had supper—cold beef, bread, and beer, with songs, sentiments, and toasts, such as "Success to the roof we are under," "Liberty, brotherhood, and order." Then *they bivouacked* in the different houses till five o'clock this morning, when they started home. Among the party was a stray policeman, who looked rather wonderstruck. Tom Taylor was capital, made short speeches, told stories, and kept all in high good humour; and Alick came home at midnight, and was received with great glee and affection. All agreed that the fright, to us at least, was well made up by the kindly and pleasant evening. As no one would take a penny we shall send books for the library, or a contribution to the school, all our neighbours being quite anxious to pay, though not willing to fraternize. I shall send cravats as a badge to the "Gordon Volunteers." We had one row, which, however, ceased on the appearance of our stalwart troop. Indeed, I think, one Birmingham smith, a handsome fellow six feet high, whose vehement disinterestedness would neither allow him to eat, drink, nor sleep in the house, would have scattered them. My friends of yesterday unanimously decided that Louis Blanc would "just suit the 'lazy set.'"

The Austins had taken a long, low, rambling old house at Weybridge in Surrey, where we used to spend the summer months; but the house was too small for two families, and in the spring of 1851, my father took a house at Esher, about four miles from Weybridge, where they lived until my mother's health made it necessary for her to leave England. The following extracts from letters to a valued and intimate friend will tell of her life better than I can:—

Weybridge, 17*th October*, 1850.

I have not left Weybridge this summer, except to go to Sandgate for three weeks for M.'s health. He is very well and immensely tall. I still like my *campagnarde* existence of all things; it just suits my laziness and my children's health and happiness. Alick, too, looks ten years younger than he ever did in London.

I have set up a working man's library and reading-room here, and have forty subscribers at twopence a week. It answers very well, I think; they all like it much; and I go most Monday evenings and transact the business, and talk over the news. I hope it will do some good here; at any rate it keeps a few out of the public-house. I don't know any news to tell you of any one, as indeed how should I? But I should like to know the most sage reasons which lead you to become a Protectionist. I fear the insular and colonial life has begun to affect your intellect, and that you will want a good deal of scouring when you come home.

Esher, *May* 1*st*, 1851.

When I received your letter of 20th January, I was still in bed, having lain there six weeks, sick of bronchitis and intermittent fever, which seized me at Weybridge, immediately after nursing the children through the measles. I state this to account for my not writing either in March or April. I am now nearly well again, but had a very narrow escape for my life. If you looked at my date it will already have told you that we have left Weybridge. We have also left Queen Square, and moved all our goods and ourselves to a very nice old-fashioned house, on the top of a high hill, close to Claremont, which joins our garden and field, and where beds can be given to our friends. I only wish you were installed in one of them.

I am still very weak, but very busy getting my house in order, and cannot go to London yet, even to see the Exhibition. I will send you many thanks for the sugar or "bag full of anything," when it arrives, but I am uneasy about it, as I fear it has been made into grog on board ship; it is, however, not needed to sweeten our remembrance of you. My library at Weybridge was very successful. I have left it with sixty members, self-supporting, and very well self-governed.

My father is not well; I think he is

much aged of late. Lord Langdale's death affected him terribly, and our leaving Weybridge was a great annoyance to him; but the house was impossibly small.

ESHER, 20th July, 1851.

I will devote this solitary Sunday evening to a gossip with you; how I wish it could be done *vivâ voce* instead of with these odious implements, pen, ink, and paper. *Imprimis*, the sugar came quite safe, and is the admiration of all coffee-drinkers. To-day I ought to be dining at Senior's (where Alick is spending some days), but I feel too low and exactly what is called "not up" to anything. Our house is charming, on the top of a sandy hill, so dry and healthy, and warm, and pretty. We have a kind of half project of going to Scotland this year, and of visiting Stirling, at Keir, together with Mrs. Norton and her son, with whom I am nearly as much friends as with his mother. He has grown into a delightful young man, and certainly twenty-one is a charming age, when it is not odious.

I fear you would think me very much altered since my illness; I look thin, ill, and old, and my hair is growing grey. This I consider hard upon a woman just over her thirtieth birthday. I break the melancholy fact to you now lest somebody should be beforehand with me. I continue to like Esher very much; I don't think we could have placed ourselves better. Kinglake has given Alick a great, handsome chestnut mare, so he is well-mounted, and we ride merrily.

ESHER, 18th August, 1851.

'Twill indeed be jolly if you get a *congé*, and come over for six months; but then there's the going back again, which will be dreadful. We went over to Paris for a lark, and 'twas so hot—92° to 95°. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent us his rooms, and Phillips the painter lodged in the same house with us, and we had a very merry time. I am far better than I thought I ever should be again; the heat in Paris did me a wonderful deal of good, and I now feel able once more to use my lungs. I like my rural existence better and better: the garden, horses, and the health and happiness for the children are better than all London life whatever. I expressed such glee and exultation at the idea of your return, that my friends, all but Alick, refused to sympathise. Phillips talked of jealousy, and Tom Taylor muttered something about a "hated rival." Meanwhile all send friendly greeting to you.

ESHER, 15th June, 1854.

Now for news. Alick is very well, and extremely portly and dignified looking. I am rather better, but quite old, and my hair quite grey.

Last Thursday we went to E——'s wedding, and all went off like the end of a novel. Everybody made pretty speeches; bride and bridegroom looked equally lovely, and we "blessed them unawares," and threw white satin slippers after them instead of old shoes.

We have just finished translating a book of Moltke's, a Prussian major, on the Russian campaigns of 1828—29, very interesting, especially now that all the world is thinking and talking of the war.

I saw the opening of the Crystal Palace on the 10th, which was a fine sight as far as the building and the crowd went, but a very ridiculous ceremony. I wish I were with you enjoying some heat. I am now poking the fire, at noonday, on the 15th June, and have rheumatism so that I can hardly write at all. I shall leave Alick to finish this tiresome yarn, as he may have some news to tell you, which such a country mouse as I cannot.

Our dear old house at Esher was nothing very remarkable in itself, having been, I believe, an inn, with a small cottage near. The space between the two had been built over and made the dining-room and drawing-room, L shaped. But the house was full of quaint old furniture and china, and the pretty garden sloped upwards from the back of the house to Claremont Park palings. The view from the front windows was beautiful; the "sluggish

Mole" and Wolsey's tower in the foreground, and Windsor Castle in the far distance. Many a merry boating party did we have on the Mole, with picnics in the woods, varied by now and then knocking a hole in the bottom of the boat, on one of the many snags and hidden stumps of trees, with which the river abounds. Once we lost all our wine, which was hung overboard to cool, and my father and Henry Phillips had to dive for it in very deep water, while Ary Scheffer, who was staying at Esher to paint Queen Marie Amélie's portrait, and Richard Doyle, stood ready to assist in the recovery of the lost bottles.

The rides were most beautiful—over endless commons, through large covers and green, shady lanes, and in the firwood behind Claremont, with its small lake called the Black Pool in the centre. It was near this lake that the Comte de Paris broke his leg out hunting; his horse ran away and smashed his leg against a tree. It was raining, and I gave my waterproof to put under the Prince, and galloped off to announce the accident at Claremont, for fear the Queen Marie Amélie should be alarmed at seeing the Comte de Paris carried up to the house. The Princes always sent to tell us of the meets of their harriers, and we had famous runs in the cramped country about; small fields, big fences, and large water jumps in the low-lying land near the river. They were most popular with everybody, and they well deserved it, being kind, courteous and amiable to all.

In the autumn of 1854 we all went to Paris, where my mother often saw Heinrich Heine, the poet. The following letter has already been published in Lord Houghton's monographs:—

My husband tells me that you wish to have my recollections of poor Heine when I last saw him. I had known him about twenty years ago as a child of ten or eleven at Boulogne, where I sat next him at *table d'hôte*. He was then a fat, short man, short-sighted, and with a sensual mouth. He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, "When you go back to England you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine." I replied, "And who is Heinrich Heine?" He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, watersprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle, who was diligently taking three sea-baths a day, were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the watersprites brought him greetings from the "Nord See." He since told me that the poem "Wenn ich an deinem Hause," etc., was meant for me and my "braune Augen." He was at Boulogne a month or two, and I saw him often then, and always remembered with great tenderness the poet who had told me the beautiful stories and been so kind to me, and so sarcastic to every one else.

I never saw him again till I went to Paris three years ago, when I heard he was very poor, and dying. I sent my name, and a message that if he chanced to remember the little girl to whom he told "Mährchen" years ago at Boulogne, I should like to see him. He sent for me directly, remembered every little incident, and all the people who were in the same inn; a ballad I had sung, which recounted the tragical fate of Ladye Alice and her humble lover, Giles Collins, and ended by Ladye Alice taking only one spoonful of the gruel, "with sugar and spices so sweet," while after her decease, "the parson licked up the rest." This diverted Heine immensely, and he asked after the parson who drank the gruel directly.

I, for my part, could hardly speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet that covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked; evi-

dently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin, white fingers, and exclaimed, "Gott! die kleine Lucie ist gross geworden, und hat einen Mann; dass ist eigen!" He then earnestly asked if I was happy and contented, and begged me to bring my husband to see him. He said again he hoped I was happy now, as I had always been such a merry child. I answered that I was no longer so merry as "die kleine Lucie" had been, but very happy and contented; and he said, "Dass ist schön; es bekommt Einem gut eine Frau zu sehen, die kein wundes Herz herum trägt, um es von allerlei Männern ausbessern zu lassen, wie die Weiber hier zu Lande, die es am Ende nicht merken, dass was ihnen eigentlich fehlt ist gerade, dass sie gar keine Herzen haben." I took my husband to see him, and we bid him good-bye. He said that he hoped to see me again, ill as he was; he should not die yet.

Last September I went to Paris again, and found Heine removed and living in the same street as myself in the Champs Elysées. I sent him word I was come, and soon received a note, painfully written by him in pencil, as follows:—

"Hoch geehrte grossbritannische Göttin Lucie,—

"Ich liess durch den Bedienten zurück-melden, dass ich, mit Ausnahme des lezten Mitwochs, alle Tage und zu jeder beliebigen Stunde bereit sey, your Godship bey mir zu empfangen. Aber ich habe bis heute vergebens auf solcher himmlischen Erscheinung gewartet. Ne tardez plus à venir! Venez aujourd'hui, venez demain, venez souvent. Vous demeurez si près de moi, dem armen Schatten in den Elisäischen Feldern! Lassen Sie mich nicht zu lange warten. Anbey schicke ich Ihnen die vier ersten Bände der französischen Ausgabe meiner unglückseligen Werke. Unterdessen verharre ich Ihrer Göttlichkeit,

"Unterthänigsten und ergebensten Anbeter,

"Heinrich Heine.

"N.B. The parson drank the gruel water."

I went immediately, and climbed up stairs to a small room, where I found him still on the pile of mattresses on which I had left him three years before; more ill he could not look, for he looked dead already, and wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him, his beard felt like swan's down or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me, and said, "Ich habe jetzt mit der ganzen Welt Frieden gemacht, und endlich auch mit dem lieben Gott, der schickt mir dich nun als schöner Todesengel: gewiss sterb Ich bald." I said, "Armer Dichter, bleiben Ihnen doch immer so viele herrliche Illusionen, dass Sie eine reisende Engländerin für Azrael aussehen können? Das war sonst nicht der Fall, Sie konnten uns ja nicht leiden." He answered, "Ja, mein Gott, ich weiss doch gar nicht was ich gegen die Engländer hatte, dass ich immer so boshaft gegen sie war; es war aber wahrlich nur Muthwillen, eigentlich hasste ich sie nie, und ich habe sie auch nicht gekannt. Ich war einmal in England, kannte aber Niemand, und fand London recht traurig, und die Leute auf der Strasse kamen mir unausstehlich vor. Aber England hat sich schön gerächt, sie schickte mir ganz vorzüglich Freunde—dich, und Milnes, der gute Milnes, und noch andere." I saw him two or three times a week during a two months' stay in Paris, and found him always full of lively conversation and interest in everything, and of his old undisguised vanity, pleased to receive bad translations of his works, and anxious beyond measure to be well translated into English. He offered me the copyright of all his works as a gift, and said he would give me *carte blanche* to cut out all I thought necessary on my own account, or that of the English public, and made out lists of how I had better arrange them, which he gave me. He sent me all his books, and was boyishly eager that I should set to work and read him some in English, especially a prose translation of his songs, which he pressed me to undertake with the greatest

vehemence, against my opinion of its practicability.

He talked a great deal about politics in the same tone as in his later writings —a tone of vigorous protest and disgust of mob-tyranny, past, present, and future; told me a vast number of stories about people of all parts, which I should not choose to repeat; and expressed the greatest wish that it were possible to get well enough to come over and visit me, and effect a reconciliation with England. On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. I thought him far less sarcastic, more hearty, more indulgent, and altogether pleasanter than ever. After a few weeks he begged me not to tell him when I was going, for that he could not bear to say "Lebewohl auf ewig," or to hear it, and repeated that I had come as "ein schöner, gütiger Todesengel," to bring him greetings from youth and from Germany, and to dispel all the "bösen franzosischen Gedanken." When he spoke German to me he called me "Du," and used the familiar expressions and terms of language which Germans use to a child; in French I was "Madame," and "Vous."

It was evident that I recalled some happy time of his life to his memory, and that it was a relief to him to talk German, and to consider me still as a child. He said that what he liked so much was that I laughed so heartily, which the French could not do. I defended "la vieille gaieté Francaise," but he said, "Oui, c'est vrai, cela existait autrefois, mais avouez, ma chère, que c'était une gaieté un peu bête." He had so little feeling for what I liked best in the French character that I could see he must have lived only with those of that nation who "sit in the scorner's seat;" whereas, while he laughed at Germany, it was with "des larmes dans la voix." He also talked a good deal about his religious feelings; much displeased at the reports that he had turned Catholic. What he said about his own belief, hope, and trust would not be understood in England, nor ought I, I think, to betray the deeper feelings of a dying man. The impression he made on me was so deep that I had great difficulty to restrain my tears till I had left the room the last few times I saw him, and shall never forget the sad pale face and eager manner of poor Heine.

My mother's health got worse and worse, and after trying Ventnor for two or three winters, she was advised to go a long sea voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. She went out in 1860 in a sailing vessel. Her letters from thence have been published, and show the kindly nature and large-minded humanity which characterised her. In 1862 she returned rather better, but was persuaded to go to Eaux Bonnes, which did her great harm; from there she went to Egypt, and at first the fine dry climate seemed to arrest the progress of the malady. Her letters will tell of her life there better than I can, and will show why the Arabs still speak of her with such love and reverence. She returned to England once to see her family and her old friends, and my father went to visit her at Cairo. In 1866 she was very much altered by illness, but the old charm of manner, the eloquent talk, and the sympathy with everybody and everything oppressed by suffering, still remained.

In 1867, through the kindness of Nubar Pasha, I was enabled to go up the Nile in a government steamer, and say goodbye to my mother prior to quitting Egypt for good. My husband and I left Cairo late in February, and stuck on various sand-banks as the river was very low. On our arrival at the different coaling stations and stopping places, the villages seemed almost deserted, and there was very little food to be bought. Our servant, Mohammed, a sharp lad of about sixteen, at last solved the mystery by explaining that we, being in a government steamer, were supposed to be people who would

be more likely to distribute kicks than paras, and said he would soon set that to rights. So Mohammed tumbled over the steamer's side, and swimming like a fish, went ashore, and, cutting off a corner at a long bend of the river, he entered the next village, where we were to anchor, and proclaimed that in the steamer was the daughter of the "Sitt el Kebeer," *the* great lady (as the Arabs called my mother), who, like the Sitt, was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs. From that time we had no more difficulties about food, save to make the people take money. In Egypt it is wonderful how fast news travels. In many places we found people waiting with presents of milk and Arab bread, fowls and eggs. One had been cured by the "Sitt el Kebeer," another had a cousin to whom she had been kind, to some one else she had given a lift in her boat, and so on all the way up the Nile. At Thebes we were expected, a man from Keneh having ridden on to announce the glad tidings to my mother; and the Ulema actually sent the religious flags to decorate her house and meet us. The sakkas (water-carriers) had sprinkled a path for us from the river's bank to her house, and there was general rejoicing in the little village. Of course all the notabilities of the place came to have a look at the "Howagar" (gentleman, really merchant), and the daughter of the Sitt; and we had endless salaaming to do. The bedawees came and did fantasia under the balcony, galloping round, their lances stuck in the ground, and shouting wildly. They insisted too on accompanying us to the tombs of the kings in the valley opposite, and the ferryman would not let us pay him for taking us across the river.

Then we had to dine with Seleem Effendi, the Maohn of Luxor, a pleasant man, with a dear old wife, who would serve us, in spite of my husband's presence. Our procession to dinner was very funny, and at the same time touching. My mother on her donkey, which I led, two servants in front with lanterns, and the faithful Omar, dressed in his best, carrying a sweet dish he had expended all his skill upon. My husband on the other side of my mother, and then more lantern bearers. As we passed the people crowded round and called on Allah to bless us; and some threw down their cloaks for my mother to ride over, while the women lifted the hem of her dress to their lips and foreheads.

We had a most elaborate dinner of many courses, all very good, but very odd; and we made no end of pretty speeches to each other; and then we had chibouques and coffee, and the Maohn's wife actually came in and sat with us, notwithstanding the presence of the "Howagar." He belonged to the "Sitt el Kebeer," that was enough. We remained three days at Luxor, and then went up to Assouan, my mother accompanying us, and everywhere was the same love and reverence shown her. We went to Philae, above the first cataract, in a little boat, and spent a whole day in that lovely island, sitting under the portico of an old temple and gazing far away into Nubia, talking of him who sleeps in Philae, and whom old Herodotus would not name.

On our return to Thebes, my mother hoped to find her own boat, which was let to some friends, and to be able to have the loan of it for two days, so as to go down the river with us as far as Keneh, and then sail back. But the "Urania" had not arrived, and we were much disappointed at having to give up our proposed trip, when a Nubian trader, who had heard from our crew that the "Sitt el Kebeer" wished for a boat, came to the house and asked for an audience. He left his shoes outside the door, and with many salaams said that he had turned out all his goods on the bank, had cleaned his boat well, and had come to offer her to the "Sitt el Kebeer," who during the cholera had saved a nephew of his who was passing by on his boat, and had been taken ill at Luxor. My mother refused unless the man would take payment, saying it was not fair to detain him on his journey, and perhaps spoil the sale of his goods. He made a most eloquent speech, and ended by saying that of course his boat was not worthy of the honour of harbouring "Noor-ala-Noor" (another name

they called my mother—"Light from the light"), but that he had hoped it might have been accepted, and that he was very sad and mortified, and, by Allah, did not care for his goods one para; that the "Sitt" had often accepted a bad donkey to ride from a poor man in order to do a courteous act, when she might have had the Maohn's white one; but that he was a "meskeen" (poor fellow), and his boat would certainly bring him ill luck henceforward. Then Omar stepped forward and spoke for the Nubian, and the end was that my mother accepted the boat, and Omar promised to make him accept a present.

So we started next morning for Keneh in the steamer, towing the boat behind us. Half the population of Luxor came to say good-bye, and every one brought a present. One had a chicken, another eggs, another milk and butter; one had baked specially during the night in order to give us fresh bread. Dear Sheykh Yoosuf gave me some beautiful antiquities, and a Copt, Teodoros, whose little boy my mother had nursed and taught to write and read English, wanted me to take an alabaster jar, out of a tomb, worth certainly twenty napoleons. He had already given me Scarabæi and other things, so I refused with many thanks, unless he would let me pay for it. He went away, but sent me down some other things by a friend some months after, worth double. One poor woman brought us the lamb she had reared for the Bairam feast, and when we said that we really could not take such a present, she ran away, leaving her lamb on board. He became a great pet and a regular fighting ram in Alexandria, and went out with the horses in the morning to bathe in the sea. I bought her another lamb at Keneh, and sent it back by my mother.

At Keneh, the Maohn sent his donkey splendidly caparisoned, with a sais, for my mother, and insisted on giving us an entertainment. First a dinner, excellent but endless, and afterwards the two famous dancing-girls, Zeyneb and Lateefeh, danced and sang for us. Zeyneb was very pretty, had a lovely figure, and was very fascinating in manner and voice.

The most amusing mistake occurred here. I had always heard the Maohn spoken of as "Oum Azeein," and addressed him so all dinner time with great civility. I saw Omar laugh behind my mother, and at last he said to me, "Oh, Sitt, that is not his name, but people call him so for laughing. 'Oum Azeein' means 'mother of beauty,' and seest thou not that he is ugly, and has but one eye?" I was dreadfully put out, and did not know how to get out of my blunder; but Saeed Ahmad, with true Arab politeness, pretended not to have perceived anything. We rode back to the boat with great state, and next morning we left my mother, to return to Cairo, while she sailed back to Thebes.

The last two years of my mother's life were a long struggle against deadly disease, but her kindness to, and interest in, the poor people who were devoted to her never flagged. My brother was with her, and my father and I were going out to Egypt when we suddenly received the news of her death on the 14th July, 1869, at Cairo. She had wished to die and be buried "among my own people," as she said, at Thebes, where the Sheykh had prepared her tomb among those of his own family, who descend from the Prophet. Feeling, however, that she would not be able to go back to Thebes, she gave orders to be buried as quietly as possible in Cairo, where she lies in the English cemetery.

With all her old friends the memory of her talent, perfect simplicity, and almost Quixotic siding with those in trouble or oppressed, joined to singular beauty and great power of language, will remain; saddened by the recollection of the dire malady which forced her to leave home and friends, and called forth the almost Roman stoicism with which she bore very great pain uncomplainingly, and always found means to do good to all around her.

JANET ROSS.

THE FOOL OF FIVE FORKS.

He lived alone. I do not think this peculiarity arose from any wish to withdraw his foolishness from the rest of the camp, nor was it probable that the combined wisdom of Five Forks ever drove him into exile. My impression is that he lived alone from choice—a choice he made long before the camp indulged in any criticism of his mental capacity. He was much given to moody reticence, and, although to outward appearances a strong man, was always complaining of ill health. Indeed, one theory of his isolation was that it afforded him better opportunities for taking medicine, of which he habitually consumed large quantities.

His folly first dawned upon Five Forks through the post-office windows. He was for a long time the only man who wrote home by every mail, his letters being always directed to the same person—a woman. Now it so happened that the bulk of the Five Forks correspondence was usually the other way: there were many letters received—the majority being in the female hand—but very few answered. The men received them indifferently, or as a matter of course; a few opened and read them on the spot with a barely repressed smile of self-conceit, or quite as frequently glanced over them with undisguised impatience. Some of the letters began with "My dear husband," and some were never called for. But the fact that the only regular correspondent of Five Forks never received any reply became at last quite notorious. Consequently, when an envelope was received bearing the stamp of the "Dead Letter Office" addressed to the Fool, under the more conventional title of "Cyrus Hawkins," there was quite a fever of excitement. I do not know how the secret leaked out, but it was eventually known to the camp that the envelope contained Hawkins's own letters returned. This was the first evidence of his weakness; any man who repeatedly wrote to a woman who did not reply must be a fool. I think Hawkins suspected that his folly was known to the camp, but he took refuge in symptoms of chills and fever which he at once developed, and effected a diversion with three bottles of Indian chologogue and two boxes of pills. At all events, at the end of a week he resumed a pen, stiffened by tonics, with all his old epistolatory pertinacity. This time the letters had a new address.

In those days a popular belief obtained at the mines that luck particularly favoured the foolish and unscientific. Consequently, when Hawkins struck a "pocket" in the hill-side near his solitary cabin, there was but little surprise. "He will sink it all in the next hole," was the prevailing belief, predicated upon the usual manner in which the possessor of "nigger luck" disposed of his fortune. To everybody's astonishment, Hawkins, after taking out about eight thousand dollars and exhausting the pocket, did not prospect for another. The camp then waited patiently to see what he would do with his money. I think, however, that it was with the greatest difficulty their indignation was kept from taking the form of a personal assault when it became known that he had purchased a draft for eight thousand dollars in favour of "that woman." More than this, it was finally whispered that the draft was returned to him as his letters had been, and that he was ashamed to reclaim the money at the express office. "It wouldn't be a bad speculation to go East, get some smart gal for a hundred dollars to dress herself up and represent that hag, and jest

freeze on to that eight thousand," suggested a far-seeing financier. I may state here that we always alluded to Hawkin's fair unknown as "The Hag," without having, I am confident, the least justification for that epithet.

That the Fool should gamble seemed eminently fit and proper. That he should occasionally win a large stake, according to that popular theory which I have recorded in the preceding paragraph, appeared also a not improbable or inconsistent fact. That he should, however, break the faro bank which Mr. John Hamlin had set up in Five Forks, and carry off a sum variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand dollars, and not return the next day and lose the money at the same table, really appeared incredible. Yet such was the fact. A day or two passed without any known investment of Mr. Hawkins's recently-acquired capital. "Ef he allows to send it to that hag," said one prominent citizen, "suthin' ought to be done! It's jest ruinin' the reputation of this yer camp—this sloshin' around o' capital on non-residents ez don't claim it!" "It's settin' an example o' extravagance," said another, "ez is little better nor a swindle. Thais mor'n five men in this camp thet, hearin' thet Hawkins hed sent home eight thousand dollars, must jest rise up and send home their hard earnings, too! And, then, to think thet that eight thousand was only a bluff, after all, and thet it's lyin' there on call in Adams and Co.'s bank! Well! I say it's one o' them things a vigilance committee oughter look into!"

When there seemed no possibility of this repetition of Hawkins's folly, the anxiety to know what he had really done with his money became intense. At last a self-appointed committee of four citizens dropped artfully, but to outward appearances carelessly, upon him in his seclusion. When some polite formalities had been exchanged, and some easy vituperation of a backward season offered by each of the parties, Tom Wingate approached the subject:

"Sorter dropped heavy on Jack Hamlin the other night, didn't ye? He allows you didn't give him no show for revenge. I said you wasn't no such d—d fool—didn't I, Dick?" continued the artful Wingate, appealing to a confederate.

"Yes," said Dick, promptly. "You said twenty thousand dollars wasn't goin' to be thrown around recklessly. You said Cyrus had suthin' better to do with his capital," superadded Dick, with gratuitous mendacity. "I disremember now what partickler investment you said he was goin' to make with it," he continued, appealing with easy indifference to his friend.

Of course Wingate did not reply, but looked at the Fool, who, with a troubled face, was rubbing his legs softly. After a pause he turned deprecatingly toward his visitors.

"Ye didn't enny of ye ever hev a sort of tremblin' in your legs—a kind o' shakiness from the knee down? Suthin'," he continued, slightly brightening with his topic, "suthin' that begins like chills, and yet ain't chills. A kind o' sensation of goneness here, and a kind o' feelin' as if you might die sudden! When Wright's Pills don't somehow reach the spot, and Quinine don't fetch you?"

"No!" said Wingate, with a curt directness, and the air of authoritatively responding for his friends. "No, never had. You was speakin' of this yer investment."

"And your bowels all the time irregular?" continued Hawkins, blushing under Wingate's eye, and yet clinging despairingly to his theme like a shipwrecked mariner to his plank.

Wingate did not reply, but glanced significantly at the rest. Hawkins evidently saw this recognition of his mental deficiency, and said, apologetically, "You was saying suthin' about my investment?"

"Yes," said Wingate, so rapidly as almost to take Hawkins's breath away—"the investment you made in——"

"Rafferty's Ditch," said the Fool, timidly.

For a moment the visitors could only stare blankly at each other. "Rafferty's

Ditch," the one notorious failure of Five Forks! Rafferty's Ditch, the impracticable scheme of an utterly unpractical man; Rafferty's Ditch, a ridiculous plan for taking water that could not be got to a place where it wasn't wanted! Rafferty's Ditch, that had buried the fortunes of Rafferty and twenty wretched stockholders in its muddy depths!

"And thet's it—is it?" said Wingate, after a gloomy pause. "Thet's it! I see it all now, boys. That's how ragged Pat Rafferty went down to San Francisco yesterday in store clothes, and his wife and four children went off in a kerridge to Sacramento. Thet's why them ten workmen of his ez hedn't a cent to bless themselves with was playin' billiards last night and eatin' isters. Thet's whar that money kum frum—one hundred dollars—to pay for thet long advertisement of the new issue of Ditch stock in the *Times* yesterday. Thet's why them six strangers were booked at the Magnolia Hotel yesterday. Don't you see—it's thet money—and thet Fool!"

The Fool sat silent. The visitors rose without a word.

"You never took any of them Indian Vegetable Pills?" asked Hawkins timidly of Wingate.

"No," roared Wingate, as he opened the door.

"They tell me that took with the Panacea—they was out o' the Panacea when I went to the drug store last week—they say that, took with the Panacea, they always effect a certing cure——." But by this time Wingate and his disgusted friends had retreated—slamming the door on the Fool and his ailments.

Nevertheless in six months the whole affair was forgotten, the money had been spent—the "Ditch" had been purchased by a company of Boston capitalists, fired by the glowing description of an Eastern tourist, who had spent one drunken night at Five Forks—and I think even the mental condition of Hawkins might have remained undisturbed by criticism, but for a singular incident.

It was during an exciting political campaign, when party feeling ran high, that the irascible Captain McFadden, of Sacramento, visited Five Forks. During a heated discussion in the Prairie Rose Saloon words passed between the Captain and the Hon. Calhoun Bungstarter, ending in a challenge. The Captain bore the infelix reputation of being a notorious duellist and a dead shot; the Captain was unpopular; the Captain was believed to have been sent by the opposition for a deadly purpose, and the Captain was, moreover, a stranger. I am sorry to say that with Five Forks this latter condition did not carry the quality of sanctity or reverence that usually obtains among other nomads. There was consequently some little hesitation when the Captain turned upon the crowd and asked for some one to act as his friend. To everybody's astonishment, and to the indignation of many, the Fool stepped forward and offered himself in that capacity. I do not know whether Captain McFadden would have chosen him voluntarily, but he was constrained, in the absence of a better man, to accept his services.

The duel never took place! The preliminaries were all arranged, the spot indicated, the men were present with their seconds, there was no interruption from without, there was no explanation or apology passed—but the duel did not take place. It may be readily imagined that these facts, which were all known to Five Forks, threw the whole community into a fever of curiosity. The principals, the surgeon, and one second left town the next day. Only the Fool remained. *He* resisted all questioning—declaring himself held in honour not to divulge—in short, conducted himself with consistent but exasperating folly. It was not until six months had passed that Colonel Starbottle, the second of Calhoun Bungstarter, in a moment of weakness superinduced by the social glass, condescended to explain. I should not do justice to the parties if I did not give that explanation in the Colonel's own words. I may remark, in passing, that the characteristic dignity of Colonel Starbottle always became intensified by stimulants, and that by the same pro-

cess all sense of humour was utterly eliminated.

"With the understanding that I am addressing myself confidentially to men of honour," said the Colonel, elevating his chest above the bar-room counter of the Prairie Rose Saloon, "I trust that it will not be necessary for me to protect myself from levity, as I was forced to do in Sacramento on the only other occasion when I entered into an explanation of this delicate affair, by—er—er—calling the individual to a personal account—er! I do not believe," added the Colonel, slightly waving his glass of liquor in the air with a graceful gesture of courteous deprecation—"knowing what I do of the present company—that such a course of action is required here. Certainly not—sir—in the home of Mr. Hawkins—er—the gentleman who represented Mr. Bungstarter, whose conduct, ged, Sir, is worthy of praise, blank me!"

Apparently satisfied with the gravity and respectful attention of his listeners, Colonel Starbottle smiled relentingly and sweetly, closed his eyes half dreamily, as if to recall his wandering thoughts, and began:—

"As the spot selected was nearest the tenement of Mr. Hawkins, it was agreed that the parties should meet there. They did so promptly at half-past six. The morning being chilly, Mr. Hawkins extended the hospitalities of his house with a bottle of Bourbon whisky—of which all partook but myself. The reason for that exception is, I believe, well known. It is my invariable custom to take brandy—a wine-glassful in a cup of strong coffee, immediately on rising. It stimulates the functions, sir, without producing any blank derangement of the nerves."

The barkeeper, to whom, as an expert, the Colonel had graciously imparted this information, nodded approvingly, and the Colonel, amid a breathless silence, went on:

"We were about twenty minutes in reaching the spot. The ground was measured, the weapons were loaded, when Mr. Bungstarter confided to me the information that he was unwell and in great Pain! On consultation with Mr. Hawkins, it appeared that his principal in a distant part of the field was also suffering and in great Pain. The symptoms were such as a medical man would pronounce 'choleraic.' I say *would* have pronounced, for on examination, the surgeon was also found to be—er—in Pain, and, I regret to say, expressing himself in language unbecoming the occasion. His impression was that some powerful drug had been administered. On referring the question to Mr. Hawkins, he remembered that the bottle of whisky partaken by them contained a medicine which he had been in the habit of taking, but which, having failed to act upon him, he had concluded to be generally ineffective, and had forgotten. His perfect willingness to hold himself personally responsible to each of the parties, his genuine concern at the disastrous effect of the mistake, mingled with his own alarm at the state of his system, which—er—failed to—er—respond to the peculiar qualities of the medicine, was most becoming to him as a man of honour and a gentleman! After an hour's delay, both principals being completely exhausted, and abandoned by the surgeon, who was unreasonably alarmed at his own condition, Mr. Hawkins and I agreed to remove our men to Markleville. There, after a further consultation with Mr. Hawkins, an amicable adjustment of all difficulties, honourable to both parties, and governed by profound secrecy, was arranged. I believe," added the Colonel, looking around and setting down his glass, "no gentleman has yet expressed himself other than satisfied with the result."

Perhaps it was the Colonel's manner, but whatever was the opinion of Five Forks regarding the intellectual display of Mr. Hawkins in this affair, there was very little outspoken criticism at the moment. In a few weeks the whole thing was forgotten, except as part of the necessary record of Hawkins's blunders, which was already a pretty full one. Again, some later follies con-

spired to obliterate the past, until, a year later, a valuable lead was discovered in the "Blazing Star" Tunnel, in the hill where he lived, and a large sum was offered him for a portion of his land on the hill-top. Accustomed as Five Forks had become to the exhibition of his folly, it was with astonishment that they learned that he resolutely and decidedly refused the offer. The reason that he gave was still more astounding. He was about to build!

To build a house upon property available for mining purposes was preposterous; to build at all with a roof already covering him, was an act of extravagance; to build a house of the style he proposed was simply madness!

Yet here were facts. The plans were made, and the lumber for the new building was already on the ground, while the shaft of the "Blazing Star" was being sunk below. The site was, in reality, a very picturesque one—the building itself of a style and quality hitherto unknown in Five Forks. The citizens, at first sceptical, during their moments of recreation and idleness gathered doubtingly about the locality. Day by day, in that climate of rapid growths, the building pleasantly known in the slang of Five Forks as "the Idiot Asylum," rose beside the green oaks and clustering firs of Hawkins's Hill, as if it were part of the natural phenomena. At l st it was completed. Then Mr. Hawkins proceeded to furnish it with an expensiveness and extravagance of outlay quite in keeping with his former idiocy. Carpets, sofas, mirrors, and finally a piano—the only one known in the county, and brought at great expense from Sacramento—kept curiosity at a fever heat. More than that, there were articles and ornaments which a few married experts declared only fit for women. When the furnishing of the house was complete—it had occupied two months of the speculative and curious attention of the camp, Mr. Hawkins locked the front door, put the key in his pocket, and quietly retired to his more humble roof, lower on the hill-side!

I have not deemed it necessary to indicate to the intelligent reader all of the theories which obtained in Five Forks during the erection of the building. Some of them may be readily imagined. That "the Hag" had by artful coyness and systematic reticence at last completely subjugated the Fool, and that the new house was intended for the nuptial bower of the (predestined) unhappy pair, was of course the prevailing opinion. But when, after a reasonable time had elapsed, and the house still remained untenanted, the more exasperating conviction forced itself upon the general mind that the Fool had been for the third time imposed upon. When two months had elapsed and there seemed no prospect of a mistress for the new house, I think public indignation became so strong that had "the Hag" arrived, the marriage would have been publicly prevented. But no one appeared that seemed to answer to this idea of an available tenant, and all inquiry of Mr. Hawkins as to his intention in building a house and not renting or occupying it, failed to elicit any further information. The reasons that he gave were felt to be vague, evasive, and unsatisfactory. He was in no hurry to move, he said; when he *was* ready, it surely was not strange that he should like to have his house all ready to receive him. He was often seen upon the verandah of a summer evening smoking a cigar. It is reported that one night the house was observed to be brilliantly lighted from garret to basement; that a neighbour, observing this, crept toward the open parlour-window, and, looking in, espied the Fool accurately dressed in evening costume, lounging upon a sofa in the drawing-room, with the easy air of socially entertaining a large party. Notwithstanding this, the house was unmistakably vacant that evening, save for the presence of the owner, as the witness afterwards testified. When this story was first related, a few practical men suggested the theory that Mr. Hawkins was simply drilling himself in the elaborate duties of hospitality against

a probable event in his history. A few ventured the belief that the house was haunted; the imaginative editor of the Five Forks *Record* evolved from the depths of his professional consciousness a story that Hawkins's sweetheart had died, and that he regularly entertained her spirit in this beautifully furnished mausoleum. The occasional spectacle of Hawkins's tall figure pacing the verandah on moonlight nights lent some credence to this theory, until an unlooked-for incident diverted all speculation into another channel.

It was about this time that a certain wild, rude valley, in the neighbourhood of Five Forks, had become famous as a picturesque resort. Travellers had visited it, and declared that there were more cubic yards of rough stone cliff and a waterfall of greater height than any they had visited. Correspondents had written it up with extravagant rhetoric and inordinate poetical quotation; men and women who had never enjoyed a sunset, a tree, or a flower—who had never appreciated the graciousness or meaning of the yellow sunlight that flecked their homely doorways, or the tenderness of a Midsummer's night, to whose moonlight they bared their shirt-sleeves or their *tulle* dresses—came from thousands of miles away to calculate the height of this rock, to observe the depth of this chasm, to remark upon the enormous size of this unsightly tree, and to believe with ineffable self-complacency that they really admired nature. And so it came to pass that, in accordance with the tastes or weaknesses of the individual, the more prominent and salient points of the valley were christened, and there was a "Lace Handkerchief Fall," and the "Tears of Sympathy Cataract," and one distinguished orator's "Peak," and several "Mounts" of various noted people, living or dead, and an "Exclamation Point," and a "Valley of Silent Adoration." And in course of time empty soda-water bottles were found at the base of the cataract, and greasy newspapers and fragments of ham sandwiches lay at the dusty roots of giant trees. With this, there were frequent irruptions of closely-shaven and tightly-cravated men and delicate, flower-faced women in the one long street of Five Forks, and a scampering of mules, and an occasional procession of dusty brown-linen cavalry.

A year after "Hawkins's Idiot Asylum" was completed, one day there drifted into the valley a riotous cavalcade of "schoolmarms," teachers of the San Francisco public schools, out for a holiday. Not severely-spectacled Minervas and chastely armed and mailed Pallases, but, I fear for the security of Five Forks, very human, charming, and mischievous young women. At least, so the men thought, working in the ditches and tunneling on the hill-side; and when, in the interests of science and the mental advancement of juvenile posterity, it was finally settled that they should stay in Five Forks two or three days for the sake of visiting the various mines, and particularly the "Blazing Star" Tunnel, there was some flutter of masculine anxiety. There was a considerable inquiry for "store clothes," a hopeless overhauling of old and disused raiment, and a general demand for "boiled shirts" and the barber.

Meanwhile, with that supreme audacity and impudent hardihood of the sex when gregarious, the schoolmarms rode through the town, admiring openly the handsome faces and manly figures that looked up from the ditches or rose behind the cars of ore at the mouths of tunnels. Indeed, it is alleged that Jenny Forester, backed and supported by seven other equally shameless young women, had openly and publicly waved her handkerchief to the florid Hercules of Five Forks—one Tom Flynn, formerly of Virginia—leaving that good-natured but not over-bright giant pulling his blonde mustaches in bashful amazement.

It was a pleasant June afternoon that Miss Milly Arnot, principal of the primary department of one of the public schools of San Francisco, having evaded her companions, resolved to put into operation a plan which had lately sprung up in her courageous and mischief-loving fancy. With that wonderful and mys-

terious instinct of her sex, from whom no secrets of the affections are hid and to whom all hearts are laid open, she had heard the story of Hawkins's folly and the existence of the "Idiot Asylum." Alone, on Hawkins' Hill, she had determined to penetrate its seclusion. Skirting the underbrush at the foot of the hill, she managed to keep the heaviest timber between herself and the "Blazing Star" Tunnel at its base, as well as the cabin of Hawkins, half-way up the ascent, until, by a circuitous route, at last she reached, unobserved, the summit. Before her rose, silent, darkened, and motionless, the object of her search. Here her courage failed her, with all the characteristic inconsequence of her sex. A sudden fear of all the dangers she had safely passed—bears, tarantulas, drunken men, and lizards—came upon her. For a moment, as she afterwards expressed it, "She thought she should die." With this belief, probably, she gathered three large stones, which she could hardly lift, for the purpose of throwing a great distance; put two hair-pins in her mouth, and carefully readjusted with both hands two stray braids of her lovely blue-black mane which had fallen in gathering the stones. Then she felt in the pockets of her linen duster for her card-case, handkerchief, pocket-book, and smelling-bottle, and finding them intact, suddenly assumed an air of easy, ladylike unconcern, went up the steps of the veranda, and demurely pulled the front door-bell, which she knew would not be answered. After a decent pause, she walked around the encompassing verandah examining the closed shutters of the French windows until she found one that yielded to her touch. Here she paused again to adjust her coquettish hat by the mirror-like surface of the long sash window that reflected the full length of her pretty figure. And then she opened the window and entered the room.

Although long closed, the house had a smell of newness and of fresh paint that was quite unlike the mouldiness of the conventional haunted house. The bright carpets, the cheerful walls, the glistening oilcloths were quite inconsistent with the idea of a ghost. With childish curiosity she began to explore the silent house, at first timidly—opening the doors with a violent push, and then stepping back from the threshold to make good a possible retreat; and then more boldly, as she became convinced of her security and absolute loneliness. In one of the chambers, the largest, there were fresh flowers in a vase—evidently gathered that morning; and what seemed still more remarkable, the pitchers and ewers were freshly filled with water. This obliged Miss Milly to notice another singular fact, namely, that the house was free from dust—the one most obtrusive and penetrating visitor of Five Forks. The floors and carpets had been recently swept, the chairs and furniture carefully wiped and dusted. If the house *was* haunted, it was possessed by a spirit who had none of the usual indifference to decay and mould. And yet the beds had evidently never been slept in, the very springs of the chair in which she sat creaked stiffly at the novelty, the closet doors opened with the reluctance of fresh paint and varnish, and in spite of the warmth, cleanliness, and cheerfulness of furniture and decoration, there was none of the ease of tenancy and occupation. As Miss Milly afterwards confessed, she longed to "tumble things around," and when she reached the parlour or drawing-room again, she could hardly resist the desire. Particularly was she tempted by a closed piano, that stood mutely against the wall. She thought she would open it just to see who was the maker. That done, it would be no harm to try its tone. She did so, with one little foot on the soft pedal. But Miss Milly was too good a player, and too enthusiastic a musician to stop at half measures. She tried it again—this time so sincerely that the whole house seemed to spring into voice. Then she stopped and listened. There was no response—the empty rooms seemed to have relapsed into their old stillness. She stepped out on the verandah—a woodpecker re-

commenced his tapping on an adjacent tree, the rattle of a cart in the rocky gulch below the hill came faintly up. No one was to be seen far or near. Miss Milly, reassured, returned. She again ran her fingers over the keys—stopped, caught at a melody running in her mind, half played it, and then threw away all caution. Before five minutes had elapsed she had entirely forgotten herself, and with her linen duster thrown aside, her straw hat flung on the piano, her white hands bared, and a black loop of her braided hair hanging upon her shoulder, was fairly embarked upon a flowing sea of musical recollection.

She had played perhaps half an hour, when, having just finished an elaborate symphony and resting her hands on the keys, she heard very distinctly and unmistakably the sound of applause from without. In an instant the fires of shame and indignation leaped into her cheeks, and she rose from the instrument and ran to the window only in time to catch sight of a dozen figures in blue and red flannel shirts vanishing hurriedly through the trees below.

Miss Milly's mind was instantly made up. I think I have already intimated that under the stimulus of excitement she was not wanting in courage, and as she quietly resumed her gloves, hat, and duster, she was not perhaps exactly the young person that it would be entirely safe for the timid, embarrassed, or inexperienced of my sex to meet alone. She shut down the piano, and having carefully reclosed all the windows and doors, and restored the house to its former desolate condition, she stepped from the veranda and proceeded directly to the cabin of the unintellectual Hawkins, that reared its adobe chimney above the umbrage a quarter of a mile below.

The door opened instantly to her impulsive knock, and the Fool of Five Forks stood before her. Miss Milly had never before seen the man designated by this infelicitous title, and as he stepped backward in half courtesy and half astonishment she was for the moment disconcerted. He was tall, finely formed, and dark-bearded. Above cheeks a little hollowed by care and ill-health shone a pair of hazel eyes, very large, very gentle, but inexpressibly sad and mournful. This was certainly not the kind of man Miss Milly had expected to see, yet after her first embarrassment had passed, the very circumstance, oddly enough, added to her indignation, and stung her wounded pride still more deeply. Nevertheless the arch hypocrite instantly changed her tactics with the swift intuition of her sex.

"I have come," she said with a dazzling smile, infinitely more dangerous than her former dignified severity, "I have come to ask your pardon for a great liberty I have just taken. I believe the new house above us on the hill is yours. I was so much pleased with its exterior that I left my friends for a moment below here," she continued artfully, with a slight wave of the hand, as if indicating a band of fearless Amazons without, and waiting to avenge any possible insult offered to one of their number, "and ventured to enter it. Finding it unoccupied, as I had been told, I am afraid I had the audacity to sit down and amuse myself for a few moments at the piano—while waiting for my friends."

Hawkins raised his beautiful eyes to hers. He saw a very pretty girl, with frank, grey eyes glistening with excitement, with two red, slightly freckled, cheeks glowing a little under his eyes, with a short scarlet upper lip turned back, like a rose leaf, over a little line of white teeth, as she breathed somewhat hurredly in her nervous excitement. He saw all this calmly, quietly, and, save for the natural uneasiness of a shy, reticent man, I fear without a quickening of his pulse.

"I knowed it," he said, simply. "I heer'd ye as I kem up."

Miss Milly was furious at his grammar, his dialect, his coolness, and still more at the suspicion that he was an active member of her invisible *claque*.

"Ah," she said, still smiling, "then I think I heard *you*—"

"I reckon not," he interrupted gravely. "I didn't stay long. I found

the boys hanging round the house, and I allowed at first I'd go in and kinder warn you, but they promised to keep still, and you looked so comfortable and wrapped up in your music, that I hadn't the heart to disturb you, and kem away. I hope," he added, earnestly, "they didn't let on ez they heerd you. The ain't a bad lot—them Blazin' Star boys —though they're a little hard at times. But they'd no more hurt ye then they would a—a—a cat!" continued Mr. Hawkins, blushing with a faint apprehension of the inelegance of his simile.

"No! no!" said Miss Milly, feeling suddenly very angry with herself, the Fool, and the entire male population of Five Forks. "No! I have behaved foolishly, I suppose—and if they *had* it would have served me right. But I only wanted to apologize to you. You will find everything as you left it. Good day!"

She turned to go. Mr. Hawkins began to feel embarrassed. "I'd have asked ye to sit down," he said, finally, "if it hed been a place fit for a lady. I oughter done so eny way. I don't know what kept me from it. But I ain't well, Miss. Times I get a sort o' dumb ager —it's the ditches, I think, Miss—and I don't seem to hev my wits about me."

Instantly Miss Arnot was all sympathy—her quick woman's heart was touched.

"Can I—can anything be done?" she asked, more timidly than she had before spoken.

"No!—not onless ye remember suthin' about these pills." He exhibited a box containing about half a dozen. "I forget the direction—I don't seem to remember much, any way, these times—they're 'Jones's Vegetable Compound.' If ye've ever took 'em ye'll remember whether the reg'lar dose is eight. They ain't but six here. But perhaps ye never tuk any," he added, deprecatingly.

"No," said Miss Milly, curtly. She had usually a keen sense of the ludicrous, but somehow Mr. Hawkins's eccentricity only pained her.

"Will you let me see you to the foot of the hill?" he said again, after another embarrassing pause.

Miss Arnot felt instantly that such an act would condone her trespass in the eyes of the world. She might meet some of her invisible admirers—or even her companions—and, with all her erratic impulses, she was nevertheless a woman, and did not entirely despise the verdict of conventionality. She smiled sweetly and assented, and in another moment the two were lost in the shadows of the wood.

Like many other apparently trivial acts in an uneventful life, it was decisive. As she expected, she met two or three of her late applauders, whom, she fancied, looked sheepish and embarrassed; she met also her companions looking for her in some alarm, who really appeared astonished at her escort, and, she fancied, a trifle envious of her evident success. I fear that Miss Arnot, in response to their anxious inquiries, did not state entirely the truth, but, without actual assertion, led them to believe that she had at a very early stage of the proceeding completely subjugated this weak-minded giant, and had brought him triumphantly to her feet. From telling this story two or three times she got finally to believing that she had some foundation for it; then to a vague sort of desire that it would eventually prove to be true, and then to an equally vague yearning to hasten that consummation. That it would redound to any satisfaction of the Fool she did not stop to doubt. That it would cure him of his folly she was quite confident. Indeed, there are very few of us—men or women—who do not believe that even a hopeless love for ourselves is more conducive to the salvation of the lover than a requited affection for another.

The criticism of Five Forks was, as the reader may imagine, swift and conclusive. When it was found out that Miss Arnot was not 'the Hag" masquerading as a young and pretty girl, to the ultimate deception of Five Forks in general and the Fool in particular, it

was at once decided that nothing but the speedy union of the Fool and the "pretty schoolmarm" was consistent with ordinary common sense. The singular good fortune of Hawkins was quite in accordance with the theory of his luck as propounded by the camp. That after "the Hag" failed to make her appearance he should "strike a lead" in his own house, without the trouble of "prospectin'," seemed to these casuists as a wonderful but inevitable law. To add to these fateful probabilities, Miss Arnot fell and sprained her ankle in the ascent of Mount Lincoln, and was confined for some weeks to the hotel after her companions had departed. During this period Hawkins was civilly but grotesquely attentive. When, after a reasonable time had elapsed, there still appeared to be no immediate prospect of the occupancy of the new house, public opinion experienced a singular change in regard to its theories of Mr. Hawkins's conduct. "The Hag" was looked upon as a saint-like and long-suffering martyr to the weaknesses and inconsistency of the Fool. That, after erecting this new house at her request, he had suddenly "gone back" on her; that his celibacy was the result of a long habit of weak proposal and subsequent shameless rejection, and that he was now trying his hand on the helpless schoolmarm, was perfectly plain to Five Forks. That he should be frustrated in his attempts at any cost was equally plain. Miss Milly suddenly found herself invested with a rude chivalry that would have been amusing had it not been at times embarrassing; that would have been impertinent but for the almost superstitious respect with which it was proffered. Every day somebody from Five Forks rode out to inquire the health of the fair patient. "Hez Hawkins bin over yer to-day?" queried Tom Flynn, with artful ease and indifference, as he leaned over Miss Milly's easy chair on the veranda. Miss Milly, with a faint pink flush on her cheek, was constrained to answer "No." "Well, he sorter sprained his foot agin a rock yesterday," continued Flynn, with shameless untruthfulness. "You mus'n't think anything o' that, Miss Arnot. He'll be over yer to-morrer, and meantime he told me to hand this yer bookay with his re-gards, and this yer specimen!" And Mr. Flynn laid down the flowers he had picked *en route* against such an emergency, and presented respectfully a piece of quartz and gold which he had taken that morning from his own sluice-box. "You mus'n't mind Hawkins's ways, Miss Milly," said another sympathizing miner. "There ain't a better man in camp than that theer Cy Hawkins!—but he don't understand the ways o' the world with wimen. He hasn't mixed as much with society as the rest of us," he added, with an elaborate Chesterfieldian ease of manner; "but he means well." Meanwhile a few other sympathetic tunnel-men were impressing upon Mr. Hawkins the necessity of the greatest attention to the invalid. "It won't do, Hawkins," they explained, "to let that there gal go back to San Francisco and say that when she was sick and alone, the only man in Five Forks under whose roof she had rested, and at whose table she had sat"—this was considered a natural but pardonable exaggeration of rhetoric—"ever threw off on her; and it shan't be done. It ain't the square thing to Five Forks." And then the Fool would rush away to the valley, and be received by Miss Milly with a certain reserve of manner that finally disappeared in a flush of colour, some increased vivacity, and a pardonable coquetry. And so the days passed; Miss Milly grew better in health and more troubled in mind, and Mr. Hawkins became more and more embarrassed, and Five Forks smiled and rubbed its hands, and waited for the approaching *dénoûment*. And then it came. But not perhaps in the manner that Five Forks had imagined.

It was a lovely afternoon in July that a party of Eastern tourists rode into Five Forks. They had just "done" the Valley of Big Things, and, there being one or two Eastern capitalists

among the party, it was deemed advisable that a proper knowledge of the practical mining resources of California should be added to their experience of the merely picturesque in nature. Thus far everything had been satisfactory; the amount of water which passed over the Fall was large, owing to a backward season; some snow still remained in the cañons near the highest peaks; they had ridden round one of the biggest trees, and through the prostrate trunk of another. To say that they were delighted is to express feebly the enthusiasm of these ladies and gentlemen, drunk with the champagny hospitality of their entertainers, the utter novelty of scene, and the dry, exhilarating air of the valley. One or two had already expressed themselves ready to live and die there; another had written a glowing account to the Eastern press, depreciating all other scenery in Europe and America; and under these circumstances it was reasonably expected that Five Forks would do its duty, and equally impress the stranger after its own fashion.

Letters to this effect were sent from San Francisco by prominent capitalists there, and under the able superintendence of one of their agents, the visitors were taken in hand, shown "what was to be seen," carefully restrained from observing what ought not to be visible, and so kept in a blissful and enthusiastic condition. And so the graveyard of Five Forks, in which but two of the occupants had died natural deaths, the dreary, ragged cabins on the hill-sides, with their sad-eyed, cynical, broken-spirited occupants, toiling on, day by day, for a miserable pittance and a fare that a self-respecting Eastern mechanic would have scornfully rejected, were not a part of the Eastern visitors' recollection. But the hoisting works and machinery of the "Blazing Star Tunnel Company" was—the Blazing Star Tunnel Company, whose "gentlemanly superintendent" had received private information from San Francisco to do the "proper thing" for the party. Wherefore the valuable heaps of ore in the company's works were shown, the oblong bars of gold — ready for shipment—were playfully offered to the ladies who could lift and carry them away unaided, and even the tunnel itself, gloomy, fateful, and peculiar, was shown as part of the experience; and, in the noble language of one correspondent, "the wealth of Five Forks and the peculiar inducements that it offered to Eastern capitalists, were established beyond a doubt." And then occurred a little incident which, as an unbiased spectator, I am free to say offered no inducements to anybody whatever, but which, for its bearing upon the central figure of this veracious chronicle, I cannot pass over.

It had become apparent to one or two more practical and sober-minded in the party that certain portions of the "Blazing Star" Tunnel—owing, perhaps, to the exigencies of a flattering annual dividend—were economically and imperfectly "shored" and supported, and were consequently unsafe, insecure, and to be avoided. Nevertheless, at a time when champagne corks were popping in dark corners, and enthusiastic voices and happy laughter rang through the half-lighted levels and galleries, there came a sudden and mysterious silence. A few lights dashed swiftly by in the direction of a distant part of the gallery, and then there was a sudden sharp issuing of orders and a dull ominous rumble. Some of the visitors turned pale—one woman fainted!

Something had happened. What? "Nothing"—the speaker is fluent but uneasy—"one of the gentlemen in trying to dislodge a 'specimen' from the wall had knocked away a support. There had been a 'cave'—the gentleman was caught and buried below his shoulders. It was all right—they'd get him out in a moment—only it required great care to keep from extending the 'cave.' Didn't know his name—it was that little man—the husband of that lively lady with the black eyes. Eh! Hullo there! Stop her. For God's sake!—not that way! She'll fall from that shaft. She'll be killed!"

But the lively lady was already gone. With staring black eyes, imploringly

rying to pierce the gloom, with hands and feet that sought to batter and break down the thick darkness, with incoherent cries and supplications, following the moving of *ignis fatuus* lights ahead, she ran, and ran swiftly! Ran over treacherous foundations, ran by yawning gulfs, ran past branching galleries and arches, ran wildly, ran despairingly, ran blindly, and at last ran into the arms of the Fool of Five Forks.

In an instant she caught at his hand. "Oh, save him!" she cried; "you belong here—you know this dreadful place; bring me to him. Tell me where to go and what to do, I implore you! Quick, he is dying. Come!"

He raised his eyes to hers, and then, with a sudden cry, dropped the rope and crowbar he was carrying, and reeled against the wall.

"Annie!" he gasped, slowly, "is it you?"

She caught at both his hands, brought her face to his with staring eyes, murmured, "Good God, Cyrus!" and sank upon her knees before him.

He tried to disengage the hand that she wrung with passionate entreaty.

"No, no! Cyrus, you will forgive me—you will forget the past! God has sent you here to-day. You will come with me. You will—you must—save him!"

"Save who?" cried Cyrus hoarsely.

"My husband!"

The blow was so direct—so strong and overwhelming—that even through her own stronger and more selfish absorption she saw it in the face of the man, and pitied him.

"I thought—you—knew—it!" she faltered.

He did not speak, but looked at her with fixed, dumb eyes. And then the sound of distant voices and hurrying feet started her again into passionate life. She once more caught his hand.

"O Cyrus! hear me! If you have loved me through all these years, you will not fail me now. You must save him! You can! You are brave and strong—you always were, Cyrus! You will save him, Cyrus, for my sake—for the sake of your love for me! You will—I know it! God bless you!"

She rose as if to follow him, but at a gesture of command she stood still. He picked up the rope and crowbar slowly, and in a dazed, blinded way that, in her agony of impatience and alarm, seemed protracted to cruel infinity. Then he turned, and raising her hand to his lips, kissed it slowly, looked at her again—and the next moment was gone.

He did not return. For at the end of the next half-hour, when they laid before her the half conscious, breathing body of her husband, safe and unharmed but for exhaustion and some slight bruises, she learned that the worst fears of the workmen had been realized. In releasing him a second "cave" had taken place. They had barely time to snatch away the helpless body of her husband before the strong frame of his rescuer, Cyrus Hawkins, was struck and smitten down in his place.

For two hours he lay there, crushed and broken-limbed, with a heavy beam lying across his breast, in sight of all, conscious and patient. For two hours they had laboured around him, wildly, despairingly, hopefully, with the wills of gods and the strength of giants, and at the end of that time they came to an upright timber, which rested its base upon the beam. There was a cry for axes, and one was already swinging in the air, when the dying man called to them, feebly,

"Don't cut that upright!"

"Why?"

"It will bring down the whole gallery with it."

"How?"

"It's one of the foundations of my house."

The axe fell from the workman's hand, and with a blanched face he turned to his fellows. It was too true. They were in the uppermost gallery, and the "cave" had taken place directly below the new house. After a pause the Fool spoke again more feebly.

"The lady!—quick."

They brought her—a wretched, faint-

ing creature, with pallid face and streaming eyes—and fell back as she bent her face above him.

"It was built for you, Annie, darling," he said in a hurried whisper, "and has been waiting up there for you and me all these long days. It's deeded to you, Annie, and you must—live there—with *him!* He will not mind that I shall be always near you—for it stands above—my grave!"

And he was right. In a few minutes later, when he had passed away, they did not move him, but sat by his body all night with a torch at his feet and head. And the next day they walled up the gallery as a vault, but they put no mark or any sign thereon, trusting rather to the monument that, bright and cheerful, rose above him in the sunlight of the hill. And they who heard the story said: "This is not an evidence of death and gloom and sorrow, as are other monuments, but is a sign of Life and Light and Hope; wherefore shall all know that he who lies under it—is what men call a Fool!"

BRET HARTE.

THE POOR WHITES OF INDIA: A FEW WORDS REGARDING THEM.

In the early part of last month, an article appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, headed, "The Poor Whites of India," in which attention was drawn to the increase which has taken place of late years in the number of Europeans of the lower classes in India, and to the inadequacy of the provision which is made for the education of their children, as well as for the children of the large mixed population, commonly described as East Indians, but more properly as Eurasians, which has been one of the results of the various European settlements in that country. It is stated that the railways in Bengal alone support between 5,000 and 6,000 Europeans, including women and children, and that the European and Eurasian population of that Presidency alone numbers 83,935 souls, of whom it is alleged that a large proportion are sunk in the depths of poverty, misery, and vice. A melancholy description is given of the condition of the Eurasians. It is asserted that the lower classes of Eurasians, or half-castes, as they are designated in the article, "lead the life of pariah dogs, skulking on the outskirts between the native and the European communities, and branded as noxious animals by both;" while "in a higher class the lads pick up a living as menial servants or on the river or wharfs, but constantly lose their places from drunkenness, and are reduced to starvation and the gaol." An extract is made from some remarks on the subject written by the Archdeacon of Calcutta, in which it is alleged that "for this vast accumulation of beings bearing English names and nominally professing the Christian faith, no adequate provision is made, by which they can obtain sufficient education to enable them to earn an honest livelihood. The system of public instruction in India was framed for natives, and not for Europeans or half-castes. The latter may starve, or beg, or steal and go to gaol." Further on it is stated that "the highest authority on the subject [who this may be, does not appear] declared in India six weeks ago, that with the exception of two small schools, throughout all Bengal, with its population of 83,000 Europeans and half-castes, he knows of the establishment of no school within the last fifteen years suited to their needs and requirements."

The article ends by contrasting the expenditure which is incurred by the Indian Government in the education of natives with the small sums which it spends on the education of Europeans and Eurasians. The conclusion which it draws is, that "a miserable population of Europeans and half-castes is growing up in that country, unable to earn their bread, ignorant of the rudiments of their religion, a scandal to the white colour, and with the sole career before them of the house of correction and the gaol."

A day or two after the appearance of the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the subject was taken up in an editorial in the *Times*, in which the statements made in the evening journal form the text for a series of remarks very similar in their tenor to those we have just quoted; the only difference being, that while the one journal implies that the Government are to blame for the condition of educational destitution in which the classes referred to are said to be sunk; the other deems the evil to be incurable, holding that "to tax the natives, in order to provide the Eurasians or the floating crowd of immigrant Europeans with educational advantages would be hardly just, even if it were possible."

There can be no question that there is much that is lamentable in the condition of considerable numbers of the various mixed populations of India, whether of British, or of Portuguese, or of Dutch, or of French extraction; and that here and there melancholy instances occur of persons of pure European extraction being found in a state of misery and degradation, which, however deplorable in the purlieus of Houndsditch and Whitechapel, is politically a greater evil in a country where every Englishman is looked upon more or less as a representative of the ruling race. With the expansion of public works and commercial enterprises of various kinds, the number of lower class Europeans who are at any time liable to be cast loose on society has largely increased; so much so, that special enactments have had to be passed to enable the Government to deal with European vagrancy, and to deport at the public expense those who are unable or unwilling to earn a decent livelihood. But admitting all this, we cannot but think that the picture drawn in the two articles in question is in some respects too highly coloured. In the first place, the numerical strength of those classes of the population to which the remarks of the writers are in any way applicable, is greatly overstated. It is apparently forgotten, that among the 83,935 persons who are said to compose the European and Eurasian population of Bengal, there is included the whole of the European soldiery who garrison the provinces forming that extensive Presidency, who with their wives and families probably compose not less than two-thirds of the population in question, and who, whether as regards their housing, or their food, or their means of obtaining spiritual instruction and education for their children, are—now-a-days, at all events—amply cared for by the State. In the regimental schools on the plains, and in the Lawrence Asylums at the hill stations, a very efficient provision is made for the education of the children of our European soldiers. From the remainder of the population referred to there must be deducted the clergy, the members of the civil service, the officers of the native army, the members of the mercantile community, of the bar and other professions, and the numerous subordinate *employés*, European and Eurasian, holding remunerative employment in the various departments of the State and in the service of the railway and other public companies and of private firms, before we come to the residuum to which the remarks in question are more or less applicable; a residuum which doubtless numbers several thousands, and represents a lamentable mass of ignorance and misery and vice, but which cannot truly be said to constitute a large proportion of the entire European and Eurasian population of India.

And even as regards this residuum, the statements which we have quoted, and especially those which imply a direct charge of neglect on the part of the Indian Government, must be accepted with a considerable amount of qualification. It is not the fact that the duty of providing suitable means of education for the poorer classes of its European and Eurasian subjects has been ignored by the Government of India. From a report which has recently been printed, we learn that that Government annually spends 23,050*l.* in aiding European and Eurasian schools for the children of the civil population. Of this sum 10,470*l.* is spent in the presidency of Bengal, 4,300*l.* in Madras, 4,000*l.* in Bombay, 1,050*l.* in British Burmah, and 2,860*l.* in the two native states of Mysore and Hyderabad. This expenditure represents about one-twenty-seventh of the whole expenditure incurred by the State in the education of the entire civil population of India and Burmah, whereas the whole European and Eurasian population, including the soldiery, is probably less than one in a thousand of the entire population. We have not before us all the returns of the last Indian census, but from those of Madras and of the provinces subject to the Lieutenant-Governor of

Bengal, it appears that in the one case the Europeans and Eurasians, including military, numbered only 41,011 out of a population of 31,597,872; and in the other, only 40,846 out of a population of 66,856,859. In Madras, on the 31st of March 1873, there were 4,856 European and Eurasian pupils—or more than one in nine of the entire European and Eurasian population of the Presidency, including the military—on the rolls of schools connected with the department of public instruction, which, be it observed, takes no cognizance of the European regimental schools. For Bengal, in the report to which we have just now alluded, the average attendance is given at 3,542; but this is exclusive of the number of Eurasian pupils attending schools designed principally for natives, which is not inconsiderable; for it is a mistake to suppose that the schools of the latter class are not in some degree resorted to by Europeans and Eurasians. One of the most distinguished graduates of the Madras University was a Eurasian, who had received his education in the Presidency College—an institution specially organized for the instruction of natives. At the same time we fully admit that wherever the number of Europeans and Eurasians is sufficiently large to justify the establishment of a school for their special benefit, it is very desirable that this should be done, and it has been done to a very much greater extent than could be inferred from the sweeping statements with which we are now dealing. The real facts of the case are presented in considerable detail, though on a few points the information is admitted to be incomplete, in the report to which we have alluded, and which was submitted to the Government of India last year by Mr. A. J. Lawrence, a nephew of the Sir Henry Lawrence, the founder of the Lawrence Asylums for soldiers' children. Mr. Lawrence was appointed in 1871 as a member of a commission nominated by the late Lord Mayo to inquire into and report on the condition of the several Lawrence Asylums throughout India; and in the latter part of that year, having been deputed by his colleagues on the commission, which held its sittings at Simla, to visit and report on the asylums in the other Provinces and Presidencies, he was instructed by the Government of India to extend his inquiries to all the existing schools for Europeans. The report, which was the result of these instructions, deals with Eurasian as well as with European schools, and contains very full particulars of all the schools regarding which Mr. Lawrence was able to obtain information. The following paragraphs, with which the report opens, afford an emphatic contradiction to the charge of neglect on the part of the Government:—

"From the times of our earliest connection with India the Government has lent substantial assistance to all schools designed for the amelioration of the condition of our poorer countrymen. At first day-schools were established in connection with the Settlement Churches; these grew into, or were followed by, institutions where orphans and indigent children of the civil population were boarded, clothed, and taught. The chief of these were the Free schools in Calcutta and the Educational Society's schools in Bombay, while in Madras the civil orphanages provided for those who were ineligible for the benefits of the military male and female asylums.

"In the course of years more ambitious institutions were founded in Calcutta, Madras, and at Lucknow, while on the western coast the schools at Byculla, Bombay, long continued without rivals.

"To all these institutions, excepting only the Martinières at Calcutta and Lucknow, and the Doveton College at the former place, the State gave efficient aid.

"This was done on no fixed principle, but as applications were made, and according to the merits of each case."

The report then describes the action taken by Lord Canning at the instance of Bishop Cotton, which resulted in a considerable expansion of the aid granted by the Government, in the establishment of the schools, known as Bishop Cotton's Schools, at Simla, Nagpore,

Bangalore, and Poona, and in the formation of Diocesan Boards of Education in each of the three Presidencies, which, though not, apparently, as well supported or as active as they might have been, have been of some use in promoting education among the lower classes of the European and Eurasian communities. The report points out the merits and demerits of the various schools, and makes suggestions for their improvement, including a recommendation which, we imagine, is not likely to be carried out—that a Central Board of Education, unconnected with the Department of Public Instruction, should be established by Government at each of the Presidency towns, which should have control over all the non-military schools for Europeans and Eurasians within their jurisdiction. It shows that while, here and there, there are errors of management, unthrifty expenditure, a tendency to organize the schools with too little reference to the needs and requirements of the poorer classes, yet on the whole a great deal of good work is being done, susceptible doubtless of much improvement and of considerable extension, but amply sufficient to dispel the notion that the subject is one which is regarded as of secondary importance by the Government of India or by the provincial authorities. In Bengal, to which the remarks we have quoted at the beginning of this paper are more particularly intended to apply, there certainly would seem to have been hitherto less cordial co-operation between the officers of the Department of Public Instruction and the managers of the schools than is the case in Madras and Bombay. There is also, apparently, in the former Presidency a want of sufficient co-operation between the managers of the various schools, and consequently a defective system of grading; so that the higher schools and the lower schools do not help each other as much as they might under a better system—as, for instance, they do at Madras, where, as Mr. Lawrence observes, "the schools are more or less graded, are on a system, and work together," where "the wants of the poorer classes are cared for, and although under independent committees, the schools are all examined and reported on by the Education Department." But these are matters which only require to be brought prominently under notice, as has now been done in Mr. Lawrence's report, in order to the application of a remedy. The most important point is the question of funds, and especially of funds for the maintenance of suitable schools for the poorest classes. The only form in which the Government can contribute, is in the form of "grants in aid." This they are doing, and are prepared to do, with a liberality suited to the requirements of the case; but in many localities the contributions of private individuals, and of congregations, are not as liberal as they ought to be. Only a few days ago we read in a Madras newspaper that there was inminent danger of certain schools connected with St. Matthias' Church in Vepery—one of the localities most densely populated by poor Eurasians—being closed owing to want of funds. When the Diocesan Board of Education of Madras was established in 1861, it was hoped that it would receive a large measure of support from the European community of the presidency. So far, this expecta- has not been fully realized. The funds at the disposal of the Board have hitherto been less than they ought to have been, and have been contributed by a comparatively small number of persons; and the same, we apprehend, has been more or less the case in the other Presidencies. The matter is one which commends itself to the attention of all who are interested in the well-being of India, and in the progress of Christianity in that land.

As Dr. Arnold wrote to Fox, the Masulipatam Missionary, in 1841, there is no more important work to be done, by those who are interested in the success of Christian Missions, than "to organize and purify Christian Churches of whites and half-castes." As Bishop Cotton wrote nineteen years later, "It is nothing less than a national sin to neglect a class who are our fellow-

Christians and fellow-subjects, whose presence in India is due entirely to our occupation of the country, and who, unless real efforts are made for their good, are in great moral and spiritual danger."

We have endeavoured to show that, so far as education is concerned, this duty is now largely recognized, and that whatever shortcomings there may be, are not due to indifference on the part of the Government of India, or on the part of the Local Administrations. What is now needed is a more practical and complete recognition of this duty by the well-to-do members of the Christian community, whether in India or in this country. It is an object on which benevolent persons in England might well bestow their charity, and probably would do so, if a Society were formed for the purpose of drawing attention to the subject and of receiving contributions. But it is on the upper classes of the Christian community in India that the duty mainly devolves—on the members of the civil and military services, on the merchants and lawyers and planters, on the wealthier Eurasians, —all of whom directly benefit by our possession of India, and are bound to do what in them lies to promote the welfare of their poorer co-religionists.

It is the fashion to stigmatize the Eurasians as inheriting the vices of both the parent races, and the virtues of neither. This stock phrase, which, like most epigrams, contains a mixture of truth and error, is reproduced in one of the two articles to which we have alluded; but whatever may be its applicability to those sections of the Eurasian population who have commenced and gone through the battle of life under every conceivable disadvantage, there is abundant evidence of the benefit which those among them who have been more fortunately circumstanced, are capable of deriving from a sound system of education. No one who has been at the head of a large office in India, where, especially in the Presidency towns, the Eurasians are employed in considerable numbers as clerks, can have failed to recognize the excellent business habits of many of this class, the unfailing courtesy, the patience, the industry, the honesty, and in many cases the acute intelligence, which they bring to bear upon their duties. And among the comparatively limited number who have attained to higher positions, whether as public servants or as clergymen, or in trade, there are men who would do credit to any race, who command the respect and esteem of all who know them, and who, when they read the remarks to which we have drawn attention, and especially those in the first of the two articles, cannot fail to experience a sense of injustice at the sweeping condemnation, which, without allowing for a single exception, has been passed upon the community to which they belong. Those who remember the Eurasian clergyman who for several years ministered in the Fort Church at Bangalore, exercising an influence for good over the European soldiers which but few British chaplains have been able to exert, and others who witnessed the firmness and tact with which, in more recent years, a Eurasian deputy-collector and magistrate discharged his duties among the by no means easily satisfied coffee-planters of Wainád, will readily bear out our assertion, that there is nothing in the Eurasian nature which precludes the expectation that, in their case, education will develop many of the qualities which people in India are accustomed to regard as belonging exclusively to the ruling race.

A. J. ARBUTHNOT.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

II.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN PRUSSIA UP TO 1850.

The ecclesiastical policy of Prussia, or, to speak more correctly, of the House of Hohenzollern, is marked by three well-defined characteristics :—1. Toleration in matters of faith. 2. Intolerance of any encroachment by the Church on the domain of the State. 3. A high-handed assertion of the right of the latter to determine for itself and without asking anybody's leave, what matters belong to the civil, and what to the spiritual power. In other words :—1. Respect for the *Jura Interna* of the Churches established within the realm. 2. Supremacy of the State over the *Jura Externa*. 3. The right of the State to determine the line of demarcation between the two.

Vaticanism, on the other hand, claims for the Roman See, and for its occupant of the time being, supreme authority over the entire Christian community throughout the world: authority immediate as regards matters spiritual; mediate as regards matters secular. *Dominus Petro non solum universam ecclesiam, sed etiam sæculum reliquit gubernandum.* The Pope is the Vicar of Christ; the temporal sovereign is the Vicar of the Pope. To the Roman See has been committed the power of the two swords, the spiritual and the temporal, the first to be wielded by himself, the latter at his bidding by the temporal prince. The Pope is the sun which rules the day, the temporal prince is the moon that rules over the darkness of the night; and as the moon derives its light from the sun, so the temporal prince derives his authority from the Pope. This is the mediæval conception of the Papal authority as it was understood and described by Innocent III., and thundered forth with all the pomp and circumstance of an utterance *ex cathedrâ* by Boniface VIII., in the Bull *Unam Sanctam.*[1] At all periods of its existence, this doctrine met with the utmost opposition, not only from kings and emperors, but from the most learned and the most orthodox of Catholic theologians. It was reserved to our own day to see it raised by the Vatican Council to the rank of a dogma binding upon the individual conscience. That a dogma of this kind is absolutely incompatible with any and every form of government excepting the theocratic, is self-evident; and that the mere assertion of the principle excludes the notion of a *modus vivendi* between Church and State, is equally self-apparent. Consequently, Vaticanism has placed the Roman See in an attitude of active or passive antagonism to every government of Christendom, whether Catholic or non-Catholic. By cursing modern society, it has placed itself outside the pale of society, and the latter must take its measures accordingly.

It is true that Dr. Manning, in addressing Protestants, as he has lately done in his articles in the *Contemporary Review*, carefully keeps these facts from sight, and claims for Ultramontanism no other rights than those asserted by the Anglican Church, and by English Nonconformist sects. In a letter to the *Times* of the 26th of August, he even goes so far as to repudiate the idea of having said that the Pope is the supreme ruler of the world, as if this were an idea repugnant to common sense, add-

[1] How exactly the doctrine of the Vatican Council tallies with the mediæval conception will best be seen from the following passage in the *Civilta Cattolica*, the *official* organ of the Curia, of the 18th March, 1871, which will also serve to show how different is the language of Vaticanism at Rome from what it is at Westminster. "The Pope is the supreme judge of civil laws. In him the two Powers, the spiritual and the temporal, meet in a single point, for he is the Vicar of Christ, who is not only Perpetual High Priest, but also King of Kings and Lord of Lords. . . . The Pope, in virtue of his high office, stands on the summit of both Powers."

ing, with singular *naïveté*, that when Ultramontanism is in question common sense is rarely to be trusted. On the other hand, when addressing Catholics, Dr. Manning assigns to the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, which claims for the Roman See the supremacy over the world in its crudest form, the character of a declaratory act of the Ultramontane faith.

We leave to Dr. Manning the task of reconciling these contradictory statements with that literary good faith (to appeal to no higher standard) which we think we have a right to demand at the hands of an Englishman who uses the public press of England as a vehicle for his opinions. For practical purposes we are quite content to take Dr. Manning's definition of Vaticanism as it stands in the letter above quoted, viz.: as a dogma according to which the Pope has a supreme, and therefore an exclusive jurisdiction in faith and morals, *i.e.*, possesses legislative and judicial supremacy, not only over matters connected with man's relations towards God and the invisible world, but over the whole sphere of men's moral relations towards each other. Subtract from the sum total of relations which make up the modern State, all those which have an ethical bearing on man as a social and political being, hand these over to the discretion of an absolute and irresponsible spiritual head, and there would remain as the constituents of the Civil Power, a sheriff and hangman to carry out the orders of the Holy Office, a post-office, a telegraph board, and some kind of official machinery for controlling railway accidents. We were going to add a sanitary board, but we remembered in good time that every modern epidemic has been claimed by the organs of the Vatican press as a judgment on mankind for its disobedience to the Holy See.[1] Banks, exchanges, and all establishments connected with finance, would as a matter of course belong to the sphere of the Spiritual Power, the determining of the rate of interest on money having always been claimed as one of its prerogatives by the Curia. Such are some of the absurdities which follow from the dogmatizing of Ultramontanism; but, as Dr. Manning very justly observes, when Ultramontanism is in question, common sense is rarely to be trusted.

Non-Vatican Catholics—under which name I by no means refer exclusively to the so-called Old Catholics, but to the great mass of Catholics who have not identified themselves with the St. Ignatian section of the Roman Catholic Church—have always admitted the concurrent jurisdiction of the State in regard to the *Jura externa;* have regarded the *Jura interna* as determined once for all by the creeds and the tradition of the Church; and, with respect to the slippery border-land between the two, on which as long as Church and State continue to exist there will always be a rivalry between the civil and the spiritual power—we mean questions connected with marriage, education, and the like—have, whilst rejecting the theory of the absolute supremacy of the State, yet always urged the necessity of finding a *modus vivendi* between the two jurisdictions.

The characteristics above enumerated as those peculiar to the policy of the Hohenzollerns, all of which have strongly marked the present conflict, will suffice to show that it is a mistake to confound, as is frequently done in England, the present Prussian legislation with that of Henry VIII. The Tudor king asserted the *jus reformandi*, *i.e.*, the Prerogative of the Crown to determine the *faith* of the Lieges, in its crudest form, himself turning Creed-maker, and combining with the kingly office that of a Doctor of theology. The Hohenzollerns, on the other hand, alone of the German princes, and that as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, rejected the theory of the *cujus regio ejus religio*, and gave an example of toleration far in advance of the spirit of their times. When the Elector Sigismund, in 1614, from having been a Lutheran went over to

[1] The relations between the Papal See and the medical profession are best illustrated by a Bull of Pius V. and successive constitutions of the Church, by which doctors are *ipso facto* excommunicated who go on paying professional visits to patients who have omitted to send for a confessor.

the Reformed Church, he left his subjects in undisturbed possession of their Lutheran establishment. Thus at a time when the princes of the empire were in the full exercise of the *jus reformandi*, as yet unfettered by the *status quo* of 1624, and exercised it so ruthlessly that in some parts of Germany whole populations had to change their religion several times in the course of a few years, according as the sovereign embraced the one or the other confession, the margrave of Brandenburg elected, of his own free will, to rule over an establishment of which he was not himself a member. As, however, according to the Lutheran theory, he was not the less invested, in virtue of his temporal office, with episcopal jurisdiction over the Church established in his realm, and as the Hohenzollerns were never coy in asserting the prerogative of the Crown, there grew up a polity the essential conditions of whose structure involved the characteristics above given, and of which it could be emphatically said that it was "one body with one head, not two heads, which would be a monstrosity," but "that head" the King. To these structural conditions of the realm of the Hohenzollerns must be further added the strong sentiment of the educational prerogative of the State inherent in German Protestantism, and especially powerful in the Reformed Church to which the Hohenzollerns went over.

The Peace of Westphalia left the dominions of the margraves of Brandenburg almost wholly within the zone won by the Reformation, so that the double establishment—the Catholic and the Protestant—only became an important feature of the State after the conquest of Silesia by Frederick II. Were space available, a study of the great king's ecclesiastical policy would be very instructive for the purposes of the present inquiry. Nowhere do the three characteristics come out more strongly than in the drastic rescripts in which, with the precision and unerring instinct of a man who thoroughly knows his own mind and what is the point for which he is making, the king sketches with his own pen the great architectural lines on which Church and State were thenceforth to be built up. Two instances must suffice to give an idea of what he understood by the *externa* and the *interna* of religion.

The Pope having given a dispensation to a mixed marriage on the condition that the children should be all brought up in the Catholic faith, the king writes thus:—"We are not minded to allow the Roman Pope one whit more than any other Puissance to make laws and ordinances for our Silesian subjects touching matters *which, like the education of children, clearly belong to the domain of our Police*, least of all laws which shall in any way affect that liberty of conscience which we have graciously accorded to our subjects. We therefore, out of the fullness of our Sovereign Power, utterly break and annul the Papal dispensation aforesaid on account of the conditions thereunto annexed."

On another occasion one Berkmeier, who had contracted an uncanonical marriage and been visited by spiritual censures in consequence, having applied to the king for redress, received the following answer:—"By refusing absolution and the sacrament to the said Berkmeier, they (the Dominicans) have not encroached upon our prerogative in the matter of matrimonial dispensations. All they have done has been to keep the Petitioner out of the enjoyment of certain rights which he has himself forfeited with his eyes open by contracting a marriage forbidden by the Roman Church."

It should be observed that in many of his ordinances Frederick II. forestalled the present legislation, which thus in some ways is only a return to the traditions of the Prussian State, *e.g.*, in establishing a right of appeal from the spiritual to the civil courts with a regular mode of procedure; in the restriction of the spiritual tribunals to any but spiritual pains and penalties; in the prohibition by which members of clerical orders were prevented from placing themselves under Foreign Provincials; in the enactment of a special oath of allegiance from the Silesian

clergy; in the exclusion of all foreigners from Silesian benefices; in the prohibition to study at foreign universities, and the like.

It was in the reign of Frederick the Great's successor that the first attempt was made to *codify* the relations between Church and State, and thus not only to bring them on to the *terra firma* of Statute Law, but to systematize them according to certain general principles.

The Prussian Code (*Das allgemeine preussische Landrecht*) is for Prussia what the Code Napoléon is for France: one of those great landmarks in the history of a nation, in which at a given moment the accumulated wisdom or unwisdom, as the case may be, of a people is crystallized into an abiding shape, and imposes itself tyranically on all future generations. For us, who know nothing of the laws by which we are governed, and who, if we did know anything about them, would find it very difficult to trace the general principles which hold them together, it is almost impossible to realise how great in the life of a people is the educational importance of a Code. Such a Code, containing in a form accessible to all, not merely the laws under which they live, and in accordance with which they must shape their lives, but the principles from which these are derived, becomes after a few generations part of the moral and intellectual tissue of a nation; and any violent or even *brusque* departure from the spirit of such a Code can never be ventured upon with impunity. It will be seen that the Prussian legislation of 1850 involved an inconsiderate departure from the principles of the *Landrecht*, and that this in a great measure accounts for the violence of the reaction embodied in the present laws.

The Prussian Code, like all the intellectual products of the close of the last and the commencement of the present century, is marked by its colour-blindness to the facts and traditions of history; by its supercilious treatment of usages and customs; and by its enthusiasm for abstract principle and theory. J. J. Rousseau's "Contrat Social" is still, as it were, in the air, and is being precipitated over a great portion of the civilised world, in the shape of positive enactment.

This feature is especially striking in the articles which treat of the relations between Church and State. Of the historical pretensions of the Church of Rome, of the treaties of Westphalia which determined the relations between the various confessions, of the *Jus reformandi* and the *Jus episcopale*, we find not a word, but instead thereof the impassive abstraction of a provokingly rational State calmly conscious of its absolute supremacy, and convinced that this supremacy, if wielded according to the dictates of right reason, and the unerring instincts of the Law of Nature, can be made a perfect instrument for securing a maximum of human happiness.

Face to face with this abstract State, we find certain abstract religious societies, "which in all matters which they have in common with other civil societies must order their affairs according to the laws of the State." (§ 27.)[1]

The most absolute liberty of conscience is guaranteed to the individual citizen. "No man may be disturbed on the score of his religious opinions, or made to give an account of them, or held up to ridicule in connexion with them, far less persecuted." (Cf. §§ 1, 2, 4, 7.)

It is only "when two or three are gathered together" that the omnipresence of the State is felt. "Inhabitants of the State may together combine for the purposes of private devotion" (§ 10), but in doing so, unless they belong to one of the established churches, they fall into the category of private societies, and as such must obtain the licence of the government, and remain bound by the laws touching private societies.

Religious societies are divided into two principal categories: — Church Societies (*Kirchen Gesellschaft*) and spiritual societies (*Geistliche Gesellschaft*).

[1] The §§ given in the text are those of Part II., Title XI. (Theil II. Titel XI.) of the *preussisches allgemeine Landrecht.*

The established churches, *i.e.*, the Catholic, the Lutheran, and the Reformed, are "privileged" species of the genus Church Society, and as such enjoy special advantages, their priests, ministers, and other officials having the status of "mediate" *employés* of the State.

It is in the first three sections of the chapter on Church Societies (§§ 13, 14, 15) that we are able to appreciate the true spirit of the Code in religious matters, and by the light of this knowledge to understand public opinion as it exists in Prussia on the relations between Church and State, as distinct from English opinion on such questions —by which Prussian public opinion, and not by our own, it should always be remembered, the Falk laws have to be judged.

They are as follows :—

§ 13. Every Church Society is bound to teach its members reverence for the Divine Being, obedience to the laws, fidelity to the State, and to instil amongst its members sound moral opinions.

§ 14. Religious doctrines which run counter to the above may not be taught in the State, nor may they be spread abroad either by word of mouth or in popular writings.

§ 15. The State alone has the right, after due inquiry, to condemn such doctrines and to prohibit their promulgation.

If we compare these articles, as well as those previously quoted respecting the absolute freedom of conscience to be accorded to the individual citizen, with the following passages from the chapter headed "De la Religion civile" in the "Contrat Social" we shall see how close is the affiliation of ideas between the two, and we shall obtain a correct notion of the kind of polity which the Vatican with its revival of mediæval supremacy has challenged to single combat :—

"Les sujets ne doivent compte au souverain de leurs opinions qu'autant que ces opinions importent à la communauté. Or, il importe bien à l'Etat que chaque citoyen ait une religion qui lui fasse aimer ces devoirs ; mais les dogmes de cette religion n'interessent ni l'Etat ni ses membres qu'autant que ces dogmes appartiennent à la morale et aux devoirs que celui qui la professe est tenu de remplir envers autrui. Chacun peut avoir au surplus telles opinions qu'il lui plait sans qu'il appartient au souverain d'en connaitre. . . . .

"Il y a donc *une profession de foi purement civile* dont il appartient au souverain de fixer les articles, non pas precisément comme dogme de religion, mais comme sentiments de sociabilité, sans lesquels il est impossible d'être bon citoyen ni sujet fidèle. . . . ."

"Les dogmes de la religion civile doivent être simples, en petit nombre, énoncés avec précision, sans explication ni commentaire. *L'existence de la Divinité puissante*, intelligente, bienfaisante, la vie à venir, le bonheur des justes, *la sainteté du contrat social et des lois:* voilà les dogmes positifs. Quant aux dogmes négatifs, je les borne à un seul, c'est l'intolérance : elle rentre dans les cultes que nous avons exclus."

This idea of a *civil faith*, "not precisely as a religious dogma, but as a sentiment of sociability," as that with which alone the State need concern itself in connexion with Church Establishments, runs through the whole of the numerous sections of the *Landrecht* on ecclesiastical affairs.

It especially manifests itself :—

1. In the strict prohibition of anything like theological excess.

"No ecclesiastical society may persecute or even give offence to another." "All bitterness and abusive language are to be avoided." "The peace of families is never to be disturbed on the plea of religious zeal."

2. In its anxiety to defend the liberty of the individual churchman against the tyranny of his own Church.

This anxiety is made especially clear to us in the record of the discussions (preserved in the Berlin archives and given in extract in Friedberg's book on the "Limits between Church and State") which took place amongst the framers of the Code respecting the whole question of Ecclesiastical Discipline, and which nearly resulted in the Churches

being altogether deprived of the right of excluding or excommunicating recalcitrant members. As it is, the sections respecting Church Discipline are highly instructive; they are as follows:—

"Every member of a Church Society is bound to submit to its Discipline."

"Such Discipline, however, shall only have for its object the prevention of public scandals."

"If individual members of a Church Society by their public acts display their contempt for Divine Service, or for the customs of religion, or disturb others in their devotions, the Society is empowered to exclude such unworthy members from its public meetings until they have bettered themselves."

"No member can be so excluded solely on the ground of his holding opinions different from the common creed of the Society to which he belongs."

"In case of a dispute respecting the legality of the exclusion, the decision rests with the State."

"In so far as such an exclusion involves prejudicial consequences to the civil honour of a citizen, the consent of the State must be obtained before it can be enforced."

From the above paragraphs it is clear that the intention of the legislators was to restrict the power of excommunication to a measure of police for the maintenance of public order and the avoidance of public scandals, and by thus restricting it to stop the use of those spiritual thunders with which all religious bodies, and Rome at their head, seek to constrain the consciences of their members.

3. In the care bestowed on securing for the office of "spiritual pastor and master" persons *morally* qualified for the post, who shall know how to live at peace with their flocks, and not vex them by their conduct, or by insisting upon opinions very different from their own (§ 325). Indeed this tenderness for the opinions of the flock rather than for those of the shepherd, and generally the sentiment that dogmas are private concerns, to be kept in the background and not thrust prominently forward in connection with the public exercise of religion, which are the keynotes of the "Religion civile," constantly attract our notice in studying the Code, as, for instance, in the article (§ 45) which lays down "that it is unlawful for a Church Society to obtrude upon its members articles of faith which are contrary to their convictions"!

When from the serene heights of the abstract State and the abstract Church the Code condescends to treat of the concrete relations between the actual Prussian State and the Roman Hierarchy, its language is very distinct, and the national character of the Catholic establishment is surrounded with safeguards against the international claims of Rome:—

"No bull, breve, or rescript of any kind can be published without the placet of the Crown."

"No foreign Bishop, or other ecclesiastic, can legislate in regard to ecclesiastical matters within the realm."

"No foreign Bishop can exercise any jurisdiction or power, or assume any direction over ecclesiastical affairs, without the express will and consent of the State."

"No Prussian cleric can attend a Church Council outside the realm without the express sanction of the State," &c., &c.

The above will suffice to give a general idea of the animus of the Prussian Code in matters ecclesiastical. With reference to it, it should be noted that though the legislation of 1850, and still more the *laissez faire* of the Government between 1850 and 1871, accorded an amount of liberty, or rather impunity, to the sacerdotal element in the Church Societies directly opposed to the animus of the Code, the great principles enunciated in it have never ceased to be the law of the land in Prussia.

Dr. Manning claims for the Bull *Unam Sanctam* and for the Vatican Decrees the character of "Declaratory Acts" of the constitution of the Vatican Church. The same character may be emphatically claimed for the Prussian Code in regard to the constitution of the modern State.

The interest of the present conflict consists in the pretensions of these extreme representatives of two extreme ideas having by a strange yet natural concatenation of circumstances been brought into sudden and violent collision.

Indeed, seldom has history been so lavish of dramatic effect as when it brought into almost immediate juxtaposition with each other the decreeing of Divine honours to the Papal, and the proclamation of the Protestant, Cæsar.

When, to use Dr. Manning's picturesque image, the *brand-new* Vatican Church (chiesa *tutta nuova*) sprang Eve-like from the side of the Sovereign Pontiff,[1] and ceasing to be the Bride of the invisible Christ, became the obedient wife of a querulous and very visible old man: when, at Versailles, in the palace of the "Grand Monarque," political preponderance on the continent of Europe was for the first time committed to the hands of a Protestant Power, and that power the especial representative of the Modern State, two forces were called into life whose rival claims absolutely exclude each other, and between which no *modus vivendi* is possible.

It is no use blinking this fact—it and all its consequences must be looked at full in the face.

Between the *Catholic Church*, as it existed before it had formally identified itself with its St. Ignatian section, and the *Modern State*, relations of peace and goodwill abounding in all good works, and replete with the germs of excellent fruit, were not only possible in theory, but had proved possible and easy in practice, *and nowhere more so than in Prussia.*

Between the *Modern State* and the *Vatican Church* no transaction is conceivable, unless the one or the other consents to abjure the essential principles of its existence.

If this statement appears too strong, we have only to compare paragraph by paragraph the "Credo" of the Prussian State with that of the Vatican.

The articles of the Code, above transcribed *verbatim*, forbid any Church from teaching doctrines implying want of reverence for the Divine Being, disobedience to the laws, lack of fidelity to the State, or moral opinions that are not sound.

If the deification of the Pope, and the crediting the Divine Being with all the extravagances pronounced *ex cathedrâ* by the successors of St. Peter during the last eighteen hundred years be not a want of reverence for the Deity, what are they?

If to believe that the Pope has power to depose the temporal Prince, to absolve subjects from their obedience, and kings from their oaths to maintain the liberties of their subjects, be not a doctrine involving as a possible alternative disobedience to the laws and lack of fidelity to the State, what is it?

If the doctrine that no oath is binding to the detriment of the Church be not an immoral doctrine, what is it?

Yet these are the doctrines of the Vatican, binding on the individual conscience of every Catholic who has not had the courage to refuse his assent to these monstrous propositions.

By a solemn act of *ex-cathedrâ* infallibility Pio Nono, on the 8th December, 1864, called up from their silent graves each and every pretension put forward during the eighteen centuries of its existence by the Papal See, and at the head of this resurgent host gave battle to the theories on which modern civilization is built up.

But not content with this academic performance, and as if to show himself equal to the most vigorous of his predecessors, he launched his anathema against the Austrian constitution, and thereby, according to Vatican doctrine, absolved all Austrian Catholics from their allegiance to that constitution.

[1] "La chiesa cattolica di oggidi esce tutta nuova del fianco del Vicario di Gesù Christo." Despite the success which it is said Dr. Manning earned with this rhetorical flourish in Vatican circles, it must, we should think, cause him some remorse to reflect that he should have been the first to stamp the Vatican Church with the title of the *New* Catholic Church; thus, as it were, with his own hands cutting out the label "Old Catholics" for the opponents of the Vatican, to say nothing of the absolute contradiction between this notion of a New Church and the theory of *Unam Sanctam* as a declaratory act.

Such are the marriage disabilities between the Vatican Church and the Modern State, and they are clearly of a kind which no dispensation can get over. But there is besides the absolute incompatibility of temper between the two.

The temper of the modern State cannot be better described than in the words of the "Contrat Social," "le sentiment de sociabilité:" that of the Vatican can be summed up in a word, "Anathema."

We must, however, return to Prussia.

The *Landrecht* was the last important creation of the Prussia of Frederick the Great; the generation which immediately succeeded witnessed the revolution which changed the face of continental Europe, and from north to south and east to west left hardly a stone of that which had been standing upon another. Of all the institutions affected by the revolutionary current, none underwent a more complete change than that which befell the Catholic Church of the Holy Roman Empire. The position occupied at the close of the century by that Church was an altogether exceptional one. It was a great temporal as well as spiritual power: of the seven Electors three were spiritual, combining with their archiepiscopal functions the territorial sovereignty of the vast possessions belonging to their Sees. On the bench of Princes in the Imperial Diet sat no less than thirty-nine Bishops or mitred Abbots, who were at the same time territorial sovereigns; to these must be added twenty-two Swabian and eighteen Rhenish prelates, whose territorial sovereignty was represented on the same bench by collective votes. Altogether the temporalities of the Church at the dissolution of the Empire were calculated to have comprised 1,719 square geographical miles of sovereign territory, with 3,161,776 inhabitants. The natural result of this worldly prosperity was to impress upon the Episcopacy of Germany, and especially upon the three spiritual Electors, a sense of their power and importance which tended necessarily in the direction of emancipation from Rome. The celebrated book of Febronius gave to this tendency an ideal side, and the so-called episcopal system, as opposed to the absolute claims of the Roman Primacy, became the doctrine of the German Church during the last decades of its connexion with the Empire. To what ultimate consequences the development of this doctrine might have led it is idle now to inquire; with the revolution of '89 the knell of the temporal power, as regards the German Church at least, was sounded. The Peace of Luneville gave the left bank of the Rhine to France, and established the principle that the secular princes should be indemnified out of Church property. Once upon this inclined plane, the road to general secularizations was rapidly traversed. The last serious work with which the realm of the Cæsars occupied itself[1] was a division of ecclesiastical spoil amongst secular claimants. With the exception of the ephemeral creation of the Metropolitan See of Regensburg, Church lands with the sovereign rights attached to them all passed over into profane hands. All that the Church obtained in return was that the existing dioceses should remain for the present as they were, and that at some time or other the Bishops and Chapters should be endowed in a reasonable manner out of the public funds of the territories into which the Church lands had been incorporated.

In 1804 the empire came to its ignominious end, and, for the ten years that followed, the struggle for political existence threw ecclesiastical matters altogether into the background.

At the resettlement which followed upon the close of the revolutionary era, Prussia found herself in the strange and abnormal position of being the first Protestant Power on the continent of Europe, and the especial guardian and representative of the Protestant faith in Germany, whilst she at the same time numbered among her subjects as many Catholics as the whole of the rest of non-Austrian Germany together. This result had been brought about in spite

[1] "Reichs-deputations haupt-Schluss," 27th April, 1803.

of her most strenuous efforts to prevent it, Protestant Saxony having been the reward that she coveted for her exertions in the War of Liberation. That Austria, by forcing upon her a large Catholic population, hoped to establish a thorn in the side of her rival, is a theory which obtained some currency at the time. Be this as it may, one of the first and most important cares which occupied the attention of Frederick William III. after the definitive settlement brought about by the Congress of Vienna was the re-establishment of the Catholic Church within his realm.

Nothing could exceed the state of confusion and anarchy into which it had fallen. Matters were bad enough in the old eastern provinces which had continued under Prussian rule; but in the newly-acquired Rhine Provinces, and in Westphalia, they were a thousand times worse. The glorious old Archdiocese of Cologne had been suppressed by France, and a bishopric in lieu thereof had been founded at Aix. Treves also had shrunk down to a bishopric. A similar confusion existed on the Russian frontier, where the limits of the dioceses nowhere coincided with the frontiers of the two States. Everywhere Bishops and Chapters—or where there were none, Vicars-apostolic—lived from hand to mouth from such allowances as the Government was able to make them. There were no fixed dotations; no order; no security.

Hence, the most pressing work which had to be performed was a new circumscription of the dioceses, the creation of new Chapters, the nomination of new Bishops, and the permanent endowment of both. The circumscription of the dioceses could only take place with the co-operation of the Papal See. The permanent endowment was equally impossible without the good-will of the Prussian State. It was on the basis of these mutual wants that the negotiation between Rome and Berlin took place. The original idea of the Prussian Cabinet had been to conclude a detailed Concordat, in which all points of possible collision between Church and State should be provided for; but they soon convinced themselves of the impossibility of the task, and determined to restrict the subjects of negotiation within the narrowest limits. With these modest hopes, with Niebuhr for a negotiator, and a statesman like Gonsalvi to negotiate with, it is not to be wondered at that the negotiation was perfectly successful, and highly satisfactory. The results were that the circumscriptions of seven dioceses were traced out, that the seven Bishoprics, with their corresponding Chapters, were permanently endowed with a yearly revenue of 300,000 thalers (45,000*l.*), and that the Prussian Crown obtained an important influence over the nomination of the Bishops by the obligation imposed upon the Chapters of coming to an understanding with the Government respecting the choice of a candidate previously to proceeding to an election.

These results were embodied in the Bull *De Salute Animarum*, which, having obtained the royal sanction, was officially published with the force of law.

Very few years sufficed to show how different the new Episcopacy was from those spiritual grand seigneurs, with their palaces, their chamberlains, their masters of the horse, and their packs of hounds, who had flourished in Germany a generation before. The new Bishops were poor and zealous: the fleshpots of the temporal power having once for all been placed out of their reach, the Church alone remained as the sphere of their activity; and the conflict respecting mixed marriages which broke out at Cologne only a few years after that See had been restored, showed how serious was the view they took of their ecclesiastical office. The Prussian Government were roughly awakened from their dream, that peace between Church and State had been definitely established by the successful negotiation of the Bull of Circumscription. How in the main they were in the right, how they then managed to appear in the wrong, and then really to be in the wrong; and of what an ignominious kind was their final retreat from an impossible situation, are matters which cannot be treated of here. That in a bureaucracy with

old traditions, and a tenacious memory, like Prussia, the sting of such a defeat should have been long remembered, and be even now influencing the present conflict, is far from impossible. The Cologne episode has always seemed to us to stand to the present conflict in the same relation that the humiliation of Olmütz stood to the battle of Sadowa. It was, however, only a preliminary storm. The accession of Frederick William IV. was the signal for a period of profound peace between Church and State which lasted until the opening of the first *German* Parliament in 1871.

The great episode of Frederick William IVth's reign was the liberty accorded to the Church by the Constitution of 1850, to which we must refer in our next article.

NOTE TO THE "DIES IRÆ."

In my article on the "Dies Iræ," I stated that I was unable to find either of the other two sequences attributed to Thomas of Celano. I certainly ought to have found the "Sanctitatis nova signa," which is printed in the "Acta Sanctorum," and, as correspondents have since kindly informed me, both in the Franciscan and in the Dominican Missal. The "Fregit victor virtualis" is found in a Paris Missal of the year 1520.[1]

The "Sanctitatis nova signa" and the "Fregit victor virtualis" were both written in honour of St. Francis, as we might have expected from their title. The first dwells upon the work of St. Francis as a reformer, describes in a few simple stanzas his character, and winds up with a prayer :—

"Fac consortes supernorum
Quos informas vita morum
Consequatur grex Minorum
Sempiterna gaudia."

The second is cast in a dramatic form, and possesses greater literary merit. The saint is introduced as speaking in reply to questions put to him by a chorus. There is a good deal of pathos in some of his answers ; there is an air of sorrowful triumph about some of his utterances. He is asked specially about his vision—

"Dic nobis Francisce
Quid vidisti in cruce ;"

and, after having given his account, the chorus replies :

"Credendum est magis soli Francisco veraci
Quam mundanorum turbæ fallaci."

These lines were probably directed against the Dominicans, who, as is well known, refused to believe for a considerable time in the "stigmata," and denounced the whole affair at first as an imposture.

The question as to the authorship of these hymns is exceedingly difficult. It is quite natural that they should have been but little thought of. If they were written by the author of the "Dies Iræ," they were of course totally eclipsed by his latest effort ; if they were from the hand of a different writer their intrinsic merit was too little to call forth any special recognition. It would seem, moreover, that a great many panegyrics were written on St. Francis. In examining a Book of "Hours," dating from the end of the 14th century, I found a hymn beginning, "Gaude fulgens Christi signis," and I have no doubt that several other poems in honour of the saint might be found in those old devotional books.

All we can say with certainty is, that our sequences were written by an Italian, probably a Franciscan, in the 13th century. They are comparatively feeble productions, and they do not betray any of the characteristics peculiar to the author of the "Dies Iræ." It would be rash to accept the testimony of Wadding as conclusive, because he evidently mixes up Thomas de Celano with Thomas de Cepeano, and it is quite possible that in this, as in several other instances, he was misinformed.

At a future date I trust to be able to show that the omission of the "Stabat Mater speciosa" in my article on "Jacoponi," was owing to the belief that it is not from the hand of the famous author of the "Stabat Mater."

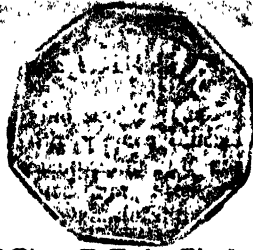
A. Schwartz.

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[1] I have said nothing in my article about the translations of our hymn. One of my critics calls attention to an early translation contained in a duodecimo volume, entitled, "The Office of the B. V. Mary in English" (1687). He is mistaken in supposing that he is revealing a profound secret, for it is well known to the readers in the British Museum, but he is right in describing it as one of the best. Its merits are especially seen when compared with the two earlier ones, made during the first half of the century, the one by Drummond of Hawthornden, and the other by Richard Crashaw. There is an excellent translation of the "Stabat Mater" in a "primer" published at Antwerp in the year 1604. It bears the title of "The Plaint of the Blessed Virgin Marie," and begins thus :—

"The mother stood in woful wyse
Besyde the crosse with weeping eyes."

As a literary curiosity I may mention a quaint prose-rendering of this latter hymn in a collection of Scottish prose and poetry of the 16th century.



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SIR ROBERT PEEL AND THE COMTE DE JARNAC.

THE Comte de Jarnac has published a very valuable article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the late Sir Robert Peel. From the frequent intercourse which he had with that statesman, from the lengthened period that he passed in England during Sir Robert's career, few persons were in a position to form a juster or more accurate opinion on the merits of Sir Robert's political life.

In much of the eulogy which the Comte de Jarnac bestows on Sir Robert Peel few would hesitate to acquiesce. That he was endowed with transcendent ability; that by his influence and authority very many beneficial legislative measures were carried; that he was a great orator (though hardly one of the greatest); that he was ambitious to contribute to his country's welfare; and that to all this was added a truly virtuous private life, with a heart prompt to perform generous and noble actions; is what every one must be willing to affirm—but all this may be true, and yet his career as a statesman may not only not be worthy of approbation, but may have been more fraught with injury than with benefit to the nation whose destinies he long ruled, and which, at all times during his long political life, he materially influenced.

It may seem paradoxical to say that almost all the political measures which he carried are deserving of much approbation, and yet that the most important ones were productive of a counterbalancing mischief which served materially to neutralize their good effects. The measures were excellent—the way he dealt with them disastrous.

Nothing, therefore, that the Comte de Jarnac says in praise of his friend need be gainsaid; and yet, taking Sir Robert's political course as a whole, it ought to be held up to future statesmen rather as a warning than as an example.

In introducing Sir Robert Peel to his readers the Comte de Jarnac observes that "ses manières, toujours froides et compassées, n'ont jamais cessé d'éloigner de lui ses émules"—an observation, the truth of which no one was more conscious of than himself, as is shown by the following anecdote told to me at the time by Mr. George Alexander Hamilton,[1] to whom Sir Benjamin (then Mr.) Hawes had just told it.

Mr. Hawes was chairman of a committee of the House of Commons, before whom a certain witness gave important testimony. The committee expressed their opinion to their chairman that the government ought to do something to reward the man. Mr. Hawes (who was in opposition) accordingly sought an interview with Sir Robert Peel, then Premier. A day being appointed, Mr. Hawes was ushered in, was very civilly received, and proceeded to state his case. When he had concluded, Sir Robert looked steadfastly at him without uttering a word, and continued to do so for so long, that Mr. Hawes grew quite uncomfortable, and taking up his hat, said—"I beg your pardon, Sir Robert, I see that you think I have been taking too great a liberty in coming to you as I have done. I wish you good morning." On which Sir Robert started up and said, "Good gracious!

[1] M.P. for Dublin University.

you are quite mistaken. I was only thinking how best I could comply with your request. It is my unfortunate manner, which has been my bane through life." There is a frankness and sincerity in such a confession, on such an occasion, by such a man, which certainly gives a very favourable impression of his character. But it is just because he was richly endowed with so many good and admirable qualities that his example was so dangerous. A man notoriously unscrupulous in the use of means for attaining ends, whose character for integrity affords no shelter to others in justification for wrong, does far less mischief by an evil deed than the good man who goes astray, and whose reputation may be appealed to by those who would follow in his wake.

It is true that M. de Jarnac is not led away by his admiration of the man to approve of all that he did, and notably he deplores and condemns his having made himself the instrument for abolishing the Corn Laws; but he condemns his course on that point rather as politically wrong from the effects which followed it, than as a grievous moral error tending to the demoralisation of future statesmen.

It is a curious fact, that on every great question with which Sir Robert had to deal, he set out with avowing and acting upon opinions directly the reverse of those to which in the end he came round. In 1810 he was a decided anti-bullionist; in 1819 he brought in and carried the Currency Act known by his name, based on the strictest principles of the bullionists. In 1827 a stern supporter of the Test and Corporation Acts; in 1828 the author of their repeal. Up to 1828 a vehement opponent of Roman Catholic Emancipation; in 1829 the minister who carried it by his authority and influence. In 1837, out of office, talking strong Protestantism; in 1845 endowing Maynooth, and treating with scant courtesy the Protestant Primate of Ireland. In 1827 backing the Duke of Wellington in his opposition to Mr. Canning's Corn Bill, although framed on the instructions of their common colleague, Lord Liverpool; in 1828 thwarting[1] Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Charles Grant in the cabinet, and compelling the adoption of a sliding-scale far less favourable to the consumer than the one proposed by Mr. Canning, thereby laying open the law to attacks much more difficult to resist. In 1842, when bringing in a new Corn Law, refusing to listen to the suggestions of Lord Fitzgerald, his colleague in the cabinet, to adopt a plan which would have secured the due sliding of the scale in wet seasons of harvest;[2] in 1845 sweeping the whole fabric ruthlessly and *permanently* away!

Now it need not be denied that most of these measures were beneficial ones, but it is very certain that by his previous opposition to them he aggravated all the evils which they were intended to remedy, whilst by carrying them as he did, he neutralized many of the chief advantages which might reasonably have been expected from them.

Take, for instance, his conduct on the Roman Catholic question. His long and persevering opposition to concession had, as both he and the Duke of Wellington admitted, brought Ireland to the verge of rebellion. The choice which they then had to make was between yielding and civil war. Who can for a moment doubt that in deciding to yield they acted rightly? But how disastrous was the effect on Ireland! They conceded to fear what they denied to justice. They both offended, most unwisely, the great Agitator, by compelling him to be re-elected; and the measure conceded to menace, so far from tranquillizing the country, only gave encouragement to agitation and all the evils of turbulent disloyalty.

The course which Sir Robert ought to have pursued, was to surrender power to those who could have granted the boon on the ground of justice, and who could not have been accused of having had it extorted from them by threats.

In reply, it is said that had they done so it could not have been carried. no one but the great Duke, aided by Sir Robert, could have succeeded. This

1 This Mr. Huskisson told me.
2 Told me at the time by Lord Fitzgerald.

may have been so, although it seems difficult to believe that a Whig government, supported by the Duke and Sir Robert, could not have accomplished it.

But fully adopting this view, and admitting that, in the crisis with which they had to deal, the only alternatives which offered themselves were either sacrificing their convictions and their consistency, or delivering up Ireland to the horrors of a civil war—and giving Sir Robert full credit for entertaining these opinions—then it must be conceded that he acted as a patriot and as a true statesman : his conduct was fully justified, and deserves all approbation.

There can be no doubt, then, but that Sir Robert, in the first volume of his Memoirs, written by himself, establishes this part of his defence, and his country owes him a debt of gratitude for this abnegation of self—for he was well aware of the sacrifice which he was making. "I have," he said, in his letter to the Duke (August 11, 1828), "been too deeply committed on this question—have expressed too strong opinions in respect to it, too much jealousy and distrust of the Roman Catholics, too much apprehension as to the immediate and remote consequences of yielding to their claims—to make it advantageous for the king's service that I should be the person to originate the measure." And when he had reluctantly brought himself, in consequence of the Duke's urgent entreaties, to undertake its origination, he wisely and honourably determined to resign his seat for Oxford University rather than have it "said with truth that he was exercising an authority derived from the confidence of the University to promote measures injurious in her deliberate opinion either to her own interests or to those of the Church" (p. 312).

But where Sir Robert's vindication fails, taking his own view, is, not as to what he did in 1829, but as to what he did for the three or four years that preceded 1829. Could a man who saw and reasoned as he did in 1829 have seen and reasoned as he did in the years preceding 1829 ? One cannot help asking, had he not too long gone on opposing claims which he felt sure could not be long resisted ? When he abandoned Mr. Canning in 1827, did he really think that Mr. Canning was wrong ? These were the questions to which, for the sake of his fame, he was especially bound to give a satisfactory answer, but which in his Memoirs he has left wholly untouched, save by an assertion at the outset, which, giving him full credit for having persuaded himself that it was true, is assuredly not borne out by the facts. "The unvarying and decided opposition which I had offered to the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities certainly did not originate in any view of personal political advantage. When in 1812 I voted against the resolution in favour of concession—moved by Mr. Canning after the death of Mr. Perceval, and carried by a majority of 235 to 106—I could not expect by that vote that I was contributing to my political advancement."

Now it is very certain that by taking this course Mr. Peel did at once place himself, with his great talents, at the head of that large Protestant party, which was then the most powerful in the country : he really had no rival. Had he supported concession to the Romanists, he would have found himself amongst a host of rivals ; by resisting it he at once became a leader. Had he taken the same side with Mr. Canning, the University of Oxford would not have preferred him for its representative instead of that statesman. He at once mounted to influence and power on the shoulders of the Anti-Catholic party, and the course which he then adopted was the one cause which so rapidly brought him into notice.

If, then, the obligations which he "contracted when he entered into the service of the crown, that he would in all matters to be treated and debated in council, faithfully, openly, and truly declare his mind and opinion according to his heart and conscience," enforced upon him the line of conduct which he pursued in 1829, why, *if having changed his opinions*, did he neglect "openly to declare his mind" during the preceding years ? The an-

swer to this question may be that he had not changed his opinions. Be it so; but his Memoir affords no explanation of the difficulty. To reconcile the language which he used in 1829 with his previous conduct—that was the riddle which he had to expound; but he makes no attempt to do so.

What is here remarked was contained in the notes which I made at the time when I read his book. Lord Macaulay had lent it to me. Within an hour after writing them I called on him to return it. Without my saying anything, he expressed precisely the same sentiments as I had recorded. He said, "Sir Robert never could be got to defend himself against the accusations really brought against him, which referred to his conduct previously to 1829—he invariably met it with a justification of his conduct in that year, which was not impugned." Macaulay added, "He has done the same in this Memoir." [1]

This all-important episode in Sir Robert's career the Comte de Jarnac disposes of in a single sentence:—

"Après la mort de M. Canning, Robert Peel n'avait plus de rival dans les rangs parlementaires de son parti. Il eut justifié pleinment son eminente position dans les débats sur l'affranchissement des Catholiques, mésure dont le principal honneur lui revient" (p. 286).

But whatever amount of "honour" or discredit may attach to the Tory leaders, one thing is certain—that their conduct on this occasion broke up the Tory party. The feeling of a large section was that they had been betrayed; and impressed with the idea that an open foe was better than a pretended friend, they resolved, wisely or unwisely, to destroy the government in which they had previously trusted. The year after Roman Catholic emancipation was carried, the government of the Duke of Wellington was dismissed *with Tory aid*. Whether this was a good or an evil is a question which it is needless here to discuss. For years the reforming government had it all their own way, and dealt with reckless audacity with the venerable fabric of the British constitution.

[1] Copied from my note-book.

The brightest era of Sir Robert's career was during those years. With a skill and judgment unequalled in parliamentary annals, he contrived to reunite the scattered elements of his party. He acquired the respect of all sides, and regained the confidence of his own. The country was with him—it was wearied with the policy of those in power. Sir Robert forced on a dissolution, and the result of the elections was to replace him in office with the immense majority of 91! He was then undoubtedly the most powerful minister that the nation had had since Mr. Pitt was in the zenith of his fame. He was all powerful for good. Had he learnt wisdom from the past? Who could have anticipated that he would again shiver into fragments the great party which he led, and that he would fall, "like Lucifer, never to rise again."

Yet such was his fate. A lesson to all future statesmen!

M. de Jarnac makes no reference to any other cause for this catastrophe but the repeal of the Corn Laws; but two years before that repeal he had alienated from him a large section of his party by an additional grant to the college of Maynooth. Founded by a great and good man, in order to remove the education of the Roman priests from the demoralising influences of the principles which were then in the ascendant in France, where they were previously educated, Mr. Pitt had looked forward to the institution which he founded as about to prove a nursery of loyalty and peace. Ever since its foundation it had been the hotbed of turbulence and disaffection, and had fallen into the hands of the Jesuits—an order which the Roman Catholic Relief Act had, *eo nomine*, banished from the realm. Such was the institution on which Sir Robert Peel deemed it advisable to bestow special marks of his favour, fancying, by some strange obliquity of vision, that he was sending what he called "*a message of peace to Ireland*." It is doubtful whether it conciliated one solitary individual in that country; it is certain that it alien-

ated from Sir Robert's government a very large portion of the loyal Protestants of Ireland; whilst by the Roman priesthood it was regarded as another concession to fear. Moreover, it was so clumsily arranged that it greatly aggravated every evil which it was intended to remedy.

The grounds on which this additional grant was justified, were that it was necessary to raise the character of the students destined for the Roman priesthood, who, from the low nature of the education then afforded at Maynooth, had considerably deteriorated from the old priests who had received a more refined and expensive education abroad. For this object it was argued that it was necessary to do two things—(1), to secure better professors (2), to secure a higher grade of students.

The plan for obtaining the first object was to attach larger salaries to the professorships, such as would induce better men to accept and to continue to hold them, since it was asserted that the chairs were inadequately filled, and that if by chance a good occupant was found he would not stay. The grant, however, was made without confining it to new appointments, so that the very professors, on account of whose unfitness the grant was to be made, and who in the ordinary course remained *only for a short time*, received suddenly such an increase of salary as made it worth their while to remain as long as they could. And, accordingly, they *did* remain.

The scheme for obtaining a higher grade of students consisted in giving to each 15*l.* in addition to what was already given to them out of the public funds. Prior to this additional grant no student could go to Maynooth unless his family or his friends provided for him about 30*l.* a-year, and this necessity on the part of the student to contribute something from resources independent of the college ensured something approaching to respectability of position in the social scale. Had the student been thrown upon his own resources to a still greater extent—had 40*l.* or 50*l.* been the sum required, his position in society would have been *pro tanto* so much higher. But the course which was adopted produced the very opposite results to those which its author intended. To every student an additional allowance of 15*l.* a year was given—the effect of which has been (as ought to have been foreseen) that the students, having only to provide one half of what they provided before, have just to that amount sunk in the scale of society, so that it is not too much to say that since the grant a general deterioration has taken place in the character of the student.

In the political world Sir Robert thus again destroyed, with a large number of his earnest Protestant friends, all reliance on his judgment and consistency. The cry was raised, "He has betrayed us a second time, he will be sure to betray us a third."

It was during the prevalence of this state of feeling amongst so many of his former supporters that the failure of the Irish potato crop, in 1846, took place, whereby hundreds of thousands of the Irish poor were reduced to a state of positive famine. In 1834 Lord Devon's commissioners had placed on record that there existed in Ireland "2,356,000 of its inhabitants always bordering on starvation, and sometimes dying by hundreds from its effects." From that day to the time of the famine, twelve long years, almost nothing had been done by the Legislature, or had been attempted by the government to remedy so disastrous and disgraceful a state of things; and the appalling calamity came upon the unhappy island without any preparations having been made by their rulers to alleviate or to meet it. Had Sir Robert known how to send a real message of peace to that country, he would have devoted all his energies to remedy its physical evils. As it was, the awful crisis came upon him unprepared, and, with his genuine tenderness of heart, afflicted him with an agony of distress. To add to the intensity of the alarm, a bad harvest in Great Britain, occasioned by a wet season, had made *corn nominally* cheap, but *bread* extremely dear. This paradoxical state of things was owing to the light quarters of corn which sold for low prices, and of course

produced less bread, keeping down the averages of the quarters at so very low a figure, that the duty was as high as 16s. to 18s. a quarter, with a famine in Ireland and a dearth in Great Britain. This had been predicted to him by Lord Fitzgerald—"*His sliding scale would not slide!*" It was a state of things which no minister, however deeply pledged he might have been, could allow to continue. The complete and immediate *suspension* of the law was a matter of sheer necessity. Had he confined himself to that course, every human being must have approved it. Unhappily for himself he went beyond it. "Suspension of the law," he said, "will compel a very early decision on the course to be pursued, in anticipation of the period when the suspension will expire. Suspension will compel a deliberate review of the whole question of agricultural protection. I firmly believe that it would be better for the country that that review should be undertaken by others. Under ordinary circumstances I should advise that it should be so undertaken; but I look now to the immediate consequences and to the duties which it imposes on a minister. I am ready to take upon myself the responsibility of meeting that emergency, if the opinions of my colleagues as to the extent of the evil and the nature of the remedy, concur with mine."—*Memoir*, p. 184.

"The nature of the remedy" was immediate suspension and total repeal in the short space of three years! Suspension alone would obviously have met the immediate emergency, *without* the absolute repeal for the future; but Sir Robert resolved that the two should not be disjoined. Notwithstanding his "firm belief that it would be better for the country that such a step should be taken by others," he blinded himself by the phrase "the duties which the emergency imposed on a minister;" and instead of at once revealing to his colleagues the views which he entertained, and telling them that those views were so incompatible with his past career, and the pledges by which he was bound to his supporters, that he intended to resign, he actually came down to his Cabinet, and proposed that they should use the power they had obtained by supporting agricultural protection to put an end to it for ever—and thus violate all their pledges by joining him in carrying a total repeal! It was in vain that his friend and colleague Mr. Goulburn tried to deter him from this course. "I am convinced," said that honest adviser, "that the amendment of the Corn Law will be taken by the public generally as decisive evidence that *we* never intended to maintain it, further than as an instrument by which to vex and to defeat our enemies. The very caution with which we have spoken on the subject of corn will confirm this impression. . . . . the public will, with few dissentient voices, tax us with treachery and deception, and charge us from our former language with having always had it in contemplation."—*Memoir*, p. 203. The Cabinet were astounded by the Premier's proposal, and the great majority (all, I believe) differed from Sir Robert, and were of opinion, with Mr. Goulburn, that having so recently obtained power by their support of agricultural protection, they would be "taxed with treachery and deception" if they used the power so obtained in abolishing the system which they pledged themselves to preserve. Sir Robert had reasoned himself out of this honest and straightforward view of the crisis, and, deserted by his colleagues, he had no option but to resign. He accordingly tendered his resignation to the Queen. It was graciously accepted, and Lord John Russell was empowered by her Majesty to construct an administration. Against *him* and his party there was still, however, a majority of ninety-one; for although the Maynooth grant had sown division amongst the Tory party, the offended sections had not gone over to the Whigs. Under these circumstances Lord John declined the task, and the Queen again summoned Sir Robert Peel to her aid. He accepted the commission, and returned to his colleagues, now in a very different position to that which they held when the first proposal was made to them. The fitting ex-

ample which Sir Robert had given (as already mentioned) in resigning his seat for the University on the occasion of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, had been followed; the power which they had acquired by professing certain principles had been laid down, and they therefore felt themselves at liberty to accept power, which, so acquired, they could no longer be charged with treacherously using. To have refused would have been to leave the country without a government at one of the most alarming periods of its history. Those therefore of the Cabinet who had objected to Sir Robert's proposal not because of its unfitness, but because they declined to commit an act of treachery, consented to remain; but Lord Stanley and one or two more, who stood up for protection, resigned.

The *sequence* of these events is of the first importance in judging of the course which Sir Robert pursued. Had the resignation been made in the first instance because he "firmly believed that it would be better for the country that the review of the Corn Laws should be undertaken by others," and that he had returned to office on the failure of Lord John Russell's attempt, "the public could not have charged him with treachery or deception." Mr. Goulburn was a true prophet; the public did as he predicted they would do; and a sentence which is to be found in the Memoir (p. 98) too clearly shows that in thus taxing him they have done him no injustice:—"I had adopted," he observes, "at an early period of my public life, without, I fear, much reflection, the opinions generally prevalent at the time, among men of all parties, as to the justice and necessity of protection to domestic agriculture." But were all the able speeches in favour of protection during his long career from 1810 to 1844 made "without much serious reflection?" or rather was not the "caution" with which Mr. Goulburn affirmed that he spoke on the Corn Laws the result of such reflection? In fact, had he not during many years their repeal in contemplation, especially when he refused to consent to construct the bill which he brought in and carried in 1841 in a way which would have secured the "sliding of his scale" in years when the season was wet at the time of harvest? Does not the pertinacity with which he insisted on joining suspension and total repeal create the idea that complete repeal was not suggested by the urgency of the crisis, but that the crisis was gladly urged to secure the realization of the idea? Did he not covet the fame which he thought must attach to the statesman who abolished the Corn Laws?

These are questions which must be left to be answered by those who will take the trouble to ascertain and to form a deliberate judgment on the actual facts of the case. But there can be no doubt that Mr. Goulburn's "alarm" as to the effects of his conduct on the public interests was well founded. "In my opinion," said Mr. Goulburn, in a letter to Sir Robert, "the party of which you are the head is the only barrier which remains against the revolutionary effect of the Reform Act. So long as that party remains unbroken, whether in or out of power, it has the means of doing much good, or at least of preventing much evil. *But if it be broken in pieces by a destruction of confidence in its leaders* (and I cannot but think that an abandonment of the Corn Laws would produce that result), I see nothing before us but the exasperation of class animosities, a struggle for pre-eminence, and the ultimate triumph of unrestrained democracy" (p. 203). One main result here predicted came to pass. For at least a quarter of a century the Tory "party was broken in pieces, and all confidence in their leaders was destroyed." But so baneful was the effect of Sir Robert Peel's example, that confidence in public men of all parties was also annihilated, and the standard of honour and good faith permanently lowered with British statesmen. How keenly this was felt even by those of his colleagues who continued with him is shown by Lord Lyndhurst's reply to a friend, to whom he gave a different opinion on some trifling matter from one that he had expressed three weeks

before. "How *can* you say so?" said his friend; "why three weeks ago you held the opposite opinion." "Three weeks ago!" replied the Lord Chancellor, with bitter irony, "well, that *is* a long period to go back. In these times you should inquire what was my opinion in the morning—or perhaps yesterday—but do you really think we can continue in the same mind for three long weeks at a stretch?"

Sir James Graham, when taunted in the House of Commons with language wholly inconsistent with that which he was then holding, openly defied his accuser—"Ask me not," said he, "what I once said. I care not; be content with what I say now," or words to that effect.

Pledges and consistency were thus audaciously repudiated. And, alas! so they continue to be by the statesmen who learnt their lessons in his school. Who would have thought that the statesman who in Parliament in 1835 denounced the policy of Lord John Russell to apply a very small part of the Irish Church revenues to secular purposes—who affirmed "that they had abundant reasons for maintaining that Church, and that if it should be removed, he believed that they would not be long able to resist the Repeal of the Union,"—who would have thought that he would be the man by the strength of his own right arm to destroy it utterly? But Mr. Gladstone received his education in Sir Robert's school.

"To the evil," says Sir Robert in his Memoir (vol. ii. p. 168), "of severing party connections and of subjecting public men to suspicion and reproach, I was not insensible; but I felt a strong conviction that such evils were light in comparison to the sacrifice of national interests to party attachments, and by deferring necessary precautions against scarcity of food for the purposes of consulting appearances and preserving the show of personal consistency. I feel too that the injury to the character of public men, the admitted evil of shaking confidence in their integrity and honour, would be only temporary; that if a public man resolved to take a course which his own deliberate judgment approved—*if that course were manifestly opposed to his own private and political interests*—if he preferred it with all its sacrifices to some other the taking of which would exempt him from personal responsibility, would enable him to escape much obloquy and to retain the good will and favour of his party—I felt, I say, a strong conviction that no clamour and misrepresentation, however sustained and systematic, would prevent the ultimate development of the truth—the acknowledgment that party interests would not have been promoted—the honour of public men would not have been sustained—the cause of constitutional government would not have been served—if a minister had at a critical moment shrunk from the duty of giving that advice which he believed to be the best—and from the incurring every personal sacrifice which the giving of that advice might entail. I felt assured that this ultimate acknowledgment, however tardily made, would amply repair, so far at least as the public interests were concerned, the temporary evil of unjust suspicion and unjust reproach cast upon the motives and conduct of public men."

Such is the reasoning whereby this celebrated statesman contrived to reconcile to himself and to justify to his countrymen the course which he pursued. Now if he had been engaged in the task of governing his country in an office of which he could not divest himself, all this reasoning might be valid; but he assumed two things, which require proof: (1) That the necessary steps to meet the *immediate* emergency could not have been taken without providing for a *distant* future. (2) That they could not have been carried out by other statesmen; further, he holds that because he took a course which, he said, "was manifestly opposed to his own private and political interests," therefore his honour could not be impugned. This is sad sophistry. Pledges are binding, although a man may persuade himself that it is against his interest to break them. The maintenance of good faith is not a matter of mere loss or gain; it ought to be kept sacred, uninfluenced,

either way, by calculations as to personal profit.

To have suspended the law for a time would have been no breach of faith. No pledge whatever could have been given to maintain under any circumstances a law, when maintaining it must have starved the people. To do more was to violate pledges reiterated year by year. Our constitutional government is not so served. *No man can serve his country with benefit at the expense of his personal honour.* However wise the measure, however just the advantage, it can never compensate to the community at large for the removal or destruction of the great landmarks of right and wrong; and there is no way so effectual for removing those landmarks, as for those in the highest places of trust and honour to think proper to disregard and defy them.

When a friend of Sir Robert's was urging this defence upon the Princess Lieven, and enlarging on the great sacrifice he had made, that lady having patiently listened to the whole argument, quaintly replied, "Quelle dommage qu'on ne peut pas servir sa patrie sans deshonorer soi-même!" Even M. de Jarnac says, "Toute l'affection que j'ai portée a sa personne, toute la vénération que j'ai vouée à sa mémoire, ne sauraient m'aveugler sur l'erreur inconcevable de cette periode critique de sa carrière."

As I have already observed, there was much to admire in the conduct and character of Sir Robert Peel. But the mischief arising from the example which he set has been, and still is, producing baneful effects on the conduct of British statesmen. He was always providing for the means of retreat from the positions which he defended, never feeling confident, in his own mind, that they would long be tenable. And yet, he allowed the crises to come upon him so suddenly, that in spite of having looked forward to them, they found him unprepared, and, even according to his own view, he had to sacrifice either his country or himself.

"His character," said Macaulay to me one day, "may be summed up in three words, 'Caution without foresight.'" He assuredly had little foresight, and his deficiency in this quality prevented his caution serving him as it might have done.

It is pleasant, however, to think that the Comte de Jarnac most justly describes as "*magnifique*, le discours sur la politique étrangère de l'Angleterre prononcé la veille même de sa mort."

Assuredly, the last words which he ever uttered in the House of Commons laid down the soundest principles by which the foreign policy of this country ought to be guided; and it is gratifying to one who is not blind to his faults, to reflect that this, as it were his last legacy to his country, was worthy of a British statesman.

As a judicious and liberal patron of the arts, and for his generosity to poor artists, Sir Robert deserves every commendation. M. de Jarnac is much struck with "*les murs couverts des chefs d'œuvres de Rubens et de Reynolds, soit à Londres, soit à Drayton Manor.*" But there is one picture by a painter whom he does not name (Sir Thomas Lawrence) to which a curious story attaches. It is a life-like portrait of the Duke of Wellington, which was being painted at the same time with one of Mr. Canning, which likewise formed part of Sir Robert's collection. The two sat for their portraits on different days, and when the Duke's portrait was half finished, he was represented as holding a watch in his hand, waiting for the Prussians at Waterloo. One day when Mr. Canning came to sit, we found that a telescope had been painted over the watch. On inquiring the reason, Sir Thomas said that as soon as the Duke understood what the watch was intended to indicate, he observed: "That will never do. I was *not 'waiting'* for the Prussians at Waterloo. Put a telescope in my hand, if you please, but no watch." And the telescope now appears in the present Sir Robert's gallery.

A. G. Stapleton.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXV.

After her last night's reflections, Bride was quite ready to acquiesce good-humouredly, when her brother suggested at breakfast that the journey to London, on which they were to have started the following day, should be postponed till the end of the week, to give their guests time to settle in comfortably, before they were left to Lesbia's care. She was longing for change, for her health and spirits had suffered much from the winter's hard work, but she saw that her consent to remain was received as a great boon by him, and that reconciled her to waiting. She reflected that it might not be long that the granting or refusing favours, on which John's heart was set, would remain in her hands. Her anxiety to gratify him extended so far as to make her take every opportunity that occurred of being with Ellen, and she tested her own generosity by speaking a good deal of John, and taking care that when the cabins were visited and the arrangements for distributing food among the starving people were discussed, all the good results due to his foresight and capacity for administration should be pointed out. She could not speak of John without praising him, but hitherto it had not been her practice to speak often of him; the partnership between them had been too close; she would have felt it like praising herself. Now her sense of proprietorship in him was passing away, she had fairly seen that the joy of his good deeds and the pride of his talents might come to be another's treasure, even more than her own. It was, perhaps, a help that Ellen did not seem in any hurry to take possession. She was first critical, then surprised. It was not till she and Bride were returning from the village, where they had spent the greater part of the morning in going from cabin to cabin, that she grudgingly made her first admission.

"You are good managers; there is not nearly so much misery here as in the hovels round Eagle's Edge, and yet you have only used the same means to meet the distress that you have supplied to me. You must have put more thought and care into it, somehow."

"And authority," put in Bride.

"Yes," hesitated Ellen.

"Don't be afraid of saying exactly what you feel," said Bride, noticing a shade of disapproval in Ellen's face.

"Well, don't be vexed at my saying it, but, necessary or unnecessary, I would not have said what you did to Biddy Flanaghan for throwing those few grains of Indian meal to her chickens."

"Few grains! It was a handful. What did I say?"

"You said it was sheer dishonesty; that she was stealing bread from the mouths of her neighbours' starving children."

"So she was; all waste of food is robbery of the starving just now."

"But it hurt Biddy dreadfully. She has the kindest heart in the world, and would do anything for her neighbours if she thought of it, and she has always been famous for honesty. She was crying under her shawl all the time you were looking about."

"I was looking about to ascertain if the precautions against the fever we insist upon had been properly carried out. If she has such a kind heart as you say, and cares for her neighbours, she will show it better by attending to the rules for preserving the health of the place

than by crying at a word. I am afraid her tears won't prevent her wasting part of the next measure of Indian meal served out to her, and coming back clamouring for more before the proper time."

"No, because, you see, she does not believe what you said; she only thinks you very unjust. She knows she is neither cruel nor dishonest, and she looks upon Indian meal as a sort of horrible stuff sent here in unlimited quantity by government to punish them somehow for their potatoes having failed. She will throw away the next basinful she can lay her hands on with energy, as a protest against the injustice of your opinion of her."

"She is very ungrateful, then, to think more of my opinion of herself than of all the efforts she sees us making for her solid benefit. She ought to put aside any harshness there may seem to be in my words (which after all only call things by the right names), and trust us from seeing what we do. That is what I should call reasonable."

"Ah, but we are not made like that," cried Ellen, "we Irish people. English or Scotch people may be reasonable enough to thrive on solid food, given with heart wounds and stabs to their pride along with it, but we can't."

"Do you mean that you can't take either medicine or food unless it is sweetened by flattery?"

"We cannot thrive on it if it is soured with disregard and contempt. But please excuse me; I did not mean to apply that to anything you have done. I have been looking on all the morning amazed at your kindness, and the people ought to be grateful. My thoughts flew off to larger questions as you spoke, and I was wondering how it is that this foreign charity food is so bitter to those that eat it. Why, we long so that we could have been fed with the abundance of corn our own land brings forth, and that seems, by some machinery we can't understand, to be spirited away from us."

"Ah, your younger brother writes in the *Nation* newspaper, and goes in for its politics, does he not?"

"Yes, and you are not the person to quarrel with a sister for being of the same opinion as her brother," said Ellen, smiling.

Bride could not quarrel with the smile, it was so sweet, though there was a gleam of mischief in it. "I won't quarrel with you," she answered; "but, putting politics aside, I should like to persuade you to modify your last statement. Surely, it is very unsafe to make pride and sentiment the gauge of acceptable benefits. They are dangerous guides, and might lead us to throw away the truest affection and most earnest kindness, labouring for one's highest good, if prejudice came in the way."

"I know the sort of kindness labouring for one's highest good you mean," cried Ellen. "I have experienced a good deal of it in my life. Its chief function is to make one feel oneself a worm, thankful to creep into any hard shell to get out of its way. It may be a very good sort of affection, but it just kills me."

She was thinking of Pelham Court, but Bride of course did not know that, and there was a pained gravity in the tone in which she answered "I am sorry to hear you say that," which puzzled Ellen.

They had reached the garden gate by this time, and Ellen stood still to look at the house. The outside, though it had undergone some repairs, was little changed; and just at the moment there was a bustle going on in the court-yard, and a sound of rising voices that brought back old happier times to Ellen's memory. Lesbia's handsome new phaeton had been brought out of the coach-house to be washed, and a concourse of ragged boys and men from the roadside, where they had been working, had collected to watch the operation and assist with suggestions and the occasional more active contribution of a shower of water energetically thrown over wheels or cushions, as it happened, from whatever vessel

they had chanced to snatch up. The men were sadly weak and starved-looking, and many of them were sitting down wearily on the upturned wheelbarrows they had brought with them into the yard, but every now and then a shout of quavering laughter rose up.

"Did you ever see anything so childish?" cried Bride, in despair. "The least thing tempts them away from their work. Every day since the new carriage came we have had the same scene. If John were here, he would have to be very angry."

"But he is not here, and you must not be angry; it is such dull, useless work the poor boys come from—spoiling the green hill-sides with roads that we none of us want, and that we shall always hate to see—and it's nothing but Indian meal they'll get for doing it. You must not grudge them the little bit of respite that comes in their way; it does me good, if no one else, for it takes me back to the times when we could not have anything new without all our neighbours round sharing the benefit by getting some amusement out of it some way."

"Your mother found the irregularity and the interruptions very trying, she tells me; and I confess so should I. I like everybody to mind their own business."

"By degrees, I suppose, we'll learn. I say *we*, because I always identify myself with the Castle Daly village people I can't help it. We'll learn to attend every one to his own concerns only, and to take advice and what we can get from our betters without troubling ourselves to give back any interest in their doings in return."

"And then you'll begin to prosper."

"And to be dull and discontented and selfish."

Bride laughed as she shook her head. "I can't allow that those are necessary results of hard, independent work," she said. "You have a very one-sided way of putting things; but I have a glimmer of what you mean. John was saying something like it a few evenings ago. The sort of interdependence and mutual affection and interest between rich and poor you look back upon is a remnant of the old clan feeling, and has, no doubt, a great deal of beauty and poetry about it. I can understand the revolt you feel against its being merged into the hard individualism of the stage of society that has to follow. It looks ugly in the first stern form of struggle it has to take, but it must come and work out into its own good. You shall talk to John about it."

"I sha'n't understand him if he translates my 'good times' and 'bad times' at Castle Daly into 'stages of society' and 'laws.' I won't be made to look at things on a large scale, for then he and you are sure to get the better of me. I shall insist on going back to where we started from—the tired men sitting on their wheelbarrows and enjoying the washing of Lesbia's carriage—and say, as I have always said, that I could never bear to think of Castle Daly without Daly's Corner hanging on behind it, and finding its chief solace, and all the amusement and glorification of the life lived there, in the connection. I don't see that one has the least right to exist without the other. I suppose it is the clan feeling I have got, but I do in earnest think there ought not to be great places or very beautiful things unless a whole company of people are to share at least in the glorification of them. So much ought not to be shut up and hedged round for the delight of two or three. If everybody lives to himself, and only represents himself, then everybody might be comfortable, but there need be no grandeur."

"We are getting into mazes of political economy, I am afraid, and had better wait for John to lead us through. There is your mother coming to meet us with Lesbia."

"I wonder what they are talking about that so interests mamma. She looks quite animated. Lesbia knows how to amuse mamma better than I do; I wish she would teach me her art," said Ellen, with a tone of self-reproach in her voice that made Bride look at her with more

complacency than she had felt before. She was not quite invincible then; everybody did not put her first.

Lesbia had persuaded Mrs. Daly to take a turn in the flower-garden, to see how the bulbs were coming up, and how the shrubberies were improved by the weeding and planting out that had gone on through the winter. She perceived quickly enough that Mrs. Daly was not affected by the sight of the improvements as Pelham had been. She liked to have them pointed out to her, and the implication running through Lesbia's talk that she had not worked for herself, but towards the time when the owners would return to the Castle again, met with no contradiction from Mrs. Daly. Neither she nor Lesbia troubled themselves about the exact bearing of what they were saying to each other. It was only in this strain that Lesbia could speak while pointing out her improvements to the old mistress of the place; and it was so pleasant to fall into it, that she would not vex herself with even a remote glance at the conditions which only could make her words come true. If it was a day-dream they were making for themselves; the old lady of the Castle and the young one found equal satisfaction in upholding each other in it, so that no consciousness or questioning was allowed to creep in and imperil its foundations.

When they had finished the round of the garden and pleasure-grounds, and were slowly pacing the sunny terrace with its view across the head of the lake towards the Maam Turk mountains, Mrs. Daly, to her own surprise, found herself opening out to Lesbia on recollections of the first years of her life at Castle Daly, and of Pelham's childhood. It was the sight of Lac-na-Weel's dark head, for once free from clouds, which Lesbia happened to remark upon, that made her begin, and the interest in the girl's brown eyes tempted her on to a fuller account than she had ever given any one else of what she had suffered long ago, when her eldest son at six years old had strayed away from home and been absent for fourteen hours. Ellen was a baby then, living with her foster nurse in a cabin at the foot of Lac-na-Weel. Pelham had been carried to see her once or twice, and, taking advantage of his nurse's carelessness, he had slipped from the house early one morning, and set forth to find his way across the mountains alone—a sturdy, fearless little fellow, used to climbing, and hard to turn back from anything he had set his heart upon. He had been missed some time before any one had the courage to tell her; and then what an agony it had been to bear the slow passing of the hours, and the return of one party of searchers after another with no news. No one had chanced to guess the direction the child had taken, and of course every one's thoughts turned to the lake at once, and she could not help seeing how little hope most of them had, and that the search was half pretence with the greater number who went. She was ill at the time, and not allowed to leave the house herself; and she told Lesbia that she believed her dislike to Castle Daly arose from the painful associations that the views from all the windows had with that day's watchings. She could never afterwards see the shadows of the clouds flitting over the hills, or watch the waters of the lake deepening into the glow of sunset without recalling the horror in which that day had gone down. At last, long after dark, a tall, strange, wild-looking man had brought the child home, with the story of how he had found him gathering bog-berries on the edge of the precipice that gained the mountain its ominous name, because no shepherd ventured to pasture his flocks on that side of the hill for fear they should fall over and be dashed to pieces. Mrs. Daly paused with a shudder at the long-past danger.

"And then it was all over, and how happy you must have been," said Lesbia.

"But, my dear, it was not all over, and that is why my thoughts go back to that day so often, tracing onwards from it to so many of the troubles of my life. The man came up those steps (I was standing at the top) with my boy on his

shoulder clutching his elf-locks with his little hands, and whether it was that the poor child was afraid of being scolded for running away, or whether the man had fascinated him somehow, I don't know, but for a minute he clung to him and would not get down even to come to me. I shall never forget what I felt—the devouring anxiety to have him safe once more in my own arms out of the keeping of that dreadful wild man. For he was a dreadful man. I shall never forget his face as he stood under the light in the hall with Pelham clinging to him. I knew him by report; he had a bad character, and was living in the mountains almost as an outlaw. Of course we rewarded him amply; but that did not satisfy him. He seemed to feel as if he had a sort of right over the child because he had saved his life, and he would hang about the Castle even after I had warned him to keep away. He used to meet Pelham out on his walks when he got a little older, and tempt him to make excursions into the mountains with him, and offer him presents; once it was a young eaglet that he had taken out of its nest on the top of Lac-na-Weel. I could not overcome the horror the association gave me, and I had no peace till I had persuaded Mr. Daly to send Pelham to England and let him go to school with his Pelham Court cousins and spend his holidays with them. That is how it came about that Pelham had a different bringing up from Connor and Ellen, and that he has lived so little in Ireland. I thought I was doing the best for him, but I often fear now that I made a mistake. If I had controlled my dread of Dennis then, there might have been fewer difficulties in Pelham's way now."

"But is that man here still?"

"I dare not ask. I know there are suspicions about him that I must not allow my thoughts to dwell on. It is bad enough to be always saying to myself that if I had only let Pelham be brought up as Connor and Ellen were, he would now be as much beloved here as they are, and I need never have feared for him."

"But he might not have been what he is if he had been brought up differently," Lesbia ventured. "He might not have been so much to you."

"Ah, there it is. I brought him up for myself, not for his own happiness in the place where he has to live. He has never had a real home. Ellen and Connor cling together, and he is left out. I feel the hardship to my very heart. I long to see it made up to him, to get him among people who will find him out and appreciate him."

"There are such people," said Lesbia, very low: "my brother and sister."

"Yes," said Mrs. Daly, "that is why I feel so much at home among you, and happier than I have felt for months. You must forgive me, my dear, for troubling you with such a long-past story. Here is Ellen coming from the village: she will be jealous when she hears how long I have stayed out with you."

"Yes, indeed, I am jealous," cried Ellen, who had now come near enough to hear the last sentence. "Lesbia, you must be a witch. I always suspected it, and now I know. There must have been a four-leaved shamrock in the wreath that came to you by post the other evening."

"Mrs. Daly has promised to come out with me after luncheon," said Lesbia, triumphantly. "She and I are going to drive together to Ballyowen to fetch the gentlemen home when their weary relief committee business is over. I sent a servant to bring back their horses, so they have no choice but to come with us."

Ellen might easily have been jealous of the lovely smile of thanks Lesbia got from Mrs. Daly in return for this speech, if she had been able to feel anything but delight at seeing her mother look so nearly happy again.

"How considerate and womanly the child is growing," Bride thought; "and surely she gets prettier every day. John could not call her eyes brown beads if he saw them just now. Her manner to Mrs. Daly is just what it ought to be, so prettily reverential and affectionate,

and yet too simple to call up any consciousness of their changed positions to each other. I need never fear again that riches are spoiling her. I must make John admire it. He shall not be so lost in contemplation of that other person's charms, that every good quality in his own people escapes him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lesbia was an early visitor to Mrs. Daly's room the next morning with a bunch of violets from her own flower border, and the news spoken demurely, but with a little gleam of conscious mutual understanding creeping out from under her eyelashes. "I have persuaded John to consider this a sort of holiday. They are not going to ride to-day, or to look after anything. They are writing letters in John's study now, and reading newspapers, and soon we are going to walk. Ellen has promised to take us by a path she knows over the hills to a little lake where we shall get water-lilies out of the way of the cabins and miserable sights just for once. I thought it would do John good."

"And me," Mrs. Daly said, drawing the bright face down to her and kissing it: "you don't know how much good you are doing me."

Lesbia had managed to take Mrs. Daly's heart by storm, and get nearer to it than anybody had been known to do for years; the bystanders noticed the friendship with wonder, not having divined the secret sympathy that united the pair.

"Do you remember this day last year?" Lesbia asked Ellen, when the two girls were standing in the hall equipped for their walk, and waiting till the library door at which they had rapped several times in vain should open. "Can you tell me what we were all doing this day last year?"

"Of course I can, because it is Connor's birthday," said Ellen; "but I wonder you remember the day. I think you did not spend it with us."

"No, but I can tell you exactly what I was doing. You had invited me to sail with you in the afternoon and come back to dine. It was the first invitation to dine out I had ever had in my life, and oh, how proud I was of it. I dressed to go; and just as I was leaving the house one of Aunt Joseph's grand friends (the people she called grand, I mean) came in a carriage to ask her to drive, and my aunt ordered me to take my bonnet off and stay at home, because, as she would be away, I was wanted to look after the children. I spent the whole afternoon in picturing what you were all doing, and made myself miserable with the contrast between you and myself. At night I put a little cross in my almanac to mark the day, and as I wrote it I wondered whether I should be more or less unhappy when the same date came round again—whether anything particular would have happened to me. Did you ever do such a thing?"

"No, I don't think I ever did. I used to be too happy to want to look forward."

"Well, it was seeing that little cross in my pocket-book determined me to make an expedition with you to-day. I thought it would be a charming answer to my last year's question. Nobody will order me to take off my bonnet and shut me up in the house this year. Dear Ellen, have I vexed you by talking of last year? I wish I had been more considerate."

Ellen passed her fingers lightly over her eyes, and then looked up, smiling.

"No, I am not vexed; for a moment I thought how glad I should be if some one who used to give me orders could come through that door, or up those steps, as he has so often done when I have been standing here, and tell me to do—oh, anything for him! But, Babette, I am determined I will not spoil our walk by low spirits. I know you did not plan it just for the sake of making amends to yourself for last year's disappointment; you are as clever as other members of your family in making yourself out selfish when you are really kind. You wanted to secure

mamma an easy day by keeping Pelham with us, and perhaps you thought too of gratifying me by honouring Connor's birthday. I have kept it ever since I can remember, by some pleasure expedition; and I may tell the poor boy, mayn't I, that he was not altogether forgotten this year at Castle Daly?"

"I don't know how it would be to tell him," said Lesbia, demurely. "Here, at last, come John and your brother. Now we may set out."

Ellen's resolution to enjoy the walk was put to a severe trial before they had taken many steps up the steep road. Mr. Thornley, who was walking by her side, turned to her, and remarked in a tone that was meant to be indifferent, but was really full of anxiety—

"You hear from your brother Connor frequently, I suppose?"

"I had a long letter a week ago," Ellen answered, as steadily as she could, while an uneasy vision of Connor detected in some imprudence in their own neighbourhood filled her thoughts.

"He wrote from Dublin, of course."

"Yes, of course."

"Why don't you turn my questions back on myself, by asking why I ask?"

"Because I feel sure if you want to tell me anything you will; and if you don't there's no use in my asking."

"What an opinion of my obstinacy you must have—quite erroneous, let me tell you. I hesitate to speak because I am afraid of alarming you needlessly, though I think I ought to give you a warning."

"Then please say anything you know of Connor at once."

"It is not important, though worth mentioning, perhaps. Some men were taken up by the police last night for being found out on the hills at a later hour than is allowed by the new Vagrancy Act, which is very strictly enforced in this district just now, and in the course of their examination this morning a good deal was brought out concerning two emissaries from the Dublin clubs, who have been holding secret meetings down here, and collecting the people on the hill-sides for drill at night. One of the men, who was either very stupid, or who wanted to be bribed to tell more, let drop your brother Connor's name. The other prisoners united in swearing that the two gentlemen they had gone out to meet were perfect strangers, who had never been seen by any one in these parts before; and there was an attempt at explanation or mystification by some of them volunteering the remark that one of the strange gentlemen was so like your father that maybe it was a spirit, and no gentleman at all, that had harangued them on the hillside. The police magistrate seemed satisfied, and so in fact was I; only when you are writing to your brother you may as well let him know how thorough the vigilance is in our neighbourhood, and that his friends would be wise to withdraw while they can in safety, and carry on their play at preparations for rebellion elsewhere."

"Mr. Thornley, you should not have said that word 'play.'"

"Why not?"

"Don't you think that when people are miserable, and angered, and desperate, and told their death-struggles are play, it is enough to goad them into terrible earnest? It is just those contemptuous sayings that do so much harm and sow more bitterness than actual wrong."

"I did not mean it for contempt. I am paying a tribute to Young Ireland's common sense when I call the threats her representatives are flinging about mere play. I cannot suppose them to be so mad and blind as to be in earnest. To dream of plunging the country into rebellion at such a crisis as this would be greater folly than one can conceive."

"We don't worship common sense as you do; and for my part I don't believe anything great was ever done except when that idol of yours was tossed away. It is always in crises of trouble, out of great depths, that deliverance comes."

"Yes; but what you are looking for would not be deliverance, it would destruction."

"You don't know anything about it."

"I shall begin to think you are the 'Eva' or the 'Speranza' who writes pathetic treason in the *Nation*."

"Don't sneer at them, please. I have read verses of theirs that I should indeed be proud to have written."

"For your brother Connor's sake, I am very sorry to hear you say this. I shall hardly blame him for any lengths he may go to now. It is enough to make any one a rebel to hear you talk. You should be careful."

"Can one be careful when one's heart is breaking? The very blackness of the night forces me to believe that there must be a dawn coming."

"And so there is; though perhaps you won't recognize it as such when it comes. There will come some good out of the present misery, you may be sure. It is good for the country that the surplus population are driven away, even by stress of famine, to seek more prosperous homes elsewhere, leaving the land to be made the best of."

"Desolated that is,—turned into wide, silent, sheep-walks and great pasture-fields, with only dumb cattle in them from sea to sea. Everywhere roofless villages and deserted homes, and only here and there a few companionless people who have lost all instinct of nationality, guarding riches that are not their own. *That* would be your good; but that is just the fate we Young Irelanders are resolved to make one stand against before it is quite too late—one struggle to keep Ireland and her people together."

"You might just as well put up your hands and try to stop the sun in the sky. A country can't exist by itself in these days; it must consent to become what the rest of the world wants it to be."

"I will never agree to that. I think a country is for the people who love it best to live and be happy in, in their own way."

"Then would you leave America to red Indians for hunting-grounds and wigwams?"

"I shall not answer such an insulting question. We did not come out to quarrel, did we, Mr. Thornley? I thought it was to be for rest. We have climbed the hill while we have been arguing, and left Pelham and Lesbia far behind. Let us wait for them here at the top, for this is the view I want Lesbia to admire. Do you see my little lake—my water-lily preserve—down there, looking like a patch of blue sky that has dropped down and been caught and held fast by the hills? I am glad Lac-na-Weel wears his crown to-day; he looks so much grander covered. He might be any height up in the mist."

"Like Young Ireland's dreams, seen through the mist of eloquence you are wrapping them in. I don't so much wonder at people growing dreamy who live here, for there is glamour over everything. The very beauty of the landscape is made of cloud effects, mist-wreaths, and sunbeams. Through any other atmosphere it would be dreary enough, you must allow."

"If you will allow that it is some credit to a country to know how to get loveliness, like this we are looking at, out of bare rocks and bog lands, and such hopes as we have out of despair."

"Yes, if you could always be content with shadow instead of substance, and did not dash yourselves to pieces chasing one in mistake for the other."

"I think I like shadows best," said Ellen; "such shadows as those on the hills. I pity the people who have to leave them to live on some ugly, flat plain in America or Australia, let it be ever so substantial and fruitful."

There was a low stone wall skirting the pathway. Ellen seated herself on it as she spoke, and began to pluck the small ferns and stone-crop that grew among the stones, letting them fall absently from her fingers as fast as she gathered them. She was feeling much alarm on Connor's account, and had made a brave effort to talk unconcernedly to conceal from her companion the shock his information had given her. And now she was glad to relax the strain and take a silent moment to argue away her fears. How glad she would be to know that Connor was safe in Dublin. She almost smiled at her own

inconsistency as she confessed to herself that it was only the distant view of conspiracy and rebellion she could look at with toleration; when it came so near as to bring one's own friends into danger, then it wore quite another aspect. Mr. Thornley stood by her side, watching the changes in her face, which he thought revealed the coming and going of happy or sad thoughts through her mind as clearly as the mountain sides showed the passage of clouds across the sun, and owed, like them, its haunting beauty to the alternate lights and shadows. The leaves she let fall from her fingers brought back to his memory a passage from a tale of Madame Rabaud's, which he had overheard Lesbia reading aloud to Bride a few days before. It described a last interview between two lovers, where the girl, seated on the turf by her lover's side and telling him news that must separate them for ever, mechanically plucked and threw away as she spoke the blades of grass near her; and her lover, unseen by her, gathered them up as they fell from her fingers, to keep them for ever. He remembered how absurd and sentimental he had thought the picture, as he listened. How incredible it would have seemed to him then, that he himself could ever be so infatuated as to value dead leaves because a particular hand had plucked them—a hand whose owner was certainly not occupied with any thought of him in her absence of mind. He had not come to that point yet. He was not coveting Ellen's fern-leaves, he assured himself. Just then a little puff of wind blew one of the tiny fronds almost into his hand. He closed his fingers over it quickly, and slipped it hastily inside the cover of his pocket-book; for just then Ellen woke from her reverie and turned round to speak to him.

"Do you see that winding road skirting the foot of the hill, and the lame man plodding along it? He is singing as he goes, and as he passed below us a minute ago I caught a word or two of his song. Would you like to know what it is about?"

"Yes—he has a fine voice; I caught the sound before he was in sight, but I thought it was Irish he was singing."

"So it is; but I can give you an English version of the words. It is a long poem, much sung about here. The words he is at just now are—

"'Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot night and morn—
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon;
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen.

"'I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills;
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills.
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen.
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My own Rosaleen.

"'Oh, the Earn shall run red
With redundance of blood;
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene,
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen,
My own Rosaleen.
The judgment hour must first be nigh
E'er you can fade, e'er you can die,
My dark Rosaleen.'"

"A strangely fierce love-song! What does it mean?"

"It is the 'Roisin Dhu,' the black little Rose; and the black little Rose is Ireland, of course. The man singing it down there is Murdock Malachy, Anne O'Flaherty's servant; so you won't suspect him of being a sworn rebel. Cousin Anne has great influence, and does not allow her people to belong to secret societies, but she can't keep them from singing. You see, the Young Irelanders are not far wrong in thinking that the old love of country is strong still, and might any day burst into a blaze."

"So much the more careful should they be not to put a light to explosive forces that have power certainly to blow

them and all who trust them to destruction, but can do nothing else."

"If you knew how I hate to hear you make such cold-blooded prophecies!"

"Perhaps I should not have courage to make them; the pain of vexing you for a moment might make me hold my tongue. But it would be selfish policy; you would have no reason to thank me for it by and by."

Ellen had an answer ready, but looking into Mr. Thornley's face she saw something there that made her pause and turn quickly away. "Lesbia is getting into difficulties on that last steep bit of the path," she said, "and Pelham is too ceremonious to be of much use. I will run down and help her."

Ellen's cheeks were still flushed, and her heart beating quickly, when she succeeded in landing Lesbia in safety on the summit of the hill; but she had not asked herself the cause of the sudden tumult into which her thoughts had been thrown by Mr. Thornley's words. She would not try to find out whether the feeling called up was pleasure or dismay, or only the unconscious sympathy which the sight of a grave face stirred by unexpectedly deep feeling could not fail to evoke. There were other questions that had to be answered first, and she fancied just at the moment that she could put this one so far away that it might never come to the surface to trouble her again.

In the difficult descent of the hill, the whole party kept together, Ellen pausing now and then to point out to Lesbia the chief landmarks of the scene spread out before them. The winding road that led to Good People's Hollow, the steep ravine at the foot of Lac-na-Weel, the principal peaks of the Green Joyce Hills and of the Grey Maam Turks, whence, in old times, the rival O'Flaherty and Joyce tribes swooped down to fight in the valleys.

"Like eagles on a carcase," Mr. Thornley put in, "tearing each other to pieces for the poor spoil of the boglands."

"No, for the fun of the scrimmage," said Ellen defiantly. "Poor mean-spirited creatures they'd have been for ancestors if they did not like fighting better than digging."

"And you think you don't want England to govern you?"

But Lesbia was soon too much occupied with the perils of the path to care to look about or leave any of her helpers time for conversation, and when they reached the foot of the mountain she declared herself so shaken with her various falls, and so overcome with fatigue, as to be quite unable to continue the walk. The little lake that seen from the heights had appeared to be close under the hills, proved now to be at least a mile away, and Lesbia began to be plaintive over the impossibility of ever reaching it, or of climbing up the "horrible precipice" she had stumbled down, so as to return home again.

Ellen proposed that they should take the low road leading to the river, as Lesbia's heart failed her for further climbing, and suggested to Pelham that he had better walk on before as quickly as he could, to the boat-house at the head of the lake, and bring a boat up the river to meet them, and save them several miles of this longer route. Lesbia, seeing a regretful look on Pelham's face, was beginning to protest against breaking up the party, when Ellen surprised her by seizing her hand and giving it a hasty, mysterious squeeze.

"Yes, yes; you are very tired. Indeed, Pelham, you must go. We will rest here for half an hour, and then walk slowly on, to give you time to get to the head of the lake and back to the river landing-place before we reach it. But you had better set out at once."

When Pelham had left them, Ellen turned eagerly to Mr. Thornley—

"And now you will walk on to the lake, and get us some water-lilies, while we rest. It would be so very ignominious to go back empty-handed after coming so far. I could not bear to do such a thing."

"Just for once you might. I don't like to leave you and Lesbia alone in this solitary place."

"We are very comfortable. What could happen here to hurt us?"

"Some one might come and beg. Is not that the hood of a black cloak, showing above the stone wall, up there?"

"I see nothing but a red heifer's back."

"The cloak has disappeared this minute, but it was there."

"There may be a girl watching her heifer, but what then? Even Lesbia is inured to beggars by this time. And go back to Cousin Anne without the water-lilies I will not. So, if you decline the walk, Mr. Thornley, I shall have to go myself."

"Suppose I don't find any lilies?"

"You must bring some leaves to show that you have been really there, or we won't speak to you."

"If I go, I shall make all the haste I can to get back again."

"There is no need. Pelham will be quite an hour walking to the lake, and we may as well wait here as at the landing-place, and we had much rather be alone. Do go, Mr. Thornley."

"He has gone off in a huff," said Lesbia, as her brother walked away. "What did make you so determined, Ellen? You have frightened me, for I know you have a reason for wanting to be alone; you look so eager. What are you listening for now? I hear something—a voice singing down there. Oh, I must call John to come back; I am frightened."

"No, dear Lesbia, don't. There's nothing to fear. I did want to get rid of your brother, I confess. Some one is waiting for me down there with whom I must speak a word or two alone. You may well look surprised. I will explain afterwards fully, and only say now that it's news of Connor I expect, and Anne O'Flaherty's servant, lame Murdock, who will bring it me."

"But I don't see him—there's no one near."

"Yes, listen. The voice singing seems to come from under the ground, but the place we are sitting on is really the roof of a cave that runs far into the hill. The opening is in the hollow, to the left of us, under the rock ledge. It was once used as a still, and a rough shed was built out from the mouth of the cave, but you can't see it, because it is hidden by those tall piles of turf. I can scramble down to it in five minutes, and shall soon be back again."

"But do you mean me to stay here by myself?"

"Dear Babette, I would not ask it of you if it were not Connor's birthday. See, you will have me full in view till I reach the bottom of the hollow, then I shall disappear behind the turf-cutting for a few minutes; but if you put your mouth down to this crack in the ground and call very loud, I should hear you in the cave."

"And you will promise to tell me everything you see and hear when you come back?"

"If I can; and I'll be obliged to you all my life."

Lesbia had a spice of love of adventure and of mystery in her composition that over-ruled her timidity and induced her to consent. She felt like the heroine of one of her old foolish Whitecliffe dreams, when, after watching Ellen's disappearance under the hollow of the hill, she looked round on the solitary scene with a little thrill that had just enough fear in it to make it exciting. Pelham had passed quite out of sight, and John's figure had dwindled to a black spot in the green valley at her feet. Round her, on all sides, were solitary hill slopes, overlooked by dark, solemn mountain peaks. A large-winged bird was hovering high in the air above her head, whirling in great curves, and poising as if it were about to swoop down upon her. An eagle? Yes, it must be one of the eagles Ellen had told her of that had their eyry on Lac-na-Weel, and swooped down for prey on to the little islands in the lonely lakes. The thought made Lesbia's pulses beat wildly till a few rapid strokes of the wide wings took the black hovering body up, up, till it looked hardly bigger than a lark in the blue sky. Then she

settled herself with her elbows on her knees and her chin between her hands, to wait and think, and forbid herself to grow frightened at her loneliness. She had a pleasant sense of self-importance to counteract the solemnity of the scene, which might otherwise have been oppressive, for had not one admirer just left her with a sufficient show of reluctance, and did not this adventure promise tidings of that other lover, who, at all events, professed devotion enough to satisfy anybody? Had she ever, in the old stocking-darning days at Whitecliffe—before she had ever seen anybody in particular, when the day-dreams were woven in and out to suit the fancies of the moment—invented any beginning of a story for herself more gratifying to self-love than this? Was she not now actually acting out her own longings? Babette heaved a great sigh as the question rose in her mind—a sigh that was a testimony to the pleasantness of the old dreams, and to the much paler colours in which reality was painted. Ah, yes; but though it had come, it was not what she thought it would be. She had not imagined it all round. The dream-people who loved her gratified her vanity, and that was all. They never puzzled her, or made her anxious, or by anything they said awoke in her heart that troublesome yearning sympathy so much nearer pain than joy, that she was ready to wish it away even while she watched for the words and the looks that brought it. In her dreams it would have been to the eager, out-spoken, gay-tempered lover she would have given her preference. She should never have imagined it of herself that her thoughts would turn back and back, not to the pleasant flattery of which she could always have as much as she pleased, but to a few puzzling, hesitating, grudgingly-spoken words, brimful of feeling, which seemed always to call on her for a deeper response than she was ready to make. In real life she found it was not to be all taking; there was a troublesome call for giving which threatened to draw her out of her old self-centred existence into a region of thought and emotion she had not meant to come near for a long time yet. Dreaming was much easier. Why could she not choose the flattering homage that put her back into shadow-land, and did not offer or exact any troublesome amount of feeling on either side? Lesbia grew so absorbed in her self-debate, which did not really come in set phrases, but in vague suggestions, hard to catch and fix into any shape of words, that she did not perceive how long the time of Ellen's absence was. Neither did she notice that for some minutes past the red heifer's back had ceased to be the only conspicuous object behind the stone wall, being overtopped by a tall, awkward-looking figure, draped about the head with a black cloak, which, after regarding her deliberately for some time from behind that fortress, began gradually to draw into closer and closer neighbourhood to herself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE low singing which had attracted Ellen's attention had ceased by the time she had accomplished her descent into the hollow behind the hill, and come in view of the turf shed, whose green roof was so exactly like the ground above as to make its neighbourhood unsuspected till seen from below. She had spoken the truth to Lesbia when she said she expected to find Murdock Malachy in the cave, for from the top of the hill she had observed that he did not follow the road to the hollow, and she had little doubt that this secret rendezvous in the hills was his real destination. But it was a more exciting hope than that of getting information of Connor's movements from him that induced her to get rid of her companions and venture on a visit to the mountain cave. She was on the look-out for signals, and in the muffled sounds that seemed to come from the depth of the earth, she had caught a note or two of a song that used to be a watchword between herself and Connor when they

played at brigands and rebels in their childish days. All was still, however, when she reached the door of the dilapidated cabin that covered the opening into the cave, and she paused a moment, half afraid to enter. There were marks of men's footsteps—shoed feet—on the wet ground round the door, and a thin cloud of peat smoke was oozing through its crevices. There might be more than one or two people within—dare she knock? Again the song broke out in a sweet rich voice and accent too refined for Murdock Malachy's.

"Yes, it was Connor's signal. She knocked gently; there was a short delay as if some barricades were being removed; the door was opened a little way, and she heard Murdock's voice exclaiming joyfully, "It's Miss Eileen herself, sir," and then she stepped across the threshold, and Murdock shut the door quickly behind her. She found herself in a low shed, having at its end a dark chamber that ran for some distance under the hill. Light poured in dusky streaks from the crevices in the roof and between the loose stones of which the walls were built, struggling with the smoke of the peat-fire that burned dimly in the lower chamber and filled the place with a bewildering blue haze. In the centre was a table composed of two empty casks turned on end. A candle stuck in a hole of one cast a flickering light upon some papers with which the person who rose at the sound of Murdock's voice had been occupied. For a moment Ellen only saw a tall grey-coated figure and a head covered with a mass of sunny hair, that looked exactly like what she had expected to see; and she came forward holding out both hands.

"Connor, you naughty boy, why do you run such risks?"

And then, as the haze cleared and the figure approaching her passed under a streak of sunshine, she paused. It was not Connor.

"A great deal more like my father than either of his sons," the sentence of Connor's letter that had moved her so much when first read, flashed back into her mind, but not to win entire acquiescence. She saw the strong likeness, but this face on which the dusty sunshine fell had a look of fire and endurance about it—a mingling of sadness and eagerness; a possibility of strong, stern passion expressed in its marked lines, that gave it an altogether different character from the playful, satirical, indolent face of Dermot Daly. The two who had come so suddenly into each other's presence stood still in silence for a few seconds, not embarrassed, but each curiously and intently scanning the other—he, with eyes penetrating and kindly, that seemed to be taking her measure; and she, glancing up, half attracted and half awed, as she realized that this was the leader to whom Connor at least, and how many others, had given themselves up, the possible hero and deliverer in whom Connor devoutly believed.

"It's Miss Eileen herself, sir," Murdock put in, thinking from the silence that some further ceremony of introduction was due.

"My cousin Ellen Daly, of whom, as 'Miss Eileen herself,' I have heard every day since I came here," the stranger said, putting out his hand, and Ellen gave hers, not wondering any longer, now she had seen the smile that altered the whole face as her name was spoken, either at Connor's description or at his infatuation. She had heard and read of heroes and leaders to follow the light of whose smile thousands were ready to face danger and death. Was this one of them? And what, in these terrible times, was he here to do?

"But where is Connor? I came here expecting to meet my brother," she said.

"Did you not meet him out on the hill? Murdock reported your neighbourhood just now, and nothing would serve your brother but he must borrow a cloak of the old woman who is cooking our dinner in the cave there, and go up on to the hill for the chance of getting a word with you in private. There is a secret way through the cave where the old still used to be, to a trap-door

that opens behind a stone wall on the hill. He instructed me to sing a certain song at the end of ten minutes to warn him not to stay too long."

"Ah, the cunning of him!" Ellen could not help exclaiming. "How cleverly he has contrived to have his own way in spite of my warnings and entreaties. It was not me at all, it was my friend Miss Maynard he wanted to see. He knew I should follow that song, and so he should secure a word with her alone. I am afraid you have a fellow-worker very difficult to keep in order, who is willing to imperil the gravest matters for any whim that crosses his mind."

"We know that sort well enough; but he is hearty, and troubled with neither doubts nor fears."

"Ah, that's because he does not think enough to have doubts."

"He does not think at all, that brother of yours; the better and happier he. The work we are engaged in needs either people who can think a long way on, far out of ordinary sight, or who do not think at all; and the non-thinkers are the best off, and can go most heartily into it. You see, I am speaking openly to you, taking you for one of the generous sisterhood who have thrown in their lot with ours, and who make our hopes possible by believing them."

"I am not sure that I deserve such confidence," Ellen said, hesitatingly, while tears welled up into her eyes. "I am not one of the women who inspire such enterprises as yours. I can be miserable for Ireland, but that is all. It is not thinking at all with me, it is just feeling, and one cannot feel a long way on, so as to forget the present, and not count the cost. I am not brave enough to be one of the inspirers."

"Yes you are. I read one of your letters to your brother, and nothing ever moved me so deeply. If to know that the women of one's country are miserable for her degradation is not enough to make the men fight—if the tears of such as you are not enough, then there is nothing left to fight for. We shall never be a nation again; we are too dead for hope. But it is not so, we mean you to triumph for Ireland just as deeply as you have grieved."

He took her hand again as he spoke, and stooping down kissed the tips of her fingers. She was startled, but not embarrassed; it was so clearly a homage to her feeling, and not to herself, rendered by one possessed by a single thought and quivering with every touch of emotion that answered to it, for there to be room for personal consciousness to come in.

She was anxious to end the interview, however, for Connor's rashness frightened her, and she dreaded Mr. Thornley's finding him with Lesbia.

"I wish Connor would come," she said; "I want to speak a word with him, though it will only be to warn him against imprudence. Did you not say there was a shorter way of getting out on the hill-side than by climbing round the edge of the hollow?"

"Yes, if you can scramble up an old chimney; but here is your brother coming feet foremost among the peat sods. That is one of our ways of exit and entrance here. You see, we don't scruple to let you into the secrets of the place."

Ellen had a severe remonstrance ready, but when Connor emerged from the blackness at the end of the cave—his merry face looking out of the folds of the old cloak still wrapped round his head—her anger vanished; she had nothing to say as she threw her arms round his neck but "Oh, Connor, Connor, how could you do it?"

"How could I do what? Play such a nice game at hide-and-seek with you, Eileen aroon, on my birthday?"

"Little enough I came into your thoughts. Have you frightened Lesbia out of her wits?"

"Not at all, it was thinking too much of me the darling girl was, to be surprised to see me; I have made her own it. Was she to keep my birthday, and I not to appear out of the earth by magic to thank her?"

"If she were the same little Babette

she was last year, and not a great heiress, and if we did not owe so much to her brother, I would not mind your nonsensical wooing; but as it is—don't hate me, Connor dear—I shall be obliged to warn Mr. Thornley, if you hang about her and try to get round her in secret ways. I cannot let him go away to England and leave Lesbia under our care, unless you will promise to keep out of the way."

"He is going away to England! Hurrah! Once let us get rid of his meddling hands and prying eyes, and we'll do some good here, D'Arcy and I."

"But I shall warn him of your doings with Lesbia, and he'll stay."

"You have not the heart. Think what I'll do for the cause if I get her and her thousands to help us."

"It would be base. Ask your friend what he would think of such conduct."

"Ask him I will, and welcome; he's too stanch to stick at anything that would help on the cause. Would you have him weigh the good of the country against a dirty bit of money of anyone's?"

"Well, I have warned you; and now I must go. Mr. Thornley will be back and miss me."

"How cleverly you got rid of him. I heard it all behind the wall, and did not I tingle with impatience till Pelham was fairly off? It was awkward your bringing him here to-day. He possibly might have taken it into his head to refresh his memory with a look round, and if he had put his head in here, would not he have got even a bigger fright than he had when he first made acquaintance with the place?"

"Was Pelham ever here?"

"Have you forgotten Lictor? This is Dennis's old still; and here, just where you are standing, was where Lictor was shot."

"I hate to think of it, Connor; it seems as if that was the beginning of all our troubles."

"It can't be helped now. Come on. I'll take you round the edge of the hill. If Mr. Thornley is there, he won't know me from an old woman, with the cloak round my head; and I'll answer for little Lesbia having presence of mind to toss me a halfpenny."

As they left the shed, Ellen shook hands with D'Arcy.

"I am glad to have seen you, cousin," she said.

"And I you, if we never meet again. I have too few belonging to me not to value every chance of changing my dreams of them to remembrances, above anything else that concerns myself."

"There, what do you think of him?" cried Connor, triumphantly, when they had emerged into daylight again.

"I like him. I see what you mean about his having power 'to draw all creatures living under the sun, after him, so as you never saw,' like the Pied Piper."

"And he'll do it to some purpose one day, Eileen aroon: it was quite as much to show him to you as to speak with Lesbia, that I wiled you in there. Is not he glorious? I should like Cousin Anne to see him."

"Why can't you both go like Christians and stay with Cousin Anne, instead of lurking in caves and dens of the earth like——"

"Patriots as we are. No, no; we have too much conscience to involve Cousin Anne unbeknown to herself in our lawless doings; but, Ellen, he wants beyond anything to see the inside of Castle Daly. His mother used to talk to him about the place when he was a little lad in the wilds of America, and he thinks all the world of it. I have promised him he shall at least see our old school-room, and the black-framed likeness of Aunt Ellen that hangs over the chimney-piece."

"Impossible, Connor; you could not take him secretly to the Thornleys' house."

"Could not I? What do you say to my having found the key to the little door in the north turret, convenient in the pocket of an old coat the very day I left Dublin? I have been in and out that way often enough to know it, I suppose."

"But the rooms are altered; the

north wing is seldom used, and the door of communication at the head of the turret stairs is generally locked."

"It will be open, you'll see, on the night we pay you a visit, when you'll have the little trifle of money we spoke about ready for me. I can't possibly get back to Dublin without it, I assure you."

"Connor, I can't let you draw Lesbia into deceit."

"Give me credit for a grain of conscience, at least; we are not so badly off for followers that we need enlist her little frightened wits into our service. I flatter myself that there are servants in Castle Daly still that would do a good deal more for me than for their master. Ask Miss Maynard where she thinks the little bunch of forget-me-nots she found on her dressing-table this morning came from."

"Connor, it's too bad. I believe it's all joke with you. I quarrelled with Mr. Thornley a few minutes ago for accusing us of playing at rebellion; but I do think it's nothing but play with you."

"Well—he—the fellow in there, has grim earnest for the two of us; and for the rest, don't be rash. Some day, perhaps, when the opportunity comes, you'll see whether it's most earnest or play with me. I don't think I'll be the worse for getting all the fun I can out of what comes in my way now. It's little enough pleasure there is in life this year for any one There, put your foot on my knee for the last scramble up the cliffs and over the wall. And now I'd better vanish, but don't be too down-hearted. You have not seen quite the last of me." He disappeared for an instant, but before Ellen had gone many steps forward down the slope of the hill, his head wrapped in the old cloak again emerged from the shelter of the wall, and he called her back to whisper, "Remember, she believes firmly that I came all the way from Dublin for the sake of seeing her for ten minutes on my birthday; and if you undeceive her you'll make me no better than a spy and an informer, and drive me to hang myself. I've warned you fairly."

Ellen found Lesbia still occupying the precise spot where she had left her, and looking as demure as if she had been employed the whole time of her absence in gathering sprays of sundew, and spreading out the little rayed discs on her hand as she was doing then.

"Did you—did you find the person you thought would give you news of Connor?" she asked, peeping shyly up into Ellen's face from under her eyelashes as Ellen seated herself by her side.

In spite of fear, vexation, and anxiety, Ellen could not help bursting out into a hearty laugh.

"Babette, at least you and I need not humbug each other. I want to tell you how sorry I am that Connor should have been so silly and taken such a liberty with you."

"I suppose it was silly, such a waste of time, when he ought to have been studying. Bride and John would be very much annoyed if they knew; they would never think I was safe again."

"Nobody ever is very angry with Connor, but he really deserves their anger and yours."

"Of course I am very angry. Yet perhaps one can hardly call it a liberty. It was a long journey to take just for the chance of seeing one for a few minutes. I don't think I ever heard of such a thing being done for any one before—did you?"

"Only a wild boy like Connor would be so foolish; it is not worth thinking about."

"Oh! I shall certainly not think of it again, nor mention it to John and Bride. It is better not to make them anxious—don't you think so?"

"Of course, I had rather not have my brother's folly exposed; but you must do as you think right, Lesbia; I dare not ask you not to tell."

"One does not like every little thing that happens to one to be thought of consequence, just because one happens to be an heiress," said Lesbia, pouting a little.

"It would be nothing to me, if it were not my brother Connor, for whom I always feel responsible," said Ellen.

"Ah, well, let us clamber down into the road and set out to meet John, and think no more about it. You will not tell your brother Pelham; he must not know, of course. But—but I wonder what he would think if he heard that anybody, say the silliest person in the world, had travelled right across Ireland just to speak to poor little me, on his birthday. *He* would wonder that anyone should think it worth while, would not he?"

"I am sure I don't know. We had better walk on and hasten Mr. Thornley's movements. Look at the length of our shadows, it must be very late; Pelham will be tired of waiting for us at the landing-place."

When John appeared at last, he had to confess to having managed to sprain his ankle badly in leaping back to the shore of the lake from the island of water-lilies. He brought a large cluster of buds and flowers, but it only needed a glance in his face to see that the return walk along the rough road with the injured ankle had been a severe struggle. Lesbia's flushed cheeks escaped notice under cover of concern at her brother's accident; and during the next uncomfortable hour—while John Thornley limped along the road, frowning with pain and making strenuous efforts to keep up cheerful conversation with his companions, which neither of them could second—Ellen was brought to reproach herself for a feeling of relief that had come to her on the first sight of Mr. Thornley's condition. She began to be sorry for his sufferings, though she could not help still hugging the thought that now at least for some days to come Connor and his friend would be safe from observation of the keenest-witted person in the neighbourhood, and that her difficulty about accepting the charge of Lesbia might now be left to settle itself. It was a real relief at last when the boat was reached and Mr. Thornley subsided into a seat and allowed that he did not think he could have held on many minutes longer. He was quite beyond talking when the necessity for exertion was over, and lay back faint and pale, while Lesbia sat by him and sprinkled him with water, and Ellen and Pelham took the oars.

The sun had reached his point of disappearance behind Lac-y-Core by the time they entered the lake; the little island, with its ivy-draped ruin, that, seen in sunshine from the hill, had glowed like an emerald in its setting of opal water, looked dark and imposing now in deep shadow. The eastern distance lay painted in every delicate tint, from intense purple to softest lilac and grey-blue; the bare tops of the Maam Turks, with the sun behind them, stood out against a cloudless sky in a wondrous haze of crimson fire, their rough outlines softened and clothed with a marvellous tender beauty that belonged to the atmosphere and the hour.

Mr. Thornley dragged himself up from the recumbent position which Lesbia had enjoined on him, to enjoy the scene.

"Glamour, is it not?" he said, smiling to Ellen. "One would think oneself sailing straight to the fortunate isles to live on lotus-fruit in peace for ever. Who would think it was all bog and rock, and swamp and water?"

"And famine and strife and woe!" Ellen continued to herself. "And oh! were the high hopes and the generous purposes glamour too?"

To be continued.

WORKHOUSE SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

THE inquiry[1] recently made by government authority into the state of Workhouse Schools, and the career of the scholars who leave them, offers a curious study in one of the most accessible parts of our social Borderland. Not a lawless, pathless region, but one so distinctly under authority, that there can be no question at all about the duty of never resting till we have done the best we can with it. We all know, though it is painful to acknowledge it, that the lowest grades of our national life are in a measure supplied from above. The workman, improvident, incapable, vicious, or perhaps only unfortunate, becomes a pauper, the pauper too often sinks a step farther into the "dangerous classes" of the slums and the prisons. It is a great thing to stop this descent at any point, but the downward impetus is often so strong that the man *will* go to the bottom before he can even pause. He is, after all, his own master; it is common but not true to say that circumstances conquer him; he chooses to be driven by one circumstance and to resist another; you may stretch out your hand, but you cannot make him clasp it.

But it is otherwise with the children whose life is yet to come. Up to a certain point you can constrain them; from some evils you can absolutely withhold them; to some good you can train or even force them. You can at least set their feet in the upward path; you can give them good habits. This is attempted already. The question is whether you can reach their motives; whether you can make them desire to climb, and fear to fall. This is not yet adequately done; but it cannot be impossible; and one feels sure that it will be at last accomplished.

There are sixteen metropolitan workhouse schools, containing 8,535 children. Of these, the girls, with whom only we are at present concerned, amount to 3,846. More than 300 pass out of the schools into service every year. Just imagine it! Three hundred women annually poured out of these schools into the working classes of the metropolitan districts. It is a thing to think about. Apart from any consideration for the future women themselves, it is a considerable leaven for good or for evil, infused just where its effects will be most felt. When we look at those Palaces of Pauperdom, which we have erected for the children, and consider the enormous sums expended on them, and on the system which they represent, it is worth while to ask whether we are using all this cumbrous and costly machinery for no better purpose than that of lifting a class for a few years out of the abyss, only in order to drop them into it again. Let us look fairly at the answer to this uncomfortable question. Mrs. Senior's investigation has been thorough, patient, and impartial. She has personally examined the schools, with a minuteness of inspection, and yet in a spirit of sympathy for all concerned—of large allowance for difficulties and hopeful estimate of results—about which there cannot be two opinions. She went through the dormitories of one of the largest establishments at half-past five in the morning (a feat which can hardly be contemplated without a shudder), that she might judge for herself of the air-conditions under which the young creatures are growing up. She visited boarded-out children both in England and Scotland; she and her staff inquired into the present position and character of 650 girls, placed in 1871 and 1872, and traced out 51 who left the schools in 1868. Inquiries were also made at

[1] Report on the Condition and Results of Pauper School Training, by Mrs. Nassau Senior.

institutions and refuges, where it might be expected that some of those who have gone wrong and passed out of sight would eventually drift. There are thus ample materials for forming a judgment upon the system, and they are chosen under the most favourable conditions. If the per-centage which begins to sink in the first five years after the school has set them afloat be considerable, what would it be after ten or twenty years? What is the judgment to which we are compelled after full consideration? Let a few facts be stated, and it will be scarcely necessary to pronounce it.

The first fact which confronts us ought to be encouraging. It is that a very large number of these children are absolutely in our hands, to be moulded, so far as education can mould, according to our will. Orphans and deserted children are literally the "children of the state;" they know no other parentage. Often they are under state-training from infancy up to that quaint maturity of fourteen years, at which they are supposed to be fitted for their work in the world. Whatever can be done by care and teaching during those years, we ought to do for them. Let it be granted at once that even in these we have material below the average. The children of pauper parents are at a disadvantage from the beginning. Even in this country where, and where alone, pauperdom is a great national institution, its members have little but evil to bequeath. The tendencies, physical, mental, and moral, are nearly all downwards. But surely it is *the* business of education to substitute good tendencies for bad. The question is here how to infuse good tendencies into this particular class of children, this and no other, with all its difficulties around it.

If a law of nature in the material world is the subject of inquiry, what indefatigable perseverance in observation and experiment, what eager candour, what prompt rejection of failures, what jealous examination of apparent successes, are brought to the work! The finest and most cultivated intellects in the world are content to spend years in verifying their approaches to a truth which perhaps they never quite reach. They are not content to accept any hypothesis which does not satisfy all conditions and account for all facts. This patient aspiration of the scientific spirit is not less necessary for the solution of abstruse social and moral problems. One wants to see all disabilities, checks, failures, and catastrophes, all improvements and reforms now stopped by that sentence of death, "It is impracticable," set as so many questions, to each of which there is an answer which it is our business to find. It cannot be doubted that if thus stated and faced, there is mind enough in the country to discover how they may be conquered, and spirit enough to conquer them.

The first step is to ascertain what it is that the schools are now doing. We examine the reports on those who have been completely trained, for periods varying from seven to thirteen years, after their first year in service, and we are struck with the remarkable uniformity both in good and bad qualities. Differences are rather in degree than in kind; the type is the same everywhere. If we were classing the children like plants, we should not be far wrong in enumerating the following characteristics:—"Workhouse girl in service. Below average height and development. Well taught in the elements of religion, in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Sullen, violent, and unmanageable in temper. Apathetic when not out of temper. Ignorant of all practical matters, and deficient in aptitude for learning. Self-possessed. Hard. Untruthful. A good-tempered variety is occasionally to be found, but it is very rare." In this classification the usual faults of young servant-girls—slovenliness, dirty and careless habits, unconscientiousness in work—are not noticed, because they are universal, and it is the training of actual service by which they are cured, if they ever are cured. But it is remarkable that these, which might be supposed to be the special evils attendant upon unsystematic home life, are found to exist even more strongly

where the pressure of system has pervaded the whole life from first to last.

Now it is not probable that all these children inherit languor and violence from their parents. Two marks so prevalent and so peculiar must surely belong to the stamp under which they all have passed. Moreover the little ones are, when in fair health, as lively as other babies—full of chatter and glee. There must be something in the educational process to which they are subjected which gradually stifles that vital energy which is the most precious of all qualities, the basis of moral health, the condition of future improvement. We do not find apathy as a characteristic of the lowest class of young servants, taken out of the poorest homes, except where there is disease, or great debility. What is there in the workhouse-school system which differs from all other modes of training, and bears fruit so rotten at the core? We have not far to look. There is first the dealing in huge masses with material which more than any other requires discrimination; and, secondly, the exclusion (with one remarkable exception) of all outward, one might almost say, of all indirect and spontaneous, influences whatsoever. If a quantity of refuse (the word is used in no contemptuous or unkind spirit, but the parallel is close) be collected within four walls, and all the windows shut, what kind of atmosphere would the chemists who are engaged in purifying it expect to find? The largest of these schools contains 714 girls. Ask any decent mother in the world whether she would voluntarily send her daughter into such a place. How would she meet her child—the child of prayers and kisses—after two years spent in such an atmosphere? Those who are brought up in this atmosphere are not the children of prayers and kisses. They need every device that can be imagined for quickening and maintaining the better life within them which is ready to perish from the first. The circumstances in which they are growing should be, if we could so arrange them, nothing less than a series of personal appeals to the affections and the conscience. There is no lack of such appeals in the lowest form of family life, with all its defects and temptations. They are indirect, spontaneous, inevitable, and therein lies their wholesomeness. But in an absolutely artificial system such as this, circumstances do not arise, they are provided. Nothing happens without intention; no need, duty, incentive, comes upon the child unawares. It is an existence without opportunities. Except in cases where evil has been directly taught, the meanest home will send out a creature, ignorant and faulty it may be, but far healthier, far more capable, far more human, than the items in this vast unnatural conglomerate, beset as they have been through all their time of growth with careful direct instruction in good and useful things which they neither relish nor assimilate.

It is the system, not the administration which is in fault. Its results bear a quite pathetic testimony to the zeal, patience, and conscientiousness of masters, matrons, chaplains, and officials in general. They are overworked, and in many instances lamentably underpaid. For the work demanded of them needs moral qualifications of so high an order, to say nothing of tact, judgment, and common sense, that the positions should be made in all respects, according to their degree, such as highly qualified persons may be willing to accept. With a few exceptions, and with some unavoidable shortcomings, we may fairly say of them on the whole that they are doing, or have done, whatever it is possible to do under the fatal conditions imposed upon them. The children are better taught than the average child of like age at a village school. They are never cowed; there is nothing about them to indicate that they have been subjected to any sort of oppression or tyranny. These are no Oliver Twists—little seraphs under heavy weights, whose wings begin to sprout as soon as the weights are withdrawn. They are plants which the gardeners have not ceased to water and tend, but which have been set in a soil that cannot

nourish, and debarred from light and air, so that when brought at last into the common conditions of life, they are unable to take advantage of them.

The want of homes and of holidays removes from these children the natural corrective to the evils inseparable from all large boarding-schools. A girl may hate her school; she may really suffer in it; it may be a bad school; but so long as she has something else to look to, it will not injure her so deeply or so permanently as a good school does, from which there is no escape even in thought, and which necessarily becomes a prison. It is earnestly hoped that this will not be taken as a sentimental grievance, and that such expressions as imprisonment and exclusion of light and air will not be esteemed mere figures of speech. They may be taken in their fullest import; they represent facts. It is not too much to say that if you could look into the mind of an ordinary boarding-school girl, you would find the holiday and the home always there; at one time prominent, at another in the background, but never absent. That hope and that imagination are for ever stirring the waters which might otherwise become stagnant. It is impossible to overrate their preservative and stimulating influence. Of this the workhouse child, orphan or deserted, is of course destitute. She has nothing to think about, to look to, or to long for; she has no little picture in her heart, with all tints softened, and all blots effaced—a picture of a place where she has been, and where she will be again. What has she in her heart? If we could but know! The inscrutable eyes of many growing creatures seem to hold both their past and their future, if we could but read them. But there is a wonderful impenetrability in youth. A public schoolboy would be a deep mystery to most of us, but for an occasional Tom Brown to tell us, after he has become a man, what he and his fellows used to feel, and what was for their hurt and what for their healing. But there is no one to reveal to us what sort of a creature it really is at heart that is growing up in a workhouse school, to emerge in such a very unsatisfactory state. This much we may be sure of, however: No magic can impart to the courts and corridors of her vast abode the least flavour of home; and she cannot be expected to feel any movements of natural affection towards 713 sisters. Yet these are all she has, or can have. The immense monotony of her regulated life is never broken by any considerable interval of complete change and comparative liberty. The difficulty of providing even a single day's treat is so great that it cannot recur frequently. It is an epoch and a glory when it comes; but it is a school-treat, with school-companions, under school authority. What is it compared to one week of the most uncomfortable home that can be imagined, without actual unkindness? It is with a heart-ache for the matron as for the child that one compares the relation which they bear to each other with a natural tie. Even if she can be supposed to diffuse some faint filmy kind of affection over her 714 babes, how are they to be made to believe in it? A mother cuffs her child without suggesting a permanent idea that she does not love it; but a mistress may lavish caresses without convincing that she does.

Take, then, this great unnatural system with its necessary restraints, its irremediable evils, its enormous deficiencies, and see what can be done under it by way of compensation. The first thing that would occur to any reasonable mind would surely be to admit as much influence as possible from the outside, as many chances as possible of obtaining what it cannot supply from within. But this is precisely what is most rigorously forbidden. You may go to a workhouse school as a mere spectator, but you must go in no other capacity. Not to the infirmary, not to the playground, not to the classes, may you go so as to enter into the life of the children, helping and benefiting them by the wholesomeness of variety, if by nothing else, but only so as to look at them as, what in fact they are, parts of a machine

which is working smoothly, and must on no account be meddled with. The system is to be sufficient to itself; there are to be no inlets, no interruptions, no chance allowed of forming a tie or awakening an interest anywhere beyond the prison walls. It must admit no outside influence, with, as has already been said, one remarkable exception. One force from the world outside is poured into it, freely, frequently, and without check. Surely this should be for unquestionable good? No. It is unmitigated evil, and infused in such a manner that it cannot fail to taint. About a third of the children in these schools are what is called "casual paupers," admitted and discharged as often as their parents please. This has occasionally been as often as eight times within the year; a great wave of corruption always ebbing and flowing within the walls, so jealously guarded against all benign influences. Shut out the sun, for it may tan you, and the wind, for it may chill you; shut out strength, for it is fatiguing, and gaiety, for it is inconvenient; but let in the plague, let in the small-pox, let in vice—there is a place for these in the community. How is the small staff of officials to regulate the intercourse of hundreds of children with each other in the play-yard or the dormitory? They cannot even attempt it. There is no pretence of separation. These outsiders disseminate their experiences as they feel inclined, during the hours of recreation, and during the interval between their own bedtime and that of the dormitory superintendent, an interval which Mrs. Senior tells us is generally without supervision. In respect of the admission of "casuals," the state of the workhouse itself is actually incredible. How so gigantic and palpable a mischief has come to be tolerated by a practical nation one cannot understand. If it did not exist, it would be impossible. Restraints do not deter them, and need not. When they want a "spree" or a "lark," they discharge themselves, and return when they have had it; and there is nothing to prevent them. Whole troops of them, whose occupation is periodical (as the stitchers and pasters of monthly magazines), spend their entire earnings as fast as they get them, and then settle in the workhouse for the rest of the month. Their children go into the District School to assist in the education of the orphans. The only "home influence" (if it can so be called) which can possibly injure, is the only one admitted; the class which is below the level of that which we wish to raise is the only class which we suffer to mix with it freely! If this cause alone were taken into consideration the wonder might well be, not that the type of character which the schools send out is so low, but that it is not a great deal lower.

About the type itself there should be no mistake. It is not discovered by the present inquiry; it is familiar to all who are brought in contact with the inmates of workhouse schools, though attributed to various causes. Masters and matrons tell you that the peculiar apathy is "in the pauper blood," and you cannot get rid of it. Mistresses of households give you the same fact in every variety of diction, when describing their girl-servants. "You can't make her care." "She's so indifferent." "She takes no interest." "She's like a very old person." "She doesn't mind about anything." "Nothing seems to rouse her." "You can't tell whether she takes pleasure in a thing or not." "She seems to have no wishes." "She never seems to be really fond of anybody," and so forth. The managers of reformatories and refuges tell you that they recognize the workhouse type at a glance, and have less hope of it than of any other. If you inquire further, you get the answer, "They're so hard. Often very plausible; but nothing makes a real impression. You can't touch them." There is no escape from the fact. The heart has never been nourished at all; and it has dwindled away till it is not big enough to beat audibly. Nevertheless we have the remarkable testimony from two managers of refuges, who have suffered much from this unnatural hardness,

that it melts and vanishes, and is sometimes succeeded by passionate affection, if once the girl can be convinced that somebody loves her.

The remarkable prevalence of ill-temper, and the excessive manifestations frequently met with, are more difficult to account for. Here, too, the mistresses are all in a tale. You hear of girls who defy authority; who will "sit half-a-day with folded arms refusing to stir;" who "seem like one possessed" (a phrase of constant recurrence); who are "so violent that one thinks she can't be in her right mind," and so on. One girl tried to stab a fellow-servant, another threw a knife at her master; many are described as flinging the broom or duster across the room when receiving an order; and one, as a sensible and apparently kind mistress told the writer, shrieked, kicked, and clung to every article of furniture in turn, when carried out of the house by a policeman, as the only way of getting rid of her. Of nearly all it is said that they are singularly resentful against authority; taking orders from the mistress only, and not always from her, and indignantly refusing to do anything at the bidding of a grown-up fellow-servant. "I'm as good as you!" is the habitual attitude; and it is always ready to pass into—"I shall do as I like!" To this very unpleasant state of things there are, however, more exceptions than in the case of apathy; and doubtless injudicious mistresses and provoking fellow-servants have something to answer for. Still there can be no doubt that ill-temper is a marked characteristic, and that there are frequently paroxysms for which one can find no parallel in young home-bred servants, but which can only be compared to the "breakings-out" which are a common feature in gaol life. From the schools you hear that pauper children are generally very sullen: "It's born with them." Outbreaks of violence would of course be difficult under school pressure, and coercion would be immediate and effectual. The ungovernable state in which so many of the children emerge, may perhaps be due to the combination of unvarying artificial restraints, with almost equally unvarying patience and kindness under which they have lived. The restraints keep down the natural forces, but do not reach them. They are there—they are only shut up. Cruelty or great severity might stamp them out; but of these there is, happily, no sign. So the child comes out unsubdued, and avenges herself for long subjection by misusing her liberty. There is also a physical element in these paroxysms not easy to explain, but impossible to ignore. Some of Mrs. Senior's excellent suggestions for the recreation of the girls—hearty exercise, lively games, running, swimming, dancing—would probably do a great deal for their tempers, not only by making them happier and healthier, but by furnishing outlets for the nervous excitability of youth.

The first year in service is always a little trying, as every District-Visitor knows. Again and again she sees a girl come back to her family, with vociferous complaints and silent twinges of conscience, not having "done well in her first place." But that coming back to the family is medicinal. There is the poor mother's anxious disappointed face, and probably her past experience to compare with her child's. There is a wholesome mixture of sympathy and scolding. There is the sense of being a burden, and the hope of being a help in one's own home. When a second attempt is made, the difficulties which belong to mere novelty have been overcome; the girl has learnt that she must bear something; and she has before her a vivid picture of her only alternative, if she does not bear the particular somethings which are irritating her. She must go home again to be a little more scolded and a little less sympathized with, and to feel that she is beginning to be looked upon as "not likely to do well for herself." Probably she braces herself up, and determines to stay in this place till she has got a "character," and so rubs on, better or worse, but at any rate not falling out of the ranks till the day's march is over. But the workhouse girl in service has none of these

natural helps. The kinsfolk who sometimes emerge from unknown depths to claim connection with her are probably her worst advisers. The reason why many a girl of average promise loses her situation, goes astray, and finally sinks, is to be found in the utter disreputableness of the relations who come about her. The school, to which in some instances she may return, the system of prizes for good service, the occasional visits of chaplain or matron, are all good as far as they go; but they are utterly insufficient; and the cases are rare in which a real hold upon her is maintained. A staff of ladies, entering into the practical life of the school, acquainting themselves with the children, as a District-Visitor acquaints herself with the families under her charge, and keeping up connection with them after they are out in the world, would be a great help. But of this more hereafter.

There is another remarkable defect to be noticed. It is Helplessness. Not mere ignorance of household work, awkwardness and slovenliness, slowness of wit, or any other bad habit or natural incapacity common among young servant girls; but a curious sort of cloistral inaptitude for all practical work and knowledge, for which there is no word but Helplessness, and which certainly ought not to be the result of training in an Industrial School. Everything in the school has been done on a great scale; all appliances have been ready to hand; there has been no contrivance, no hurry, no self-dependence. The girls come out, after having been taught to scrub, to sweep, to wash, to sew, without the slightest idea how to set about any one of these operations; they can neither begin nor finish; and the strangest part of it is, that the difficulty of teaching them is often almost insuperable; and that a younger child who has never had a scrubbing-brush in her hand, will beat them in a week, if a little pains is taken with her. They are also profoundly ignorant of the value of money and of property; and they seem to be incapable of thrift, whether on their own account or their mistress's. They will destroy their clothes to escape the trouble of mending them. All through the plastic early time they have been settling into this mould. The mark is therefore almost indelible. We cannot be surprised when we hear of a mistress who would sooner send her daughter of seven on an errand than her servant of seventeen; or of the fairly intelligent woman of twenty, who told Mrs. Senior that she always took a companion with her when she went shopping, as she found it impossible to learn how to form a judgment about "articles." Everything provided and measured; everything uniform and new; no makeshifts, no adaptations; no personal experiences! Again we see how the heavy artificial system flattens the whole being. What growth can be expected from a pavement?

Mrs. Senior has a hundred humane and ingenious suggestions, which might be introduced into the schools as they now are, and which there is not time to notice with more than a word of sympathy. More play, more variety, and more rewards; a system of earning, by which ambition might be stimulated and thrift taught; a better class of persons engaged to teach household work; a much larger amount of freedom in action given to masters and matrons. But two very important schemes of change require special attention. First, it is proposed that one of the great District Schools should, as an experiment, be set apart for infants, who, to use Mrs. Senior's expressive word, require chiefly to be "mothered;" that it should be arranged in groups of manageable number, each with its own nurse, the whole governed by a lady of education and refinement. Further, that the entire work of the house, and personal tending of the little ones should be done under the nurses by girls from the District Schools, who at twelve years of age should be transferred to the infant establishment, there to complete their training. It will be seen at a glance by any who accept the view which has been here offered of present defects, how aptly this plan would meet and correct them, so far as is possible

without a radical change. A girl coming into the infant establishment would be trained to domestic occupations of all sorts; an interest and a charge would be provided for her; her daily work would furnish some natural appeals to conscience and affection; and there would be some field for the display and correction of individual character. An hour or two's evening school after the babies were safe in bed would be quite enough for the intellectual part of education; the life would be far more varied, far happier, healthier, and more natural than it is possible to make it now; and it is difficult not to feel sure that the results would be far more satisfactory. This plan might come into operation at once, the only practical difficulty being the provision of a sufficient number of trustworthy nurses.

The other scheme (see Appendix H.) is more elaborate. It is for the formation of a "Young Servants'" Guild; a friendly society, not restricted to the pauper class, but embracing all homeless girls, and as many ladies interested in them as can be induced to join it, and with a central home under a lady-superintendent, at which all girls leaving District Schools should be registered, and could be temporarily received when out of place. This part of the machinery is intended to be under government, and authoritatively connected with the workhouse system. But the ladies of the Guild are to form themselves into voluntary societies, each with a local President, in correspondence with the Head, for the consideration of all questions affecting the welfare of young homeless servants; for visiting them in their places, looking after them when sick or in trouble, and trying to establish affectionate relations with them. It would be easy and desirable to attach some privileges to membership, and to provide arrangements for meetings, treats, expeditions, and the like; also to carry on in connection with it the usual operations of a Provident Society, with deposits and interest.

One of the greatest difficulties in the way of this Guild would be the difficulty of inducing the girls themselves to take an interest in it, or to refer to the central home after they became their own mistresses. The contrary pull, especially in the case of those with bad relations, would be very strong. The present writer believes that the only chance of success for this or any other plan of amelioration would be to begin the work within the District Schools. Till those inexorable walls come down, light cannot enter. The Local Society should have free access to the infirmary, the play-yard, and the Sunday School, and the ladies should set themselves to establish friendly terms with the children, each visitor taking her own department, registering their names, and making herself as intimate with them as possible. Each lady might be allowed, under proper restrictions, to provide treats for her own "class," to make them little presents, and to receive them from time to time at her own house. A relation would thus be established with a girl before her first service; she would feel that she belonged to a friend, who would be pained by her failure, and interested in her success, and whose face would be so familiar that there would be a hope of her not shrinking from it in any trouble or temptation.

The invasion of a District School by an army of ladies might cause inconvenience and disturbance to the authorities, and the ladies would probably make some blunders and give some fair grounds of offence. But the test of such a plan is not in its convenience at the time, but in its effect upon the characters of the children afterwards. If the standard is raised, and the number of those who reach or approach it increased, it is a minor matter that the matron should have been "put out," and the regular course of the day interrupted. Routine is sometimes as enervating as luxury, and a lost pin may be as great a trouble as a ruffled roseleaf. But these things must be disregarded; the schools do not exist for the sake of their orderliness; and the only possible plea which any system can

advance for complete immunity from disturbance would seem to be the plea that it has completely succeeded.

The great difficulty and laboriousness of official life in these institutions is by no means ignored here. Those who know anything of children will admit that any child, developing freely and naturally, will not try the patience of the adult in charge of it less than once in every twenty-four hours. Imagine seven hundred and fourteen separate provocations every day for ever! There is no refuge except to prevent the free and natural development of the child; which is only another way of saying that you must have strict discipline and unchangeable order when you are dealing with immense masses; which is only another way of saying that children ought not to be dealt with in immense masses at all, except for short intervals. The fundamental vice of the system meets you at every turn, and all contrivances for counteracting it are only makeshifts. To separate the casuals entirely from the permanent inmates, to board out in families a large proportion of the orphans, would seem to be the first step towards any radical or complete improvement. But meantime let us at least try to put the first thing in the first place, and not treat the conditions of a work as if they were its object. The displacement even of ten minutes may, it is true, set the matron's whole day wrong, for every minute of that day is often fuller than it can properly hold. But the infirmary and the play-yard are not affected by this consideration. If it could once be admitted that the artificial system is an evil, and that great part of its failure is fairly chargeable upon itself, devices for improving it would have fair play, and we should hear no more of the absurd theory that it is to be sufficient in itself, and the children are not to be taught to look beyond it. And it would be strange indeed if the devices for improving it could not be themselves improved by experiment, so as to do their work properly. Masters and matrons might be invited to state their objections to a system of visiting, and those objections, after due consideration and sifting, might be made the basis of rules for the guidance of the visitors. Greater independence, a wider range of judgment, and power to decide on cases as they arise, are very much to be desired for the masters and matrons. The higher the class out of which these can be supplied, the freer the scope which can be allowed them in their difficult task, the better it will be for the school. But then shortcomings must be sharply looked after, and failures inexorably noted.

Nothing has been here said of sanitary regulations, or of the boarding-out system, except by implication. On both the report should be studied, and it will be seen what strange defects are tolerated, and how close the unused remedy lies. From the larger schools, Mrs. Senior tells us, ophthalmia is never absent. We know what it has been at Anerley, and it is by no means extirpated there. Yet at the Convent Orphanage at Lower Norwood, with 350 children from the lowest classes, and no excess of room, ophthalmia as an epidemic is unknown. Strumous ophthalmia is often found in children when first admitted, as must always be the case in establishments of this kind, but it is always cured, and it never spreads. Why the difference? One side of it is easily explained. If strumous ophthalmia is discovered in a child when it is received into the convent, it is immediately and completely separated from the others in a ward at the top of the house; absolute cleanliness, a very generous diet, and perfect freedom in running about the woods are the regimen. With a light bandage over the eyes, and a little local treatment, the cure is soon effected. The conclusion seems irresistible.

The boarding-out system is properly applicable to orphans only, and even with that restriction it might be difficult to find a sufficient number of respectable families to receive the children. But wherever it has been tried on right principles the success has been so complete, that one can only wish to see it extended as far as possible. Its good

would be twofold, as it would reduce the numbers within the schools, though not by withdrawing the worst element. Still, if we could board-out the orphans, place the casuals in a Reformatory, separate the infants, admit the ladies, raise the character and the salaries of all officials, and make them responsible to a special government officer, and not to Boards of Guardians, we should have made a great step in the direction in which all such efforts ought to tend—namely, towards the gradual extinction of pauperism. For whatever the view as to adult paupers, there cannot be a doubt that the only hope of raising a child out of pauperism is to fit it thoroughly for a better condition.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

NOTE.—Since this article was finished the writer has read with much interest Messrs. Tufnell and Mozley's Reports on Pauper Education, published in the Appendix to the Blue Book for 1873–4. These gentlemen deal very properly almost exclusively with the training of boys, and the special girl-questions considered by Mrs. Senior are very little affected by their statements. But it is curious to see how close the parallel is —indeed many of Mr. Mozley's conclusions and suggestions are identical with Mrs. Senior's, and the confirmation coming thus independently is peculiarly valuable. Of the boys, as of the girls, we find that "indolence, vacancy, and stupidity are the chief faults," that industrial training is strangely ineffective (p. 268), that they need to be taught how to play, and that more energy and freedom are desirable everywhere. We are delighted to find that Mr. Mozley wishes for outside interest and sympathy, and discusses the possibility of introducing such influences, and recommending them to the guardians (p. 267). He also draws attention to the difficulty of obtaining exact information about the character and career of those who leave the workhouse schools, and tells us that of 142 girls leaving the Manchester union, 24 returned to it, and 50 left their first situations and have not been traced. These figures are a curious commentary on Mr. Tufnell's statement, that he has been "unable to discover," in the London district, that "more than 4 per cent fail to gain an honest and independent livelihood." As, however, Mr. Tufnell tells us that he "always" held district and separate schools to be the "only" sound way of training pauper children, and that he has come "unhesitatingly" to the conclusion that "nothing can equal or even approach the success of the plan of uniting the children in large schools on the district system," it may be conjectured that he has prejudged and closed the question rather hastily. To us there appears to be considerable reason for hesitating before pronouncing any system to be the best that can possibly be devised. We are still, as we think, engaged with an exceedingly difficult problem, and it is only by seeking, confessing, and discarding errors at every stage that we hope to arrive at its final solution. The really valuable part of Mr. Tufnell's report consists in the statements (five in number, one exceedingly elaborate and interesting) furnished by men who, having gone through workhouse school training in their boyhood, have afterwards succeeded in life. Those autobiographies must be taken for what they are worth, as materials which require to be accumulated in large numbers, and carefully sifted in order to arrive at any certain judgment. We welcome them gladly, and wish that we had similar testimony concerning the female schools. From the longest of these statements we may see how great was the step in advance when district schools were substituted for the old workhouse system. We venture to hope that the next upward step will be as considerable, though it can hardly be as conspicuous.

"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

It is intended in the following lines to furnish a Sacramental Hymn founded on the one common idea of commemoration which lies at the basis of all views of the Eucharist, whether material or spiritual, and to express this undoubted intention of the original institution apart from the metaphorical language by which the ordinance is often described.

When the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
Then His parting word He said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread—
"This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember Me."

Years have past: in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rock'd by storms,
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
"Drink and eat—remember Me."

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismay'd, opprest;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deep'ning gloom;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, "Remember Me."

When, thro' all the scenes of life,
Hearths of peace and fields of strife,
Friends or foes together meet,
Now to part and now to greet,
Let those holy tokens tell
Of that sweet and sad farewell,
And, in mingled grief or glee,
Whisper still, "Remember Me."

When diverging creeds shall learn
Towards their central Source to turn;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire;
Here let strife and clamour cease
At that still, small voice of peace—
"May they all united be
In the Father and in Me."

When, as rolls the sacred year,[1]
Each fresh note of love we hear;
When the Babe, the Youth, the Man,
Full of grace Divine we scan;
When the mournful Way we tread,
Where for us His blood He shed;
When on Easter morn we tell
How He conquer'd Death and Hell;
When we watch His Spirit true
Heaven and earth transform anew;
Then with quicken'd sense we see
Why He said "Remember Me."

When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light;
Then, O Friend of humankind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free—
Thus may we remember Thee.

A. P. S.

[1] This stanza has been lengthened in order to accommodate it to the successive seasons of the Christian year.

THE OLDEST FAIRY TALE IN THE WORLD.

SOME ten years ago, Dr. Brugsch, the eminent Egyptologist, of Berlin, published a modest little volume entitled, "Aus dem Orient," comprising a series of essays descriptive of his travels in Egypt. Graphic and learned as these pages all are, the most curious of them is the one entitled, "The Oldest Fairy Tale in the World;" and there is no room to doubt its just claim to such an appellation.

It would appear that in 1852 an English lady acquired by purchase a roll of papyrus inscribed with hieroglyphic characters, which she submitted to the Vicomte de Rougé, then Director of the Museum of Oriental Manuscripts in Paris, for his opinion of its purport. This distinguished scholar published the result of his investigations in the *Revue Archéologique*, declaring the composition to be nothing less than a story written by a Pharaonic scribe, for the edification of the young Crown Prince Seti Manephta, the son of Pharaoh Rameses Mi-amum, the founder of the cities of Pithom and Rameses, who ruled in Thebes B.C. 1400, and at whose court Moses was educated.

Subsequently the authorities of the British Museum, where the papyrus is now deposited, fully confirmed the learned Frenchman's interpretation, and established the high rank in contemporary literature attached to this composition by deciphering the endorsement on the manuscript, which runs thus:—

"Found worthy to be wedded to the names of the Pharaonic scribe, Kagabu, and the scribe Hora, and the scribe Meremaru. Its author is the scribe Annana, the proprietor of this scroll. May the God Thoth guard from destruction all the words contained in this scroll!"

The pious prayer was heard, for in the year 1863 a learned German unfolded this papyrus, and read to a Berlin audience a literal translation of the Fairy Tale told to the son of Rameses the Second thirty-two centuries ago.

This is the only hieroglyphic document hitherto discovered which belongs to the world of fiction, though in its language and manner it resembles other productions of its period. Its resemblance to the style and structure of Scriptural writings is very striking, and it is not a little interesting to find Biblical stories here grafted upon a Pantheistic fable. The story in itself derives a peculiar interest from certain allegorical meanings which do not lie on the surface, but which a knowledge of ancient Eastern legends cannot fail to suggest.

It will be observed that the younger brother Batau remains alive after he has voluntarily parted from his "soul," which is laid "in the top of the cedar-blossoms,"—it may be as a sacrifice: in this case not made for sin, but for sin falsely imputed to an innocent man. It is offered in a "high place," as it were; and it must be washed in pure "cold water" ere it can live anew. He hunts and carries on his ordinary pursuits, and even marries a wife, to whom, indeed, he acknowledges the absence of virile strength, resulting from the loss of his "soul." But his physical existence does not cease until the soul is displaced from its dwelling-place by the destruction of the cedar-tree in whose blossoms it abode. Even when the soul, after being found in the fruit (not flower) is, in accordance with the prescribed formalities, restored to its human home, it must yet be made to drink the pure water ere it "finds itself in its old place." Then, and not till then, does Batau recover his manhood, and is enabled to bear fruit in the land of Egypt by the wife who had been given to him by the gods when he was without a "soul," and therefore childless.

Dr. Brugsch claims the merit only of strict and accurate adherence to his text; and the English translator has no pretension to anything more than a faithful rendering of the German version.

S.

FOLIO I.

1. There were two brothers by one mother and one father. The name of the elder was Anepu, and the name of the younger was Batau. And Anepu had a house and a wife.

2. His younger brother was with him as a son, and he clothed him. And he followed behind his oxen in the field.

3. And when the field labour of the plough was finished, then he would help in other field labour. And behold! the younger brother

4. was a good worker, and none was equal to him in all the land. *And when the days had been many,* the younger brother was

5. by his oxen, as was his daily wont, and he drove them homeward every evening laden

6. with various herbs of the field; and he laid the herbs before the beasts. Meanwhile the elder brother sat by

7. his wife, and he ate and he drank while his younger brother was in the stalls by his oxen.

8. *And when the earth became light, and a new day dawned,* and the lamps burned no more, then he arose before his elder brother and brought

9. bread into the field, that he might give it to the labourers, that they might eat in the field. Then he followed after his oxen,

10. and they would tell him where the good herbs grew, and he listened unto their words, and he drove them to the spot

FOLIO II.

1. where the good herbs grew which they relished. And the oxen which went before him became very strong, and they increased in numbers

2. mightily. *And it was now the time of ploughing,* and his elder brother spoke to him and said: "Let us take the teams,

3. and let us go ploughing, for the fields are appearing in view (after the flood), and the time is good for ploughing. Therefore shalt thou come

4. "unto the field with seed, and we will occupy ourselves with ploughing." Thus he spake unto him: his

5. younger brother did in all wise as his elder brother bade him do. *And as the earth grew light, and*

6. *a new day dawned,* they went unto the field with their teams and had full labour.

7. And they were glad over the completion of their work. *And when the days*

8. *had been many* after these, they were in the fields, and they were in want of seed; and he sent

9. his younger brother, saying to him, "Hasten and bring seed out of the village." And his younger brother found the wife

10. of his elder brother as she sat plaiting her hair. Then he spoke to her and said: "Arise and give me seed,

FOLIO III.

1. for I must hasten back unto the field, for my brother bid me return without delay." Then she spoke to him, "Go,

2. open the corn-room and take what thy soul desires, for my hair might come undone on the way." Then the youth went

3. away into the stalls; and he took with him a large basket, for he wished to carry much corn, and he loaded himself

4. with wheat and barley, and came forth therewith. Then she spoke to him and said, "How much carriest thou?" And he said to her: "Three measures of barley

5. and two measures of wheat, in all five measures I carry in my arms." And she spake unto him, saying, "Great is

6. thy strength, and I have ever looked upon thy strength;" and her heart knew him, and she

7. burnt after him, and she said, "Come, let us rejoice and rest for an hour. Adorn thyself, and I will give thee

8. rich clothing." Then the youth grew like unto a panther in his anger at

9. these bad words which she had spoken to him; and behold! she was much afraid. And he spoke unto her and said: "Oh, woman,

10. thou art to me as a mother and thy husband is to me as a father. For he is older than I am, even as if he were my father. What

FOLIO IV.

1. a great sin is that which thou hast spoken to me! Never again shalt thou speak such words; but I shall not speak of them to others, nor shall I let one word go forth from my mouth to any man whatever."

2. And he loaded himself with his burden, and he went into the field. And he came to his brother, and they had much work to do, and they

3. laboured on. *And when the day was passed, and when the evening closed in*, then the elder brother returned to his house.

4. His younger brother was behind his oxen, and had laden himself with various herbs, as he drove his oxen

5. before him, to make for them litter in their stabl s in the village. And behold! the wife of his elder brother was frightened

6. at the speech she had spoken. And she cut herself and made wounds, and she made herself appear as one who had suffered violence from a miscreant; for

7. she wished to say to her husband: "Thy younger brother hath done me violence." And her husband returned home in the evening,

8. as was his daily wont, and he entered into his house, and he saw his wife lying down as if she had suffered violence from a miscreant:

9. and she did not rise to give him water out of her hand, as was her wont, and she did not light the lamps for him, and his house was dark. And she lay there

10. pale. And her husband spoke to her and said: "Who has spoken unto thee? Arise!" Then she said unto him, "No one has spoken unto me but your

FOLIO V.

1. younger brother; for when he came to fetch corn, then he found me sitting down, and he said to me: Come, let us rejoice and rest for an hour;

2. put on thy rich garments. Thus he spake unto me, but I did not hearken to him, but said: See, am I not as thy mother, and thy elder brother is he not as thy father to thee?

3. Thus I spake unto him, and he was afraid, and he did violence to me that I would not bear witness against him. And if you let him live, then shall I die. Behold!

4. He came that he might. . . . . and if I endure these bad words he will surely do it." Then the elder brother

5. grew like the panther, and he sharpened his axe and took it in his hand. And the elder brother stood behind the door

6. of his stall to kill his younger brother when he should come in the evening and drive the oxen into

7. the stall. And when the sun set he had laden himself with various herbs of the field, as was his wont, and

8. he came, and the first cow entered the stall. And she spake to her master and said, "Beware of thy elder brother, who stands

9. with an axe to kill you. Keep afar from him." And he heard the speech of the first cow.

FOLIO VI.

1. And the other beasts came in, and they spoke likewise. And he looked under the door of the stall,

2. and he saw the legs of his elder brother, who stood behind the door with an axe in his hand;

3. and he laid down his burden and fled hastily from thence, and

4. his elder brother followed him with his axe. And the younger brother prayed to the Sun-god Harmachis,[1]

5. saying: "My good lord, thou art he who distinguishest between falsehood and truth." And it pleased the Sun-god

6. to listen to his complaints; and the Sun-god made a large stream of water to arise between him and his elder brother, and the water was

7. full of crocodiles. And one brother was upon one shore and the other was upon the other shore.

8. And the elder brother struck two blows with his hand, but he could not slay him. Thus did he. And

9. his younger brother called to him from the shore, saying: "Remain, and wait until the earth shall grow light, and when the Sun's face shall arise, then shall I

FOLIO VII.

1. open myself unto thee and let thee recognize the truth; for never have I done evil unto thee.

2. But in the place where thou dwellest there will I not stay, but I will go to the cedar-mountains." *And when the earth had become light, and another day had dawned,*

3. the Sun-god Harmachis shone out, and one brother looked at the other. And the youth spoke to his elder brother, saying:

4. "Wherefore dost thou pursue me to slay me with injustice? Hearest thou not what my mouth speaks? namely, I am thy own younger brother, and

5. thou wert to me after the manner of a father, and thy wife was to me after the manner of a mother. Behold, was it not so when thou didst send me to fetch corn that

6. thy wife said unto me: Come, we will rejoice and repose for an hour? And behold! she has told thee otherwise." And he made

7. him to know what had taken place between him and his wife. And he swore by the Sun-god Harmachis as he spoke: "If that

8. it be thy intention to slay me with injustice, then place thy axe in the opening of thy girdle;" and he took

9. a sharp knife, and he cut a limb off his body and he flung it into the river. Then

FOLIO VIII.

1. he sank down and swooned and grew deadly faint. And the soul of his elder brother was sore troubled. And he stood there and wept and lamented; but he could not go over to his younger brother for fear of crocodiles.

2. And his younger brother called to him, saying: "Behold, thou didst conceive evil, and thou didst not have good in thy mind. But I will give thee tidings what thou shalt do. Return unto thy house

3. and tend thy beasts, for I shall not stay where thou dwellest, but will go to the cedar-mountains. This shalt thou then do for me when thou comest to look after me.

4. Know then that I must part from my soul, that I may lay it in the top of the cedar-blossoms. And when at last the cedar shall be cut down, it shall fall upon the earth.

5. When thou comest to seek my soul, thou shalt seek it for seven years; and if thy soul can endure that, then shalt thou find it. Then place it in a vessel with cold water. Then shall I live anew, and shall give answer

6. to all questions, to make known what further shall be done unto me. Let there be likewise at thy hand a flask of barley-drink, seal it, and delay not, that it may be near thee." And he went

7. to the cedar-mountains, and his elder brother returned into his house, and he laid his hand upon his beard, and he threw dust upon it; and when he entered his house he slew

8. his wife, and he flung her body before the dogs, and he sat himself down to mourn over his younger brother. And *after many days* his younger brother found himself in the cedar-mountains;

10. and nobody was with him, and

[1] *i.e.* Amoun-Ra.

he passed the days in hunting the beasts of the land, and in the evening he came and he laid himself down under the cedar-tree, in the top of whose blossoms his soul was lying.

Folio IX.

1. *Many days later* he built himself a hut with his hands on the cedar-mountain,

2. and filled it with all goods, such as he would have in his house. And as he went forth from his hut, he met the assembly of the Gods

3. who had come forth to care for the wants of the whole land. And the host of Gods spake among each other and said unto him :

4. "Oh! Batau, thou bull of the Gods, why art thou here alone, and why hast thou left thy land because of the wife of Anepu thy elder

5. brother? for lo ! his wife is slain. Return unto him, and he will answer thy questions." And their hearts felt pity

6. for him greatly. Then said the Sun god Harmachis to Khnum :[1] "Thou shalt create a wife for Batau, so that

7. he may not sit alone." And Khnum created a wife for him; and as she sat by him she was more beautiful in form than all the women in

8. the whole land ; all godhead was in her; and the seven sons of Athor[2] came and looked upon her, and they said with one

9. mouth : "She will die a violent death." And he loved her very dearly, and she sat in his house while he passed the day

Folio X.

1. in hunting the beasts of the land, to lay the prey before her. And he said unto her, "Go not forth, lest thou shouldst meet the sea,

2. which would bear thee away; for I am not able to save thee, being womanly like thyself, because my soul lies in the top

3. of the cedar-blossoms. If another finds it, then I must combat for it." And he opened his heart unto her in all its breadth.

4. *Many days later,* Batau had gone forth to hunt, as was his daily wont.

5. His young wife, however, had gone forth to wander under the cedar which stood by her house, and behold ! the sea saw her,

6. and rose behind her; but she saved herself with fleet steps, and entered into her house.

7. But the Sea called to the Cedar, saying : "Oh ! how I love her !" And the Cedar gave the Sea a lock of her hair, and

8. the Sea bore the lock of hair to Egypt, and laid it down on the spot where the washermen of the house of Pharaoh were. And the perfume

9. of the lock of hair pervaded the garments of Pharaoh, and a dispute arose among the washermen

10. of Pharaoh, while they spoke and said : "A perfume of salve-oil is in the garments of Pharaoh," and hence there was disputing daily ;

Folio XI.

1. and they knew not what they did. But the chief of the washermen of Pharaoh went to the sea, and his soul was troubled

2. sorely, because of the daily disputing, and he arose and stood on the shore opposite to the lock of hair

3. which lay in the sea. And he bent down, and he seized the lock of hair. And in it there was excessive sweet perfume. And he carried it to Pharaoh. And the most learned scribes were summoned; and they said to Pharaoh, "This is the lock of hair

5. of a daughter of the Sun-god, and all godhead is in her. The whole land submits to thee. Well, then, send messengers

6. in all lands to seek her; but the messenger who shall go to the cedar-

[1] *i.e.* the God of generation.
[2] *i.e.* the Setting Sun, the Queen of the West, the Egyptian Aphrodite.

mountain, let him be attended by many people

7. to bring her here!" And behold! the king said: "It is truly good what you have said!" And he sent them forth. ***Many days later***

8. the people came back, who had been sent into the land to bring the king *tidings;* **but the messengers came not,**

9. who had been sent to the cedar-mountains, for Batau had slain them, and he had spared only one to return with tidings to the king.

10. And the king sent forth people, many warriors, horse and foot, to seek her anew:

FOLIO XII.

1. and among these was a woman. And to her they gave in her hand all kinds of splendid woman's adornments. And the wife of Batau came to

2. Egypt with her, and there was great rejoicing in the whole land, and the king loved her dearly:

3. and he raised her to the highest place. And they spake unto her that she might divulge the story

4. of her husband. Then she said to the king, "Let the cedar-tree be cut down that it may be destroyed." Then

5. they sent armed men, bearing axes, to cut down the cedar-tree: and they came

6. to the cedar, and they cut the flower in the midst of which lay the soul of Batau.

7. And the flower fell, and Batau died in a short time. *And when the earth had grown light, and a new day arose,* then

8. they likewise cut down the cedar-tree. And Anepu, Batau's elder brother, went into his house,

9. and he sat down and washed his hands; and he took a jar of barley-drink; and he sealed it with pitch;

10. and he took another jar of wine, and he stopped it with clay; and he took his staff

FOLIO XIII.

1. and his shoes, together with his garments and his travel gear, and he went upon his way

2. towards the cedar-mountain. And he came to the hut of his younger brother, and he found his younger brother lying stretched out

3. upon his mat. He was dead. And he began to weep as he saw his younger brother lying stretched out even as a dead man. Then he went

4. to seek the soul of his younger brother under the cedar under which his younger brother lay down in the evening;

5. and he searched for three years without finding it. And when the fourth year came, then his soul yearned after Egypt,

6. and he said, "I will go thither to-morrow early." Such was his intention. *And when the earth had grown light, and a new day arose,* then he made

7. his way to the cedar-tree, and he was busy all the day seeking the soul. And in the evening he looked around once more and

8. he found a fruit; and as he returned homeward with it, behold! there was the soul of his younger brother. Then he took

9. the vessel with cold water, and he laid it therein, and he sat down as was his daily wont. And when it had grown night

FOLIO XIV.

1. the soul soaked up the water, and Batau moved in all his limbs and gazed at his elder brother;

2. but his heart did not beat. Then Anepu the elder brother took the vessel with cold water wherein lay

3. the soul of his younger brother and let him drink it up, and behold! the soul found itself in its old place. Then he became as he had ever been. And one

4. embraced the other, and one spoke to the other; and Batau said to his

5. elder brother, "Behold! I will transform myself into a holy bull with all tokens of holiness. And none shall know

6. the secret, and thou shalt sit on my back. And as the sun shall rise, so

shall we be on the spot where my wife is. Answer me

7. whether thou wilt lead me thither? for they shall show thee all goodness due. They will

8. load thee with silver and gold if thou leadest me before Pharaoh; for I shall bring great good fortune,

9. and they will glorify me in the whole land!" *And when the earth had grown light,*

FOLIO XV.

1. *and a new day had come,* Batau assumed the form which he had described to his brother. And Anepu

2. his elder brother sat himself upon his back at daybreak. And he approached the place, and they

3. let the king know. And he looked at him and was much rejoiced, and feasted him

4. with a feast greater than words can speak, for it was a great good fortune to him. And there was joy because of him throughout the land, and they

5. brought silver and gold for his elder brother who remained in the village, and they gave many servants to the bull,

6. and many things, and Pharaoh loved him dearly, more than any man in the whole land.

7. And *after many days later* the bull went into the holy place, and he stood in

8. the same spot where the fair one was. Then he spake to her, and said: "Behold, still do I live in the flesh!" Then

9. she spake: "Who then art thou?" and he said unto her, "I am Batau, and thou

10. when thou didst make the cedar-tree to fall didst make known to Pharaoh where I was that I might live no more.

FOLIO XVI.

1. Look on me; still do I live in the flesh; but I am in the form of a bull." Then the fair woman was in much fear at these tidings which

2. her husband had spoken to her. And when he had gone forth from the holy place, and the king, in order to pass a joyful day, sat with her,

3. and as she found herself in the king's favour, and he showed himself beyond measure gracious to her, then she said to the king, "Swear to me by God

4. to grant all that I shall ask of thee." And he granted her all that she asked, and she said, "Let me eat of the liver of this bull,

5. for you do not want him." Thus she spake to him. Then he grew very sad over what she said, and the soul

6. of Pharaoh was sorely troubled. *And when the earth had grown light, and a new day had come,* they prepared a great feast,

7. and brought sacrifices to the bull. But there went forth one of the king's first servants to slay the bull. And

8. it came to pass, as they were about to slay him, there stood people at his side. And as he gave him a blow on his neck

9. two drops of blood fell upon the spot where the king's two doorposts stand, the one upon the one side of

10. Pharaoh's gates, and the other upon the other side. And they grew into two tall Persea-trees.[1]

FOLIO XVII.

1. And each of them stood alone. Then they went to the king to tell him, "Two large Persea-trees have, to the king's great good

2. fortune, grown in the night where stands the great gate of the king; and there is great joy

3. because of them in all the land." And *some days later* the king

4. went forth adorned with a necklace of lapis-lazuli, and sweet wreaths of flowers were on his neck, and he was in a carriage of gold.

5. And as he went forth from the royal house he beheld the Persea-trees. And the fair woman had gone forth

[1] The Persea-tree, mentioned by Theophrastus and Dioscorides as having medicinal or life-restoring properties.

likewise, and she was in a carriage behind Pharaoh.

6. And the king seated himself under the Persea-tree. But the Tree said to his wife, "Ah! thou false one!

7. I am Batau, and I still live; and I have transformed myself. Thou didst tell Pharaoh, in order to slay me, of

8. my dwelling-place. I was the bull, and thou didst have me slain." And *after many days*

9. the fair one was in the favour of the king, and he was gracious unto her. Then she spake to the king,

10. "Swear to me to do all that I shall ask of thee;" and he granted her

FOLIO XVIII.

1. all that she asked; and she said, "Let the two Persea-trees be cut down, that fine planks may be made thereof:"

2. and her words were fulfilled. After *many days later* the king

3. let skilful workmen come that they might cut down the Persea-trees, and the fair queen stood by to see it.

4. And a splinter flew out and entered into the mouth of the fair woman, and she

5. knew that she was pregnant. And they did

6. all that her soul desired. And it came to pass *after many days*

7. that she bore a son, and they went to announce to the king, "A son

8. is born unto thee." And he was brought unto him, and they gave him a nurse and attendants; and there was

9. joy in all the land. Then they sat down to celebrate a feast, and they gave him

10. his name; and from that hour the king loved him dearly, and he named him

FOLIO XIX.

1. the son of the king of Ethiopia. And *when the days had been many*, after this, the king made him

2. governor of all the land. And *when the days had been many*, after this, and he had

3. governed for many years, the king died; and when Pharaoh had flown to heaven,

4. then Batau spoke: "It is good; let the mighty and the great of the royal court be brought here, that I may tell them the whole history

5. of what has happened to me and the queen." And his wife was brought unto him, and he made himself known unto her, and they spoke their speech.

6. And they brought his elder brother to him, and they made him governor of the whole land. And he reigned thirty years as king of Egypt.

7. When he had lived thirty years, his brother stood in his place on the day of his burial.

AN UNNAMED HABIT OF LANGUAGE.

The habit now to be spoken of is one that I venture to call 'Unnamed,' because, though it has been noticed often — as indeed it could not altogether escape observation; and being often noticed, has naturally been designated by a name sometimes—yet has it never acquired a name so well recognized that the mention of it would suffice to give the reader some general idea of the subject of this paper. The names that have been given, have either been applicable to a part of the facts only, or else they have been of wider incidence than is convenient for our present purpose. One part of the subject has been sometimes spoken of as 'tautology,' special parts have been called the 'double negative' and the 'double genitive,' while German philologists have used the term *Häufung*, that is 'Cumulation,' in a manner to embrace some of the facts now intended along with others which are quite foreign to the present purpose.

It has been chiefly in connection with names of places that the term 'tautology' has been used. Where a succession of different races have dwelt upon the same soil, and have left on the map of the country the relics of their several languages, these have occasionally been found piled one upon another after the manner of a stratification. The map of England is sprinkled over with names in which the same idea is expressed in two or more different forms of speech. In Gloucestershire the Cotswold Hills are so called from the British word *coed*, a wood, and the Saxon *wold*, or *weald*, which means the same thing. In Somersetshire one of the most prominent points of the Mendip is called Crook's Peak, where the modern word *peak* is identical in sense with the famous old British word *crug*, a term so intimately associated with the selection of elevated spots for public transactions, that, according to Owen Pughe, *crug* became a synonym for *gorsedd*, 'assembly.' Near Shepton Mallet we find Dean Bottom and Downhead, names which remind us that in Saxon times 'den' and 'dun' were as familiarly coupled as in modern English are 'hill' and 'dale.' In Devonshire, near Exeter, Pinho is composed of British *Pen*, and Saxon *how*, both meaning a 'height,' German 'höhe.'

A very remarkable instance of this sort of tautology is given in *Garnett's Essays*:—"At the head of the Yarrow is a mountain called of old by the Celtic name 'Ben Yair.' To this the Romans prefixed their 'Mont,' and the Danes long afterwards added their 'law.' The hill is now called 'Mount Benjerlaw;' in it *hill* comes three times over."[1] When we call such names 'tautological' we seem to imply that they were produced by the conscious act of repetition. How much of such a purpose there may once have been it is difficult to say: but it is plain that the stratified forms are preserved by those who are quite unconscious of the elements of their composition. In such cases as Windermere Lake, Penlee Point, Men Rock, it is possible that the authors of these forms were more or less aware that 'mere' meant 'lake,' and 'pen' meant 'point,' and 'men' signified 'rock;' but it is also possible that the addition may have sprung from a fresh

[1] "The Sources of Standard English," by T. L. Kington-Oliphant, M.A. (Macmillan, 1873), p. 41. Perhaps *law* may have been an Anglican element, and so *Benjerlaw* may have been the intermediate state of the name, until the Norman period came, with its prefix *Mount*. Thus also in Leicestershire, Mount Sorrel is Mount Soar-hill (on the River Soar), where the attrition and obscuration of *Hill*, with the fact that its office is now wholly discharged by *Mount*, indicates that the prefix is the latest addition.

and independent impression of the natural object in each instance. Inasmuch, then, as the term 'tautological' seems to carry with it some implied conclusion on this uncertain point, some such word as 'Cumulation' may be preferable, as being void of any suggestion beyond the plain matter of fact, that such names have been built up by the reiterated assertion of the self-same idea under varying forms of speech.

This Cumulation is not confined to local names. The same thing may be observed in the ordinary substantives. Thus *butt-end* is composed of the French *bout*, and its English equivalent *end*. In Somersetshire a small fiddle is called a *croudy-kit*, from *croud*, the old Welsh word for a fiddle, and the modern *kit* of the dancing-master. But there are far more interesting, because more subtle forms, in which the same phenomenon may be recognized.

As languages succeed one another on the face of the earth, so do successive epochs flit over the face of a language, and these epochs when they have passed away are often traceable in the deposit of their relics under the more recent formations. It is well known that there is a slow and irregular, but yet in some sense a constant movement in language, by which old forms of speech gradually become extinct and new forms are called into existence. The largest and most general exemplification of this fact, and one that must strike the most casual observer, is the movement from flexional to phrasal habits; a movement so steady and definite in its direction, that we are able to speak generally of the ancient languages as mostly flexional, and of the modern languages as being for the most part phrasal.

Whereas in Greek the declension of a noun ran thus—*πόλεμος*, *πολέμου*, *πολέμῳ*; and in Latin, bellum, belli, bello; the same gradations of sense in a modern language are apt to be thus expressed—War, of war, to war; Guerre, de la guerre, à la guerre. Whereas Greek and Latin spake thus: *πεποίηκα*, *πεποίηκας*, *πεποίηκε*; feci, fecisti, fecit; the modern languages show a decided preference for an expression of moods and tenses of which this may serve as the type: I have done; er hat gethan, vous avez fait.

But it does not always happen that the old form quite disappears to make way for the new one. There is much overlapping; the new form enters into its place even while the old form remains undisturbed. The Greek and German languages offer bold examples of this fact, by the way in which they have admitted the prepositions without dismissing the case-endings of their nouns. These two languages owe their peculiar character, and that degree of likeness which is perceivable between them, largely to this one fact; and they are indeed throughout their whole structure splendid monuments of the speech-habit of Cumulation.

By 'Cumulation,' then, I would mean any formation wherein the self-same thing is twice said—being repeated either in the same form or with a change of form: in either case it is a heaping up of forms to express one sense which is already conveyed severally by each of the accumulated parts. The incidence of this mode of formation to names both proper and common has already been shown. It remains now to exhibit it also in the other sorts of words, and especially in those flexional and formative elements of words, by means of which their finer and more sensitive functions are brought into play.

How ubiquitous the tendency to Cumulation is, and how assiduously it seeks to establish itself in various parts of language, will perhaps be demonstrated most to the satisfaction of the reader if we run through the list of the parts of speech, and find it in every one of them. In the substantives it appears in forms like *fruiterer*, *upholsterer*, where the same formative *er* is repeated; but there are cases in which, without repetition of form, there is a cumulation of sense. In the Bible of 1611 a catcher of fish is called a *fisher*; but this form has long been superseded by the cumulate *fisherman*.

The same variety occurs in the forms

of cumulate plurality. The identical plural form may be repeated, as in Devonshire they say *bellowses* for 'bellows:' but it is usually effected by the cumulation of dissimilar forms. Once the prevalent plural form in the English language was N, as it still is in German: but this has been thrust out by the S form, and now it is retained only in a few surviving instances, as *hosen, oxen.* Occasionally these two forms are found in Cumulation; as in the following from the Fourth Folio of Shakespeare:—

"Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoons."

Another old plural-form was R; thus *childer* was once (and in Ireland still is) a plural of *child*, just as in German *kinder* is plural of *kind:* but now we add the N form by cumulation and say *children.*

In Adjectives, we find Cumulation most rife in that function which is aptest for emphasis, namely, in the degrees of comparison. At the time of writing this I heard a gardener say that a certain stone would not do for his purpose, and he must get 'a more flatter one.' In the *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, we read, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks!" This began to be disallowed after the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Thus, in *Coriolanus* iv. 7, the First Folio has, "He bears himself more proudlier," but the second and following folios have corrected the word to 'proudly.'

In Superlatives, words like *foremost, utmost*, are examples of cumulation. There was an old superlative ending in *-ma*, corresponding to the Latin *-mus*, so that the Saxon *forma, innema, utema, nithema,* may be compared to the Latin *primus, intimus, extimus, infimus.* But when the superlative in *-est* was almost universal, it added itself on to these old superlatives, so that we had *formaest*, &c.; and by this path we obtained the forms *foremost, innermost, utmost, nethermost.* In the present day the comparison of adjectives by *-er* and *-est* is reduced to a narrow area through the prevalence of the comparison by *more* and *most.* This change makes another opening for Cumulation, the new being received without always entailing the abolition of the old, and hence such comparatives as above noticed, and such superlatives as 'most highest,' or as in *Julius Cæsar* iii. 2—

"The most unkindest cut of all."

Others there are of this group which are less conspicuous. We might overlook *nearer*, but it is a cumulate Comparative. The form *near*, which is now regarded as the positive degree, is really an old Comparative of *nigh*, and is a condensed form of *nigher*, so that in *nearer* the formative syllable is repeated twice. Under the form *longer* there lies a tale of cumulation. In Saxon times the Comparative of *long* was *leng*, and to this by Cumulation was added the usual *-er* of comparison, producing the form *lenger* which is common in Early English. Thus Spenser, *F. Q.* I. ix. 2:—

"Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell"

By a secondary effort at uniformity the form *longer* has come in, and all trace of *leng* and *lenger* is removed.

Among Adverbs the same phenomenon presents itself in another guise. There are in the whole compass of the English language only three forms of adverb, which rank thus in the order of their seniority: the flat, the flexional (chiefly in *-ly* and genitival), the phrasal. We may find some adjectives which form adverbs in all the three forms, as *sudden, suddenly, of a sudden; sure, surely, of a surety; extreme, extremely, in the extreme.* The flat is the most used in the popular speech, and also the least usual in literature; but yet it is found, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 3—

"I am sudden sick."

The way in which Cumulation ordinarily appears in this part of speech is in the combination of any two of these forms to produce an emphatic adverbial effect, as "in an instant suddenly:" or, as in the following:—

"Let no man think that sudden in a minute
All is accomplished and the work is done."

Sometimes, however, the preposition of the phrasal adverb is actually prefixed to an old flat adverb, as in the cumulate forms *for aye*, *of yore*. The latter may require a word of explanation. A very ancient adverb of time is *iu*, meaning long ago, which occurs in Mœso-Gothic, and which having become somewhat faded in Saxon times, received the addition of the equivalent *ær*, which made it into a cumulate adverb with a repeated sense, thus, *iu ær:* these coalesced in one word *yore*, and in this form it passed current for a long time, as in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*:—

"Yes, quod this carpentere, full yore ago."

At length, when the time came for forming adverbial phrases very freely with prepositions, and especially with the preposition *of*, this old flat adverb complied with the fashion, and became *of yore*. In the same manner the flexional adverb *unawares*, which Spenser and other poets use in this genitival form, has become *at unawares*, in defiance of all reason and logic, and simply by the instinct of cumulation. Again, "once upon a time" is a double adverb: for "upon a time" is a modern translation of the old genitival *once*.

While on these genitival adverbs, we should notice a curious cumulation, which, though rare and obsolete, yet by its relationship to a very common word is the more easily reclaimed from obscurity. One of the most familiar of our surviving genitival adverbs is *needs*, which is very common in Shakespeare, in such phrases as *I must needs*, *thou wilt needs*, *she needs must*, *needs must you*. By the side of this form there was also the *-ly* form, and we meet with *needly* not unfrequently in the writers from Chaucer to Holinshed. But in and after the reign of Elizabeth there was current a cumulation of these two forms in the shape of *needsly*, a favourite adverb with Michael Drayton, in whose verses it may be said to lie embalmed. Thus:—

"But earnest on her way, she needsly will be gone."

The Verb is as liable as the more ordinary parts of speech to this trick of Cumulation. There are three chief verbal forms—the Strong, the Weak, and the Phrasal by means of the auxiliary. The Strong Verb makes its Preterite by an inward vowel change, as *draw*, *drew*; *sink*, *sank*; *tread*, *trod*; and its participle by a like vowel change together with the inflection *n*, as *drawn*, *sunken*, *trodden*. The Weak Verb makes both Preterite and Participle by the outward appendage of *ed*, as *love*, *loved*. The third forms its preterite by the auxiliary *did*, as "I did love."

Between the two first—that is, between the strong and the weak forms—Cumulation takes place very commonly in the speech of rustics, as "Where was you born'd?" and the same phenomenon is a well-known characteristic of infantile prattle among all classes of society. On the day of writing, I heard a child five years old exclaim with energy, "Yes, I sawed it myself!" The combination of *did* with the elder preterite in a cumulate manner is certainly rare; but it is to be found, as the following quotation attests:—

"Aston'd he stood, and up his heare did hove."
—*The Faery Queene*, I. ii. 31.

In the form *wert* there is Cumulation; the Saxon form was *wære*, and the termination *t* was probably borrowed from the analogy of the second person of the present tense, *art*.

After the verbs there remain that host of symbolical vocables which in a variety of ways qualify and regulate and modify the verbal action. Among these the most remarkable is the Verbal Negative. Here we once had cumulation, and we still have it in the popular speech, but the literary dialect has rejected it. In the earliest times of the history of our language the Negative was placed before the verb, and it is common enough as late as Chaucer. Thus, in the *Tale of Melibœus*:—

"Ther is no creature so good that him ne wanteth somewhat."

A trace of this arrangement survives in the familiar expression 'Will he, nill

he.' The *nill* is for *ne will;* just as in Chaucer *nam* is for *ne am, nas* for *ne was, not* for *ne wot.* In the time of this prefixed Negative, an additional emphasis was sometimes obtained by putting *nâ* or *nân* after the verb, and the result was the formula, "Ic ne was nâ." Sometimes this second negative was further strengthened by the addition of *whit*, giving the formula, "Ic ne was na whit." The first of these two formulas accounts for the Scotch "I wasna," and the second for the English "I was not;"—both English and Scotch alike dropped the original negative before the verb.

The limitation of ourselves to a single Negative has been carried out in the name of a certain logical propriety, which is codified in the maxim of the English grammarian, that "two negatives destroy one another, or are equivalent to an affirmative." The conduct of the French language has been the opposite of ours in this particular: after having fully matured a suffix-Negative it still retains its old prefix-Negative; and this Cumulation is the more remarkable in a language which by universal consent is distinguished for its logical superiority.

For there certainly is a manifest antagonism between the habit of Cumulation and the logical sense, and this antagonism is brought to a plain issue in the case of the Double Negative, and the English maxim is simply the enrolment of a triumph gained by the logical faculty over the speech-instinct in the domain of English grammar. But beyond the pale of grammar the Double Negative is free, and we venture to predict that it will for many long years prove more than a match for the schoolmaster. That more enlarged study of the English language which tends to bring into consideration the writers who preceded Shakespeare, will be found to side with the people and against the ferule. Chaucer knows nothing of Lindley Murray's maxim; he sets it at nought in every page, as in his description of the knight:—

"Ne never yet no vilonye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight."

Even in Shakespeare traces remain of the Double Negative, as in *Much Ado* ii. 1:—

"Nor will you not tell me who you are?"

No more need be said to satisfy the reader of the tendency to Cumulation in this member of the English language. Had this cumulative tendency in English gone unchecked, we might have made some approach to that extraordinary profusion of Negatives which is such a strong peculiarity of Greek syntax. This cumulation in Greek results in a weight of emphasis, which in any English version has to be rendered by emphatic words of an affirmative complexion, as *οὐδεὶς εἰς οὐδὲν οὐδενὸς ἂν ἡμῶν οὐδέποτε γένοιτο ἄξιος*, which Dr. Jowett renders thus: "None of us will be of the smallest use in any inquiry."—Plato, *Philebus* 19.

Some little words there are which readily change the place and character of Adverb for the place and character of Preposition; and these sometimes surprise us with an interesting phase of Cumulation, as when *in* or *with* stands in the double character in the same phrase, thus:—

"And eke in what araie that they were inne."
—Chaucer, *Prologue* 41.

So Myers, in his "Francis Xavier," writes:—"A single-handed, simple-hearted man: with nothing to influence other men with but that inward force," &c.

Many other instances of Cumulation will meet the observant eye up and down the pages of English literature; and it may be sufficient just to add two or three additional examples without comment or analysis—such are 'which that,' 'from thenceforth,' 'for because,' 'afar off.'

Perhaps there is no language, ancient or modern, in which so many examples of this sort can be collected as in the English language; and yet I would not venture to say that any one of the quoted instances is not to be paralleled in some language or other. But I come now to an example which I believe to be strictly confined to our mother

tongue. I mean the Double Genitive, concerning which, in the latter months of last year, a brisk correspondence appeared in the diversified pages of *Notes and Queries.*

The discussion was opened in September by an anonymous writer, who asked for some intelligible rule for the use of what has been called the Double Genitive. He denounced it as a barbarism: commended to our emulation the clearness and precision of the French; and held up also the example of the Germans, who say either 'Wieland's Oberon' or 'Der Oberon von Wieland,' but never use both of these genitives at once. We, on the contrary, not only say 'Mr. Brown's tenant,' or 'a tenant of Mr. Brown,' but we very frequently double the genitive by saying 'a tenant of Mr. Brown's.' Now, he proceeds to ask, of Mr. Brown's *what?* Of his house, or his land, or what? This want of precise meaning is sufficient to condemn the formula—which is not found in the best writers of the last century, though Miss Edgeworth describes "a glade of the park which opened upon a favourite view of the general's;" and Thackeray, still worse: "The brightest part of Swift's story—the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's—is his love for Hester Johnson." The same contributor adds a list of other examples—enough one would think to shake his confidence in his own verdict. In the *Times* a reviewer has, "a kinsman of Lord Palmerston's;" the correspondent S. G. O. says, "This letter of Lord Shaftesbury's;" a leading article has two instances, namely, "a motion of Mr. Hardy's," and "a motion of Mr. Bouverie's." The same objector further declares that it would be endless to cite examples, for that almost every modern writer has fallen into this vicious habit, which the critic, undeterred by his own list of authorities, still ventures to condemn, as a construction that is awkward and obscure, and not by any means to be encouraged.

Lord Lyttelton was of opinion that it was not a Double Genitive at all: that the word 'of' was not equivalent to the possessive *'s*, but quite a different preposition, insomuch that "a kinsman of Lord Palmerston's" means one among Lord Palmerston's numerous kinsmen; so that the 'of,' is equivalent to 'among.' In this analysis he was confirmed by several other correspondents, and the opinion seemed to be that this peculiar expression is not tautological or cumulative; but that, on the contrary, it ought to be regarded as elliptical. It followed, as a matter of course, that the expression must be logically wrong whenever it was used of an object which was not to be presented as one among many. Lord Lyttelton holds that—

"'A kinsman of Lord Palmerston's' means 'A kinsman among Lord P.'s (kinsmen)'; and so of the rest. But 'life of Swift's' must be wrong, because no one has more lives than one. 'That will of my father's' is almost certainly wrong, because the presumption is that a man only makes one will; and 'a favourite view of B.'s' is *suspicious*, because the idea of a favourite rather suggests oneness than plurality. Still, it might mean 'a favourite view among those which B. usually saw.'

"The point may be made clearer by substituting 'mine' for the genitive, being, in fact, the same construction. 'A son of mine' should not *properly* be used by a man who had no more than one son, though very likely it often is so."

(Whether "son of mine" and "life of Swift's" are really the same construction will have to be considered presently.)

Mr. Thiriold threw a new light on the debate by quoting some important witnesses. Among these, Sir George Cornewall Lewis says: "'A picture of the king' is a representation of the king's person; 'a picture of the king's' means a picture belonging to the king, *i.e.*, one of his collection." Archdeacon Hare says: "I confess that I feel some doubt whether this phrase is indeed to be regarded as elliptical. . . . If we were asked whose castle Alnwick is, we should answer 'The Duke of Northumberland's!' so we should also say, 'What a grand castle that is of the Duke of Northumberland's!' without at

all taking into account whether he had other castles besides; and our expression would be equally appropriate whether he had or not." Mr. Thiriold proceeds to point out that there is a peculiar emphasis in the Double Genitive; he observes that if, instead of Othello's "Never more be officer of mine," you substitute "be my officer," you make it tame; that the title of one of our novels, "That Boy of Norcott's," conjures expectations which "Norcott's boy" could not call up, while "That boy of Norcott" would give an uncertain sound. Yet there is but *one* boy. Another contributor observes that "a discovery of John" signifies that John was discovered; "a discovery of John's" that John discovered something.

In the midst of this diversity of views we may discern two lines of thought which are marked by consistency and direction, and which are in absolute antagonism to each other. One says that the so-called Double Genitive is an elliptical or compendious form of speech which when expanded is found to be no Double Genitive at all, but only to contain a couple of genitive forms which look different ways, thus: "A kinsman of Palmerston's—*subaudi* kinsman." This argument betrays a leaning upon the pronominal examples, "son of mine,"—"officer of mine," and draws its illustration from their analogy. The other maintains the reality of the Double Genitive, asserts that the two genitives have one constructive bearing, and are really duplicates; that so far from being elliptical it is a pleonastic and cumulative formula which is as full in form as it is in emphasis and humorous effect. This view rests chiefly upon substantial instances, such as, "That boy of Norcott's."

When in a conflict of opinion there seems to be reason on both sides, this is often a token of some entanglement, something that needs to be unravelled, and when we once suspect this, our cue is naturally caution, even (as it may appear) excessive caution, and we revise our skein thread by thread.

Let us not even assume that the two kinds of phrase, namely, "officer of mine" and "that boy of Norcott's," may be counted as one. It seems so obvious to take them as standing to one another in the same relation as substantive and pronoun constantly hold to one another, that it may look like a perverse ingenuity to raise the doubt; but however much appearances may be against me, I crave permission to distinguish them for the moment by the terms Substantival and Pronominal. This done, I would submit that the Substantival formula is purely and properly a Double Genitive, and that it has been formed by the cumulation of the two genitival symbols, the ancient and the modern, the Gothic and the Romanesque. The French have but one usual way of expressing the genitive, and that is by their preposition *de* as, *Un parent de Lord Palmerston;* the Germans have their native symbol for the same thing, namely, the possessive *s*, so that the pure German formula is *Ein Verwandte Palmerstons;* but the English, possessing one of these by the same native right as the Germans themselves, and having adopted the French *de*, by the translation *of*, for seven centuries at least, have out of these projected a third genitive formula by the superposition of the one upon the other, and have thus produced the formula, "A kinsman of Lord Palmerston's."

That this is the historical statement of the case is rendered probable by two considerations: first, the general habits of the language; and, secondly, the exigency of the particular case. On the first head I must be allowed to fall back upon the foregoing argument, and to assume that the habit of Cumulation is sufficiently proved; and that the illogicality of saying the selfsame thing twice over does not constitute any ground for disowning it as a historical fact. Therefore our attention may be directed to the second head, that is, to the inquiry whether we can detect any occasion or necessity for the contrivance of this peculiar formula. And here it is a plain fact which can easily be verified, that

the English 'of' when used in imitation of the French 'de' was very liable to confusion. This preposition had uses enough before, and these uses were sometimes but obscurely distinguishable; and hence it came about, not indeed when the genitival function was first assumed by this preposition, but in process of centuries, as the continued habit of French education widened the incidence of this genitival formula, that the risk of collision discovered itself more and more, and so it happened, that the old possessive *s* was now and then recalled, quite naturally and unconsciously, to the position from which it had been for a time dislodged, and being recalled, it acted as a diacritic symbol to distinguish between the possible meanings of a preposition upon which more offices had devolved than it could conveniently fill.

Here is an instance of the kind of obscurity which the Double Genitive would obviate. Mr. Myers, in the opening sentences of his "Christopher Columbus," wrote as follows:—"Every indisputable relation—every universal impulse—is an exponent of an Idea of God." This sentence is certainly obscure, and this obscurity might be attributed to its isolation; but we can assure the reader that even in the full light of its context it is not clear until after a pause of reconsideration. When we speak of "an Idea of God" we commonly mean an idea which some one has formed concerning God; and it is a great solecism to employ this phrase for an Idea which dwells in, or is entertained by, the Divine Mind. Yet such is the intention in the passage quoted. Now if it had been allowable for the writer to have said, "an Idea of God's;" all hesitation and ambiguity would have been instantly dispelled by that little additional letter; and this example serves at once to illustrate the kind of need that might arise for the Double Genitive, and also at the same time to make us aware of a limit to its applicability and appropriateness. This limit will be noticed again by and by.

The Romanesque genitive is thus seen to be occasionally liable to confusion, and the retention of the old Gothic *'s* seems to act as a guard against this confusion. I will add another illustration to the same effect, only of a humbler kind. A lady was reading to her husband in the quiet hour after the household had retired to rest, and the book was the "Letters of Sara Coleridge." The lateness of the hour had doubtless a good deal to do with the misapprehension of a passage in itself not obscure:—

"The following description of Carlyle seems to me to point at what is Dante's characteristic power:—'The very movements in Dante have something brief, swift, decisive—almost military. The fiery, swift Italian nature of the man—so silent, passionate—with its quick, abrupt movements, its silent, pale rages—speaks itself in these things.'"

When the lady had read thus far, she exclaimed, "I don't see how that is a description of Carlyle!" At which her husband simply answered, "Ah, I see it is time to shut the book." To this incident, which happened yesterday, I can add one that is as fresh in my memory as if it had indeed happened yesterday, though I am not sure whether twenty or thirty years ago would be the nearer date. In the circle of a Common Room, it happened one day that the conversation turned on some peculiar expressions in the Prayer-Book. Among others, this came up for discussion:—"In knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life"—and it was maintained, by a theologian who was even then known beyond academic limits, that this meant to assert the foreknowledge of God concerning the salvation of man. The phrase is not genitival; his error consisted in so regarding it; and it was the Romanesque *of* that was the snare.

These instances are sufficient to show that there is a liability to confusion in the Romanesque uses of this preposition; and if this is established, we have found a justification for the cumulate use of the Double Genitive, as a means of putting the intended meaning beyond the reach of mistake; and we seem to

have reason enough to pronounce this formula cumulative and not elliptical. We speak, however, of the Substantival instances only. The difference between these and the Pronominal becomes more manifest the more the two are examined and compared. Of this I will give two illustrations, one external and the other internal. The external fact is this, that the Pronominal formula can be derived from the French language, while the Substantival one cannot. The internal fact is this, that there is a peculiar sentiment or association of ideas attaching to each of the two severally, and which is not common to both. I do not deny that they have a good deal in common. This is not to be wondered at, for two such formulas, however distinct in origin, could not but have attractions for each other, and mutual blendings which would tend to obscure their original distinctness. In tracing their history, therefore, that which is common to both is of less significance than that which is peculiar in each. And this latter is tolerably well marked. The distinctive air of the Substantival formula is a certain free and easy familiarity, which was the cause of the limit above noticed, to which we promised to revert by and by. Nobody could decently say "that boy of Norcott's" unless he were on pretty easy terms both with Norcott himself and also with the person to whom his conversation was addressed. But less of this attends upon the use of the expressions 'a horse of mine' and 'a cousin of ours'—if there is something of the same feeling it may have been rubbed off from the other formula, and anyhow it is not the proper characteristic of the Pronominal formula: that which is proper to the latter is a certain numerical assumption. The man who says 'a horse of mine,' uses a style which befits the man of many horses; and he who says 'a cousin of ours' speaks like the head of a clan. Generalisms of this sort are not of course to be challenged as if they were universal propositions; enough, if the reader can see instances in which they would hold. Here then we recognize an effect like that of the French—*Il est des miens*, He is one of my people; or, *Ils sont des nôtres*, They are of our household, suite, party. In French these expressions carry with them a sound of greatness; and this sound rings in Othello's sentence to Cassio: "Never more be officer of mine." Moreover, the Pronominal formula would appear to have been established and acknowleged much earlier than the Substantival formula. Indeed this difference of date is so well marked that it may be regarded as a third ground of distinction between these two formulas. Mr. Thiriold has produced ten instances of the Double Genitive from Shakspeare, but they are all of the pronominal type—*of mine*—*of thine*—*of yours*; and we may presume that he found none of the substantival type when he was collecting the others. The oldest instance I am able to produce of the Substantival formula is from the Bible of 1611—"How many hired servants of my father's;"—indeed, so far as I know, this example is isolated by its antiquity.[1] On the other hand, it is not difficult to collect early instances of the Pronominal type, as 1 Sam. ii. 33, "the man of thine, whom I shall not cut off"—and "this charitable work of our's" in the Baptismal Office.

From these circumstances I conclude that it is not to be taken for granted, that these two formulas are of one root. It seems probable that the Pronominal formula is the older of the two, and that it was originally a mere imitation of a French expression. The Substantival formula is probably more recent; it may have been somewhat indebted to the other for its introduction into our language, but it rests upon a separate necessity and demand; it discharges a

[1] But indeed I believe this is only an apparent and not a real instance of the formula under discussion. A critical comparison of the versions suggests that here the construction is really elliptical, and that "my father's" stands for "my father's house." The Vulgate has, "Quanti mercenarii in domo patris mei." Wyclif, "How many hirid men in my fadris hous." Tyndale, and of some of his successors, "How many hyred servauntes at my father's."

distinct function. The Pronominal formula may reasonably be called Elliptical: the Substantival formula is not Elliptical, but Cumulative. The former is of French extraction; the latter is a pure domestic growth. To the two forms of Genitive which had descended to us from the meeting of the Gothic and Romanesque races in this island, it has added a third, with an aspect and physiognomy apart. And here we may observe, that this cumulative action of language is not merely an idle variation of externals, but that it contributes towards the proper end of language by the enlargement and variation of the faculty of expression.

This phenomenon of Cumulation does not present itself equally under all conditions of language. It must be regarded as a wilding, of strong energy and slender intelligence; ever seeking to push its way, and continually checked by the maturer wisdom of the logical principle; able occasionally to secure a position here and there in the freest languages, and least likely to be found where the dominion of Grammar is most absolute. A palmary example in Greek is its Pleonasm of Negatives; but beyond this, the Greek and Latin languages are generally so logic-bound that they offer but few examples within the classic pale, and these only survivals from the less conscious pre-classic times; as πρώτιστος, ἐσχατώτερον, ἐσχατώτατα. The larger number are post classical, such for example, as, διπλότερον, μειζότεραν, in the New Testament; and in modern Greek, the popular ὁ πλέον πλουσιώτερος for the expression of the superlative degree, as if we were to say 'the more wealthier' to signify the wealthiest. So in Latin; while a few instances of Cumulation are classical, as *permaximus, derminimus, perpaucissimi:* the list can be most readily filled from later writers, in whose pages we find *postremius, postremissimus, extremius, extremissimus, infimiores, minimissimus, pessimissimus.*[1]

The Latin affords another set of examples in its conjunctions, as, *jam nunc, jamjam, verum enimvero.* Traces of the same habit are in the Latin pronouns, *memet, tute, quidquid.* The language in which this particular form of pronominal Cumulation is most marked is the Welsh, with its *myfi, chwychwi, hwynthwy:* where the pronouns I, you, they, are re-doubled.

In French we may hear *c'est mon livre à moi,* as if we should say, 'It is my book mine;' and in German we may read, *Jetzt war der Jünger ihre Zeit* (Rieger's "Commentary," i. 333), which I despair of rendering into English in any useful or illustrative manner.

The above examples are calculated to suggest that this habit of cumulation or stratification, or whatever it is to be called, is naturally incidental to all languages; that it is ever ready at hand, when not excluded by classicism, to give a new face to old and worn expressions; that it has produced our Double Genitive, and that it is a general and important agent for the infusion of new vigour into a trite and effete phraseology.

In the English language Cumulation has flourished with uncommon exuberance; and this may be attributed to two causes—the material of the language, which is highly composite, and the genius of the language, which is rebellious against classic restraint.

JOHN EARLE.

[1] One of the forms of Cumulation is found in the word *Lemures*, according to Mr. Isaac Taylor, who, in his charming book of "Etruscan Researches," tells us that the last syllable is the Latin sign of plurality added to *ur*, its equivalent in the old Etruscan, and that the root of the word is *Lem.*

NOTES ON ROME.

1. THE SEVEN HILLS OF ROME.

EXACT topographical description is a comparatively new feature in geography and history: the result of advanced geological and other studies. It bears the same relation to the general subject as anthropology bears to physiology, a well worked out detail. "Voyages and Travels," the folios of fifty years past, contented themselves as a rule with describing sites and scenery as the pictures affected the authors, their feelings, and so forth; much upon the same principle as the modern critic, who reviews not the book, but the writer of the book—a firm reliance upon the power of the personal. Consequently, those fine old English travel-works were weak in their topography as in their anthropology, and both were very weak indeed.

This defect is, naturally enough, reflected by books of compilation, and in the large branch of literature known as the popular. Turn, for instance, to the British Murray, the lineal successor of Mrs. Starke *et compagnie.* Read the paragraph entitled the "Seven Hills," and you will readily understand my meaning. Every schoolboy learns from his Butler, his Lemprière, or his Smith (Dr. Wm.), the list which made up the "urbs septicollis;" every collegian can go through the list of Palatine, Quirinal, &c. But one and all, when quoting the resounding line—

"Septem urbs alta jugis toti quæ præsidet orbi—

have a hazy idea that Rome the city still sits, as she originally sat, upon seven distinct *monti* (hills). And haziness of idea, I would observe, is apt to affect the memory: we can hardly remember long what we fail to see distinctly and in due order.

Let us try if the Seven Hills will not fall into a natural topographical series easily understood and not readily forgotten. It is quite true that Time, by adding thirty or fifty feet of *débris* to the surface has, at some points, "rendered it difficult to distinguish the limits of the original eminences." We may be sure that the outlines of the seven, especially the four consecutive hills of which I shall speak, have greatly changed. But we are equally certain that the main features remain unaltered, and in order to avoid becoming more archæological than is necessary, we will speak of the "montes" as they now are.

A section from Ancona to Civita Vecchia shows the "humilis Italia"—maritime Italy—extending along the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene Seas, to be composed of water-rolled calcareous pebbles, underlying humus of various thickness. Down the whole length of the axis run the Apennines forming the backbone of the Peninsula, and the limestones and sandstones of the highlands have been washed down to create the lowlands, even as Egypt was said of the ancients to be the gift of the Nile. But about Rome and elsewhere there are igneous complications. We see the direct effects of the Latian volcanoes in the rolling basaltic ridge, whose extreme tongue, buttressing the left or western bank of the Almo, is still quarried near the Appian Way about the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The material is a close grained blue rock, containing crystals of lime and several peculiar minerals. The peculiar rocks of Rome itself, as we may remark upon the Monte Verde, and in the Mamertine prison, are the tufa, whose earthly texture shows chiefly if not wholly volcanic ashes, and the peperino, sand pasted together with erupted cinereous matter: a noted variety of the latter is the Gabino of Gabii (*Lapis Gabinus*). Both tufa and peperino resemble the puzzolina of Puzzuoli, the light, porous,

and friable mixture of silica, alumina, and iron, the basis of hydraulic cement. And both contrast with the travertino of Tivoli and elsewhere, a white concretionary stone, originally lime, in solution deposited by fresh water, often hard, generally containing heterogeneous matter like pudding-stone, and sometimes assuming a semi-crystalline character. The stones of Rome, therefore, neglecting the foreign marbles, are peperino and tuff, basalt and travertino.

Let us cast a look upon the site of Rome in those palæolithic days when the Alban block ceased to build up the country by deluging it with fire, and when the goodly scene was gradually assuming its present shape. Geologists still dispute whether the large watercourses of the præ-historic period changed to the comparatively small rivers of our times gradually or *per saltum*, and Mr. Belgrand has given reasons for his belief that in some cases, especially in the Parisian basin, "les grands cours d'eau de l'âge de pierre sont devenues tout à coup les petites rivières que nous voyons couler de nos jours." And the cause is as variously sought in the secular growth of the earth and in the newer theory—the *Einsturz Hypothese*, which is taking its place. But no one doubts that the valleys were shallower. and therefore more saturated than the deep drains of the present day; that the spring floods carrying off the accumulated ice and snow of winter were sudden and violent, and consequently that the rivers were giants compared with pigmies. Nor indeed can it be doubted: it is written upon the rocks in characters which all may read.

The imperial stream now shrunk to a mere cunette in its lowest depressions, and wandering about the Prati or leas of its valley, was then a broad sheet of turbid water filling the whole space between the two parallel ridges which still subtend its course. The same was evidently the case with its influents the Turrone, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almone. Old river-banks still remain to prove the extent of the original beds, that of the Tiber varying in breadth from less than one mile at the north and south, to about three at the central bridge. The riparian material is a soft crumbling tuff, sub-stratified, readily forming caves, and easily cut with the pick; alternating with confused layers of river-silt, resembling, but a little older than, that now used for brick-making, and embedding particles of mica, limestone, quartz, trap, and other hard rocks. This incipient stone is well developed in the low and precipitous sides of the yellow buttresses lying to the north of the Pincian Hill, in the riverine front of the Capitol, at the dwarf scour called the (*Cafarelli*) Tarpeian Rock, and in other places where the summit has been shaped by nature or art.

The classical stream, at present impure and wanting a washing as badly as Father Thames, approaches the venerable ground in a succession of snaky curves. Drive along the Flaminian Way to the Ponte Molle, and turn up the left-bank road leading past the Acqua Acetosa towards the debouchure of the Turrone or Anio Rivro. Here the valley belonging to the ages which it is the custom to call geological, præ-historic, or protohistoric, is admirably defined. The right bank is a green plain with regular buttresses like earthworks, dented by occasional bays; and the Tor di Quinto hills, after impinging upon the stream, shelve away to enchain themselves with the Monte Mario. On the left bank are the grassy mounds, buttresses, and tumuli which denote the site of Turrigeræ Antemnæ (which the guidebooks will write *turrigiræ*), and are now known as the Monti dell' Acqua Acetosa. They are continued down stream by the Monti Parioli, whose sides and summits, crowned with villas and lines of cypresses, are often isolated by the beds of secondary drainage-lines passing between the heights. Many of these "Monti" are mere heaps and ridges in the old valley sole, as we may see by passing out of the Porta del Popolo, and turning to the right from the villa and fountain of Papa Giulio, under the Arco Oscuro: here we shall find still further eastward the true river-bed of antiquity.

About the parallel of the Porta del Popolo the Tiber forms a reach running, to speak roughly, north-south, and after a few hundred yards begins the great western bend, at whose furthest projection stood the Pons Triumphalis. This is followed by an easterly road, whose extreme limit would be the modern suspension bridge (*Pons Emilii*),—where the self-plying nets curiously remind one of the Na' urah, or giant box-wheels of the Syrian Orontes,—and the strip of embankment where some score of wild craft denote the "Port" of modern Rome. Here again the Tiber flows north-south past the Monte Testaccio, curves a little to the east, and then sweeps sharply westward at the Prati de S. Paolo, the suburban St. Paul, near the celebrated basilica of that name.

The fluviatile valley of the Tiber is the main feature of the site of Rome, but it is complicated by the presence of three—perhaps it would be more correct to say four—other secondary river beds.

The first is the course of the Anio, Anione, or Teverone, which defines the north-eastern, or as we may call them, the landward slopes of the Roman hills. This stream is well known as draining the eastern or Tivoli block, a spur projected westward and south-westward by the Apennines. Its left bank receives the Fosso della Maranella, a water-course partly natural and partly artificial, which subtends the eastern walls. Of this I shall have occasion to speak again.

The second is the course of the Almo or Almone, the classical "brevissimus Almo," which exerts considerable effect upon the southern contour. It drains the Alban hills, that volcanic mass to the south-south-east of Rome, springs from the slopes about the Mura de' Francesi, and makes part of the Campagna a labyrinth of old wady-beds and channels, some the work of nature, others of man. Under the name of Valle Cafarella it forms a broad and well-defined channel: its old bed, scarped with red tufa, is distinctly seen from Egeria's clump of holm-oaks, the false nymphœum lying in the actual valley, whilst the Via Appia (Pignatello), the circus or hippodrome of Maxentius, the catacombs of Calixtus (cemiterio de S. Sebastiano), the church of "Domine quo Vadis," and the old Roman Mausolea, all occupy the broken left or western bank. The Almo, still under the name of Cafarella, now bends from south-east to north-west, and twists and flows with a breadth of about twelve feet in a wide basin past the conspicuous modern bastion "Sangalla," this part of the southern wall being built on its high right bank. Then running by the Vicolo della Moletta, its right side forms the Mons Æliolus, or Æliolus Minor (Fabricius Roma, chap. 3), and the buttresses crowned by the temples of SS. Balbina and Saba. Finally it disappears under the Via Ostiensis, not far north of the basilica of S. Paolo fuori le mura, and finds a grave in the Tiber.

The third is the Acqua Maranna, so called, it is supposed, from its origin—the slopes east of Marino (Castrimanium): though less important, it is somewhat longer than the Almo, which rises west of it. This stream, called Acqua Crabra in its upper or southern part, and La Moletta in the lower, where it drives a mill, is extremely complicated, being partly an independent feature and partly a branch of the Almo. Want of slope in the Campagna causes an immense confusion, covering the surface with a network of rivulet-valleys, wet and dry; and near Roma Vecchia di Frascati we still see the "lock and lasher" diverting into the Almo the waters of the Maranna, which there flows upon a raised leat of earthwork. Approaching Rome it bends from south-east to west, and its right bank shows well-defined and scarped sides, above which St. John of Lateran is built. It passes under the city walls near the closed Porta Metronia, forms the true Vallis Egeriæ, whose fountain of wonderful transparency and, alas for romance! slightly medicinal, lies on the right bank. Its left side is formed by the Mons Cæliolus, continued by the two other buttresses which have been mentioned as bounding the Almo on

the right. The Mons Cælius and the Palatine prolong the rise upon whose slopes the true Egeria lies, and with the Aventine on the other side (west) the Maranna passes through the Circus Maximus to the Tiber. The Maranna, I warn the reader, must not be confounded with the Maranna di Grota Perfetta, another offset of the Almo arising from the Colle di Grotta Perfetta to the south, crossing the Via Ostiensis where stands the Ponticello di S. Paolo, and falling into the Tiber south of the great extramural basilica.

Thus the site of Rome, whose hills evidently rise above the soft waves of the Campagna, is bounded north and west by the Tiber; north-east by the Anio or Teverone; east by the Fosso della Maranella, and south-east and south by Aqua Maranna and the Almo. As is the rule of primary rivers, the Tiber flows upon an elevated plane, and beyond the hills, the buttresses and the bays of its old fluvial banks, there is a compound slope at right angles inland. The depression is readily noted by walking down the Via Nomentana (Sta. Agnese) outside the Porta Pia towards the valley of the Anio.

The present walls show the Pagan city at its largest, and a study of the Almo valley renders it unnecessary to prolong the enceinte, as some antiquaries have done, southwards. The capital of Christianity occupies both banks and the site of the old river bed —an irregular amphitheatre. There is more level ground on the left than on the right side of the fluviatile plain, because the Monte Mario hills—the Janiculum and its continuations flanking the stream—run in a tolerably straight line from north to south; the eastern, or left bank, on the other hand, is disposed in crescent shape, with the hollow fronting the river, and the latter curves away westward, leaving a much larger area.

The western, or right bank of the Tiber, is easily understood when viewed from any height—the Pincian gardens, for instance—it is little built upon, and it is free from the complications of secondary valleys. Similarly, for a study of the complicated site of Lisbon, we must cross to the opposite side of the Tagus. Beginning north with the Tor di Quinto and the Monte Mario, we notice a line of dome-shaped mountains, disposed in regular sequence, curving with the stream; their walls are either sloped or bluff with brick-cuttings, and their summits are crowned with churches and villas, with gardens, vineyards, and fields. The cypress and the stone-pine—a conjunction so characteristic of Roman scenery—contrast strangely with the huge crops of ferns and of nettles and thistles which would do honour to Scotland. Then, bending slightly westward and forming more than one parallel cut by lateral valleys, the bank projects eastward a long tongue or ridge, as may be seen by walking through the Porta Angelica, up the Leonine Via della Mura, and a mile or so westward from the Porta Pertusa. This buttress is the Mons Vaticanus, so called, they say, from the god Vagitanus or Vaticanus, or from the Vates, who here gave their prophetic answers; it contained the tomb of Scipio Africanus, and it was first inclosed by Leo IV. The range still runs southward, taking for a mile and a half the name of Mons Janiculus, or Janicularis, named from the town of Janus, or because Janus was here buried, or because it was the Janua by which the Romans attacked the Tuscans. Ancus Martius fortified, and Aurelian annexed this Janiculum, and here also is S. Pietro in Montorio, the Mons Aureus of golden sands (Fabricius Roma, i. 3) which, according to Martial (iv. 64) is the most fitting standpoint for a full prospect of the Eternal City—

> "Hinc septem dominos videre montes
> Et totam licet æstimare Romam."

Further on, the old right bank becomes the Monte Verde outside the Porta Portese, and lastly, La Magliana, where the valley flares out before debouching upon the bourne whence no river ever returns.

The eastern, or left bank, is equally well-defined north of the Villa Borghese, and we may assume the "Monti Farioli,"

with their scarps and outlines, their steps and terraces divided by bays and inlets, and their height, varying from 100 to 300 feet above the water, as the typical hills of old Rome. Here the muddy stream now swirling thirty feet deep in its silty bed, evidently swung in bygone ages; we see this in the scarps of the hills and buttresses everywhere more or less precipitous, except when converted by art into stiff zigzag ramps, up which horses painfully struggle —for instance, the ascent to the Barberino Palace. So in modern Babylon the Duke of York's column stands upon the old raised bank of a Thames very different in dimensions from what it is now. For a general view, ascend the tower of the Capitol, or drive to S. Pietro in Montorio, where now lie the Pincian gardens of the south-west or "city" end. A walk along the Via Sistina, the Via Tiber, the Via delle Quattro Fontane, the Piazza di Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Via Merulana, shows as clearly as possible the ups and downs of the old river side, which is always on the right hand. Another walk southwards from the Porta Pia, along the Via della Mura of the old city, will give an excellent idea of the buttresses and bays in the riverine banks of the Fosso della Maranella, the Acqua Maranna, and the Almo.

Historically and chronologically we speak of the Palatine Quirinal, Capitoline, Celian, Aventine, Viminal, and Esquiline. The topographical sequence, beginning from the north, along the left bank of the old river, would be the Quirinal and its buttress, the Capitol; the Viminal, the Esquiline with its buttress the Cælian; and the two isolated tumuli, the Palatine and the Aventine.

Concerning each of these features a few lines of explanation will be necessary, and we may commence our survey from north to south by the hill of the Pincii, *alias* the Collis Hortorum, or Hortulorum, derived from the gardens of Sallust. Following the ridge of the Trinita de Monti, where the model-haunted steps run up the ancient bank, we come to the lordly Quirinal. It was added by Numa Pompilius (Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 2). The old name derived from the temple of Quirianus (Romulus) or from the Sabine Quirites, the citizens of Cures, Curium, or Quirium—here removed with their chief, Titus Tatius—was afterwards changed to Caballus from the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, presented to the much-defamed Nero by Tiridates, king of Armenia (Fabricius Roma, chap. 3). The breadth of the modern Quirinal is crossed by walking from the Piazza Barberini, up the Via delle Quattro Fontane, to the dwarf square of the same name, and by descending, the southern section of "Four-fountain Street." Its highest and westernmost buttress, Monte Cavallo, retains the classical name, and the length of the ridge may be appreciated by passing along the Via Venti Settembre, which forms its crest. Lastly, to understand the crescent-form bending to the south-south-east and the old river front, you follow the Via Quirinale, down the steep descent past the Tor de Conti ("Nero's town,") to the Campo Vaccino. This will also illustrate the riverine faces of the Viminal and the Esquiline.

The Capitoline Hill here appears to be a digression, but it is not. This Mons Saturni, or Saturnius, derived its earliest name from the venerable god who lived there, ὥς λέγουσι: as the Tarpeian rock immortalizing the name of the young person who betrayed the Citadel-asylum to the Sabines, it was recovered for the city by Romulus, after incorporating the Quirites with his Populus Romanus; and, lastly, it became the Capitolium, or Mons Capitolinus, from the human head found when digging the foundations of the Jovian Temple, popularly placed at the Ara Cæli; and thus it is synonymous with Golgotha and Calvary. Topographically, it is the south-western buttress of the Quirinal, and hence the Arx of the Sabines, who occupied the whole ridge. As Trajan's column tells us, the connecting neck of land was cut away to make room for his Forum, and the inscription fixes the height of the old ridge or isthmus at

about 127·5 English feet—namely, the altitude of the whole column from its base, exclusive of the statue and pedestal. Mons Capitolinus is a buttress of peperine scarped by art towards the stream, sloping in other parts, and artificially ramped towards the south-east.

The Viminal, a small and humble feature, lies immediately south of the Quirinal. It took a name, they say, from the Vimina, or Rivis, which grew along the old river bed and formed a thicket about the altar of Jupiter Viminius (Varro); Servius Tullius added it to the city (Dion. Hal., lib. 4). It is a short, tongue-shaped ridge projecting to the south-west, beginning at the foot of the southern Via delle Quattro Fontane and ending at the Via Nazionale. The Via dei Stuzzi runs along its crest, and its junction with the Quirinal is shown by the so-called Baths of Diocletian. By turning to the right and then to the left, up the Via Venezia, you can distinctly trace in its riverine point the scarped rock of the old bed and the cut caves so common in classical ages. The limits of the Viminal elsewhere are difficult to lay down, as this part of the bank has been torn to pieces.

Worse still is the Esquiline, the largest and the most confused; there is a break of continuity in the left bank, and the complications of the Acqua Maranna render it an exceedingly tough bit. According to Fabricius (chap. 3) its ancient names were Mons Cispius and Mons Oppius. Esquilinus is a corruption, *on dit*, of Excubinus, ab Excubiis, from the outlying watch kept by Romulus (Propertius, ii. 8), and it was added to the city by Servius Tullius, whose palace was here (Livy, i. 44).

The modern Esquiline is, roughly speaking, bounded north and separated from the Viminal by the ascent of Santa Maria Maggiore, and denoted south by the Baths of Titus. The church of Santa Pudenziana shows the riverine front, which is continued behind the Flavian amphitheatre (Coliseum). Walking down the Via Merulana towards S. John of Lateran, we see on the left (east) an old scarped bank showing the action of water inland from the Esquiline, forming a long deep bay, with west-east trend between it and the Mons Cœlius. As has been mentioned, the valley of the Acqua Maranna curves round the southern side.

The Cælian hill is to the Esquiline what the Capitoline is to the Quirinal. Called Querculanus, or Queratulanus, *dizem*, from its oak copses, and Augustus, because the Emperor Tiberius built upon it after a fire (Tacit. Annals, 4; Lactantius in Tib., chap. 48), it was annexed to the city by Tullus Hostilius (Livy, i. 30; Dion. Hal., lib. 3), or by Ancus Martius (Strabo, lib. 5). It is evidently a buttress thrown forward to the west by the left bank of the Tiber, and by the right side of the Acqua Maranna. The large map of Messrs. Parker and Fabio Gori, which is hung up at the entrance of the British and American Archæological Society, makes the Cælian distinct from the Esquiline hill. But it is not so, as any one can ascertain for himself by walking up the new road leading from the Coliseum past the ruins of the Claudian substruction; here the connection at once becomes evident.

The sixth and seventh hills, the Palatine and Aventine, no longer belong to the system of the Tiberine left bank, although possibly in geological ages the former might have been connected with the Cælian, and afterwards isolated by human labour. Both, as they now stand, are detached tumuli—large warts on the sole of the river-valley. Smaller features of the same kind will be noticed in the course of the Anio. The lordly Palatine, named from Pales or from Pallas—how many gods to one city!—from the Palantes or the Palatini, or from the bleating of sheep (*palare* being the older form of *balare*), is identified with the history of the world's capital, from the Roma Quadrata of Romulus and Tullus Hostilius to the Palatium of Augustus. Its present form is a lozenge, with the long diameter generally trending north-south. The Aventine, a hill of many names, variously derived, called after Aventinus, king of Alba from the

Avens rivulet, or *ab avibus*, the birds of Tiber; also known as Murcius, from Murtia, the goddess of sleep, whose temple stood here (Festus); as Collis Dianæ, from the fane of Diana, and as Remonius, from Remus, who was buried upon the hill where he wished the city to be founded (Plutarch in Roma), was added by Ancus Martius (Eutropius 1). It is an irregular square, or trapezoid, which, like the Capitoline, bounds and deflects the Tiber to the west. This hillock is mostly concealed by houses, but the *charpente osseuse* shows itself in a bluff river-front, a kind of sea cliff, to those who pass by the south-western end towards the pyramid of Cestius—a monument, by the by, quite worthy of the late M. Soyer. From the Monte Testaccio, which commands a fine view of the Maranna and the Almo valleys; the Aventine is seen to slope gently towards the city walls. Here also are good studies of the Mons Cæliolus, and the buttresses crowned by the churches of SS. Balbina and Saba.

The Palatine and Aventine were once parted by the Maranna stream, whose channel silting up became a swamp or marsh, and finally gave place to the riverine end of the Cloaca Maxima below, and to the Circus Maximus above ground. It shows the wondrous conservatism of the world, when we remember that Juvenal (Sat. 3) left the Jews living in this the true Egerian valley—

> "Nunc sacri fontes, nemus et delubra locantur Judæis"—

and we see that they still use it for burying their dead. In other matters they have greatly changed: the grandfathers kept shops; the grandsons are princes in Israel and out of it, marrying the noblest of the land, and disdaining neither to wear graven images, nor to bear on the breast a corselet of crosses.

Such, then, are the far-famed "Seven Hills of Rome." As might be expected in the days when many a Cacus flourished, they were first occupied by little villages that feared the plains, and perched themselves upon defensible summits: we still see them so placed in every country part of Italy. The first connection would be by a wall uniting settlement with settlement, and doubtless in those early times the scarped sides of the hills and the houses themselves continued the line of curtain. Such, indeed, we learn from history was the work of Servius Tullius, when he took in the seven eminences by a wall and an agger some seven Roman miles long. The Servian fortification began at the Porta Trigemina, passed south of the Aventine, including the Palatine connected with the Celian. In the church of San Clemente, at the foot of the Esquiline, we still find remains, large quadrilateral blocks of "headers and stretchers," much resembling the Etruscan ashlar-work, and the draughting and bossing deserve careful study. Hence the wall swept to the N.N.E. and north, and became an agger on the eastern or landward slopes of the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, between the Porta Esquilina and the Porta Viminalis. Thence it ran westward of the great parallelogram called the Prætorian Camp; and lastly, falling south-westward, it embraced the Capitoline and united with the Tiber a little north of where it began.

Thus secured by strong fortifications, a large and ever-increasing population would gather upon the more convenient valley-sole, with its ready access to the main artery of commerce; and, finally, the masters of the world, having no foes to fear but themselves, would spread far and wide beyond the original walls, and push their dwelling-places into the fair Campagna.

To be continued.

"OLD LABELS."

Events have lately so shaped themselves in my life that it has become necessary for me to buy furniture, and materially increase my stock of goods and chattels. Among other things, my wardrobe has needed one or two alterations, and, having in view the possibility of no little travelling, I have thought it advisable to supply myself with a new outfit of portmanteaux, carpet bags, and trunks. Mine were indeed old. But by far the oldest of the things of the kind in my possession was a dilapidated hatbox which I had owned for many a year, and which had followed me in many a wandering. It was assuredly past work; its edges were worn through, its cover was split in one or two places, and in every part it showed signs of long use and some rough handling. It was an old companion, and before handing it over finally to my servant to be sold as old leather, I amused myself by tearing off the various labels which in whole or part still remained on its weather-beaten back and sides.

How many associations they recall! How many feelings of days long gone by force themselves into my mind as I read the names of the places where those feelings first had being, or were most strong! Phases of life for ever past; hopes and fears the folly of which is now so apparent; memories of friends no longer friendly, or of acquaintances once in perpetual intercourse, but now far removed from my ken; all these are brought before me as vividly as if they still were, and it seems as though the past and I were united once more.

Peeping out here and there, or buried amid a superimposed pile of others, are fragments such as Ox . . . Oxf . . for . . . rd . . . What a happy life they bring back! The freshman's term, when all was new and strange, when tradesmen solicited custom and not money, when attendance at chapel and college lectures seemed the thing which would commend itself to every well-ordered mind, when an invitation to wine seemed the height of social felicity, when dinners in hall were eaten regularly and without complaint, when the tutors appeared models of wisdom and good manners, and their instruction the essence of education, when the 'Varsity eleven, or the 'Varsity eight, seemed heroes of almost another world, and a canoe down to Iffley, or half-an-hour's practice on the Magdalen was as much as one's studious habits would allow. And then the second year—the year perhaps in one's life which one would most readily select to live over again, were it not for the stern rule,

> " Non tamen irritum
> Quodcunque retro est efficiet, neque
> Diffinget infectumque reddet
> Quod fugiens semel hora vexit."

The year in which there is more enjoyment perhaps than is possible in any other time of life, in which "the blossom of the flying terms" is sweetest, in which, in a word, the one sole drawback to happiness is the near approach of "Mods." Oh, that second year at Oxford, how many others is it not worth? New friendships are in their full flush; new pleasures are found out, but not become stale; the strength of manhood has arrived, its stern necessities are still to come. The dons are still friendly, tradesmen are still indulgent, the wished-for place in the eleven or the eight is perhaps attained, and the firm determination to beat "those Cambridge devils," lends zest to practice and pleasure to self-denial. Every pleasure is in full swing, and every week passes as it were a day. Who would not be back again at Oxford who has once drunk of its intoxicating joys? The summer days at Bullingdon, with the races on the wearied old hacks, the hard-fought matches on the Magdalen, or determined

spurts from the "Gut," the cheery evenings of talk on literature or politics, when dogmas were laid down with the full authority of inexperience, and when no debater ever considered the possibility of a question having two sides, or of there being any exception to the general rule so boldly propounded. Then the winter mornings—hunting breakfasts, covert hacks to Lord Macclesfield's opening meets, or Tolley's best screws for a day with the Christ Church harriers. Then the whist parties at Merton, the literary dinners at Balliol, the snipe shootings with fellows of Magdalen, the balls at Woodstock, the rubbers at racquets, the games of pool after club wines, the cosy *tête-à-têtes* with a bosom friend, or the pleasant gatherings of three or four to crack a bottle of claret after hall; the forbidden dinners at the Mitre, where the dreaded apparition of a proctor was so imminent, and where the shrill voice of "Snipes" was so often heard ordering champagne cup for number four. Is there anything like such a life? Is the capacity for enjoyment ever so keen? Do troubles ever seem so light, difficulties ever cause less anxiety?

Then the third year, with "Greats" impending like the sword of Damocles over one's head, with the problem of life coming nearer, with duns growing clamorous and dons more exacting, with its losses by friends going down and cherished coteries being broken up, and finally with its desperate excitement of the schools, and the stormy interview with "the governor." And then a visit to Oxford for the last time, when in the view of shouting freshmen you put on your master's gown and look to see whether your whiskers are not grey.

They are numerous and bright recollections that are brought back to me by these innermost labels of my hat-box.

Genève, tightly fastened on, and near another ticket on which the letters de l'Éc are just legible. Hôtel de l'Écu, Genève; that was at the end of my second year. We went for a reading party to Switzerland, four of us. A reading party, save the mark! Two were mad for walking, and thought nothing compatible with Anglicism save mounting the ruggedest peaks and chilliest glaciers they could find; two were fishermen, and ferreted out the most likely rivers within miles of Geneva. One made desperate efforts to learn the language, but without success. "Donnez-moi de poison," he said, on one occasion to the astonished waiter; and on another "Je suis femme." But we did but little reading, and owed to our work in the coming term the little satisfaction which we gave to the Moderators. Still, we enjoyed ourselves, and did ourselves good. What glorious swims in the clear blue waters of the Rhine; what expeditions to Chillon, Ouchy, and Vevay; what rambles through the valleys of the Brevent range; and what laborious climbs up the Buet, and the Col d'Anterne! I shall never forget one bathe we had. We had had a plunge in the lake of Geneva in the morning, the warm water of which was delightful, and in the afternoon we had a hot and dusty walk. Towards six we arrived at a little village in the mountains, near to which was a small lake, into which we all of us fancied a header. Edwards, a somewhat timorous specimen, and a poor swimmer, was the first in his birthday clothes, and, pleased with his haste, plunged into the lake with unhesitating confidence. His face, on coming to the surface, was a caution. He gasped and panted like a chased hare, and made for the bank with an expression of terror. "What on earth is the matter?" "Ah! ah! ah!—it's like ice." And so it was. Ten strokes endangered cramp, and not one of us could swim across the lake. Why the water was so cold we never could fathom, but neither could we the lake itself, so perhaps its depth had something to do with it. A river close by was many degrees warmer, even when flooded with snow water.

Roberts, one of the fishermen of our party, distinguished himself shortly afterwards. He made the acquaintance of a Swiss pasteur, and tried to impress him with the attractions of a trout

stream. His reverence listened attentively to all that Roberts said, and on one occasion went so far as to accompany him up the river. Roberts, however, was rather disgusted at a way he had of picking up stones and throwing them into all the most likely pools, saying, "Jetez la mouche là—voilà un bon endroit." After much argument, Roberts persuaded him that such a course was not likely to conduce to sport. Shortly afterwards the parson had his revenge, for Roberts, who was a stout, unwieldy little chap, much given to puffing at a huge meerschaum, saw a large trout rising at the opposite side of a broad pool, just about the end of his reach. He was extremely desirous of showing his skill, as well as of annexing the trout, and he made a series of violent efforts which culminated in his throwing his rod, his pipe, and himself into the water.

He was very angry at me for laughing, and still more vexed beause the pasteur said he did not think much of "la pêche." Indeed, we had to subscribe to give him a new pipe, or I believe he would always have allowed the episode to rankle in his mind.

I went on several reading parties while at Oxford, but none which was so varied in its enjoyments as an expedition to Switzerland. Once some of us went to Beddgelert—a corner of the Carnarvon label is still on my hat-box—and enjoyed heartily three weeks of delicious spring weather. We began badly, for, to our shame be it said, we arrived late on a Saturday evening, and spent the afternoon of the following day on the banks of the river tickling trout. The parson of the place, in consequence of this, proposed himself to bread-and-cheese and beer, and during the simple meal expatiated on the enormity of our offence, saying that it did not much matter what we did provided we did not go fishing on Sunday. We promised compliance, but we rather resented the good gentleman's reproof. I am sorry to say also that we retaliated most basely. For shortly afterwards we discovered that the reverend gentleman was greatly given to meteorology, and weather reports. He kept a rain gauge, we ascertained, and sent every week reports of his investigations as to the rainfall of the district. Barbarously mischievous, we bribed a little boy to pour half-a-tumblerful of water into the rain-gauge every morning, in consequence of which, long before the end of our stay, the parson was amazed at the difference between the rainfall of the village as published from his reports, and his own experience of the weather. I am not quite sure whether he ever discovered the trick, but Roberts, who was the leader of the malevolence, said he was rather cool to him at a subsequent meeting.

Little Roberts was always putting his foot into it with the parsons. On one occasion we persuaded him to go to an afternoon service with us, after a luncheon in which he had given full play to his Sunday appetite. The result was that he went to sleep during the sermon. In the middle of his snooze he dropped his Prayer-Book, and said, but not loudly, "Come in." The opportunity was too good to be missed, so after a moment's pause I rapped with my umbrella on the desk in front of Roberts's nodding head. The bait took. To the amazement of the congregation, and the indignation of the eloquent preacher, who was interrupted in one of his most effective periods, Roberts started up and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Come in, confound you! I told you so before."

Various labels of Euston, Paddington, and Waterloo. Let everything be said against it that can be, there is after all no place like London for a permanency. Where such an exchange of ideas? Where such brightening up and polish of intellect? Where such thought and easy removal of the rust which will accumulate over the clearest mind, and dim the reflection of even the most shining reason? How it varies! Before Easter, with Parliament in the full strength of spring youth, with enough people to make society, and enough "things" to please all but a social glutton. When friends are dropping

in one by one, and every day a new face is seen, and new information given and received. And then the season. A perpetual and interminable "go." Parties, dinners, visits, business. Business, visits, dinners, parties. A looking-glass crammed with cards—"At homes," "Requests the pleasure," "Is commanded to invite." Dances, teas, dinners, breakfasts. One incessant fidget from Monday to Saturday, till long ere August one is hot and wearied and satiated. The Derby week with its influx of heavy moustaches, tanned faces, and trim whiskers. Ascot with its gorgeousness of ladies' apparel, and its far more legitimate racing. Last, blissful sign of welcome release, Goodwood, with its stately scenery and far quieter crowd. And then London in November, like a restless torrent, subsided into a tranquil stream. When the few friends who are there are glad to see you, and do see you. When, if you dine out, you spend a cosy, comfortable evening, broken by no necessity of bolting away to Lady A's dinner, or Mrs. B's ball. When you have merry parties at the play, or intellectual gatherings of the clever, the odd, or the witty, to spend the long winter evenings in real enjoyment of one another's society, and not in hurried and spasmodic conversation. In the season there is no pause, no stay. Ere you have even tasted one sweet you are driven on to another. In November you have leisure to do as you will. There is none of the high pressure which in these days seems the characteristic of all combined life. For pleasure, for business, for society, London in November is far preferable to the giddy, turbulent, excited city of June and July.

Lastly, there is London at the only time when it is really hateful. From the second week in August till the third week in September. When those people who are there live in their back rooms, and when, if you meet a friend in the park, he or she looks upon you as if you were a wild man of the woods. When your club is being painted, when all the streets are up; when the opera is shut, and none of the good plays open; when your tailor is especially anxious about his little bill; when your cook wants a holiday, and you yourself have invitations by every post; when you meet day after day men coming from and going to every conceivable state of rural enjoyment; when De Winton tells you of his moor, Fitz Alpyne of his mountain feats; when your pretty cousin is at Lucerne, your idle brother on the Spey; when you know that delights are open to you in any of which you would revel luxuriously, were it not that stern necessity chains you to the hot and dusty town. Assuredly is he to be pitied whose destiny keeps him in London when the grouse on a thousand hills are whirring away from their enemies' aim, or when the partridges are counting the hours that remain to them of life.

How the next label that I tear from my trusty hat-box changes the scene! Perth. What pleasant associations are immediately called up. Arrival in the early morning after a restless sleep, broken towards Carlisle by the jolting of the speeding train, or marred by dreams of rocky dangers or violent death. A ravenous rush to the room where a hot and hearty breakfast awaits the appetite, already stimulated by the northern air. A perpetual ringing of bells, and incoming or exit of trains, from or to which pour kilted or knickerbockered athletes, with calves of every possible degree of muscularity. Unwilling dogs, dragged at by perplexed gillies, and vainly attempting to make friends with their kind, who are being lugged in an opposite direction. Gun-cases of all shapes and sizes, and rod-boxes or bundles of rods. Cheery inquiries of friends—who ever was at Perth in August without seeing some one he knew?—as to past or coming sport. Comparison of notes as to the grouse in various counties, or the hope of proper water in the Spey, the Tweed, the Spaan, or the Tay. Or the half-concealed exultation of some fortunate who has had the higher privilege of a forest, and who perchance has had a successful

stalk of a "royal." Then how pleasant is the onward journey to the north—perchance through the Gate of the Highlands by the night garry, past the wooded vale of Killiecrankie, and on towards Inverness, through the lonely moors, where your train frightens herds of grouse, whose flight makes your fingers itch for the trigger of your gun. Ay, those past days of August, what happy days were they!

Dublin. Of all places to arrive at perchance the worst. The desolate wait at Kingstown whilst the steamer is being unladen. (Why will not the company, who have established the most perfect journey in existence, give the little finishing touch which is wanted, by having some system of more rapid unlading?) When your nostrils are still full of the steamer odour of oil and paint; when your head still owns to the rise and fall of the hateful waves, which have been "bounding beneath" you like anything but "a steed that knows its rider." When you are cold and hungry, and yet disinclined to be warm or eat. The ill-omened voice of the boy who cries out "Sh morning's shmail, shmorning's shnews, smorning's shtimes." The offensiveness of the young man who thinks it the right thing to light a cigar, but who evidently does not enjoy it. The pale faces of the dishevelled-looking ladies, whose sufferings have if possible been worse than your own. The slovenly railway carriages, and the slow, dismal journey along the coast to Dublin, ended by the unwelcomed arrival in a town which is but half awake, and not one quarter cleaned. All combine to make a coming to Dublin as chill and cheerless a performance as can well be conceived.

But Dublin brightens up on acquaintance. The chaff of the carmen is not all ideal, and good things are by no means few and far between. Talk to one, open his mouth, not by extra pay, but by a sign of interest in his welfare, by inquiries after his horse, his trade, his employment, and it will be odd if you are not rewarded by at least an occasional sparkle of that wit which is so thoroughly characteristic of Ould Ireland.

Were you ever in Dublin in the season? If so you may have seen a society which in certain respects is unique. The "Viceraygal" lodge has immigrated to the castle, and all the rank, fashion, and beauty of the capital of the Emerald Isle are entertained week after week through the first three months of the year by the Queen's representative. The dingy old rooms, so dismal and dirty in the autumn, are brightened up and painted. Trophies of modern arms, and specimens of older weapons, adorn the staircase, up which pass a crowd of uniformed men and fair ladies to St. Patrick's Hall, where the Viceroy holds what the Fenian newspapers delight in calling his "tinsel court," and dispenses a hospitality which few are not glad to share. Assuredly when the days come that shall know no viceroyalty—and the period of that anomalous office without doubt is drawing to a close—Dublin will be not a little the loser, unless indeed it so be that royalty accords to Ireland that amount of personal attention which England and Scotland have so long appreciated, and the men of Wicklow, Kerry, or Kildare have an opportunity of showing for a length of time that loyalty which has hitherto had but spasmodic and occasional outlets.

I see that my poor old hat-box has been with me to Killarney, and I think I shall keep the old label that records the visit as a reminiscence of indeed a pleasant time. To know the full value of lake life, go and spend a fortnight in August at Killarney. Avoid the conventional routes. Do not go through the Gap of Dunloe, which, though pretty, is much exaggerated. But wander over Ross Island, climb Mangerton, and descend round Glen-a-Copple. See Torc waterfall, if you will, and by all means row by Muckross and between the lakes; but rather follow your own bent, and with sketchbook in hand wander about the wild woods, and admire to your heart's content the rich effects which the arbutes make on the

rocky shores. Then what expeditions you may have in the cool, soft evenings on the lake. When echo-men, with their detestable horns, are wearied of blowing their gamuts; when the wind has dropped, and "not a ripple stirs the tide;" when nothing breaks the silence save the sound of a rich, soft voice from the stern of your boat, or the full, round chorus of the boatmen as they sing "The Cruiskeen Lawn;" in a word, when you feel inclined to say, with the French poet of another lake—

"O temps, suspends ton vol, et vous heures propices,
Suspendez votre cours;
Laissez nous savourer les rapides délices
Du plus beau de nos jours.

"Assez de malheureux ici bas vous implorent
Coulez, coulez pour eux.
Prenez avec leurs jours les soins qui les devorent –
Oubliez les heureux.

"O lac, rochers muets, grotte, forêt obscur,
Vous que le temps épargne, ou qu'il peut rajeunir,
Gardez de ce beau jour, gardez belle nature,
Au moins le souvenir."

It was once my fate to have a day's woodcock shooting in some woods close by the lower lake, and for combination of scenery and sport I doubt if that day could be equalled. One wood in especial was on a high bank overlooking the lake, on which a winter sun was shining with all its frosty brilliance.

"Frost in the air till every spray
Stands diamond set with rime,
Which falls a while at mid of day,
With tiny tinkling chime."

An unusual thing for Killarney. But this winter sun lit up the waters of the lake and the old ruined castle of Ross, and left in shade the shores on the further side, and the towering hills which in the gloom seemed sheer and precipitous. In the distance the Macgillicuddy Reeks (don't emphasize the second syllable, by the way) loomed as a severe background, and beneath our feet was the diamond-set wood which we were beating. It was a sight for sore eyes, and I confess that I stood enjoying the scene so long that "the flapped velvet of the woodcock's wing" passed by me utterly unheeded, till I was recalled to a sense of my neglect by the jeers of the gun next me—an utterly prosaic Englishman, by the way, who cared nothing for nature except as regarded pheasants, rabbits, and, above all, "cocks." Killarney is beautiful in all seasons, but in spite of the manifold attractions of the winter, August—rich, gorgeous August—is the month in which a visit will be most repaid.

The lake, however, can be wroth as well as smiling, and its anger is by no means to be despised. It happened to me once to have a very *mauvais quart d'heure* one afternoon. We were a largish party, in not a very large boat, and some of us were children. Suddenly, with little warning, a violent squall came on, when we were some distance from any island, and about as far as we could be from the mainland. I had seen squalls on the Swiss mountain lakes, but was by no means prepared for like violence in the fair but smaller Killarney. As a matter of course the women became frightened, and the older ladies issued all sorts of contradictory orders. The girls, as an equal matter of course, were the bravest of the party, and the children rather enjoyed the fun. I saw, however, by the head boatman's face that it was no matter for joking, and as I had luckily some influence over the steer*ess*, the boat's head was turned for the nearest island. As it happened, we had to row almost across the wind, a whispered consultation with Danny McFlinn having convinced me that that was the wisest, if the boldest, course; and at one time it really seemed as though we should be swamped before we reached the shore. The wind howled about us in fury; the lake spat and foamed like an angry tiger-cat; rain hissed about our ears, and every moment the waves grew larger and more threatening. We shipped one or two, one which rose over the stern of the boat and frightened her of the helm so that she dropped the ropes. Luckily the pulling was very even, and we were near the shore; but the boatmen, who were rowing all they

knew, had to pull the boat's head round and to put on an extra spurt. The boat rocked and rolled till her gunwale was close to the water. One of our party quietly took off his coat and waistcoat; but our swimming capacity was not to be tried, for by great exertions on the rowers' part they succeeded in reaching the lee of the island, where we waited till the squall had passed by and the lake had assumed again the smile of one who can ne'er be aught but pleasant. You may imagine that even when safe under the island we had a badish time. Censure was freely bandied about, she receiving not a little who had counselled the expedition. But we men lent the children what dry garments we had, and the younger women did not mind the wet; so that at last, when safe at tea on shore, we looked back on the incident with rather a pleasant interest.

There are but few more labels on my hat-box, but one recurs with considerable frequency. This frequency took its rise from a beautiful spring day in the early part of one June. I came, I saw, I—was—conquered. The latter process, of course, was not done all at once; but the wound which caused my final overthrow was sudden and severe. How shall I describe the weapon? Do I know it myself? Was it the fair young face, with its marvellous combination of gravity and merriment? Was it the blue English eyes, able alike to pour forth glances of thoughtfulness, tenderness, or wit? Was it the strong, full figure, tall yet not magnificent, slender and graceful, yet rich enough for a sculptor's admiration? Was it the *tout petit pied* which peeped out occasionally from the muslin gown, and then scuttled back to its hiding-place like a rabbit? Or was it not the sunny laugh alternating with the intelligent interest, as the talk passes

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe!"

How well I remember a curious sensation on the evening of that day that something indefinable, something of which I was hardly conscious and could by no means explain, had happened to me! I felt a sort of mental indigestion, as though my mind had had too many good things; a sort of pain which is not all pain, like a toothache which is passing off. I did not analyse it; I knew not its cause then, and indeed not till my eyes were wider opened did I fully realise that this feeling had existed. But it was there, and it made me to be called all manner of bad and unsociable names at the club, where my conversation was monosyllabic and my whist subject to the demon of misplay.

The summer that followed was like a dream. Those days in Windsor Park when we wandered about under the stately trees and revelled in the luscious sunshine without and within. Those evenings on the Thames, when we floated from Cleveden down towards Windsor, and uncertainty was sweet. The afternoons in the playing-fields at Eton, where I gathered from the sister's love I saw what the wife's might be that I hoped for. The quiet Sundays, when I rested from the flare and heat and worry of the busy city, and in grave and thoughtful talk found in the mind I loved a richness and depth of which at first I wotted not. And then that happy day when a sweet doubt gave place to a sweeter certainty, when the tale which is ever old yet ever new, was poured into a little pink and white ear that absorbed it not unwillingly. When the answer for which I longed was given rather by the clear, deep eyes than by the trembling lips. And later, when the latter whispered that their owner thought Juliet was right when she said—

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite."

Then followed many happy days, when we two wandered about the rich English country and drank in the summer happiness mingled with the exquisite pleasure of each other's presence; while as they passed I learned that high as I had estimated the jewel I coveted,

the jewel I possessed was of more value still. I traced one by one the founts of noble thoughts and generous actions; I found depths where I had feared shallows, knowledge where I had looked for ignorance; and I gradually came to know that I should have by my side a counsellor upon whose help and sustenance I could lean. After that again there came a badish time. Fussy ladies insisted on my boring myself in shops; I was made to advise on all sorts of mysterious colours and patterns of which I knew nothing, and then, at least, cared less. I had to hurry from furniture dealers to lawyers, from Lincoln's Inn to Regent Street. I wrote cheques till my wrist ached, pored over settlements and law deeds till my eyes ached, and argued with tradesmen and workmen and gasmen till my jaws ached. I was accused of heartlessness because I did not care two straws whether the trimmings of a muslin gown should be blue or pink, and considered it a matter of utter indifference whether a travelling dress had better be dark blue or grey. I was looked upon as almost an outcast because I said I did not in the least mind whether we went to Wales or Switzerland after that day was passed which I thought would never come. And I only was admitted into favour when I proved myself to have a certain amount of taste in reference to a pearl necklace, which the authorities were graciously pleased to approve.

And one time I had serious difficulty. It arose in some way which I could not understand, but something about a letter appeared to have given great offence, and severe glances were flashed indignantly at poor me as I vainly endeavoured to assert innocence. The difficulty might not have been cleared up had it not turned out that a curious complication had arisen, in consequence of a letter intended for some one having been retarded in some corner of the post-office, and a letter intended for me from some one having been put in a wrong envelope.

However, all these worries, as all others do, came to an end at last; and there passed over my head a day of which even now I have a hazy conception. A restless, feverish night ended by a deep sleep in the morning. An unusual amount of new clothes brought in by my servant, including a bran-new pair of boots, with the soles discreetly blackened by the thoughtful Thomas. "Attend to that, ye churchgoing Benedicts!" Continued restlessness through breakfast and afterwards, when I had not the slightest idea what the leaders in the *Times*, which I attempted to read, were about; but I made a sort of vague effort to see whether there was anything in the *Post* about anyone being married. Fuss till dear old Roberts appeared in his brougham, with an orange-blossom as big as a half-crown in the hole of his dear little frock-coat. When I was carried off still fussily, and had to wait about half-an-hour in the church, with a sort of notion that every one was looking at me as if I ought to be ashamed of myself; and I was ashamed of myself without knowing why. Then a movement, which brought my heart into my mouth and set me trembling all over, as I advanced a few steps to meet a tall advancing figure clad all in white, and veiled by a fall of lace which but half hid a downcast face, raised but once with a look of love as the quivering fingers closed on mine. A dreamy ceremony, a burst of glorious music, a few happy moments of solitude in the homeward carriage; then an odious assemblage of people whom at any other time both of us would have welcomed heartily, but whose demonstrative kindness we both found wearying. A taste of stodgy cake, and a sip of champagne which might have been seltzer water for all I knew; an idea of some one saying something, and my having to say something else; my servant with a coat and hat, some one with a travelling-bag and shawl which I took from her and all-but left behind; and then a whirl away to Euston Square, where my poor old hat-box was impressed by a grinning porter with its last label.

C. B.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

III.—FROM 1850 TO THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

THE freedom accorded to the Roman Catholic Church, in common with other religious communities, by the Prussian Constitution of 1850, and the use made of that freedom by the Roman Curia, are landmarks of primary importance in the history of which we are treating.

The ten years which preceded 1850 were highly propitious to the growth of a good understanding between the Hierarchy and the State, and paved the way to that strange offensive and defensive alliance between the two which, after lasting uninterruptedly for twenty years, has now come to so sudden and disastrous a termination.

The close of Frederick William III.'s reign, as we showed in our preceding paper, was embittered by the conflict respecting mixed marriages which burst forth so suddenly at Cologne, and revealed the temper and attitude of a portion, at least, of the Episcopacy established and endowed in virtue of the Bull of Circumscription. The lesson was, however, lost on Frederick William IV., who, in 1840, succeeded to his father. Both father and son, it should be noted, combined with many Hohenzollern virtues a quality foreign to the Hohenzollern race, and of very doubtful advantage to absolute rulers called upon to administer the affairs of a State embracing rival Confessions. They both dabbled in theology, but from the most opposite points of the theological compass. Frederick William III. was a Protestant of Protestants, in whose eyes all shades of difference between the two Confessions which had grown out of the Reformation, paled before the mighty quality which they had in common of protesting against the errors of Rome. Alone of the Hohenzollern sovereigns he reminds us, though in a very mild form, of Henry VIII. With him the *Jus Majestaticum circa sacra* swells out to a prerogative investing the crown with the right of determining the faith of the lieges, of drawing up creeds, and of personally superintending the composition of liturgies and hymn-books. He establishes for his Protestant subjects a new State Church—the United Lutheran and Reformed; and the tyrannical manner in which in many cases this Church was sought to be imposed upon stanch Lutheran congregations, forms a painful contrast to the otherwise just and mild character of his reign. But these matters concerned his Protestant subjects only. In his official dealings with Rome, as the negotiations for the bull *De Salute Animarum* amply show, he followed the tolerant traditions of his house, and earned from the Curia the title of a second Theodosius. It was only when the pretensions of the hierarchy touched on ground which he considered as belonging to his civil prerogative that the old Hohenzollern impatience of ecclesiastical interference burst forth in misapplied energy.

Frederick William IV., the Romanticist on the throne, as Strauss in his celebrated pamphlet[1] described him, was on every point connected with religious and ecclesiastical matters the reverse of his father. The great forms of the Middle Age from an early period filled his imagination, and in no small degree influenced his views as an absolute monarch at the beginning of his reign

[1] "Julian der Abtrünnige; oder, der Romantiker auf dem Throne der Cæsaren." In this fine specimen of psychological analysis and historical criticism Strauss draws a picture of Julian the Apostate, which, when finished, presents us with a faithful and striking portrait of Frederick William IV., without, however, once directly alluding to him.

and as a constitutional sovereign afterwards. For a nature so constituted the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, as the historical representative of the mediæval tradition, possessed peculiar fascination. Not that Frederick William IV. was ever accused, like other members of the Romantic School, of secret leanings towards the faith of Rome, but that the historical, as distinct from the dogmatic, ideas, which were at the root of mediæval society, lived again within him with the strange glow and vividness of an after-summer. These ideas, in so far as they were Catholic and mediæval, and not specifically Papal (for it must never be forgotten that the Hildebrands, Innocents, and Bonifaces were *innovators*), viewed the spiritual and temporal powers as co-ordinate forces, each sovereign in its own sphere, each deriving its sanction and authority from a divine source, and therefore each bound to respect the other's attributes as emanating like its own from the invisible God.

The Protestant theory, on the other hand, as it stereotyped itself in Germany, centralized the two powers in the temporal crown, and solved the difficulty of the monster with the two heads with which Boniface sought to establish the Pope's supremacy, by severing the spiritual head from the monstrous body.

It was against this Protestant theory that Frederick William IV.'s whole nature revolted. No sovereign, it is true, ever believed more devoutly in the divine nature of his own office than he did, but he believed no less devoutly in the divine sovereignty of the Church within the spiritual realm. Accordingly, the ecclesiastical supremacy, which his predecessors had all looked upon as one of the most precious jewels in their crown, appeared to him in the light of stolen property, and throughout his reign he was occupied, in reference to his Protestant establishment, with the idea of divesting his royal brow of the episcopal mitre which adorned it and creating a spiritual head, or heads, whereon to place it. His strange and abortive attempt to inoculate the united Luthero-Calvinistic Church created by his father with Episcopalism by means of the co-operative Prusso-Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem, will doubtless be within the recollection of our readers.

To a mind so attuned it is no wonder that the claims of the Roman Hierarchy presented themselves in a very different light from what they did to the strict Protestantism of Frederick William III., or to the scepticism of Frederick II., and his advent to the throne therefore gave an entirely new character to the relations between the Hierarchy and the State. For it must be remembered that at the date of his accession (1840), Prussia was still an absolute monarchy of the strictest type, and that the general policy of the State was in a great measure determined by the personal convictions of the sovereign, especially in matters so undefined as those that came within the range of the ecclesiastical prerogative. When we add that his accession coincided with the first commencements of renewed Jesuit activity and influence in Germany, *i.e.*, of the renewed influence of an order powerless when measuring itself with the serious thought of a nation, but unrivalled in the political art of dealing on the one hand with the powers that be and with the masses on the other, we have said enough to explain how it was that when the Revolution of 1848 burst over Germany it found relations established in Prussia between the Roman Catholic Church and the government from which, in the chaos to which society had been reduced, the former was able to secure for itself a maximum of benefit.[1]

[1] It must not, however, be supposed that Vaticanism in the latest style of Pius IX., and as represented by the *Correspondance de Genève*, the *Civilta Cattolica*, and Dr. Manning, was at that early period master of the situation in Prussia and Germany, or that the Bishops were all of them of the stamp of Droste at Cologne and Dunin at Posen. On the contrary, there was still a strong anti-Jesuit leaven in the German Catholic Church; and the enlightened political views of a Wessenberg, on the one hand, and the theological knowledge and exalted piety of a Sailer, on

The Revolution of 1848 was a convulsive effort to break the chains of political bondage which had been imposed on Germany by the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna. It was essentially a movement for the vindication of political liberty and of the liberties cognate to it, and that flow therefrom, and therefore it was only natural that for a brief season it should lend an irresistible force to every crude doctrine which during the preceding generations had been condemned to solitary confinement in the studies of political doctrinaires. One of the most popular of these liberal doctrines was that of the free Church in the free State, which accordingly, in a modified form, found its way first into the draft of the German Constitution voted by the Frankfort Assembly,[1] and afterwards, in a yet more undiluted shape, into the revised Prussian Constitution of 1850.[2] We remarked in our first article that this formula has been honoured with a special anathema, both by the Pope in the "Syllabus," and by Dr. Manning in his essay on "Cæsarism;" and it is clear that no doctrine could more effectually traverse the dogmas of the Bull *Unam Sanctam* than one which assigns equal rights to the spiritual master and to the temporal servant.

But the Roman Curia, though never giving up one jot or tittle of its principles or pretensions, has in practice often appreciated the value of the Greek maxim that the half is greater than the whole (*μεῖζον τὸ ἥμισυ πάντος*) or, as the homely English phrase runs, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; but in doing so it has always kept in view that it is the size of the whole which determines that of the half, and it has never been guilty of exaggerated modesty in determining the proportions of the former. The State, as the abject slave of the Church—the Oriental mute bowing (*ad nutum sacerdotis*) to the nod of an arrogant master—is the *whole* claimed in theory, and as an ideal conception, by the Vatican. *The free Church in the unfree State* is the *half* towards the practical attainment of which all the modern efforts of the Curia have been unremittingly directed.

The position secured in practice to the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia by §§ 15—18 of the Constitution of 1850 exactly answered to this description. We say in practice, for in theory those articles, comprehensive as they are, did not and could not abrogate the inalienable prerogative of the State to protect itself against the abuse of ecclesiastical independence: a prerogative known in the phraseology of German public law as the right of supreme supervision (*Jus summæ inspectionis*),

the other, were still worthily represented by a body of liberal, learned and devout clergy. Foremost among these was Diepenbrock, the friend and disciple of Sailer, created Prime Bishop of Breslau in 1846, a man distinguished by his extreme moderation, by his learning, and by his piety. He exercised great and well-deserved influence both over Frederick William IV. and over the Bavarian Court—influence earned by the sterling value of a high moral character and not by the arts of the courtier, as his celebrated letter to King Ludwig in the matter of the Lola Montes episode abundantly testifies. It was only little by little, and after many years of relentless perseverance, that the Jesuits succeeded in spreading their nets over the entire Church, and in filling up almost every ecclesiastical office, high and low, with those who loved them, or failing these, with those who feared them.

[1] The article in the Frankfort Draft of Constitution runs as follows:—"Every Religious Society administers its own affairs, but remains subject to the general laws of the State."

[2] The paragraphs in the Revised Prussian Constitution of 1850 are as follows:—

"§15. The Evangelical and the Roman Catholic Church, as well as every other Religious Society, orders and administers its affairs independently, and remains in the possession and enjoyment of the establishments required for the purposes of its public worship, of education and of charity, as also of its endowments and funds."

"§18. The right of nomination, presentation, election, or confirmation, in connection with the appointment to ecclesiastical offices, in so far as it appertains to the State as such, and does not rest upon patronage or special legal titles, is abolished.

"This provision does not apply to the appointment of chaplains in the army or of spiritual persons in public institutions."

and which no lawyer, Catholic or Protestant, would ever have maintained had been cancelled by the provisions of the Constitution.[1]

In practice, however, the Roman Catholic Church, that is to say, the Bishops, now obedient tools in the hands of the Curia, became the undisputed masters of the ground; and what good use they made of their time and of the opportunities afforded them is amply borne witness to by the vehemence of the present conflict.

They were free to do or to leave undone, as it seemed right in their own eyes, but the general declaration of the Church's emancipation having altered nothing in the positive treaty relations between it and the State, the latter remained bound by all the obligations into which it had entered, when still holding in its hands a minute and searching power of interference in the details of ecclesiastical government. It had to continue paying the stipulated endowments, to go on lending the secular arm for the enforcement of Church discipline or the payment of Church dues, and—what was yet of greater importance—it had, in all educational matters, to place its bureaucratic machinery and its constabulary force at the disposal of a priesthood whose avowed object it was to shelter the rising generation from the scorching rays of modern civilisation by a revival on a large scale of mediæval obscurantism.

And all this it did, and did gladly, and of its own free will.

To explain this remarkable phenomenon as it ought to be explained would take us far beyond the limits of the space at our disposal. For to do so we should have to trace the diagnosis of that strange temper of reaction which prevailed during the period of lull between the popular Revolutions of 1848 and the political Revolutions which begin with the War of 1866: we should have to set forth how men's hearts failed within them for fear, how their imaginations were affected as by the outpouring of some great tribulation; we should have to show how rulers lost all confidence in the traditions of their craft and the ruled all faith in the realisation of their hopes; how, groping about in the dark, men clutched automatically at the nearest hand that met their own, and held fast thereby till returning daylight revealed the strange companionships and alliances which had thus been entered into under the cover of the night. We should have to note how to one body of men, alone amongst mankind, this general upheaving and universal disturbance furnished the element most congenial to them, and the best suited to carry out long-cherished schemes; how the State's necessity became the Church's opportunity, and how the depressed vital action of the temporal power was compensated by the heightened buoyancy and increased vitality of the spiritual power. In a word, we should have to explain how the revolution of 1848 became the portal through which the incomparably-disciplined regiments of Loyola began their triumphant march over the prostrate States of Europe, till their career, at the very moment that the air was filled with the pæans of their Vatican victory, was suddenly and unexpectedly arrested by the creation of the German Empire.

We can do no more than touch the outskirts of this vast subject; but we cannot do so better than by quoting from a

[1] The *Jus summæ inspectionis* is defined by the publicists as the *jus cognoscendi, cavendi, prohibendi—i.e.*, the right of taking cognizance of what is going on in a Church or other Religious Society, and of adopting preventive and prohibitive measures in regard to such ecclesiastical acts as may be inconsistent with the welfare of the State.

Zöpfl, a strict Roman Catholic publicist, in the fifth edition of his "Grundsatze des allgemeinen und deutschen Staatsrechts," published in 1863, and therefore thirteen years after the declaratory paragraphs of the Constitution of 1850 respecting the freedom of the Roman Catholic Church had become the law of the land, unhesitatingly invests the State with this right of supreme inspection.

We need hardly inquire what would be the fate of a Roman Catholic publicist who should publish such a doctrine now that the Bull *Unam Sanctam* has been dogmatized.

speech of Prince Bismarck's,[1] in which, with the outspoken bluntness which sometimes characterises the Chancellor's Parliamentary utterances, he describes how the Prussian State allied itself with the Catholic hierarchy, or, as he somewhat mildly puts it, concluded a truce with it, in order thereby to get an accession of strength to the cause of order.

"These paragraphs" (§§ 15—18), says the Chancellor, "were introduced into the Constitution at a time when the State required, or thought that it required, help, and believed that it would find this help by leaning on the Catholic Church. It was probably led to this belief by the fact that in the National Assembly of 1848 all the electoral districts with a preponderant Catholic population returned, I will not say royalist representatives, but certainly men who were the friends of order,[2] *which was not the case in the evangelical districts.*" This frank confession from the mouth of one who, at the time of the alliance, was a shining light in the "party of order," affords us all the evidence we require to explain the true nature of the compact of which the paragraphs of the Constitution were only the formal record. For a compact, and not a mere truce, it undoubtedly was, and based, like all other compacts, on the principles of reciprocity and mutuality, of the "service pour service," of the "do ut des," of the "facio ut facias."

The State virtually said to the Church, "Spread Ultramontanism and obscurantism to your heart's content; we will aid and abet you in so doing; but we require as an equivalent the return of Government candidates at the elections, and a fair prospect that the rising generation shall be brought up in the doctrine that 'quiescence is the first duty of the citizen.'"[3]

The changes in the political scenery of Europe are so rapid that it is difficult to realise that twenty years ago this was the Alpha and Omega of the political wisdom by which, with a few rare exceptions, the States of the Continent were governed. The facts upon which this monstrous alliance, known in the jargon of continental politics as the "solidarity of conservative interests," rested, are, however, far too real and persistent, and still play too important a part in the conflict we are describing, not to require careful investigation. They are fortunately of a plain and simple kind, and can be reduced to a very general formula, as follows:—Wherever in a modern European State, into which the apparatus of Constitutional Government has been suddenly introduced side by side with the old bureaucratic machinery, there is a Catholic population, the parish priest, to the exclusion of every other competitor, exercises as a necessary consequence of his office, a "chief power" over the school and over the ballot-box. In regard to the school he keeps his old position of a superior *employé*, and determines the moral and intellectual temperature and other physiological conditions of that elementary culture which so powerfully affects the growth and structure of the future citizen.

His qualifications as a central personage in the new business of electioneering are not less clearly marked out. He is the only educated, or quasi-educated, person who comes into daily contact with the raw material of the constituencies, whose professional avocation it is

[1] Delivered in the Prussian Upper House on the 10th March, 1873, in the debate on the alteration of §§ 15—18 of the Prussian Constitution.

[2] The Chancellor might have added a reference to the celebrated Pastoral, in which Bishop Diepenbrock warned his diocesans against giving effect to the vote for refusing taxes, passed at the moment of its violent dissolution by the Constituent Assembly of 1848. The effect produced by this episcopal warning was immense, and was by no means confined to the diocese of Breslau, but extended to all the Catholics of Prussia. Justice compels us to admit that no corresponding Protestant Neptune was forthcoming at this critical moment to call to order the revolutionary Æolus.

[3] "Ruhe ist die erste Bürger-Pflicht." This celebrated dictum, for whose authorship there were many candidates twenty years ago, and there are very few now, concisely sums up the prevailing sentiment of the so-called conservative party during the period of the reaction.

to acquaint himself with the character, the habits, the hopes and fears, the passions for good or evil, of every individual elector, and of every individual elector's wife and family, and who for this purpose has at his command not only the vulgar facts of everyday life, but likewise the use of that marvellous engine for getting at the hidden ways of men, the Confessional.[1]

Now it should be noted that this peculiar position of the Catholic priest in the Catholic parish, by virtue of which the parochial clergy become, as it were, the nerve centres, or ganglia, of the social and political units of which the State is built up, is not an accidental or temporary phenomenon, but a permanent and indelible fact, woven into the political texture of every Catholic society, and therefore under no conceivable theory of State supremacy, capable of being legislated away.

It should be further noted that these social and political ganglia stand in no organic connection with the great nerve centres of the State or the nation, but in structural unity with the nerve system of an ecclesiastical body in its nature cosmopolitan and so far anti-national. The important fact to be noted, therefore, is that the parochial clergy, though in an especial manner representing the social and political life of the Catholic community, are shut off from all direct and immediate contact with the State, and only indirectly and mediately come within the sphere of its influence through the Episcopacy. In a word, the relation of the parish priest to the State, and with it that of the school teaching force and of a large proportion of the electorate, is determined by the attitude of his bishop to the powers that be.

"The clergy of my diocese," lately said a French bishop, thereby giving expression to a universal fact, "is a regiment which marches or halts as I give the word of command." Hence if a government can secure the co-operation of the Episcopacy it disposes of as many regiments as there are dioceses in the country which it governs; if, on the contrary, the Episcopacy is in opposition to the government these same regiments are in a state of open or secret mutiny.

When we have once realised these two cardinal facts: the preponderant position of the priest in his parish, and his military subordination to his bishop, we have the necessary clue to the phenomena with which we are dealing.

The net result of the Revolution of 1848 as regards Prussia was, in theory, to substitute a constitutional for an absolute form of government; in practice, clumsily to attach an hereditary and a Representative Chamber to the old bureaucratic apparatus of a State which for generations had been governed autocratically according to the rules of the *raison d'état*.

The men who remained at the head of affairs when the revolutionary flood subsided were certainly no friends of constitutional government. Impotent, however, to return to the *status quo ante*, they had to accommodate themselves as best they could to the new institutions. It was as if a railway system had been introduced overnight, and the locomotives been intrusted to the grumbling stage-coachmen who had been dispossessed of their former teams.

To pack the Representative Chamber with Government supporters was the object which had to be attained, but as yet the electioneering gear required for this purpose was wanting. It was only later that the French models were successfully copied, that the old Prussian Landrath was metamorphosed into a *préfet*, and the system of official candidatures carried through on a large scale. On the other hand, the opposition, in which was included, pell-mell and in chaotic confusion, every shade of liberalism, from the mild whiggery of a Vincke to the republicanism of a Jacobi, was equally destitute of effectual organisation. The

[1] One of the very worst features of the conflict on the Vatican side is the unscrupulous use made of the Confessional for political purposes. As one of many instances of this use we may cite the refusal of Absolution to persons who take in liberal newspapers, or who omit to subscribe to the Ultramontane press.

two powers that faced each other with glaring eyes and angry hearts, had but too lately appealed to the *ultima ratio* of their respective sides, revolution on the one hand, *coups d'état* on the other, to have ready to their use the more normal instruments of political strife. Between them, however, there stood a neutral party uninfluenced by the passions which inflamed the rival champions, indifferent to the objects either had in view, but with a definite goal of their own before them, to be attained by whatever means promised to be the most efficient. To men filled with so lofty an ideal as the establishment of the supremacy of the Church over mankind, and working with such a plenitude of real power as that afforded by the military organisation of the Roman Curia, absolutism or democracy, constitutionalism or plebiscitism, barricades or dragonades are alike indifferent, and become important only in so far as the one or the other leads them by a shorter road to the realisation of their ideals.

Now it was this neutral party which, as shown above, had at its disposal a ready-made electioneering machinery, unrivalled in the perfection of its organisation. That in 1850 it was the interest of the Ultramontanes to ally themselves with the so-called party of order, and to make common cause with them against the Revolution requires no demonstration. The Temporal Power still existed—the maintenance of that power was then, as its recovery is now, the cardinal doctrine of the Ultramontane faith, and the Pope's interests, therefore, as a temporal sovereign, were identical with those of all other Continental sovereigns. It was the loss of the Temporal Power which developed Ultramontane Sansculottism.

What were the practical results in Prussia of this union and alliance will form at some future day an instructive chapter of history. The German people, amidst the joys of their national resurrection and the glories of their late military exploits, have other things to talk about and write about than the Diocletian persecution (we quote a favourite Ultramontane phrase) of the Liberal party during the period of reaction. But the connection between the present conflict and the circumstances connected with that persecution cannot be ignored if we desire to find the clue to the bitterness which is unfortunately animating the Liberal, National, and Protestant population of Germany against their fellow-citizens of the Vatican persuasion.

In the quotation above given from Prince Bismarck's speech, he pointedly observes not only that the elections in the Catholic districts returned loyal representatives, but that the Protestant constituencies did not do so. This invidious comparison between Catholic loyalty and Protestant disloyalty influenced the whole policy of the reaction, and in a country with a preponderant Protestant population, and whose political momentum and *raison d'être* are essentially Protestant, naturally elicited keen resentment. In those evil days all political shades of opinion were massed into two great groups answering to the colours of Prussian heraldry—the black sheep and the white sheep. The white sheep were those who regarded "quiescence as the first duty of the citizen;" the black sheep, those who believed that onward movement was a condition of political existence—the quietists and the unquietists; the "gut gesinnt" and the "schlecht gesinnt;" the "well-minded" and the "evil-minded." In the white flock, the Roman Catholic hierarchy occupied the prominent position of bell-wethers. Is it to be wondered at that the black sheep (since whitewashed), who have now the upper hand, should remember this pre-eminence and all that it implied, and that the fact that the period of the Church's emancipation coincided with that of social muzzles and political handcuffs, should have remained indelibly impressed on the consciousness of Prussian Protestants?

Before leaving this subject we must refer to a bureaucratic detail which it is important to notice in order to understand how the principle of the free

Church in the unfree State was practically carried out.

Nothing could be more unimportant in appearance than the readjustment of machinery required to carry out the change, yet nothing could in reality represent a more complete break with the traditions and *raison d'être* of the Prussian administrative system. It consisted merely in this: that in lieu of the former undenominational treatment of the complex business that came within the province of the Ministry for Public Worship and Education, that office was partitioned off into two denominational departments—one Catholic, the other Protestant—each complete within itself and walled off from the other.[1]

To understand the full bearings of this innovation we must remark that all official business in Prussia is carried on by means of boards, the members of which represent sections of the public service, and vote by majority. Whatever the practical disadvantages of such a system, the idea lying at the bottom of it is in so far sound that it endeavours to do justice to the many-sidedness of the functions of the State, whilst maintaining the concrete unity of the latter. But of course everything depends on the principle upon which the sections are categorised. It was the pride of the old Prussian bureaucracy that, taken in its entirety, it embodied a high ideal of the State as a supremely rational organism standing outside the sphere of classes, parties, and creeds, and above the passions and prejudices of individuals or corporations; that it absorbed into itself all the vital forces of the body politic, and redistributed them systematically according to the principles of right reason; and lastly, that the parts of which it was composed answered to this conception, and represented interdependent organic functions which found their point of union and their common principle of action in this higher ideal.

Now it is clear that an *imperium* of this nature admits of no *sub-imperium* within it, and that to graft upon such a system a denominational element, and that one endowed with such exceptional vitality as the Roman Catholic, was a revolution necessarily leading to the disintegration of the administrative organisation itself, or, as actually happened, to a violent rebound.

Should any of our readers desire to obtain a clear idea of the way in which ecclesiastical questions used to be treated before the introduction of the new system, we would refer them to the account given by Otto Mejer[2] of the manner in which the instructions for Niebuhr's negotiation of the Bull of Circumscription were drawn up in the Berlin bureaux. They would there see that there was not one sentence of those instructions but was submitted to the most searching examination, and, as the case might be, corrected or approved by every conceivable department—financial, judicial, ecclesiastical, educational, and what not — until the document with all its inclosures was finally approved by the Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship, revised by the chancellor, and lastly submitted to the king's sanction. Amongst the innumerable "Räthe,"[3] through whose hands it passes, there is only one specifically Catholic "Rath," whose clearly-defined business it is to see that no canonical impossibilities are asked for, and no canonical blunders are committed. In a word, the work emanates from the

[1] The creation of the Catholic Department goes back to an earlier date than 1850; it was one of the concessions, like the giving up of the Placet, made by Frederick William IV. to the Curia "de gaiété de cœur" in the anti-revolutionary period, but its specific character as an organ of the Church in the State, instead of an organ of the State in the Church, was only developed after the emancipation of the Church by the constitution of 1850.

[2] "Zur Geschichte der römisch-deutschen Frage," von Dr. Otto Mejer. Rostock. 1873.

[3] We have left the German word, as the English equivalent, "councillor," conveys no sort of image of that ubiquitous and all-important unit of German social and political life the "Rath" in all his varieties, from the humble "Commercienrath" upwards to that cynosure of official eyes the "wirkliche Geheimerath."

State as an undenominational whole, and during the elaborate process to which it has been submitted there is but one point of contact between the State machine and the Catholic establishment, and that a technical point and the pointsman a subordinate *employé*. If we compare this picture with the state of things established by the creation of the Catholic department (the "Catholische Abtheilung" of which we heard so much during the late discussions of the Prussian Parliament), we shall see that no contrast could be greater.

The Catholic department consisted of a board composed of Catholic "Räthe," and presided over by a Catholic president, into whose hands flowed every particle of business connected either with the Catholic Church, or with Catholic education. It stood in the closest relations on the one side with the Episcopacy, and on the other with the parochial clergy, with ecclesiastical institutions of all kinds, and with every Catholic educational establishment, from the faculties of theology at the great Universities to the humblest parish school. Its only point of contact with the State, in the old Prussian undenominational acceptation of the term, was the person of the Minister for Public Worship and Education, who was the responsible chief of the two departments into which his Ministry was divided, and, as such, the superior officer of the head of the Catholic department. But during the palmy days of the reaction, and whilst the alliance was in full vigour, the Minister's functions consisted of little more than signing. For all practical purposes, both of policy and detail, the head of the Catholic department administered on Catholic, *i.e.*, Ultramontane principles, the ecclesiastical and educational affairs of Catholic Prussia.

And so there came to pass this wonderful thing—that in the monarchy of Frederick the Great, and in the land of the Allgemeines Landrecht, one of the most important departments of the State was almost as much in the hands of the Curia as if its offices had been situated amongst the arabesques of Raffaelle in a wing of the Vatican.

"For a number of years," says Prince Bismarck, in the speech above alluded to, "there undoubtedly was peace. But this peace was purchased by the uninterrupted compliance of the State, which had unreservedly made over its rights over the Catholic Church into the hands of a department originally created with a view to defend the rights of the Prussian Crown against the Catholic Church, but which became in reality a department in the service of the Pope for the defence of the rights of the Church against the Prussian State."

We must, however, hurry on to the catastrophe of the Council.

In doing so we regret that our space precludes us from treating of what might be termed the foreign relations of Prussia with the Vatican, all important as those relations are to the due comprehension of the internal phases of the conflict. We can therefore only beg our readers to bear in mind the great transformation scene of the year 1866, and to think out for themselves how it affected the religious and political configuration of Europe.

As regards our own particular subject, we must briefly note the following facts:—

By suddenly and unexpectedly launching Prussia into the waters of the "grande politique" M. de Bismarck broke once for all, though his party did not fully realize this at the time, with the principle of the "solidarity of Conservative interests." Up to 1866, the men in power at Berlin had been the special representatives of that principle, and the columns of their great and powerful organ, the *Kreuz Zeitung*, had vied with the *Civilta Cattolica* and the "Syllabus" in anathemas against the ideas of modern society, and in special curses on Victor Emanuel and the Piedmontese Government as the representatives of Antichrist. By allying himself with Antichrist, and with his assistance driving Austria, and with Austria the mainstay of the Curia, out of Germany,

M. de Bismarck very effectually destroyed the basis of the alliance entered into in 1850; and, if history condescended to be logical, the break with the Curia, and, as a natural consequence, with the Prussian Episcopacy, would have taken place in 1866 instead of 1871. But history is not logical, and still less logical are the "Realpolitiker,"—realistic in contradistinction to idealistic politicians—of the stamp of Prince Bismarck. Far from allowing his relations with the Curia to cool or his alliance with the Episcopacy to become less intimate, it is the "Secret de Polichinelle" that he redoubled his attentions to the former, and that only a few weeks after the battle of Sadowa he made overtures to the Pope expressive of his readiness to receive a Nuncio at Berlin—overtures rejected by his Holiness. Prussia virtually said to Rome: "I have been forced by political necessities to break the arm on which you have hitherto leant; here is my own to lean upon." It was also in the year 1866 that the celebrated Dr. Krätzig, an Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes, a Vaticanist from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, was appointed President of the Catholic department, and that the latter reached the climax of its activity as a Pontifical organ.

Now this policy was so clearly marked out by the political exigencies of the situation that the silly stories put about by Vaticanists respecting a deeply laid conspiracy against the Roman Church dating back to 1866, and of which Dr. Manning has condescended to make himself the mouthpiece in England, are simply absurd.[1]

However much M. de Bismarck had broken with the principle of Conservative solidarity he had not broken with the Conservative party at his back, and we have seen how important an element in that party was the Catholic hierarchy. But there was yet another reason which made it more than ever necessary for him to conciliate the Catholics. The unity of Germany had only been effected as far as the line of the Main; southern Germany including Bavaria (the representative Catholic State of Germany), remained out in the cold, detached from Austria, yet not

[1] The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Dr. Manning to the *Times* of the 11th of last December:—

"I have received from many sources in Germany repeated assurance that the intention to legislate in a sense hostile to the Catholic Church dates back to the time of the war between Prussia and Austria," *i.e.* to the time when M. de Bismarck required more than at any former crisis of his political career the support of the Conservative party, and when it was the most necessary for him to conciliate the specially Catholic portion of that party, and to impress upon them the belief that the exclusion of Austria from Germany would not be injurious to their interests!

"The execution of this purpose was suspended because of that war."

How this purpose could date back to the war and yet be suspended by the war is not quite clear.

"It was afterwards again postponed because of the impending conflict with France. After the overthrow of France, *the political parties and secret societies, which had exacted of the Government, as a condition of their support, the breaking up of the religious status of the Catholic Church in Germany, demanded fulfilment of the compact.* The Vatican Council was put forward as a pretext, and the protection of the 'Old Catholic' heresy was taken up as an excuse."

The notion that the mobilisation of the Prussian army in the thirteen days which elapsed after the French declaration of war, and the outpour of the German legions into France within three weeks of that date, required as a preliminary the conclusion of a compact for the overthrow of the Catholic Church with the *secret societies* of Germany, by which Dr. Manning means the philistine, beer-drinking, masonic lodges of Germany, is so exquisitely ludicrous as to deserve notice if only on that ground. But the fact that such a statement as this should be put forward by so eminent a man as Dr. Manning in such a paper as the *Times*, is far otherwise important as showing the kind of unreal legendary world in which the ablest of the great Vatican dignitaries live and move and have their being. Truly Vaticanism can boast that it is not of *this* world, but then it should abstain from cosmopolitan legislation. The Laputans, as far as we remember, did not pretend to make laws for the inhabitants of earth. Lastly, this specimen of Vatican criticism as applied to contemporary history, gives us an interesting insight into the kind of historical knowledge possessed by the persons more immediately concerned in the drawing up of the Vatican decrees.

united to the Northern Confederation. To reunite the South with the North was the next move to be made on the political chessboard. For such a purpose could a more suicidal policy be conceived than one which, like a break with the Curia, would have united Prussian Catholics with Bavarian Catholics against the Prussian Cabinet?

It is quite possible that Prince, or rather Count Bismarck, as he was then, may have foreseen that the German Empire once completed, the preponderant Protestant force of such a body would lead to a rupture with Rome, but realistic politicians as a rule do not concern themselves with such distant speculations, and all we care to note is that nothing transpired at the time, or has transpired since, which should lead us to believe that between 1866 and 1871 Count Bismarck was otherwise than sincere in his desire to be well with Rome. But we will go yet further, and express our opinion that the Prussian Government showed a singular blindness to the forces really at work in the Catholic world, and was guilty of a glaring want of prevision in taking no steps to guard against the dangers which under every conceivable combination of circumstances threatened Germany from the success of the Vatican Council.

When the summonses to the Council were issued, everybody, excepting perhaps the Bishops, knew what were the objects which the Curia would endeavour to attain, and everybody ought to have known what dangers threatened the relations between Church and State should those objects be attained. It was equally evident that if the Council once met and passed the decrees, there was no power on earth that could untie the knots that would be then tied, but that *preventive* measures were perfectly feasible.

With the Catholic Department as responsible advisers of the Prussian Crown on ecclesiastical matters, it was perhaps too much to ask of the Prussian Cabinet that it should be well informed on these points. But there was one Government in Germany which saw the danger in its true colours and the way to avoid it; and we cannot acquit the Prussian Government of unpardonable carelessness in not following the lead and backing up the proposals of Prince Hohenlohe, the Bavarian Premier.

Prince Hohenlohe's circular is dated the 9th of April, 1869, *i.e.*, eight months before the meeting of the council. It states that the Bavarian Government have good reason to know that the principal object which the Curia proposes to attain by summoning the council is the dogmatisation of the "Syllabus" and of the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and it points out the dangers which threaten the relations between Church and State should this object be attained. To guard against these dangers, it suggests that the Governments of Europe should at once take some joint step to give the Curia *previous warning* of the attitude they mean to observe towards the Council. In other words, the Bavarian Government propose that the representatives of the temporal powers, should in view of a common danger, take *preventive measures* in common, at a time when the Bishops, not having yet assembled, were still amenable to the influence of their respective Governments. To leave no doubt as to the manner in which the relations of Church and State would be affected by the dogmatisation of the doctrines aforesaid, Prince Hohenlohe submitted five questions on the subject to the Faculties of Theology and Law at the University of Munich, and, we presume, communicated the answers of these experts (which, when read at the present day, seem endowed with the spirit of prophecy) to the Governments to whom he had addressed his circular.

The diplomatic superciliousness with which the Bavarian proposal, suggesting as it did the only sane and just[1] and

[1] We say "just and fair," because to allow subordinates (and Bishops are subordinates of the State, both generally as subjects, and, where the Roman Catholic Church is established, as in Germany, specifically as Bishops) to commit what you deem a crime, when it lies in your power, and yours only, to prevent it, and then, afterwards, when, owing to your

fair way of meeting the danger, was received by the collective sagacity of Europe, affords a striking proof that the scanty wisdom with which the world is governed has not materially increased since the days of Oxenstierna.

In this year of grace, 1874, Parliaments and newspapers, from one end of Europe to another, are wailing and gnashing their teeth at the hopeless "impasse" created in the relations between Church and State by the Vatican Decrees; and when, five years ago, the exact nature of this "impasse" was explained to the Rulers of mankind, and a simple method of obviating it was suggested to them, all they could do was to smile in a more or less well-bred manner at the idea that the Government of a second-class Power, like Bavaria, should have any suggestions to make on a question of European importance.

It is true that, a year later, when the Council had been assembled for some months, and the predictions of Prince Hohenlohe were being rapidly fulfilled, the same statesmen who had refused "de s'inquieter d'avance d'éventualités dont la réalisation est plus qu'incertaine," and to whom it seemed "puéril de vouloir se prémunir contre des dangers dont l'existence n'est rien moins que prouvée,"[1] became seriously alarmed, and took counsel together as to the measures which might yet avail to prevent the catastrophe. A few blank cartridges were accordingly fired over the heads of the assembled Bishops, with the sole result of affording to the Curia, now certain of success, the satisfaction of feeling that its Temporal rivals had accepted the issue of battle and been signally defeated.

Indeed, of all the episodes of the Council, we cannot conceive any which can have been more soothing to the pride, or more agreeably stimulating to the vanity, of the "Servant of servants" than the delivery of the French, Austrian and North German notes in the early months of 1870. Had the representatives of the Temporal Power altogether ignored the Council, they would not only have been logical, but have had the satisfaction of inflicting considerable mortification on their Spiritual antagonist. To ignore it up to the last moment, then loudly to confess the magnitude of the danger, to take the field with beating drums and flying colours, and then to make just sufficient resistance to give brilliancy to the Papal victory, was a consummation exceeding the brightest hopes of the most sanguine Curialist.

On the 13th of July the decisive vote was taken. On that memorable day 451 guardians of the Christian fold and depositaries of the Christian faith, mostly reasonable men in the full enjoyment of their faculties, and belonging to the educated classes of the civilized world, by voting as they did virtually declared it to be their belief that the Maker and Creator of the universe had, eighteen centuries ago, revealed in Holy Scripture the astounding fact that the Roman Pope, when speaking *ex cathedrâ*, i.e., at any time that it might suit him to address his observations *Orbi et Urbi*, became, in a literal and anatomical sense, the outward and visible mouthpiece and articulatory mechanism of the Holy Ghost; and that in such wise, that the words by him spoken, even if they contradicted the received opinions of the entire Church, became binding as a matter of faith, and at the peril of the soul's salvation, on the conscience of every one of the 180 millions of individuals who compose St. Peter's flock, or indeed of every baptized person throughout the world. They further virtually asserted that this doctrine was not only contained in Holy Scripture, but that it had been handed down by a continuous and uninterrupted tradition from the date of its original revelation until now, and that it had been held universally, at all times and in all seasons, by the whole of Christ's Church visible here on earth.

The doctrine, thus stripped of the grave-clothes of barbarous Latinity in

abstention from interference, the crime has been committed, to turn round and try, condemn, and punish the subordinates is, at least, as regards the latter, neither just nor fair.

[1] Count Beust to the Austrian Ambassador at the Vatican, October 23, 1869.

which it lies buried from the sight of vulgar eyes, and exhibited in the nakedness of a modern European dialect, involuntarily reminds us of Macbeth's words—"a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Only the misfortune is that although totally destitute of all rational signification the tale with its sound and fury, sanctioned as it now is by the solemn authority of an Œcumenical Council (an authority more solemn than we Protestants can form an adequate conception of) is full of the gravest significance. For it has not only irrevocably committed an immense portion of mankind to an inconceivably degrading form of Pagan Cæsar-worship,[1] and once for all poisoned those living waters of the Christian faith which the stanchest Roman Catholics had hitherto held to be the common inheritance of Christendom and incapable of being tampered with—but has, wherever two or three Roman Catholics are gathered together, sown the seeds of a conflict between the Spiritual Power and the Temporal Power which sooner or later will have to be fought out to the bitter end.

We can, however, leave the decree respecting the Pope's infallibility, to take care of itself. It is more necessary for us to examine the one "*de vi et ratione primatus Romani pontificis*" defining the infallible Pope's powers and prerogatives, because for practical purposes, and in regard to its immediate consequences, it is of far greater importance than the former. For it is evident that after the Pope had been infallibilized the question of paramount interest arose as to the use to which he would put his infallibility. He might, like his "good brother" the Mikado of Japan, use his spiritual authority to extend the franchises of his people and to confer upon them constitutional rights and privileges which they had not before possessed, and which could not be conferred without divine sanction of an extraordinary kind; or, on the contrary, he might infallibly deprive them of all such franchises and rights as they had hitherto possessed. The third chapter in the "*Constitutio Dogmatica Prima de Ecclesiâ*" answers this question. By it the entire structure and constitution of the Roman Catholic Church is changed from the foundations upwards; and there is substituted, for a Monarchy founded on law, in which some attempt at least is made to separate the legislative from the executive functions, and to respect corporate rights and privileges, an autocracy based on the personal servitude of every individual, and the unconditional submission of every corporation, from the national synod down to the village vestry throughout the length and breadth of the "Orbis" and the "Urbs."

"We teach and declare," thus runs this marvellous Bill of Papal rights, "that the Roman Church (*i.e.*, the Pope), God having so ordained it, wields a *potestas ordinaria* over all other Churches, and that this jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff over the Churches is (within each Church and each Diocese) in very truth an epis-

[1] If this expression should appear too strong to any of our readers, we would invite them to procure the photograph (publicly exhibited for sale in Roman shop windows) of a picture painted in 1870 in commemoration of the Vatican decrees. It represents Pius IX. seated on a throne which rests upon a rock, at a considerable elevation from the ground. Round this rock are five female figures, in somewhat operatic costumes, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, all of them in attitudes of prostrate or ecstatic adoration, and one of them burning incense. Immediately over the Pope's head is the Holy Ghost in the shape of a dove, as in the pictures of the Baptism in Jordan. A little way above, in the clouds, but totally hidden by the intercepting figure of the Pope from the sight of the worshippers, are three figures representing God the Father supported on the right by the Virgin Mary, and on the left by St. Peter!

Now we cannot believe that any picture which should, in the first century of our era, have been painted to represent the sacrificial rites performed before the altars of the divine Augustus, could have conveyed in a cruder and more realistic form the idea of idolatrous worship than this careful masterpiece of Jesuit art. The absence of the Second Person of the Trinity from the picture, with the evident intention of heightening the intercessory character of the Pope, and of keeping the Vicarious character of his office out of sight, is perhaps the most remarkable feature of a composition which, if sold in Holywell Street, would probably be indicted by the police as a blasphemous caricature.

copal jurisdiction in its nature 'immediate': further, that the clergy and laity (*pastores atque fideles*) of every rite and every dignity (*i.e.*, as regards the Churches, inclusive of the United Greek and other Oriental Churches, which till 1870 had enjoyed very large and well-defined privileges and exemptions, and as regards the laity, inclusive of emperors and kings and men of all degrees) are one and all severally and corporatively riveted by the duty of hierarchic subordination and true obedience to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff aforesaid, not only in all matters appertaining to faith and morals, but also in regard to such matters as have reference to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world."

We have no space to do more than just point to the portentous change brought about in the constitution of the Church by these few adamantine sentences, premising that the terms "ordinary authority" (*ordinaria potestas*) and "immediate authority" are opposed, in ecclesiastical phraseology, to *delegated* authority and *mediate*, or, as we should say, *indirect* authority. According to the universal theory of the Apostolic Church, the unit of ecclesiastical authority is the Bishop. Even the papal Doctors, undoubtedly fertile as their imagination has proved itself to be, have been unable to get beyond this conception; and in their endeavours in pre-Vatican times to lift the Roman See to a meteoric position between heaven and earth, they could do no more than imagine a Bishop of superhuman proportions and cyclopean size, a potentialized bishop as it were, or a Bishop of bishops. For, according to the theory aforesaid, the episcopal office is not a mechanical structure of human invention, but a living organism divinely conceived. The Bishop, by the laying on of hands, receives his sacred powers, not as a delegation, but as a germ endued with the principles of its own proper life, directly and in uninterrupted succession from the apostolic founders of the Church. It follows as a necessary consequence that his authority and jurisdiction over the Christian flock are "ordinary" and "immediate," to the exclusion of any other *ordinaria* or *immediata potestas*. They are as the flower and the fruit spiritually developed out of the office itself. The bishop therefore can delegate his functions to another, he cannot co-ordinate another in his bishopric. A plant may be made to feed with its sap the flower and the fruit of another plant engraffed upon it, but it cannot be made to alter its own structural conditions or the laws of its own nature; this nature is one and indivisible; and so with the episcopal office: it is one and indivisible. As well imagine two souls inhabiting one body as two bishops co-ordinated in one bishopric.

Now it is with this episcopal authority in its fullest sense, as a *potestas ordinaria*, and therefore not *delegata*, *immediata*, and therefore not *mediata*, that the Roman Pontiff has been invested by the Vatican decrees in every diocese of Christendom, and thus, in Dr. Manning's "chiesa tutta nuova," the difficulty of the two souls in one body has been got rid of by the simple process of expunging all lives save one. The universal bishopric of one supreme Pontiff has been substituted for those which for eighteen centuries have been distributed throughout the world. The Roman See, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up all other Sees, and the Bishops, whilst retaining their names "honoris causa," and as titles of dignity, have been degraded to Pontifical Delegates, bound by the chains of a blind and implicit obedience to the will of an absolute master. In a far truer sense than Louis XIV. could say it of the State, the Pope may boast that "L'église c'est moi."

Once before in history a corporation, holding in trust the government and the liberties of a whole world, surrendered of its own free will this government and these liberties into the keeping of one man, and immediately afterwards deified him as if, in the fumes of the rising incense, to stifle the thought that it was even to such a one as themselves that they had sacrificed their freedom.

Is the parallel altogether fortuitous, or is there not a subtle connection, besides the mere local one, between the surrender by the Roman Senate of the rights and liberties of the Roman people into the hands of Augustus, and the surrender by the Vatican Council of the rights and liberties of the Roman Church into the hands of Pius IX.?

Should any one think that we have painted the pre-Vatican constitution of the Roman Catholic Church in too favourable colours, and maintain that what we have asserted would only apply to the former condition of the Gallican Church, we would refer him to the declarations made by the Irish Bishops and the English Vicars-Apostolic in the year 1826, quoted in our first article. These declarations were made in the sight of Europe by Bishops nominated by the Pope and by Vicars-Apostolic, *i.e.*, revocable nominees of the Roman Pontiff, and therefore men who had not even the status of the representatives of a National Church. They were never contradicted by Rome, which thus tacitly admitted that it was on the basis of the constitution described in these declarations, that the Catholics of the United Kingdom were emancipated; and, morally at least, entered into a bilateral engagement with the British nation. But if this should not be deemed sufficient proof, we commend to our readers the evidence of these same Bishops before Parliament in the preceding year, from which we get an authoritative description of a non-Vatican Church with which the State might live on terms of the most perfect peace and good will. In this Church the Pope exercises executive functions only. He has to enforce, not to make, the laws. The laws themselves are made by General Councils. But even these laws have no binding force unless received and approved by the National Synods. Outside the laws so approved the Bishops are the judges whether the Papal Bulls are to be obeyed or not. Their allegiance to the civil power is whole and entire. The Pope has no power, direct, or indirect, in civil matters, and any attempt on his part to encroach thereon the Bishops are bound to resist by every means in their power, even by the use of their Spiritual authority over their flocks.

And now to sum up. By the decree defining the Pope's infallibility the *Ecclesia congregata*, *i.e.*, the Bishops in their corporate capacity, were deprived of their legislative functions. By the decree defining the Pope's power and authority, the *Ecclesia dispersa*, *i.e.*, the Bishops in their individual capacity, were deprived of their episcopal rights.

Thus, after three centuries of incessant labour, was realized for the whole of the Church militant that marvellous ideal of will-less obedience invented by the genius of Loyola for the discipline of the Pretorian Guards of that Church: the *vera obedientia*, according to which the individual human soul, in the keeping of its ecclesiastical master, is as the corpse in the hands of the young men that take it out to the burial, or as the staff in the hands of the old man that leans thereon.[1]

The decree *De vi et ratione* was passed, with ninety dissentient voices, on the 11th; that *De infallibitate*, with eighty-eight dissentients, on the 13th of July.

On the 18th of the same month the victory was proclaimed with all the pomp and circumstance befitting so august an occasion. There was no appearance of a supernatural dove, as some of the more sanguine Curialists had half predicted, but it is certain that a storm of thunder and lightning, a not altogether unusual occurrence in the month of July, broke over the dome of St. Peter's during the promulgation of the decrees. The organs of the Curia ascribed this storm to supernatural interference, and informed the faithful that the precedent, first established for these extraordinary occasions at the delivery of the Decalogue on Mount Sinai, had been carefully observed.

1 Compare a very remarkable article on the Jesuit orders in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The author of the article headed "Prussia and the Vatican," in your October number, believes that he has detected in me two faults—the one a want of "literary good faith;" the other a deviation from the definitions of the Vatican Council.

The gravity of these charges may be ascertained by the following samples of the author's accuracy:—

I. He quotes, without reference, and with evident misunderstanding, a Latin sentence of transparent meaning to all Catholics—"*Dominus Petro non solum universam Ecclesiam, sed etiam sæculum reliquit gubernandum.*"

He then says: "The Pope is the Vicar of Christ; the temporal sovereign is the Vicar of the Pope."

To this I answer that Catholic theologians hold the three following principles:—

1. That the Pope is not the Lord of the whole world.

2. That the Pope is not the Lord even of the whole Christian world.

3. That the Pope has not any purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes by Divine right.

Therefore it is untrue to say that "the temporal sovereign is Vicar of the Pope."

II. Again, the author says that "the temporal prince derives his authority from the Pope."

But as S. Augustine would answer—"*Nemo potest dare quod non habet.*"

Therefore it is again untrue to say that the authority of the temporal prince is derived from the Pope. It is derived from God immediately to civil society, and *mediante societate* from God to the temporal prince.

III. The author says further that by the Constitution *Unam Sanctam* all power is in the Pope as all light is in the sun; that the temporal prince has only a borrowed light; and a sword to be used "at the bidding" of the Pope.

I have affirmed, in the essay on "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism"[1] that the doctrine of the *Unam Sanctam* is as follows:—

1. That there are in the world two powers, both ordained of God, the natural and the supernatural.

2. That of these two the supernatural is the higher.

3. That in its exercise the natural is limited and directed by the law of God.

Such is the doctrine stripped of all imagery of "swords" and "lights." But it is easier to cavil about words, images, metaphors, and figures, than to face facts and principles. Therefore if the author means by "bidding" of the Pope that the temporal prince is bound to wield the temporal sword in obedience to the law of God, he is right enough; but if by "bidding" he mean the caprice or human passion of the Pope, he shows that my words about common sense were not out of place.

IV. We now come to the Vatican Council. I hope the author has not read it; for it does not contain a syllable upon the subject. If he had made this assertion after reading it, I hardly know what to say about literary good faith. But he may mean that the Vatican Council, by defining the Infallibility of the Pope, has raised the *Unam Sanctam* to an *ex-cathedrâ* utterance. It was always so before. The Pope did not begin to be infallible in 1870; nor were Catholics free to deny his infallibility before that date. The denial of his infallibility had indeed never been condemned by a definition, because since

[1] Pp. 22, 23.

the rise of Gallicanism in 1682, no Œcumenical Council had ever been convened. But let us suppose the *Unam Sanctam* to be now binding upon Catholics. It is binding not in the interpretation of the author of "Prussia and the Vatican," but of the theologians of the Catholic Church: and that interpretation I have given above.

V. "Vaticanism" has indeed shown that between the Christian Church and States without Christianity the *modus vivendi* can only be found by an inflexible refusal to encourage and promote the dechristianizing of education, of literature, of legislation, and of the public and private life of men. If by "cursing modern society" the author means anything more, I must again invoke common sense, and perhaps literary good faith.

VI. But I now come to a matter more difficult of explanation. The author says that in certain articles in the *Contemporary Review* I have kept facts out of sight, and claimed "for Ultramontanism no other rights than those asserted by the Anglican Church and by English Nonconformist sects."

I am afraid the author has read those articles with no more care than he bestowed on reading the Vatican Council.

My argument, which was repeated to weariness, was this: "The limitation which has changed Cæsarism into Christian monarchy is law, and that law the law of God, represented, expounded, and applied on earth by an authority of His own creation, and by judicial powers of His own delegation, independent of all human legislatures, and superior to all prerogatives of kings." "Now what I have here asserted is Ultramontanism, but it is not Ultramontanism alone—it is Christianity as it has been held by all men, in all ages, by Catholics and by Protestants alike, by Ultramontanes and by Gallicans, by Anglicans and by Presbyterians." [1]

[1] "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," p. 41.

I see no "keeping back of facts" here. My assertion is this:—"Every Christian community claims to be independent of human authority in matter of conscience; and in deciding what is matter of conscience to be superior to all civil powers." In this I say, and say again, Anglicans and all Protestants who retain Christianity—for Erastians can hardly be called Protestants—are agreed. In *this point* Ultramontanes claim no more than Protestants and Anglicans. Where have I ever said that Ultramontanes in other things claim no more?

"All Ultramontanes make these claims." Will the author, therefore, convert the proposition and say—"All who make these claims are Ultramontanes?"

If he be an Oxford man he is not strong in his Aldrich.

VII. Finally, in a note the author quotes a passage from the *Civilta Cattolica*, of the 18th March, 1871. Now I can find 20th March, 1871, but no 18th: and in the *Fascicolo*, 20 Marzo, I can find no such passage. I cannot deal with scraps torn from their context without reference, or with an inaccurate reference. But I can clearly see that the meaning here is as transparent to those who wish to see as in the author's anonymous Latin quotation. Of one thing, however, I am certain, that its sense is identical with the propositions I have here given from Catholic theologians; and that the author has neither proved a want of literary good faith nor any shade of variation between "Vaticanism" and what is written at Westminster.

I remain, Sir,
Your faithful servant,

+ HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

October 22, 1874.



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1874.

SOME CURRENT FALLACIES RESPECTING SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.[1]

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

I HAVE been asked to deliver an address to the Margate Church Institute, which, I believe, has been doing much good here for many years. It is of very little use for any one to endeavour to prepare himself with a new specific subject to address such a body; it therefore occurred to me that if I could address you to any effect it must be in reference to subjects which have occupied a good deal of my own attention during the last few months. I see that your president has advertised me to deliver an address on the subject of "Faith and Scepticism." We hear a great deal in the present day of the din of a warfare which is supposed to be carried on between science and faith. I do not believe in the existence of any such warfare. I do not believe that science in any true sense of the word is opposed to faith; nor do I believe for a moment that faith is opposed to science. It is true that there is a loud din of a warfare carried on between scepticism and faith; and some have even persuaded themselves that all the philosophy of the world is on the side of scepticism, and all the faith is confined to women and professed theologians. I do not know whether this may be the case in any country of Europe at the present time, but I am quite certain that it is not the case in this happy land. The gospel, as we hold it, is not in conflict with any form of God's truth. In this age of seething thought, I do not think it would be right to speak in other than courteous terms of any earnest thinkers on any of the great subjects which may fairly occupy the human mind. All bandying of reproaches is altogether unworthy of seekers after truth; and even those who are most scandalized, at times, by the utterances of a sceptical philosophy, will do well to remember that often in these cases men are far better than their opinions; and that, in a great many instances, the result of wandering in endless mazes of confused thought, is that the mind is brought back at last to some simple, old, familiar truths; and that many a man, who, under an impulse which he cannot resist in the pursuit of truth, is led for a time to wander, at last comes back to the old truths which he learned at his mother's knee; and it would be very unwise in us to cast any reproaches on the process whereby, in God's good time, his mind arrives at a conviction of real truth. Again, it is certain that, in the present age, scepticism does not present itself in those offensive colours which characterised it in a past generation. We have even persons who take the Christian faith kindly, though some-

[1] An Address delivered to the Members of the Margate Church Institute, Nov. 20, 1874.

what ridiculously, under their patronage, and who, with all courtesy, as they argue the matter, would have us believe that they are the best supporters of Christianity who represent it as devoid of all its supernatural elements. Some of them seem to tell us that they will help us to uphold Christianity, if we will only consent to make it a sort of sentimental deism. Some even seem to require us to consent to make it teach a sort of semi-atheism, semi-deism—it being impossible to decide which of the two is the exact residuum which they find in the teaching of the New Testament. All such attempts so to distil out of Christianity a system of the merest human, and even a low human, philosophy are, in my judgment, folly. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of those who speak respectfully of us; but we feel convinced it is our duty to stand by the old Christian truth in its integrity—to stand by it, both in its objective and subjective forms—to believe and to maintain both its facts and its doctrines; and the purpose with which I address you to-night is to lay before you some considerations as to the grounds on which we maintain this old Christianity against all new scepticism, and assert that it is capable of a scientific proof. The purpose of this address, then, shall be, as well as I can do it in the brief space of time at our disposal, to call your attention to certain fallacies or errors which I believe to be very current in modern speculation on these subjects, and to the answers to these fallacies or mistakes respecting the scientific proof of the truths of Christianity. For I affirm that there are errors abroad respecting scientific proof.

Perhaps some of you may be even disposed to stop me at once, and say that this word "scientific" ought not to be so applied. The word "science" now-a-days is often so used that it might seem that there is no science in the world but the science which treats of material nature. Some persons, I say, are so little acquainted with the great scope of scientific subjects, that they confine the name "science" to mere material or physical science, and forget that there is a science of mind, both moral and intellectual, older and greater than any science which deals with matter; that there is a science of politics; that history is capable of being treated scientifically. It was taught of old, in the great University to which I have the honour to belong, that there is a Mother and Queen of all sciences, which treats of Man, the highest object in creation—of his life here, and his hopes hereafter—of God who made him, and of his relation to his Maker; and this greatest of all sciences is the science of Theology. Now, I am here to maintain that, in the truest sense of the word, we may have scientific proof of the truth of the Christian religion. I am here to maintain that this name of science belongs as truly, if not more truly, to the subjects on which I now address you, as to those to which the word is now so commonly confined. There is one branch of science, indeed, which rests always on demonstration, which has to do with self-evident and immutable truth,—truths about which there cannot possibly be doubt; but that branch of science is entirely confined to pure mathematics. That two and two make four, and that the two angles of a triangle are together less than the third: these are of course propositions which no man out of a lunatic asylum is allowed to doubt. The subjects of this sort of science are very limited indeed; they are confined, as I have said, to pure mathematics; and the whole of material or physical science rests not on reasoning of this kind. It has to do with the same sort of probable and experimental reasoning which we use in matters of common life, on which we believe the testimony of history, and which we apply to all the ordinary subjects with which we are concerned, either in our speculations apart from pure mathematics, or in the regulation of our conduct. Those gentlemen who exclusively claim to themselves—or at least to whom is given—the name of "scientific" men, forget perhaps—or those who apply the name to them

forget—that the very first principles on which they conduct their reasonings are not matters of mathematical certainty; that they have to take for granted things incapable of proof to those who doubt them. A man who is going to speculate on the subject of the material universe must first of all take for granted the existence of something outside his own mind; and how is he to prove this, if either himself or any one else doubts it. The thing must be taken for granted, and the taking it for granted is a departure at once from the region of that demonstrative science which has to do only with immutable, self-evident truth. Again, this man must take for granted that the experience of the past is a criterion as to what is to come in the future. But there can be no experience of the future, and therefore the thing is merely taken for granted. It is incapable of being proved; and the man who speculates on outward matters, or something existing beyond his own mind, and bases his speculations on the process of experiment, at once departs from the region of pure mathematical science, and is in the same region of probable evidence as that in which our other speculations are conducted.

I grant that those who confine themselves to truths of physical science, and say that we ought to make these the basis of all our assertions of positive truth, have this advantage, that there is in their particular studies something stable, and upon the whole satisfying; that there is nothing in them beyond the reach of our easy comprehension when the experiments are once fully explained; and therefore I quite understand the sort of language which at times they use, warning people that they had better be contented with that of which they have distinct experimental evidence, and not lose themselves in the mazes of those speculations which have to do with the things unseen. I can quite understand the force of such language, and the attractiveness of such solid studies, but they will not suffice for beings constituted as we are. It is all very well to have to do with the things seen, and temporal, and capable of being touched and handled, and tested by experiment of the senses, so long as we are confining ourselves to the very brief span of that short life which is passing so rapidly away with each of us. Of all the facts which experience establishes, there is no fact so certain as that each of us here shall die; and is it the part of wisdom, or of true science, to say, "I will take cognizance of those things alone of which I have only an experience which must terminate at my death?" If death be a solemn, as it is a certain fact; if, for each of us here present, death be waiting, and all that is beyond it has to do with the unseen, and all that passes while we enter on it must be of the region of things which cannot be tested by our common experiences here, is it the part of reasonable beings at once to settle that they have nothing to do with what lies beyond death? They cannot tell with any certainty that death is the end; and, if it be not the end, what folly to have acted as if you were certain that it was the end? What man can be worthy of the name of philosopher who would tell us so to act? Death is the certain fact; but what death is we know not. We know all the approaches to it. We know that we have changed continually since we first entered on our being. We know that the infant is totally unlike the man in his maturity; and yet that he is the same man. We know that powers of mind may continue, while the body is wasting away to the very last verge of our earthly existence; and we know nothing which can tell us, that when the verge is reached, those powers, which seem independent of the body, are to end because the body dies. Nay, even on a material hypothesis, suppose we grant for a moment that the soul resides in matter, are we not told of solid indestructible particles of matter? Who shall tell us whether the soul, even according to a material hypothesis, does not reside in one of those particles which no known power in nature has

ever been supposed to be capable of dissolving, according to materialistic theories? And, therefore, how can I know that the soul which has been in me ever since I was a baby, which has passed with me through all those changes of my changeful life, which seems altogether independent of the outward organizations of my frame, is to go out, like the flame of a candle, when I have come to that period of my existence which we call death? And, if it be that the soul and mind are thus to live, how is our conviction of this truth strengthened by the fact that the greatest intellects that have ever lived have recognized that the soul is immortal; that the poets, the philosophers, the theologians, all the men who have ever given themselves to the study of these great subjects—those who have influenced the human race in the highest stages of its civilization—have been convinced that there was that within them which death could not extinguish? My friends, he is no true philosopher who tells us that we need not trouble ourselves as to what will happen when we come to that great event which we call death. There is every reason to believe—and the arguments, which it would be vain of course to attempt to enter on here, are to be found in all the books that have treated on the subject—there is every reason to believe, as a matter of science, that death is not the end; and if death be not the end, the man is mad who does not make preparation for that which lies beyond death.

And if the body's death seems to teach the lesson, that modesty is becoming to the scientific speculator, what shall we say as to the prospects of that material frame which is beyond ourselves—the general orderly frame of the universe as we see it around us? People would suppose, from the way in which you hear men talk now, that there was not the slightest chance of any great organic change ever coming across the outward world in which we live. No doubt God works by fixed laws. No doubt the world goes on morning and evening, aud summer and winter; but what reason have you to suppose that it will so go on to infinity? Have no great catastrophes befallen the world before now? Does not physical science itself speak of these catastrophes? What is there to prevent other catastrophes, produced by the operation of laws of which at present we are very ignorant, coming athwart the globe on which we live, and a complete change taking place in the relations in which things even in the outward world stand at present, so that in the scriptural sense of the word there may be an end to the world, as there is certainly to be an end of our earthly life? To be sure, things have gone on for a long time in the same way, but is that any proof that they are to go on in the same way for ever? You arise morning after morning in good health and strength, and seem to say to yourself for a time that this will last for ever; but one morning something happens, you cannot explain what; the best physician in the world cannot tell you what; but something has happened that lays you on a bed of sickness, and in two days sends you off to your grave a corpse. Will the experience of the reality of the way in which everything has gone on since you were young, till you have attained maturity, save you from that great mischance? Again, men for centuries had ranged over the mountains in Campagna, they thought that all would go on there, herds and flocks feeding, and vineyards growing as they had done for centuries; and suddenly there was a strange sound heard, and a volcano burst forth, and the greatest philosopher of the age came to look at it, and lost his life while he was looking. But neither he nor any of the men who had speculated with him ever expected that these great cities were to be swept to destruction, and their beautiful pastures to become for a time an arid wilderness. I do not say such instances explain or tell us distinctly that such catastrophes will befall the whole globe, but, at all events, I think they ought to make us modest, seeing that the wisest know so

very small a portion of the laws that regulate God's creation. Surely we may not dogmatically assume that such catastrophes are beyond the range of possible or probable events. It is true, I say, things have gone on for a long time, and men say, "Where is the promise of His coming, for all things continue as they were from the beginning of the world?" But still with Him with Whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, there may be changes maturing which no philosopher of the present or of any previous age has ever dreamed of, which will bring this great catastrophe to the globe which will answer, on the whole outward creation, to something as great in change as is our passage from life to death, and what is beyond it. I do not think there is anything fanciful in such an expectation. I believe that a man of that modest mind which is the characteristic of true science, will hesitate before he pronounces with any assurance that such a change may not come over the world as has been distinctly predicted in the Scriptures.

We have then these two statements: one, that it is very desirable that men should look to their immortality and beyond death; another, that they should look forward to great changes in the outward form of all things around them. Believing that both of these statements are practically controverted by much of the sceptical writing of the present day, I pass on to another point. We hear a great deal as to immutable laws, and that all these laws are capable of being so unfolded and explained, that we may consider that even the laws which govern man's conduct are like the laws of the external world. Cause and effect, of course, we all know; the one precedes and the other follows; and we may lose ourselves easily in the mazes of speculation as to how the cause can exist without the effect following. But for a moment let us consider whether any account of physical laws will explain to us how it is that a rational, intelligent being, with a free will, can step in and make his power felt in a way that could not have been anticipated before he roused himself to action. The existence of man as a being with a free will and with large intelligence, with a conscience distinguishing, though often very imperfectly, but still distinguishing between right and wrong, seems to force upon us the conviction that it is unwise and unscientific to attempt to regard human actions as following the same sort of laws as govern external nature. The belief that there is a difference between right and wrong holds all the world together: without the recognition of that difference there is no civilized society. Now, if there exist a being—man—who has a free will, who has a power of distinguishing between right and wrong as such, shall we not come to the conclusion that he must have a connection with a will somewhat like his own, above him and beyond him? We gather that there is a great distinction between right and wrong; shall we doubt that there is a Great Being who is on the side of right, and who resists wrong, who is indeed the concrete of all our abstract conceptions of the good, the beautiful, the true, who has absolute power, who has made all things and governs all things? We thus pass into a distinct recognition of the existence of an intelligent Creator, Governor, Sustainer, Father of the universe, and we arrive at it in the purest scientific way—from the contemplation of the facts which we see in man. There is no time to go through details here, but I would have you turn to the various books which have been written, which treat of the evidence of the existence of God. Examine first the *à priori* evidence such as I have now been speaking of, then the *à posteriori* evidence on which there is no time at all to touch—the evidence from the marks of design in all creation. Further, reflect that the wisest and best men who have ever lived have recognised this Great Being. Shall we not say from all this, that we have a scientific proof, capable of being elaborated into a thousand volumes, of

the existence of the power and goodness of our Heavenly Father?

We were told lately that a great scientific man, in his best hours, when he looked at the boundless universe as far as it was revealed to his power of observation, could not but have forced upon his mind the distinct belief that there was some Mind far greater, and Power more powerful than any human mind, before which all these truths which he was feebly groping after were clear and plain. Shall we not say to such a man—"Listen to the voice which thus speaks to you in your best hours. It is a human voice divine which has led the noblest of the human race in all their noblest actions. It is the same voice divine which tells you to love your mother who nurtured you at her knee; it is the voice of nature, if you choose to call it so—or it is the voice of God, making Himself known in the depths of your conscience, and telling, even in the midst of the wanderings of a sceptical philosophy, that there is something far better than scepticism in the recognition of the loving Father of the the human race?" Moreover, is it not something, considering the way in which men reason in the present day, that we should find the great apostle of what is called free thought come round at last, as I understand him, to this conclusion, that we Christians are entitled all of us to hope that our religion is true—that though he desiderated scientific proof of it himself, he thought, if I mistake not, that we are almost to be envied in our belief, and that we are entitled to act upon our hopes. Substitute faith for hope, and that is the very thing that we are doing. We are thankful that, in an age like this, the rude, vulgar scepticism of former times, with its sneers and banters, should have disappeared —that we are dealing with earnest men, even some of the chief of whom, at last, tell us that they almost envy us for our hopes, and think that nothing but good to the world can follow from our acting on them.

But now I must hasten on. You may naturally say, "We have made but little progress if we have only got to the acknowledgment of the existence of our Heavenly Father. But having got that, I am strangely mistaken if the rest does not follow. It is not uncommon to represent that inspiration and miracles are, *à priori*, improbable. Perhaps if your system is one of blank atheism there are difficulties; but grant me that there is a God who has made the world—grant me that He has an intelligent free will such as we, His creatures, have, by His permission; grant me that He loves the human race, and watches over it, and I deny *in toto* that there is the slightest improbability either in inspiration or in miracles. Has God nothing to tell to this world which He has created? He has, and you all know it. And how does He tell it? In the ordinary course of nature, He tells it by raising up great men, whom, if He had not raised up, the world would have remained without the instruction which He commanded them to give. In the ordinary course of nature, God has to teach men something about science, and He sends forth a Bacon or a Newton. He has to teach them the great thoughts of a poet, and He sends them a Shakespeare and a Milton. And am I to believe that it is impossible for this great Lord God Almighty to breathe spiritual truths into spiritual hearts, and to send forth a John and a Paul and an Isaiah, to whom, in a more unusual way, He has communicated His thoughts, and whom He has commanded to exercise in the region of matters spiritual an influence far greater than any of the common sons of men, even those who were endowed with the highest intellects, had been able to exercise on the human race? I say, that if you deny the possibility of inspiration you limit the omnipotence of God. Nay, I know not by what process it could be more natural, so to speak, for God to communicate knowledge respecting Himself and respecting the destinies of the human race, than by raising up His chosen servants and communicating to them a knowledge which ordinary men could not attain to. As to ordinary great intellects, their

appearance is not a miracle, for they come in the usual course. In the case of those who are commanded specially to unfold spiritual truths, their appearance is a miracle, because such spiritual communication from the All-knowing is unusual. This is God's way, in great emergencies, to raise the human race, by inspiring chosen servants to teach them what men could not find out for themselves. Now, I maintain that it is only reasonable to suppose that God does use this mode of teaching, and therefore that inspiration is, *a priori*, probable. And, if this be true of inspiration, what of miracles? Why, this very inspiration we are talking of is a miracle. When God sent Napoleon the Great into the world, he did so for some great purpose. He caused great changes to come over the world, which, humanly speaking, never would have come over it had not Napoleon arisen. And what sent Napoleon there? Which of your ordinary physical laws will account for the growth of Napoleon the First? How can you, when you have to deal with beings endowed with free will, with beings such as man, in your imperfect knowledge of these matters, give any more reasonable account of the growth of great men, who produce great changes, than by saying, as both the Old Testament and the New Testament say, that they are sent there by God? I know no other way of explaining it. Now, what I maintain is this—that, if God, for the bringing forth of great purposes, does—and we are fully entitled to say He does—step in and call forth that which is to produce the great changes He designs, in a way that we cannot explain, except by saying that it is His will to do so—if this be the case, what, when we come to other matters, is to limit the omnipotence of God? Let us for a moment take it for granted that this Almighty Father of the human race did see that it was time to send to them the Second Person of the Trinity to teach them what they could not learn for themselves—a purer morality, nobler conceptions of the human soul, nobler aspirations, both for this life and for eternity, than they would otherwise obtain; let us suppose for a moment, as a hypothesis, that He did so send this Great Being to dwell upon earth, is it natural or not that this great event should be attended with extraordinary phænomena? Is it likely that if this Great Being came to earth death was to triumph over Him? so that there should be an end of Him by death? Is it not more probable, on the hypothesis, that such a Being could not be overcome by death and the grave? The miracle of Christ's resurrection is, I affirm, not a thing *à priori* improbable, but is most probable, under the hypothesis that God intended to send this Great Being to teach the human race. And if this be so as to the *à priori* probability of the matter, what are we to say as to the *à posteriori* evidence? Well did the old writers of the last century, in their apologies, always turn to the miracle of the resurrection and take their stand on the evidence for it as the very turning point of the whole Gospel. They were right, for if you have this great miracle of the victory of Christ over the grave, what is the difficulty as to other miracles? All the rest is a smaller matter. Christ rising victorious over the grave!—a thing naturally to be expected if Christ was sent by His Father to teach the world and to die for the world, as the Christian religion tells us. But if this be a thing probable in itself, what attestation have we *à posteriori* of its actually taking place? Now, there is a set of persons who tell you you must separate in the Gospel between the miracles and the morality. I deny that you can make this separation. There is no Christianity that is not miraculous. Where do you find it? Where is it? Where was it ever taught? I go back to the first century, and take for this purpose even the testimony of a writer in France, not likely to be suspected of any tendency towards over-belief, who in his latest work assures us that St. John the Apostle, within thirty years of the Lord's death,

wrote the Book of the Revelation; and who professes even to fix the very year in which the book was so written. If the book was so written within thirty years of the Lord's death, and if, in that book, as in every book of the New Testament—I might say in almost every chapter of every book—the Lord's resurrection is taken for granted as an ascertained and positive fact, how do you account for this—if there is no basis of faith on which it rests—that within thirty years this belief had grown up? Thirty years! Why, at my time of life I can look back upon thirty years with perfect ease. I remember what happened thirty years ago as clearly as I remember what happened yesterday. And am I to be told that in the course of thirty years this had all grown up in the mere imagination of the men of that day; and that it had taken such absolute possession of the whole Christian mind that there is no single book, no single record of any Christian teaching, of which the resurrection of Jesus Christ is not the very centre? It is no question of the authenticity and genuineness of a whole set of books which it requires scholars to examine and manipulate. If there be but a single epistle remaining, in that epistle the doctrine of the resurrection is proclaimed. If there be no epistle—if there be but the historical, traditional teaching of the men who lived in those days—there was not one of them who taught any sort of Christianity except that which took for granted the Lord's resurrection. You cannot disintegrate the morality from this mysterious fact; and if there was any Christianity at all existing at that time, it was a Christianity exactly the same as that which you and I believe now. Give me the account, then, of the origin of all these ideas, so interwoven with the Christian system. Give me an account of it—for if you profess to be scientific men you are bound to give some account. The French writer to whom I have alluded professes to furnish one; he gives you a sort of sentimental romance of what he supposes may have been the state of things from which Christianity arose. But I ask any Englishman of common sense who reads that book to tell me whether it is such a satisfactory account of the origin of this phænomenon as will stand for a moment the test of scientific examination? The fact is, that all these attempts to account for the belief in Christianity at that early time, on any hypothesis except that of its truth, altogether and utterly break down. I believe there are persons who suppose that Christianity was invented in the middle ages, or about the third century. But if they know anything of history, they will see that it was full-blown, and exactly the same in all respects, within thirty years of the time the Lord died, as it is now. If this be the true account of this matter, I think I am entitled to say this—Granted God's existence and God's superintending power, the rest follows comparatively easy. They who would examine the evidence of this matter in detail must refer to the history of the times, and the many volumes of apologetic theology.

I shall now, before I close, sum up what I have been saying, which must be very disjointed and cursory, considering how very wide the range of our subject is. Hear now some extracts from the Holy Scriptures, and judge whether they will not meet the several heads on which I have dwelt. First, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Again, "Be ready always to give a reason for the hope that is in you." There is no dissuasive in either of these passages from a reasonable examination of the scientific proof of the truth of our religion. Remark that the Apostle whom I have last quoted adds that you are to "be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." The last words indicate the very state of mind in which a scientific man will address his opponents, however much he may disapprove of the arguments they use. Again, we read of man being "delivered from that fear of death by which he was all his lifetime subject to bondage;"

and another writer says that our Saviour Jesus Christ hath "abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." Again, looking towards the changes that may come upon the world, and the day of judgment, we read that "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness." "He shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." And we are promised, at the last, "new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." And if for a moment we are tempted to look upon the certain judgment which follows upon sin and crime committed, as if it were but the necessary consequence following, without any intervention of the great personal Governor of the world, we are reminded that "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thine hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." And if any doubts are felt as to the personality of God, what do we mean by God being a person? That He is a willing, a living, a sentient, an intelligent, a benevolent substance. God is a Person! It was no dead law of nature which made things, but it was this intelligent, loving, willing Being. "He that made the ear, shall He not hear; or He that planted the eye, shall He not see?" And if our hearts are filled with the thoughts of this great personal Being, thus ruling, and directing, and controlling, and loving, and helping, shall He be dumb, and unable to make himself heard?

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake unto the fathers," spoke unto the human race by a thousand voices, and among others "by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son," and this Son, having come upon earth, "is risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept." I thought we could not do better than sum up all that has been said in these words of Holy Scripture. For indeed we should do well to search the Scriptures, "for in them we have eternal life, and these are they," saith Christ, "which testify of me." Let us thank God that we live in a land in which men are familiar with these Scriptures of truth. Let us prize them, and teach them to our children, and believe that in them, after all, though we may find in them no instruction as to the secrets of common physical sciences, we have great truths, which are the highest truths that an immortal being is capable of understanding.

And now, my friends, in closing these remarks there is one other point on which it is difficult not to linger for a moment. Is it true that there is here in this country, and still more in other countries, a determined war between Faith and Unbelief? Is it true that great efforts are being made to sap the foundation of those principles on which all our hopes for eternity are based? nay, even to sap those religious principles on which the stability of human society depends? And is the antidote to be found in the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ? By the pure Gospel I mean the simple doctrine which the Apostles taught. "I have determined," says one, "to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." This was the rock on which Christ declared that He would build the Church—the belief in Himself as the Son of the Living God. This was the doctrine which Martha came to believe—that He is the Resurrection and the Life, and that whosoever believeth in Him though he were dead, yet shall he live. To this Scripture everywhere gives testimony. "Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God;" and "Whosoever confesseth that Jesus

Christ is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God." To teach this St. John wrote his Gospel—"These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His Name."

What then shall we who are believers in this Gospel do? Shall we quarrel about minor points? Shall we tear each other to pieces for a vestment or a candlestick? Or shall we desire, unwisely, to pull down any good old institution, which through many generations has taught that pure Gospel of Christ? Shall we seek for any minor reason of so-called political consistency to play into the hands of those who desire to pull down the Gospel which we love as our own lives? It will be very easy to unite with those with whom otherwise you have no real sympathy to destroy the institution by which the Gospel has been maintained in this land for hundreds of years; but when you come to divide the prey, I suspect they will have the lion's share. I know of none who will benefit by such attempts except those who dislike the Gospel of Christ, or those who hold up a standard which is not the standard of the Scriptures of Truth, who, teaching in the name of the God of Truth a system which is very unlike His pure Gospel, find in every land crowds flocking into their communion, simply because of the fear of something more dangerous even than a mutilated and disguised Gospel. I advise, my friends, that all of us should endeavour, in this age, when there is real danger of a violent assault against the Gospel of Christ, to act heartily together to maintain it, and not magnify differences which will weaken our hands in the great conflict for our Lord and Master.

SONNET—HUMAN LOVE.

No lessening in loving, neither change,
But unto more and more. Behold how nigh,
Two for all time beyond each other's range!
Love shall not drive back Death, nor through Death die,
But kiss at last from Death divinity,
And Death fall dead from that embracement strange.
Ah, Human Love! thou half by death made whole,
Believe thy own divineness! pour thy hymn
Along the dirges: tell me some dear soul—
When I in yon dread gulf of dark shall swim,
Leaving this life-worn garment on the rim—
Will be the radiant messenger to roll
Asunder Jordan where I cross alone—
Will know I come, and meet me, and be known.

Mary Brotherton

ISMAILIA.

Gondokoro, as most people who read English know by this time, is an important point or station on the Upper Nile, which has become famous during the last few years through the visits of several well-known travellers and explorers. It may be questioned, however, whether readers in general have realized the facts as to its position. Khartoum, the town at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, the seat of the government of Southern or Upper Egypt, lies above the sixth cataract, at a distance of some 1,500 miles from Cairo. Up to this point the Nile is a clear open river, with a permanent channel navigable for large vessels. Beyond it the main channel disappears in many places, and the huge stream filters down south through vast masses of vegetation hardening into morass, and lakes which are silting up and changing their forms from month to month—almost from week to week. And away beyond this dismal swamp, 1,409 measured miles south of Khartoum, and 1,621 feet above the Mediterranean, lies this same Gondokoro.

Any one who has travelled straight away from Boston or New York to Sioux city, or other outpost station on the Upper Missouri, knows what 1,400 miles mean, and also in some degree what it is to feel like being somehow on the edge of the known world. But 1,400 miles of drift-weed and morass between you and the nearest station inhabited by a white man in the centre of Africa! One cannot altogether wonder that the hearts of the men in Baker Pasha's expedition were broken by the time they reached this (so-called) resting-place. The strain even on the strong heart and will of their commander shows here and there in his journal. "We appeared," he writes, "to have forsaken the known world, and, having passed the river Styx, to have become secluded for ever in a wild land of our own, where all were enemies like evil spirits, and where it was necessary either to procure food at the point of the bayonet or to lie down and die." And again, "We were lost to the world almost as absolutely as though quartered in the moon." Add to this, that Gondokoro and the immediate neighbourhood was the general depot for all stolen cattle and slaves, and the starting-point for every piratical and man-hunting expedition, which he had come expressly to put down; that his troops, except those under his own immediate personal influence, who formed his body-guard, were utterly averse to the work in hand, and that the neighbouring tribes were all in league with the slave-traders, and openly hostile to Baker Pasha and his mission—and we have a picture of as unpromising a situation, and of as heavy a piece of work as have fallen to the lot of any amongst that small band of Englishmen who, from the days of Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins to those of Rajah Brooke and Bishop Patteson and David Livingstone, have been told off, as it were, in one way or another as pioneers in the dark places of the earth.

At Gondokoro, then, the old mission-station, being such a place as this, Baker Pasha and his expedition arrived on the 15th of April, 1871. They found the old settlement abandoned, only some half-dozen broken-down huts standing. The mission-house, which had been built of brick, and which was standing in 1865, the date of Baker's last visit, had utterly disappeared. The natives had, it seems, pulled it down, and ground the bright red bricks into fine red powder, which, mixed with grease, served them as a holiday costume on special occasions—"the house of God turned into *pomade divine*," as the Pasha puts it. The only trace left by the mis-

sion was an avenue of fine lemon-trees, still standing, though sadly broken here and there, under which the neglected fruit lay rotting, bushel upon bushel —more melancholy surely than if there had remained no trace at all of the men or their work.

Such was Gondokoro on the 15th of April, when Baker selected the sites for his own station and that of the main body of the expedition. For the former he chose a rising knoll by the river side, some six acres in extent, upon which grew a few large trees. The "diahbeeah"—a roomy, comfortable Nile boat in which Lady Baker lived—was moored close by the bank, and the fine grass in front was kept closely cut, like a lawn some thirty yards in depth, on which stood a fine butter-nut tree, their out-door drawing-room. On the knoll the body-guard (the "Forty Thieves," as they were endearingly called) and other retainers were housed in a few days in neat huts, each surrounded by a garden of its own, which within a week were sown with "onions, radishes, beans, spinach, four varieties of water-melons, sweet melons, cucumbers, oranges, custard apples, Indian corn, garlic, barmian, tobacco, cabbages, tomatoes, chilis, long capsicums, carrots, parsley, and celery." Large gardens were also formed at the head-quarters' station, the site of the old mission, where the troops were employed daily from 6 A.M. till 11 in agriculture, and by the 27th of April almost all the crops had appeared above ground. Within another month the larger station was completed and fenced, powder and other magazines erected with galvanized iron roofs, and all necessary arrangements made for permanent occupation.

In expeditions to distant lands, Baker maintains it is necessary "to induce feelings of home amongst your people." A hut is only shelter, but a garden planted by themselves at once catches hold of the wildest natures. Even the liberated slaves learned in a few weeks to take a deep interest in their gardens at Gondokoro, and not a day passed without request for leave to work with hoe or spade.

The incidental glimpses we get of the home life of the little station are singularly bright and fascinating, probably all the more so from its terrible and anxious surroundings. The deck of the "diahbeeah" is furnished with easy-chairs and carpets; eighteen can dine there comfortably. The negro boys and girls, most of them released from the slave-traders the year before, lower down the Nile, have grown into most respectable lads and lasses under Lady Baker's discipline, and have learnt to wait at table and do all kinds of domestic work neatly and well. The boys are—Amarn, the delicate little Abyssinian; Sāat and Bellaal, fine powerful lads of fourteen and fifteen; Kinyon (the Crocodile), a Bari orphan boy who had come into the station and volunteered to serve; Jarvah, the fat boy, cook's mate, with a keen eye to the pots, controlled by the cook Abdullah, formerly a Shillook slave, now an excellent culinary artist, though dull, and calling cocks and hens "bulls" and "women;" and lastly, little Koo-koo, a Bari boy of six, who had stolen in from his tribe, and gradually settled himself in the kitchen.

These six boys are dressed in uniform of loose trousers, reaching half-way down the calf, blouse, and leather belt with buckle, and fez for the head. Uniforms of dark blue, with red facings; or for high days white with red facings, and strong brown suits for travelling and rough wear. There are regular hours for every kind of work; and the boys are so civilized that they always change their clothes to wait, and "are of the greatest possible comfort, thieving being quite unknown amongst them." In fact, they have been so well trained and cared for by Lady Baker that "in many ways they might have been excellent examples for boys of their class in England." One can only wish in these days that some such could be imported from Central Africa. Three out of the number never required even a scolding through the long expedition south of Gondokoro, which is the subject of the second volume. The girls are not so promising or attractive,

though they too are dressed in pretty uniforms, and manage to learn washing under the old black duenna Karka. Then round the central household, we find those of the "Forty Thieves" and other retainers grouped, and get a familiar acquaintance with many of these fine fellows—with poor Ali Nedjar, the fine-tempered champion runner and athlete, brave as a lion, whose name, after his death, his commander carved on the stock of his snider, and reserved the weapon for the best man of the body-guard—with Monsoor, the faithful Christian—with the graceless fisherman Howarti, who in answer to Baker's remonstrance, "Ah, Howarti, you are a bad Mussulman; you don't say 'Bismillah' when you cast your net," replied, "It's no use saying 'Bismillah' in deep water—nothing will catch them in the deep; and I can catch them without 'Bismillah' in the shallows."

Nine months of such domestic life must leave some mark for good, one would say, even at Gondokoro. But perhaps we delay too long on this side of the vivid picture which is painted at once with rare plainness and skill in this charming book. Let us look outside the little six-acre knoll by the side of the Nile. The large camp, containing at first some 1,200 soldiers and their followers, under Colonel Abd-el-Kader, with the flag of Egypt flying from a mast eighty feet high in the centre, is the first object which meets us. Within we find constant alternations of confidence and hopelessness and despair, breaking out into remonstrance and all but into open mutiny. The Khedive of Egypt, their ruler, has sent this Christian Pasha down into these strange lands "with supreme power, even that of death, over all those who compose the expedition," with "the same absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile basin south of Gondokoro." His mission is, so runs the firman, "to suppress the slave trade; to introduce a system of regular commerce; to open to navigation the great lakes of the equator; and to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots, distant at intervals of three days' march, throughout Central Africa, accepting Gondokoro as the base of operations." What right the Khedive had to grant such a firman we will not stop just now to inquire. Under it, at any rate, here is this Christian Pasha bent on carrying out the whole of the objects therein indicated, and above all, that most hopeless and unpopular of all, the suppression of the slave trade. He is a man of iron, with whom no one can trifle, whom no one can escape. Not an officer of the expedition can pick up a slave girl or boy; not a man can offer the slightest insult to a woman, or appropriate the smallest piece of property, without running imminent risk of severe flogging, if not worse.

They are sent down through these frightful wastes of mud, weed, and water, through which they have spent months in cutting passages which have closed up behind them, to carry out such a mission, under such a commander. Around them the whole of the country, occupied by the Bari tribe—a tribe so numerous and warlike that Abou Saood, the chief of the slave-dealers, finds it politic to be in alliance with them—is fiercely hostile. The chiefs are insolent, defiant; do "not want any government;" will supply no provisions; in a few weeks are openly at war with the expedition, and harassing the camp by constant alarms and attacks.

It is scarcely to be wondered that his troops should have been one long and constant cause of anxiety to him, and that their conduct both in camp and in the field should have been such as to make him almost despair again and again. Nevertheless in the nine months, from April 15, 1871, to January 22, 1872, Baker had so far succeeded in his work as to have brought all the surrounding tribes to acknowledge his authority and to sue for his friendship, and to have so thoroughly established the settlement of Gondokoro as to feel justified in leaving it under the command of one of his native officers, with

a force, including sailors, of 145 muskets, while he himself, taking Lady Baker and his household with him, and 212 officers and men, started south to endeavour to complete the work of establishing military and commercial stations, and suppressing the traffic of the slave-dealers in the equatorial regions south of Gondokoro.

This second act opens with an effort on the part of the soldiers, by tumultuous remonstrance—or, in plain words, unarmed mutiny—to resist the expedition south of Gondokoro. By this time Baker was well aware that the suppression of the slave-trade, though to him the paramount object of the expedition, was not one in any favour either with the authorities whom he was serving or his own soldiers. But he had more than grudging support and passive resistance to reckon with. The whole country which he was going to annex, and civilize if he could, was already leased to a great Egyptian trading firm—Agad and Co.—of which one Abou Saood was the representative. This firm paid a yearly rent of some 3000*l.* to the government of the Soudan for the trading monopoly, and Abou Saood was the most notorious slave-trader on the Nile. He kept in his employment paid bands of kidnappers, had established stations as centres of the traffic up and down the whole district, and had hitherto sent his ships with cargoes of slaves down the Nile in perfect impunity, bribing the officials at the government stations, who, we find, from Dr. Schweinfurth, took "from two to five dollars a head of hush-money" for every slave they allowed to pass. It is not possible from the evidence given in the book to satisfy oneself whether the Khedive himself really knew of this lease to the great slave-dealing company, and the use which was made of it, when he issued his firman to Baker. The lord of Egypt knows apparently not much more of what goes on in those distant southern regions than officials, interested in keeping things as they are, choose to tell him, and we may perhaps fairly give him credit for a genuine wish to establish order and put down kidnapping so long as he keeps an Englishman at the head of affairs.

It is certain, however, that Baker knew nothing of the lease when he accepted his mission, and that it added enormously to the difficulties he had to encounter. Thus far he had overcome them; but the establishment of a station at Gondokoro, and the submission and pacification of the Bari tribes in its immediate neighbourhood, were only a small part of the work he had undertaken. South of Gondokoro, and between it and the great lakes, lay a fertile district, between 300 and 400 miles across, which was the favourite ground of the slave-traders. In it they had four large stations, the principal being at Fatiko, which kept the country practically in their power. Beyond lay the kingdom of Unyoro, which Baker knew well, and with the late king of which he had been on terms of friendship nine years before. Beyond Unyoro, again, lay the kingdom of Uganda, ruled by M'tésé, also an old friend. These two kingdoms were, comparatively speaking, well organized, and capable of resisting the slave-traders; while the latter, Uganda, was already in communication with Zanzibar on the Indian Ocean. If the intermediate district could be cleared of Abou Saood and his bands there was every hope for the future. If not, his mission would have been a failure, and the clouds under which all atrocities might go on with impunity would close over Central Africa again. In this conviction the Pasha started on his expedition from Gondokoro, by the conduct and results of which he will in the end be judged. And here one must face one set of criticisms which the publication of this book, and the conduct of its author, have called forth in abundance, and of which we have not heard the last. Giving Sir S. Baker all credit, it is said, for his own intentions, he knew that in carrying them out he must annex large districts inhabited by free tribes to a kingdom despotically governed. To do this these tribes must be subdued by force, when

necessary, which is not the work for which Englishmen are honoured in their own country.

Sir S. Baker had counted the cost before he put his hand to the work. Long residence in these countries had convinced him that the one practicable step for the improvement of Equatorial Africa was the establishment of a permanent government over these tribes, and that the only country which could form such a government was Egypt. Had England remained in Abyssinia the case would have been different; as it was, there was no alternative, and he frankly accepted the responsibility. "The first steps in establishing the authority of a new government," he writes, "over tribes hitherto savage and intractable, must of necessity be accompanied by military operations. War is inseparable from annexation, and the law of force, resorted to in self-defence, is absolutely indispensable to prove the superiority of the power which is eventually to govern."

There is the case, put shortly. And we do not think any average Englishman, wishing to see right done in the world, and wrong put down—nay, we will go further, we do not think any fair-minded member of the Anti-Slavery or Aborigines Protection Society, whose special aim in life is to raise and protect the inferior races, and see that they get fair play—can doubt that Baker came to a right decision, or would wish that he had never accepted service under the Khedive of Egypt. It is unfortunately a condition of the world in which we live that, as Mr. Biglow bitterly remarks in one of his early poems,

> "Civ'lisation must go forrard,
> Sometimes upon a powder cart."

It is a blessing for the world when the powder-cart is pulled by men, who, to the strength of will and genius necessary to leaders in such undertakings, add the kindliness, the patience, and the humanity of Sir S. Baker.

He himself anticipates the strictures of another class of critics. Military men will condemn his advance south. Scarcely, one would think, for here at any rate the test is success. Besides, as he urges, "if risks were to be measured in Africa by ordinary rules there would be little hope of progress." Neither in Africa, nor indeed elsewhere. If Baker is to be blamed in Africa, the same blame must attach to Sir C. Napier in Scinde, and to Sherman in Georgia. A base, and communications with it, are of course the first necessity in war. But a commander who is always thinking of his base, loses as much power for his work as a preacher who is always thinking about saving his own soul. Whether looked upon from a political or military standpoint, this expedition of Sir S. Baker's must always remain one of the most noteworthy of our stirring times. Let any one who doubts go to this book and judge for himself. He will be well rewarded in any case by the intense interest of the story.

After the preliminary difficulties of transportation had been overcome, the little band of 212 men, with Sir S. Baker's household, started away southwards for Fatiko, the principal town and station of the intermediate land between Gondokoro and the kingdom of Unyoro; 165 miles from the former place, and nearly 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Every day's advance brings them into finer country, and makes Baker's spirits rise and his views widen, as we learn from the extracts from his journal. He finds himself in a district with which he is familiar, and in which he knows that he must have many friends left. On February 2nd, they reach the highest point of their route, eight miles from the Asua river, and begin to descend towards Fatiko. Here "the promised land" breaks upon them. "The grand white Nile lay like a broad streak of silver on our right, as it flowed in a calm, deep stream direct from the Albert N'yanza. Its waters had not as yet been broken by a fall; the troubles of river-life lay in the future."—"Here had I always hoped to bring my steamers, as the starting-point for the opening of the heart of Africa to navigation." (By this time, the steamer put together at Gondokoro during his absence by his English work-

men may be actually on these waters.) Before them, as they descended, lies the vast plain of Ibrahiméyah, destined in Baker's judgment to become the capital of central Africa. Splendid visions fill his brain of the trade, developed by the steamers on the Albert N'yanza, and concentrated on this spot, whence there will be a regular camel-post to Gondokoro until the short railway of 120 miles is built, which will open the very heart of Africa to steam transport direct from the Mediterranean—when the traveller will embark at London Bridge, disembark at Gondokoro, and with one shift of luggage find himself steaming on the bosom of the mysterious equatorial lakes! Golden dreams!—but already on the high road to fulfilment. "I revelled in this lovely country. The air was delightful. There was an elasticity of spirit, the result of the atmosphere, that made one feel happy in spite of many anxieties. My legs felt like steel as we strode on before the horses, rifle on shoulder, into the broad valley." Cortez, "silent upon a peak in Darien," must have had something of the same feeling.

But Baker is soon saddened in spite of the wonderful beauty and abundance of the land. "Neither a village nor the print of a human foot appeared. This beautiful district, that had formerly abounded in villages, had been depopulated by the slave-hunters."

On the 6th of February, they burst suddenly on Fatiko, the band playing, the 212 rank and file dressed in their scarlet shirts and white linen trousers, and Lady Baker and the household all in their best. They halt before the place in full view of Abou Saood's station, occupying thirty acres, and from which, as Baker could see through his glass, crowds of slaves were already being hurried out towards the south. One of the first deputation which approaches the Pasha turns out to be his old dragoman, Mohammed, now in the service of Abou Saood, but a repentant dragoman longing to be quit of slave-running. Soon, several natives come out, and recognize the Pasha and Lady Baker, and are delighted at their return. The drums beat in the slaver's station, and a number of men form themselves under crimson flags in front of the town. But Abou Saood is not yet prepared for resistance, and himself appears, professing good-will, and anxiety to assist the Pasha.

Baker excuses himself for not having arrested this arch enemy at the beginning of the expedition, and had he done so, it seems more than probable that all the subsequent bloodshed might have been saved. For in this district, north of Unyoro, he effects his object without firing a shot. The sheiks come to him, delighted that he is in power, ready to acknowledge him and his government, and praying only to be rid of the slave-dealers and Agad and Co. Scruples as to the position of these people, as holders of a kind of title from the same government he was serving, seem to have had great weight with Baker, and to have caused him to deal with them with great caution and forbearance.

One hundred men under Major Abdullah were left to hold Fatiko, and the march to Masindi, the capital of Unyoro, commenced on March the 18th. Through the intrigues of Abou Saood, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining carriers and provisions, the capital was not reached till April 25th. On the way Baker took possession of Foweera, the southernmost station of the slave-traders, a beautiful site on the banks of the Victoria Nile, and enlisted Suleiman, the Vakeel of Agad and Co. and his men whom he found there as irregulars in the government service. He had scarcely turned his back when they were at their old practices again. Round this station the country was now a wilderness, which seven years before Baker had left "a perfect garden, thickly peopled, and producing all that man could desire." But civil war had raged in Unyoro, fomented by the slave-dealers, and at the moment of his arrival Abou Saood's men were about to march with the young king's forces to attack a powerful neighbouring chief, Rionga

by name, who had always maintained his independence of the king of Unyoro. This raid was prevented by Baker's arrival, and Kabba Réga, the young king, who had ascended his father's throne by means of treacherous murders, and seems to have been a drunken coward, bitterly resented the miscarriage of his plans. Studied neglect and deliberate insult on his part were rebuked with firmness, time after time, but with no good effect. The liberation of a number of Unyoro women and children from the slave-dealers did not mend matters. The declaration of the Egyptian protectorate on the 14th of May, and finally the reception by Baker of a deputation from his old friend the king of Uganda (M'tésé), seem to have brought matters to a crisis. During their residence in Masindi Baker's force had built a strong fort capable of resisting any sudden attack, which was scarcely finished ere it was wanted. After several hostile demonstrations and an attempt to poison the whole force, which was within an ace of success, the smouldering flame broke out, and a general attack was made on the fort, which ended in the defeat of the natives, the destruction of the town, and its subsequent evacuation by Baker on the 14th of June.

The story of the march through grass eight or nine feet high, and forest, back to Foweera, through constant ambuscades, is one of the most intense interest, and after reading it breathlessly, one is still at a loss to understand how it could have been so signally successful. The admirable coolness and courage of the men, and their absolute trust in their leader, will account for much. These blacks, under their gallant colonel, Abd-el-Kader, might now be trusted to do all that fighting men could do. But their number had been reduced to 100, or, including four sailors and four of the Bari tribe who had learnt to fall in as soldiers, to 108. These, marching in single file through the dense grass, had to protect the women and servants, and carry the baggage, the strongest men being loaded with sixty-four pounds of ammunition each.

A Bari guide led the advance-guard of fifteen men, under Abd-el-Kader, armed with sniders. These were supported by Baker himself with ten sniders in charge of the ammunition, and followed by Lieutenant Baker, Lady Baker, and servants. The rear-guard consisted of fifteen sniders under Lieutenant Mustapha. Each man was ordered to keep just near enough to be able to touch the knapsack of the man before him, knowing that should this line be broken by a sudden rush all was over. If attacked on both sides, as was often the case, the alternate files were to face right and left, place their loads on the ground, and fire low into the grass. Orders were passed along the line by buglers, who were with the advance and rear-guards, and with Baker.

In this formation they marched the eighty miles, with a loss of ten killed and eleven wounded, including in the latter category the commanders of the advance and rear-guards, Abd-el-Kader and Mohammed Mustapha. None but black troops, Sir S. Baker writes, could have endured such a march with heavy weights on their heads in addition to their usual accoutrements.

They had been obliged to halt for three days on the way to attend to the wounded, and allow Lady Baker and the women some rest. They reached Foweera on the 25th of June, and were now safe in the country of Rionga. But that march from Masindi could never have been successful but for the providence of Lady Baker. Looking at all that was going on around them in the capital, and the daily growing hostility of the king and chiefs, shown in the scarcity of supplies furnished, she had put by more than twelve bushels of flour in a secret store, the existence of which enabled her husband to feed the troops for seven days of the march to Foweera. Had it not been for this store—had the troops been compelled to forage for food as well as fight their way through ambuscades, and carry baggage—not a man or woman could have escaped. No wonder that when the disclosure of the hidden treasure

was made officers and men exclaimed, "God shall give her a long life!"

The wish will be echoed by every reader of the book. The presence of Lady Baker, everywhere, on the Nile boats, in the stations, on the marches, in bivouac, in action, runs like a pure white thread through the whole narrative. As the gentle and skilful nurse of sick and wounded, the protector and educator of the weak and young, the wise adviser and courageous friend of her husband through all the trying scenes of those four years, her figure and surroundings stand out in exquisite relief from the dark, and often repulsive, background of the picture. It is difficult to realize how the gentle and refined lady, whom so many of us have seen by Sir S. Baker's side at the Geographical Society and elsewhere, can have gone through such scenes. Through the whole expedition she seems to have lost nerve only once, when her favourite little Jarvah, "the fat boy," was killed by a spear close to her side on the march from Masindi. "This loss," we hear, "completely upset my wife." Poor Jarvah had on several occasions exposed himself to protect her from danger.

From the arrival in Rionga's territory the narrative brightens into one rapid and continuous success. After "an exchange of blood" between this chief and two of his great men, and Sir S. Baker, Lieutenant Baker, and Abd-el-Kader—a ceremony which the Pasha and his officers underwent with considerable disgust—the Pasha returns to the station at Fatiko, leaving Abd-el-Kader with a detachment to assist in installing Rionga as the head of the Unyoro country. In his absence the slave-traders had regained courage and power, and he found his lieutenant almost besieged in the government fort. A short and sharp action follows, Abou Saood's men being the aggressors, ending in the complete rout of the slave-traders, with the loss of their most notorious leaders. The survivors send in their submission, and take service under the Pasha's government. Then follow the emancipation and return to their own homes of slaves confined in the stations, the building of a fine fort at Fatiko, correspondence and alliance with M'tésó and Rionga, great hunting parties, and the laying out and cultivation of gardens and orchards. Then we have the return to Gondokoro, the last works there, including the building of a tomb over the grave of Mr. Higginbotham, the chief engineer, who had died during Baker's absence, and the parting with his old soldiers on the 25th of May, who broke out into shouts, "May God give you a long life! and may you meet your family in good health!" as he walked down their line for the last time.

Sir S. Baker's command was now at an end, and the work he had set himself seemed to have been accomplished. "Every cloud had passed away, and the term of my office expired in peace and sunshine." We trust, indeed we believe, that he is right, and that what he has achieved will make the horrors of the past impossible in the Nile basin, if not in all Equatorial Africa. Still his voyage down the Nile proved to him that the slave traffic was not at an end; and the appointment of Abou Saood as assistant to his successor after his own departure from Egypt (where he had left that personage a prisoner awaiting his trial) must have convinced him that much yet remains to be done before the waters of the great stream and those fertile provinces will be delivered from the curse of slavery. But a strong light has been brought to bear on the subject, which is not likely to grow weaker; a path has been opened to commerce in countries where a few English needles may be exchanged for a tusk of ivory, worth from 20*l.* to 30*l.*; and for another period of four years another Englishman of the first mark has succeeded to the power which was so well wielded by Sir S. Baker. We have faith in such pioneers; and believe that Chinese Gordon will, like his predecessor, prove too strong for the opposing influences behind and around him, and will perfect the work, the commencement of which is chronicled in these volumes.

There is one other point which must

strike every reader of this book, and that is Sir S. Baker's frank generosity to his subordinates. There is scarcely a bitter sentence in it from beginning to end against the most unwilling and incapable of his Egyptians, and he can even hasten to say all the good which can be said of such characters as the Arab slave-drivers, Wat-el-Mek and Suleiman, when they show the faintest signs of penitence and desire to turn honest men. As to his own countrymen, he can never praise them enough. "How often my heart has beaten with pride," he writes, "when I have seen the unconquerable spirit of my country burst forth like an unextinguishable flame in any great emergency." This was at the mutinous crisis before the start of the expedition from Gondokoro southwards; and the same thing occurs again and again. There is not a word but of warm appreciation in the mention of any Englishman, while in the few plain sentences which record the deaths not only of Mr. Higginbotham and Dr. Gedge, but of Ali Nedjar and Monsoor, there is a note of genuine tenderness which has the true ring about it, and is all the more attractive from its setting. His companions seem as a rule—one may say, with one exception—to have been worthy of such treatment, and to have appreciated it.

Africa has absorbed in this generation much of the superfluous energy of England, and seems likely not to abate her demands. By arms, by missions, by commerce, we are more and more bound to that mysterious continent. In their several callings, Mackenzie and Colenso, Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Bartle Frere, Lord Napier, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, have done notable work. But as yet only the fringe of the great land has been affected. At last, Baker and Gordon seem likely between them to open up the heart of Africa to their countrymen. There will be no want of good men to follow up their work, in the interests of Christian freedom.

Thos. Hughes.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. THORNLEY'S accident brought precisely the result Ellen had foreseen. The proposed journey to London had to be put off, and to give himself a chance of undertaking it before the spring was quite over, he had to submit to lie up and abstain from all use of the injured ankle for many days. Nothing was heard of Connor, and Ellen ceased to start at unexpected sounds, and began to look eagerly for letters in the hope of seeing Connor's handwriting on an envelope stamped "Dublin" again. The days of Mr. Thornley's captivity were decidedly pleasant days to every one in the house. After experiencing one or two of them, Ellen understood the complacency with which Bride Thornley congratulated herself on being bound to a brother who knew how to stay in the house reasonably, and could be cut off from his ordinary occupations without making himself and everybody near him miserable. During the press of the sorrowful business of the past winter, some literary work, in which John Thornley had previously been much interested, had had to be laid aside, and now he and Bride turned back to it with a zeal that sometimes carried Ellen's sympathies with theirs, and sometimes left her (she not being of the essential student nature) lost in astonishment at their power of abstraction from present interests. She sat once or twice through an hour or two of a rainy afternoon, listening to their eager discussions in almost absolute silence, while wonder grew in her mind, till it was almost indignation, at the sight of two thoughtful people occupying themselves, while suffering such as she knew of was going on all around, with discussions as to the relative merits of Charles Lamb's and Addison's styles of essay writing; the secret cause of Dean Swift's melancholy; or even the share which Rousseau's dreams of the perfectability of human nature had had in bringing about the reckless disregard of individual human life which marked the first French Revolution. She thought the talk even more heartless when, instead of forgetting the present time, they spoke eagerly of it for the sake of searching out analogies to its woes in past periods of history; fitting cause and effect, and probable remote consequences, with a satisfaction in the completeness of the chain of reasoning that made them appear like dissectors calmly gathering knowledge from the throes of a living subject. Then the recollection of a face written over with deep lines of indignation and pity; of a few words, lately heard, breathing restless impatience of wrong, came back to her with a glow of sympathetic approval and content. Surely it was nobler to grow wild with pain at the sight of a great calamity, and spend oneself in frantic efforts to arrest its progress, than to be able to stand aside and chronicle the death throes and photograph the victim's glazing eyes, and speculate philosophically on what was to come when the agony had passed.

Once or twice John divined by the expression of her face, which was beginning to be an open book to him, the course her thoughts had taken, and when his and Bride's arguments came to an end, he tried a little wistfully to draw out an expression of opinion from her, and gain an opportunity of setting himself right in her eyes. Then the conversation was apt to take a plunge into depths of metaphysics, where the

three sometimes found standing ground whence they could get glimpses of each other's points of view concerning the practical matters they seemed to have left far behind them. John would acknowledge the hardening effect on character of looking at life chiefly from the intellectual side, and confess that even in great questions of politics or sociology the want of due appreciation of the subtler emotions and spiritual sources of individual and national life was a fatal hindrance to penetrating to the truth of things, and caused the calculations of the science that takes note only of tangible results to prove itself folly when tested by experience. Bride, following her brother's lead, would bring examples from history of great results which had sprung from some unpremeditated word or deed of generous enthusiasm, or divine folly of self-sacrifice. Then Ellen listened complacently again, thinking of an enthusiasm which they had pronounced folly a few minutes before, but which might yet prove itself to be the very conduct they were now admiring. One or two rainy afternoons spent in such talk had the effect of years of ordinary intercourse in making the sharers in it known to each other. Ellen fell into a habit of referring in thought to the brother's and sister's standard on all occasions when a judgment had to be formed, and began to feel as if she had spent half a lifetime in their company instead of a few days.

The last piece of literary work Mr. Thornley undertook during his imprisonment was an essay on the poetry of Young Ireland. It grew from his having had to listen to numerous quotations from the poems of Connor's friends, which had served Ellen for arguments in their political discussions. At his request she brought out her store of ballads cut from the *Nation* newspaper. And to secure that justice should be done to the merits of the verses, she undertook to read them aloud herself.

"Who is it that signs himself 'D'Arcy'?" asked Bride, looking over Ellen's shoulder, as she finished a poem which had called out all her powers of effective reading; "there is surely something of the true ring about his verses; and how well Ellen always reads them."

"Give the paper to me. I shall better know what the poem is worth when I read it to myself," John said, stretching out his hand for the newspaper Ellen held.

She looked up suddenly, and saw an expression of keen anxiety in the eyes that, unknown to her, had been studying her face as she read, and she could not help starting and colouring violently. She had quite forgotten where she was; the lighted drawing-room had faded away from before her eyes as she spoke the words, and she had been seeing the turf shieling under the hill, and the dusty sunrays streaming through a chink in its roof on to a face that, now she had once seen it, seemed to furnish a comment on the words she was repeating. It was startling to be called back to her present surrounding by the consciousness that her thoughts were being guessed at by some one near; and she was angry with herself for the agitation that would increase the more she thought about it, as if she had been guilty of betraying a secret. Mr. Thornley withdrew his eyes from her face; but as he folded and rustled the paper, she heard a quick impatient sigh. Bride had meanwhile taken up a sheet that Ellen had laid aside a few minutes before, and was busy with it.

"Surely there is unusual power of picturesque description here too. John, just listen to the first verse again—

"'Long, long ago, beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race
Taller than Roman spears.
Like oaks and towers, they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With woods and waves they made their hiding-place,
These western shepherd seers.'

Such pictures in a few words one does not often get from an unknown young poet."

"How do you know he is young?—that strikes me as practised writing."

"He is young," said Ellen. "The

author of those verses is also a friend of Connor's. He began to write very early I have heard. He was thrown on his own resources when he was almost a child, and was editing a paper in America at eighteen. He is sub-editor of the *Nation* now."

"And a hero in your eyes, I perceive," said John.

"Other people have had to provide for themselves at eighteen, and for their brothers and sisters too, without any one taking them for heroes," said Bride, looking at her brother.

"That has nothing whatever to do with what we are talking about," answered John, sharply, and evidently annoyed. "Let me have all the newspapers. I will look over Young Ireland's effusions at my leisure, and see what I can make of them. Two of the poets are at least worth demolishing."

Ellen, who had now recovered her self-possession, proceeded to collect the newspapers, and arrange them according to date. "I hope I have not done the Young Ireland poets any harm by reading their verses aloud," she said. "I want you to write a good review. I know they feel it hard that no one in England takes any notice of what they write, let it be ever so powerful. It is like sounding a trumpet to deaf people. Perhaps you might act as a sort of conductor, and carry the sounds into an atmosphere that will reach more ears."

"I will write my best after that," said John, with a glow on his pale face; "and as for your reading, I was thinking, just as you spoke, that if I were dead, and you were to come and read verses of mine over my grave as you have read those, the sound would stir the frozen blood about my heart, and call me back to life again. It would be enough, I should say, to satisfy any poet's ambition to hear you read his verses once."

"I think we had better open the window to let out the poetical afflatus," remarked Bride, drily. "The room is so full of exaggeration it is getting into our heads."

"Not into mine," said Ellen, laughing. "I know well enough that nothing will ever satisfy Connor's ambition but a paragraph of unmitigated praise in a *Quarterly Review*, and it is Mr. Thornley, not I, who can give him that."

For the next day or two, Mr. Thornley shut himself into his study to write, and as Bride was occupied with preparations for the journey to London, which was fixed for the end of the week, Ellen spent her time with Lesbia, among her old haunts on the hills and lake. Sometimes Pelham accompanied them in their walks; and sometimes Mrs. Daly was persuaded to take a seat in a boat, or to share a drive, and in her company Lesbia was always her best and sweetest self, not the shy shrinking Babette of Whitecliffe days, nor yet the self-conscious heiress, who aired little whims and graces to the annoyance of John and Bride, but a pleasant mixture of coaxing sweetness and pretty deference that exactly hit Mrs. Daly's requirements in a companion, and brought out Pelham's conversational powers to such an extent that Ellen found herself at liberty to follow out her own thoughts undisturbed. She was not sorry to be left to herself. Just for those days, underneath all the anxiety that possessed her, there was a glow of renewed hope and confidence that coloured her musings with a brighter tint than they had known for many a day. It startled her, as falling in curiously with the current of her thoughts, when one afternoon, Pelham, detaining her for a few minutes' conversation in the garden, after Lesbia had gone into the house, began his communications by asking, in a grave tone—

"Ellen, what motive do you suppose induces John Thornley to take so much trouble on our account, and make such sacrifices as he does to help us?"

She had been depending on his help; but it had not occurred to her to question the motive for its being so freely given, till Pelham put it to her.

"Do you mean anything fresh?" she asked, remembering, after a minute's

thought, that the service she was most counting on just now could not have entered into Pelham's calculations.

"Every day brings something fresh; and as I have no one to consult but you, I want you to help me to consider whether we are not letting ourselves be bound by greater obligations than it is right for us to accept from any one."

"Dear Pelham, how kind of you to consult me!" said Ellen, stroking the arm she held fondly, and looking up into his face with as much gratitude as if he had offered her a crown.

Pelham was touched. "I am sure I don't want to keep you out of my confidence," he said, a little huskily. "I am lonely enough, and we three ought to hold together, for we have not much else but each other to hold on to. If I have not consulted you and Connor hitherto, it is because you always seem to be looking so far ahead that you have no attention for what is passing."

"You shall always find us ready to attend to whatever occupies you for the future. We will make a triple alliance, dear Pelham—so close, that neither Pelham Court Pelhams nor Thornleys shall ever come between us again."

"There is no need to guard against Pelham Court interference now, Ellen. My chief annoyance is the cool way in which Uncle Charles hands over our affairs to John Thornley, leaving him to meet all difficulties as they arise in the best way he can. As long as our misfortune seemed manageable, Uncle Charles was ready enough to help; but now that it has passed beyond his experience, he refuses to believe in it—he turns his back upon us, and leaves things to take their course."

"If Mr. Thornley had done the same?"

"We should have been ruined as utterly as any of the poor wretches who are turned out of their little holdings to earn enough Indian meal on the public works to keep themselves from starving. Ellen, you and I are almost, if not quite, as truly *beggars*, living this year on charity, as that gang of men with pickaxes over their shoulders who are crawling miserably past our gate just now. I am sorry to startle you, dear, by saying such a thing, but it is true."

"But why is it so? How have things grown so bad with us?"

"The famine. There has not been a shilling of rent paid this year on the estate, and will not be; yet the interest on the mortgages has to be made up. The holders are ready to come down on us at the first failure, and are only held off by the remittances John Thornley pays out of his own pocket."

"But is he so rich? I thought it was Lesbia who had all the money."

"He had a legacy—and he calls paying our debts speculating with his fortune, and says he has a right to do what he pleases with his own."

"Then we are actually depending on him?"

"The rent paid for the Castle has been our chief resource through the winter; but what a transparent pretence it is—their choosing to rent it from us this year. The old residents are flying the country as if it were plague-stricken, as indeed it is—and they stay on. It must be for our sakes; but why? I want you to help me to solve the puzzle, and consider whether we can continue to accept his charity!"

"You expected Uncle Charles to do more for us?"

"I think he might take a little more trouble. I think he might be kinder to my mother and you, and offer you a home, instead of leaving you to be obliged to comparative strangers for a shelter."

"Pelham, dear, you make me feel very guilty when you say that. There is something to be said in excuse for Uncle Charles, and I have only been waiting for a good opportunity to tell you. I had another letter from Marmaduke just before we came here."

"And you have answered it?"

"Yes; mamma was very kind, and told me to write just what I pleased; and if you will be as good to me, Pelham, and try not to blame me more than you can help, for keeping mamma

out of her old home—I will be so grateful to you."

"I can be sorry for your decision without blaming you. You have a right to choose for yourself; but I have always thought Marmaduke a very good fellow, and that you were lucky to please him."

"Yes, I know every one thought so—certainly every one at Pelham Court—and that would not have made it easier for me to go there as Marmaduke's wife. I should not have gone only to him, but to them all. It would have been just the same with me as when I stayed there three years ago; and Pelham, I don't think I could condemn myself to carry such a sore, angry heart to the end of my life, as I had then. They did not mean to hurt me, but their way of thinking of me as altogether different from themselves crept out at every other word. They were always telling me how Irish I was. It was Irish exaggeration, Irish blundering, Irish romance, whenever I spoke a word that came fresh from my head or warm out of my heart. Yet, for mamma's sake, and to satisfy you, I think I could have borne it all, if it could have been in any other way than just the way Marmaduke wanted. That would not have been honest. He likes me as I am, poor fellow, and would have expected me to go on being myself in spite of them all, and I am not strong enough. He would have been disappointed, just as Connor and I used to be disappointed in our butterfly chases, when we closed our hands on a purple-emperor, and found, on opening them, that there was nothing inside but broken wings and dust. Don't you think there is truth in what I say, Pelham, dear? You'd like me to be true, above all, would you not?"

"Yes," said Pelham, deliberately, after a moment's silence; "you were quite right, Ellen; and whatever trouble is before us, I promise never to reproach you with what you have thrown away. I know more about it than you suppose. You are not the only one of us who has felt out of place at Pelham Court. I have not forgotten what I suffered when I first went to live there as a little fellow, and they used to show me like a curiosity to their friends, as their cousin from Connaught, and wonder, before my face, that I had not higher spirits, and did not make Irish bulls. I used to vow to myself never to speak an unnecessary word. If I am a dull, reserved fellow now, you must put it down to the training in silence I had then. After all, I am afraid sometimes that I am as Irish at heart as any of you—if feeling a great deal more than is convenient makes me so."

"Oh, Pelham, thank you for saying that! Now we are real brother and sister."

"But, whatever I am at the core, I keep the horror that grew up with me of acting so as to draw on myself the charges usually brought against Irishmen. Conduct that, under certain circumstances, I might have been capable of, becomes impossible to me when I remember the contempt I have heard poured on it at Pelham Court as the usual resource of a broken-down Irish gentleman."

"But what conduct?"

"Ruined Irishmen are always said at Pelham Court to mend their fortunes by marrying heiresses."

"Mamma was not an heiress—they cannot say that of——"

"No, no!—and yet you must have noticed the pitying tone in which they always speak of our mother there, as if she had, if not degraded, at least done very badly for herself in marrying an Irishman."

"Why do you recall that now?"

"To lead you back to the question we began with."

"You are thinking of Connor and Lesbia."

"Of Connor? Oh no, he never was in earnest."

"Jest and earnest are so mixed up together in Connor, one cannot say. It would not have been another person's earnest, but I believe it was his."

"The worse for us all. There is no use in shutting our eyes to facts. Day by day we are sinking lower and lower,

and every step down brings with it another link in the chain of obligation to the people who any day may possess themselves of all we are losing. Do you think John Thornley's kindness is meant in any way to lay an obligation on me not to try—not to win—in short, has he, do you think, the Pelham Court notion of an Irishman's method of repairing his broken fortunes?—and does he intend by every service he forces on us to show me that it would be treachery in me to—the thought is intolerable! His meaning or not meaning it changes nothing in the facts—but I could not bear to be taking bribes; to feel that it was obligation, not my own sense of honour alone, that guarded every word and look."

"My poor Pelham! how I wish it was not such deep earnest with you."

"I can't understand such a thing being at all, if it is not earnest. Of course I know perfectly well that there is to be no end to it. Let the worst fortune come that can come, I will never be the seedy Irishman that worms himself into idle comfort again through a woman's goodwill, nor shall Connor so degrade himself, if I can prevent it."

"And suppose poor little Lesbia should love the one or the other of you?"

"You have no reason to think she does."

"I do not say I have; and at all events, Pelham, no one can accuse you of giving her the opportunity. The 'Cadet de Colobrière' himself, who, by the way, now I come to think of it, is Lesbia's favourite romance-hero just at present, was not more *farouche* than you are."

"I don't want to make a bear of myself. I am not such an idiot as to think there is any need. I only grow savage when this question of the motive of John Thornley's kindness puzzles me; and his favours begin to look like bribes."

"His kindness has never astonished or puzzled me. I know quite well that he feels as if he could never do enough for us, and that all he has belongs more to us than to himself. Though he is so much more your friend than mine, I understand him better than you do, and give him credit for higher motives. It has not anything to do with you and Lesbia. All his conduct to us is influenced by—just that night—you know what I mean. Our father died in his place; and when he took him out of my arms, I believe he felt as if he took upon himself all the care for us that our father would have had. I don't think you need scruple to accept any service from him: it comes to him as duty with the life that, but for our father's generosity, would have ended that night."

"But he has never said a word of the kind. I should not think he is at all the sort of man to have such a romantic idea of duty. You know they would call it so at Pelham Court. They would put that down as one of your sentimental Irish ideas, and scout the possibility of its influencing Uncle Charles's model man of business, John Thornley."

"Then they don't know him as well as I do. Sentimental or not, the thought did not come out of my mind at all. I have read it in his face a dozen times. Some faces have such a great deal in them; and do you know, Pelham, I begin to think it is the plain faces that bear best to be looked at, and are the beautiful ones after all. Yes, I know it is an Irish bull; but I mean exactly what I say. I have found it out lately. I used to call Miss Thornley and her brother plain, but since I have been here, I have seen looks on their faces, that are beyond anything for what they tell you."

"Whatever Thornley's motives may be, my position of dependence on him remains the same; and you can't wonder at my finding it galling, and longing to escape somehow. If only I were not such a fool!—if I could do anything!"

"It seems to me that you are doing a great deal. Let us, just for argument's sake, suppose that all the Daly estates had passed into the Thornleys' hands, that they were owners and you the

agent; you would still be working and earning fairly what you receive."

"About a tenth part—for my work is not worth much. I am only learning. The rest of our income would be charity, and is."

"You are so resolutely sensible, dear Pelham, you won't let the least little touch of illusion come in to hide the ugly bare outlines of fact. That is Pelham Court training, and it does make things hard for you."

"At the best it is difficult enough to accept obligations gracefully, and not let them make one feel mean."

"There are plenty of people have to do it this year. What we feel about the Thornleys' bounty is only a twinge of the great pain all Ireland is feeling at having to take relief from England. There are some who can't bear it at all, who are just driven wild with the shame of having to be fed by the hands that have oppressed and robbed us hitherto. They think it would be better to break loose before the new chains are bound round us, and die free. You can understand their feeling for the nation what you feel for yourself, can you not, Pelham dear?"

"I can understand it and blame it too. I don't mean to encourage myself in bitterness, however great the temptation may be. When things are at the blackest, and one's way hardest to see, what is the use of raising more mists? Whether it is hope or anger that creates them, they can only bewilder. Let us do our best in our extremity to see clearly and walk straight."

"I shall have a chance of growing wise, now you take me in hand. We must indeed help each other, Pelham, for we have a great deal to bear. How pretty the village looks from here—the freshly white-washed cabins, the broad road overhanging the water, and the green snore of the lake! Who would think there was sorrow and death in it? Pelham, since we must leave all this, and leave it spoilt and sad, I am glad that you have not often been here; that your life has not struck such deep roots about the place as mine and Connor's."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I shall feel the break-up more than either of you. I shall always be sorry that I did not care for the poor old place while it was ours."

Just then the bell for the Angelus from the little white-washed chapel in the village sounded. Ellen clasped her hands round her brother's arm, and held him motionless and silent where they were standing for a moment or two.

"Just think," she said, when they turned again towards the house, "what a great cry of anguish went up to-night from all Ireland with the Angelus bell: 'Pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of death!' and the hour of death so near to thousands everywhere throughout the land now. As I stood still that moment I could almost believe that I felt and heard the great throb and cry for help go pulsing up to the throne of God. We must comfort ourselves by remembering that He heard it surely."

An expression of reverent gravity remained on Ellen's face, till she had parted from Pelham in the hall and mounted the first flight of the staircase, on her way to her mother's room; and then, at a sudden thought she turned and ran back to him, in one of those rapid changes of mood that were so incomprehensible to him. Resting both hands on his shoulders, she looked smilingly in his face—

"Now, my dear Cadet de Colobrière—no, Aîné de Daly, I mean"—she said, "I am not coming down to dinner to-day; mamma is tired, and I am going to make tea for her in her room, and I lay a solemn charge on you, not to be *farouche.* I assure you, on my honour, that the common-place talking individual is the least dangerous of the two, and that your conscience imposes it upon you to be extremely agreeable, and to make the evening, in my absence, a pleasure instead of a weariness to our hosts. Now, attend, I shall take means to learn how you conduct yourself."

On her way down to dinner, Bride Thornley turned into the pretty boudoir opening from Mrs. Daly's bedroom to

see that everything was comfortably arranged for the evening meal Ellen and her mother were to share there. Prosperity agreed with Bride Thornley's looks—that is to say, the neat figure and small-featured, colourless, intellectual face, that had looked insignificant when she was clad in the scanty drab garments she had affected when left to her own devices, had an air of refinement, and even of distinction, when set off by the rich dark silks and judiciously chosen ribbons and laces that Lesbia's taste imposed. Neither were the other outside appliances of wealth so incapable of giving Miss Thornley pleasure as she was apt to imagine, when she looked back lovingly on her days of struggle. As she satisfied herself of her guests' comfort, she glanced round with evident satisfaction on the pleasant room; the sofa drawn in front of a cosy wood fire; the dainty tea-service, whose bright silver and delicately coloured china reflected the glow of the flames; the softly falling curtains and rich carpets that made a pretty background to the two figures seated by the fire. She certainly enjoyed making her guests welcome to so much comfort, and was pleased to find herself the moving-spring of a well-regulated household.

Ellen noticed the expression of complacency that crossed her face, as she lingered a minute or two by the door, making hospitable suggestions to Mrs. Daly; and when they were alone, she turned to her mother with an impatient sigh that had much wonder and a spice of contempt in it.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "this is all new to Miss Thornley; she can admire the house as it is now, and fancy that the finery does not spoil it."

"She is a very clever woman," Mrs Daly answered, echoing Ellen's sigh; "if I had been as clever——."

"Oh, mamma! don't—don't wish you had turned the dear old Castle into a cockney paradise while he was in it. How he would have hated the stiff prim life, and all the little fads and formalities they make such a parade over."

"You are prejudiced, Ellen. The quiet and order are delightful to me; and I cannot help feeling more comfortable here now, changed as everything is, and sad as I must be, than I used to feel in the old days of waste and confusion. This is what I was accustomed to in my youth; and when one is growing old, it is to the habits of one's childhood one turns back with pleasure. I lie here with my eyes shut, listening to the stillness, or to the regular subdued household sounds, till I forget the actual circumstances under which I am here, and fancy myself either a child at home again, in my dear mother's time, or that this is Pelham's house as I used in thought to regulate and arrange it for him when he was a baby, and I had him first in this very room. I don't believe that I have once since I came quite taken in the thought that I am here as the guest of John and Bride Thornley, the children of that cousin who used to be spoken of at Pelham Court as the least reputable connection of our family."

"Mamma, did you know these very Thornleys in old times? I wish you would tell me all you remember ever to have heard about them."

"Their father had an old-fashioned manorhouse about twenty miles from Pelham Court. He was a very dissipated man, well-known as a horse-racer and gambler. My father and mother disliked him greatly, and we did not visit at his house; but we were all very sorry for his wife, a gentle, lady-like person, who lived a very solitary life shut up with her children, and seldom going anywhere. Once a year or so she would come, bringing one of her little ones with her, to spend a day at Pelham Court. It was evidently an effort for her to come into society, so neglected and unhappy had she become; but she made it for the sake of keeping up her connection with us, and the position in the county which was hers by right of birth. I quite well remember her dejected, worn face, like Bride's, but handsomer, and not so acute. The last time I saw her was when I stayed at

Pelham Court, two years after my marriage; she came alone that day; but I remember her telling me, with tears in her eyes, an anecdote of her son John's devotion to her. It made an impression on me, for Pelham was sitting on my knee at the time, a little child of a year old, and I thought it was such love as that I should like to grow up between him and me."

"Can you remember it?" asked Ellen, with eager curiosity.

"The circumstances are confused in my memory now; but I think the story was that the father had taken the child, without the mother's knowledge, to some place she disliked his visiting, and intended keeping him there through the night, leaving her in ignorance where he was; and that the boy escaped from the window of the room where he had been put to bed, and ran back through a dark winter's night a long distance home, to save her, as she said, some hours of agony. Poor woman! she died worn out with it at last."

"Then they must have suffered a great deal, that elder brother and sister. That is how they came to have such quiet, watchful, resolute faces. I am glad you have told me this story, mamma, it makes me understand them better. What was their old home like?"

"An old-fashioned ivy-grown place, with a moat round it. I rode past it with your father the day before I was married, and I remember being surprised that it did not strike him as so forlorn-looking and out of repair as I thought it. I had not seen Castle Daly then. Your Uncle Charles bought the place some years after, when Mr. Thornley had to sell everything. He has improved the house, I believe, and means it for Marmaduke when he marries. It is strange, indeed, the odd turns of fortune and unexpected complications that time brings with it."

"Very strange," said Ellen, a little falteringly, for she knew that her mother's thoughts were contemplating the possibility of time bringing the strange turn of fortune's wheel that would place her in the Thornleys' old home as its mistress, while they were ruling in hers. She hastened to start another subject.

"Uncle Charles bought their old manorhouse, then. Did he lose sight of his cousins when they were turned out of it? Did not he do anything for them in their worst time?"

"It would have been useless to try to help them while their father lived. To have given or lent money to the elder Thornley would have been like pouring water into a sieve; and nothing would induce either Mrs. Thornley or the children to separate their fortunes from his during his life. They had offers of help from her relations and his on condition of giving him up, but they were determined to hold together. By the time the father died there was not much to be done for them. Bride and John had worked their way up, and were doing well for themselves. It was more on our behalf than on his that Uncle Charles persuaded John Thornley to come here as your father's agent."

"They look like people who would always hold together, and stand by every person or thing that had a claim on them, or that they had ever taken up—steadfast. I think even Lesbia would be that if she were once fixed."

"You think so?" Mrs. Daly asked, meditatively; and then after the unusual burst of conversation a long silence followed. They had reached the borders of a topic that neither cared to enter upon, and that tempted each to drift off into reverie.

When tea was over, Mrs. Daly lay back on the sofa with her eyes shut, listening, as she said, to the stillness; and occasionally, when a door was opened below, catching the distant sound of Pelham's and Lesbia's voices in a duet to which Bride was playing the accompaniment on the piano in the drawing-room. Ellen sat on a stool looking into the glowing wood embers, and seeing there a vision of an old manorhouse, whose low-ceilinged, panelled rooms, as they opened out before

her, were occupied by an incongruous succession of owners—Marmaduke and herself, Pelham and Lesbia, John and Bride. It rose up before her fancy as a rival home to Castle Daly, invested with a fatal power of attraction that was destined to draw all the prosperity and habitableness from one family abode to the other. An Aaron's serpent of a home, swallowing up other homes in revenge for having been left desolate so long. "They must love best the place where they were born," she said to herself; "and Uncle Charles would welcome them back there now they are prosperous. Why don't they go?" And with the question a heavier sense of obligation than she had acknowledged before fell upon her and saddened her.

The evening was nearly over when, on Mrs. Daly's retiring to rest, she ran down stairs to spend the last half-hour before prayer-time in the drawing-room. Every one came forward to reproach her for having been absent so long on John's and Bride's last evening; but Ellen thought they all looked as if they had enjoyed themselves in her absence. Pelham apparently had not been *farouche;* for he and Lesbia were standing together by the piano chatting in the pauses of their songs, and there was a little flush on Lesbia's face, and the soft light in her brown eyes that became them best. Bride, with her fingers on the keys, playing mechanically what she was told to play and dreaming between whiles, was thinking that she should have John all to herself to-morrow. John, under cover of the music, had been indulging himself in a thoughtful revisal of the essay on Young Ireland poetry, that was to go with him to London the next day, reclining comfortably in his armchair meanwhile, and only jotting down a memorandum for a note or altering the form of a sentence with his pencil, and now and then murmuring over a phrase half aloud to see if the sound satisfied his ear as well as the sense his judgment. He was well pleased as he read, and secretly thought that here was a piece of work well done—there was thought, and surely here and there pathos too, and sentences of keen sarcasm that in their wording more nearly realized his standard of expression than anything he had written before. He looked up at the bookshelf over his head, and nodded smilingly towards the copy of Elia's essays which had been his first purchase when he and Bride found themselves in a condition to begin to build up a library; and he said to himself that his past hours of devotional admiration of that master of delicate irony had not been quite thrown away, but might yet produce fruit that would prove the disciple not so far behind his model but that their kinship might be recognized. When Ellen came near, John resigned his chair and pencil into her hands, and begged her to read the essay and mark any passage she did not approve. Then he walked away to the other end of the room, and called Pelham to come and look over some papers with him, and discuss matters of business that had to be attended to while he was away. Pelham grew perplexed, and after a time, somewhat annoyed, when he discovered that though Mr. Thornley folded and unfolded letters and talked fast, he was not by any means giving his whole attention to the questions they were considering, and that he invariably paused in the middle of a sentence if Ellen turned over a leaf of the MS. she held while he was speaking. When Pelham answered, his eyes became fixed on the pencil between Ellen's fingers, and he was clearly far more occupied in counting the number of marks she made on the edge of the page she was reading than in listening to what was said. There was nearly as much of the author's anxiety for appreciation as of the lover's in the absorption with which John watched Ellen's progress through his pages. He was not foolish enough to suppose that he could win her heart by any display of literary skill, but he thought there were outworks of admiration to be stormed that way; and he counted on having earned her gratitude by the ample justice he had rendered to the grace and originality he had found in some of

Connor's verses. To atone for the critical mildness there displayed, he had fallen with double severity on the faults and exaggerations of the poems that had moved him to enthusiasm when he had heard Ellen's voice thrill and tremble with their pathos. In treating these, he felt he was dealing with perilous matter that his conscience would not allow him to trifle with; and, almost unknown to himself, the words of that other poet aroused a strong antagonism—an impatient disapproval that coloured his judgment of his verse more than he was aware.

At last Ellen turned the final page, and John pushed aside the papers he had been arranging into a confused heap again, and hurried up to her chair. He almost trembled at the thought of the first look she would turn on him when she raised her eyes from the paper. The concluding sentences of his essay were to his mind full of deep sympathy with Ireland's sufferings, and of mournful solemn warning to those who, while singing their country's wrongs, were preparing a still worse fate for her than she had yet endured; and he thought Ellen would be much moved in reading what he had written. He recollected the wet sheet of the newspaper when one pathetic poem had received such a tribute as would, he thought, have satisfied the most exacting poet's thirst for acknowledgment. Would there be tears in those dearest eyes in the world now?

"Well," he said, standing opposite her, "how do you like it?"

The eyes she raised to his face were swimming in tears, but it was an angry light that flashed through them.

"Like it! How could you think I should like it! Why, I hate it all—I hate every word."

The excess of his surprise and disappointment calmed him at once and made him frigid.

"I am sorry, but I was of course obliged to write what I believe to be true. Why do you hate it?"

"It is cruel—you ought to know that. The praise is what I hate; it is all double-edged, a great deal crueller than the blame. You talk about imagination and magic, and glamour, and the force of eloquent words, as if the poems were all made up out of these, and there were no patriotism, no wrongs, no real country even—nothing real at the bottom for the enthusiasm to be about. If you had said this out plainly in words that did not profess to praise, I should have been angry, but I should not have hated it quite so much."

"You are like all women, who never quite understand or appreciate irony."

"I do understand it; I hate it worst of anything in the world. It is like a blight that creeps in and kills everything it touches. Yes, and it withers the strength of its wielders as well as that of those it wounds."

"It kills unrealities and false enthusiasms, nothing stronger."

"True enthusiasms sometimes have weak beginnings, and when irony kills *them*——"

"Well?"

"It is the worst sort of murder; there is no end to the evil of it, for you can never say what base or terrible things may not spring up from their ashes. When all the high feeling and hope has been laughed out of them, they die; but out of their ashes monsters of cruelty and hate rise up."

"How do you know?" asked Bride, who had come up behind John, and for the last minute or two had been looking at the agitated faces of the disputants with a sensible smile on her lips. "Don't you think, Miss Daly, that you are giving John fresh evidence of the truth of his remarks concerning the creative power of Irish eloquence, when you frighten us out of all wish to go to bed to-night, by such Cassandra prophecies? John is slowly turning to stone under the effect of your denunciations, and is already, as you may perceive, quite incapable of holding his bedroom candle straight."

"Of course you laugh at me," said Ellen, rising and laying down the manuscript sheets on a table near. "I will go to bed. It is waste of words for me

to speak when you can sneer at D'Arcy O'Donnell's poems."

"I don't sneer," said John, coming close to her, and speaking emphatically. "Sneers imply contempt, and there is not a grain of contempt in the whole paper ; it is you who *will* read it wrong. It is respectful throughout, for I have put out all my powers, and I praise all I can conscientiously."

"You put yourself on a height and judge."

"Critics always must."

"Then they are always wrong."

"Perhaps; but you will at least allow that I have done justice to Connor."

"You have praised his rhymes ; but, fond of such praise as Connor is, he will hate it, when it is given at the expense of all he believes in and cares for, as heartily as I hate it for him. I would not advise you to trust that manuscript in his hands if he were here to night."

"If you would show me where you think I am unjust, instead of condemning the whole," said John, deprecatingly. "I am not beyond conviction ; and though you may not believe it, I have a sincere wish to speak the truth ; if you would specify——"

"I can't," answered Ellen. "You would call it all exaggeration ; it would be just as your sister says, giving you fresh evidence to turn against us. Give me my candle and let me go. I don't think I will ever tell you what I really think again about anything I care for. I'll know now how you will take it."

John turned away abruptly, took a bedroom candle from a table, and lit it slowly ; then as he placed it in Ellen's hand, he said, in a low voice that could only reach her ear—

"What you said last was too bad. You talk of other people being cruel ; but that was a great deal worse than cruelty—it was revenge. You must have known how it would hurt me."

"Good night!" said Ellen, aloud. "I am sorry if I am cross, but I can't help it ; good night, Miss Thornley—I know you are wishing me away, for you said you still had a great deal to do to-night, and Lesbia has disappeared long since."

Bride turned to her brother, as the door closed behind Ellen—

"'Like oaks and towers, they had a giant grace,
Those western shepherd seers,'"

she quoted, laughing. "Such an exhibition does make one feel one's own moderate size, mental and bodily, does it not? I *quite* believe now in the O'Flaherty ancestress, who frightened the Saxons into paying tribute ; but, my dear John, I beg your pardon for laughing, I see you are really—annoyed——"

"Annoyed is not the word—it goes a great deal deeper than that."

"I am sorry, but really—her opinion is worthless—utterly worthless on such a matter as this. You could not expect a half-educated girl (don't wince at the phrase, John, you know she is half-educated in our sense of the word) to appreciate such writing as yours. It is quite beyond her. Now, that is really the best piece of criticism you have ever written."

"Criticism is a horrid trade. She was right in saying that it withers up the craftsmen as well as their victims. We have stultified ourselves over it—you and I, Bride. In our horror of sentiment we have toppled over on the other side, and grown as false as that which we wished to avoid."

"It is only our crust, and people whose liking is worth having will make their way through it, and find us out."

"It is a desperate hope, though, when the liking is a matter of life and death ; and there are people with no crust. Does any one about here know, I wonder, what sort of person this Young Ireland poet—this O'Donnell—is? Not that it is any concern of mine. The important question to me is, are my criticisms unjust?"

"I won't have you consider. You have always given me a right over your compositions since the first you brought to me, and I have given my *imprimatur* to this. Let me take it away and pack it up before you spoil it."

"No, no, leave it where it is."

"But you won't meddle with it to-night in the mood you are in?"

"No, I will take a night to think it over; but leave it on my writing-table. I will not touch it till to-morrow morning, and then not, unless I find there is good reason."

"Of course you'll spoil it; but I see you must be left to take your way;"—then as he turned to get her candle, she came up behind him, and put both her hands on his shoulders. "John, there's just a word more to be said: however impervious our crust may be to other people, between us two it can never be a disguise. No possible armour of cynicism you could put on would ever hide the real *you* from *me*. I know well enough that my liking is not a matter of life and death; but whatever you want from it, it is always there, and will not, I think, fail you."

"Thank you: I have been wishing to thank you for a long time, only I did not know how to get out the words, for being so kind to *her*, and for making this week what I believe I shall be glad of all my life, even if, as is most likely, I never have another like it."

"You will have enough of such to tire out my good behaviour, and force me against my will to own that 'oaks and towers,' and 'giant graces,' and enthusiasms, are not as much to my taste as more commonplace materials, which, to my mind, wash and wear better. Do you remember my telling you that it was as well for me to keep a certain possibility concerning you in my mind, that I might be able to bear it when it came, and your saying you could not see what there would be to bear?"

"And I don't now. I should have thought that such companionship as we have had lately would have been the greatest delight to you—would have made you perfectly happy."

"Yes, and you would think the same if I talked to you till morning. You are only a man after all, and must not affect to see through my crust as clearly as I see through yours. Good night I shall go and finish my packing."

It was very late before Bride Thornley came near the end of her business. The perfect ordering of the household, which gave such content to Mrs. Daly, was not effected without much labour on the part of its head; and at this juncture there was also to be taken into account arrangements for the distribution of food among the villagers, which could not be given over into less systematic hands than her own without much forethought. A little before twelve o'clock, Bride issued from her room with a bundle of memorandums and papers which she designed to arrange in the pigeon-hole compartments of a desk in the housekeeper's room, where Lesbia would find them when needed. She was not altogether sorry to have an excuse for coming out, like a sultan in disguise, at unseasonable hours, that she might satisfy herself of the obedience of her subjects on certain points concerning which she had long been doubtful; and when on reaching the head of the staircase she heard a stealthy tread of feet, and saw through the balusters a glimmer of lights moving in regions far below, it was not fear, but a sense of triumph that came into her mind. Now at last she should convict the offenders of the often-denied offence of sitting up in the lower regions to unauthorized late hours. She hurried down three flights of stairs, but only to find total darkness and silence in the offices she invaded. On her return, as she was pushing open a heavy swing door that led into the front hall, she again caught sight of a suspicious gleam, which now seemed to come through the chinks of the drawing-room door. In her surprise, she let the swing-door fall to in her face, and dropped the papers she was carrying; and when she had gathered them up again, and come through into the hall at last, she was much startled to find herself face to face with Ellen Daly, fully dressed, and standing close to the door, with an extinguished candle in her hand.

"Is anything the matter? is your mother ill?" Bride asked anxiously, as soon as she recovered her start.

"Oh, no, thank you! I wanted something, and came down to fetch it, and just now my candle went out. Will you light me back to my room? I am afraid of making a noise and awakening mamma."

"It seems to me that there has been a great deal of noise in the house this hour past—have you observed anything?"

"I dare say there has. I have not been thinking about it till now."

"I shall go and call John."

"I advise you not: this house is famous for noises, and no good has ever come of hunting them that I ever heard. There are several Dalys that walk, you know, to say nothing of banshees, and the only thing to be done is to grow accustomed to them, and let them have their way."

"You really believe that!" cried Bride, unable to suppress a slight movement of contempt, as she noticed a peculiar intent look in Ellen's eyes, and a quiver in her voice, showing that tears were not far off. "No wonder the servants think they can roam about as they please at night under cover of ghost stories."

"I confess to having felt uncomfortable when my light went out," said Ellen, meekly, "and that I shall be glad to keep near you till we get back to our bedrooms."

"I am going in here first, to put some papers into the press, and then I shall listen again at the head of the kitchen stairs. Come with me if you like."

The sound of living voices, or Bride's scepticism, had clearly driven the ghosts away, for all was perfectly still and dark when she and Ellen returned from the housekeeper's room, and stood in the hall looking upwards and downwards. Bride wished to search the lower rooms, but Ellen professed great anxiety to return to her mother, and she did not like to detain her. She was half-disposed to set forth on a new voyage of discovery when they parted company at Mrs. Daly's door; but on looking into her own room, she found Lesbia awake, and anxious to know the cause of her absence; and rather than excite nervous fears in her, she decided to put aside her own curiosity and betake herself to bed.

It was not with an easy mind, however, that she did so. Several times after she had laid her head on the pillow, she started up again, fancying a sound, and when after many efforts she was at length sinking blissfully down into an abyss of sleep, she was brought back wide awake and distressingly alert again, by the recollection flashing into her mind that the candle in Ellen Daly's hand was covered by an extinguisher, and certainly could not have been blown out by accident as her words implied. What could she have come down stairs so late to seek? And what could have induced her to leave herself designedly in the dark? Bride felt she should have no peace of mind till she had fathomed these mysteries, and the night looked an uncomfortably long space for miserable suspicions to work out their torments in. Nothing but sleep could shorten it, and for a long time that relief seemed quite unattainable. If there should be such a serious blemish as want of truth and straightforwardness in her brother's idol, then indeed the sight of his infatuation would be hard to bear. And she could not till morning dawned decide whether the misery of seeing him continue in delusion, or the misery of having to act herself as the shatterer of his dreams, would be the most acute.

After wishing Miss Thornley good night, Ellen stood holding the door of her room ajar, and watched through the crevice till Bride and her light finally disappeared; then she emerged again, and ran quickly down stairs, not pausing till she reached the drawing-room door. It was not so dark as it had been half-an-hour before, for the moon had now risen high enough to shine through the upper windows and cross the wide dark staircase with bars of cold white light. Neither was it quite

dark within the drawing-room, when, after listening for a second or two, she turned the handle and entered, for dusty streams of moonlight came through holes in the shutters, and made green patches of light here and there on the floor, showing clearly two occupants, one of whom was stooping over a writing-desk, as if intently occupied thereat; the other standing upright in the middle of the room, with his arms folded, and the moonlight falling full on his face. At the slight sound Ellen made in coming forward, the stooping figure sprang up, and Connor hurried to meet her.

"Well, you plucky conspirator—you girl of gold!" he cried; "have you got us the key?"

"Yes; but oh, Connor, this last freak of yours has almost killed me with the fright. Who do you think it was that made the noise with the green-baize door, that frightened you into extinguishing my candle?"

"The Daly that killed his twin brother in a duel, or the one that walks about with his head under his arm—which?"

"It was Bride Thornley; and if I had not gone boldly to meet the noise, she would have marched straight in here, and found us together."

"Well, she would not have been the only member of her family I should have had the honour of showing to our cousin to-night."

"She did me good service, as it was, for she took me to the housekeeper's room herself, and I lifted the key of the conservatory door from its hook in the press over her very head, while she was arranging her papers; but oh, the terror I was in till I saw her safe up stairs again."

"You used not to be so timid; it would have been nothing but fun to you a while ago to outwit the dragons that have driven us into exile. Anyway, Eileen aroon, you would not grudge D'Arcy his one visit to the Castle, if you had seen, as I have done to-night, how he loves every stone of it without ever having set his eyes on one of them before. There's no one has a better right to be here than he."

Ellen turned to Connor's companion, who had now moved to the door, and was standing near them.

"If we could have welcomed you properly, you know I should have been glad to see you here, cousin," she said.

"But you don't know how bitterly ashamed I am of intruding on you in such a fashion as this," he answered. "When I found our retreat was cut off, I wanted to call the master of the house, and confess the scrape we had got ourselves into; but you appeared at the door of your room while we were discussing the point, and before I knew, Connor gave the signal that brought you up to our rescue."

"Connor was right; it would not have done to rouse the house: mamma might have been disturbed, and made terribly anxious by Connor's unexpected appearance."

"I ought not to have let him persuade me to this freak, the wind-up of our enterprise here. I can only plead in excuse the longing that grew up through my childhood, when my mother used to talk to me in America of Castle Daly as if it were the very heart of Ireland, so that I could hardly feel myself pledged to the country as a son till I had been here and asserted my birthright."

Connor and Ellen had spoken hurriedly, in low whispers; but D'Arcy, during this speech, allowed his voice to rise to its ordinary key, and showed no more haste or embarrassment than if he had been conversing under ordinary circumstances in full daylight. Ellen looked up into his face, distinctly outlined, but pale and weird-looking in the moonlight, and a thrill almost of awe passed through her. The likeness to her father was so strong, that she could not help remembering stories that had frightened her in her childhood, of departed Dalys who came back in the dead of night to throng the old rooms, and she felt tongue-tied, as if to speak would break a spell, and banish the presence so often longed or.

Connor put his hand on his cousin's shoulders with a whispered "Hush!"

"He is not the right stuff for a conspirator to be made of," he said, turning to Ellen. "He would get up on to the wall his friends were hid behind, and make a fine speech to the constables who were looking for them. The trouble I have to keep him quiet!"

"When you have brought me into false positions, you mean. Never will I trust myself in your guidance again. The bargain was that I was to be taken through a suite of uninhabited rooms to see a certain picture, and get back without encountering a soul, and here we are caught in a trap like burglars."

"I knew, at the worst, there was a faithful mouse in the Castle with wits enough to set the lion free if he did get into trouble," said Connor; "and I would not have wanted help if the place had not been destroyed altogether with repairs and improvements."

"But I warned you, and told you not to come."

"If we had had any doubt of there being one to welcome us, we should have lost it listening to some words we overheard while we were waiting to slip in. Did not I like what you said to John Thornley about how I would thank him for his contemptible praise of me, if I had the chance of doing what I liked with his precious essay."

"Why, where were you?"

"On the ledge of the lowest turret window, among the ivy, where we used to sit in old times, and overhear conversations in the drawing-room, when the window chanced to be open. I had to hold D'Arcy fast, I can tell you, or he would have flung himself down and come striding through the drawing-room window to clap you on the back for standing up for us."

"He is mistaken, Miss Daly; I would not have moved or lost a syllable for the world. If it has been much to me to come here and see the place where my mother's thoughts were till she died, it is even more to know that there is a voice in the old home that speaks up for me. It was a moment never to be forgotten."

"And you saw her picture?"

"Yes," said Connor, answering for his friend. "When all was still in the house, I let him in by the turret door, and took him up the creaking old turret stairs to the lumber-rooms, and then across the passage to our old schoolroom. He stayed mourning over the picture a thought too long, for when we got back to the passage, we found the door into the lumber-rooms locked and the key gone."

"Miss Thornley must have come up to lock it before going to bed."

"No; better fun than that, it was little Lesbia herself. We stood in the dark at the end of the passage, and saw her tripping down stairs with the key in her hand. It was too provoking! I could see the top of her pretty head for two minutes and a half, by peeping over the balusters; it was my turn then to want to fling myself over and fall at her feet. Would she have taken me for a ghost and screamed, I wonder?"

"Her head is much fuller of robbers than of ghosts, and that is why she makes a point of having the door to the lumber-rooms locked at night. I think you must have made more noise than you are aware of, for mamma was restless. I sat with her an hour, and was only just going to my own room when you saw me."

"By good luck, or we should have had to spend the night in the old schoolroom, and missed the car that is to meet us at Ballyowen. We are both due in Dublin by midday to-morrow. You may take comfort by knowing that this is the very last you'll see of me for some time to come."

"After this experience I shall never know when or where you may turn up. I shall never think you safe. Cousin D'Arcy, must you lead him into all this?"

"Ellen! what do you mean? Have I not been enough insulted to-night by John Thornley's praise, without your insinuating that I am a led dog, to be

turned this way and that at D'Arcy's will?"

Heedless of Connor's interruption, Ellen continued to look up into the deeply-shadowed face that in the uncertain light looked so familiar and yet so strange. "Mr. Thornley says," she went on, "that it is what will alter and spoil his whole life, and he is so thoughtless and young, and his father is dead. It is a terrible weight on my conscience to be hiding all this, not knowing quite whether it is a noble, or only a desperate thing you are doing."

She could see how the countenance she looked at darkened and changed; there was a moment's pause, as if he were struggling for voice to speak.

"Yes," he said hoarsely at last, "you are right—the concealment, the dark ways, the poor mean beginnings are *terrible;* but it is the path that has to be crept or wriggled through at the outset of every uprising. I can't tell you that we shall ever get further than that. I can't say that we shall not be trodden down into the earth we are creeping through like worms, before we ever come up so far as the daylight of the struggle. It may be simply a spoiling of our lives and nothing more; and you have appealed to me to spare your brother. What can I say?—but that from the beginning to the end, whatever it is, there shall always be one life, one future, one reputation, that shall go first—before his, and be thrust always between him and blame or danger; that I can promise you."

"That was not what I wanted; but thank you," said Ellen, mournfully.

"Come, now," interrupted Connor, "you two have talked sentiment long enough for to-night. If we are to catch the car, we must start at once, and if we don't intend to do that, we had better have stayed the night in the old schoolroom up stairs, where I could have written love-letters by the yard for Lesbia to find in the morning. They would have put her out of conceit with Pelham's singing I fancy. It's too bad his having that pull over me, and I obliged to sit mum up in the ivy like an old owl, and hear it all going on."

"Yes, indeed, I think you had better go now," Ellen answered. "Miss Thornley must be asleep by this time, and the conservatory door leading out on the terrace can be opened and shut with very little noise. This way; I will turn the key after you, and put up the bars, so that there shall be no trace in the morning of any one's having gone through; but I hope you will never put my sisterly devotion to such a proof again, Connor."

"It shall be for some more important purpose, if ever he does, I promise you," said D'Arcy, as they passed through the conservatory.

"And I," said Connor, putting his hands on Ellen's shoulders, and stooping down to give her a parting kiss at the door, "promise you that, when you come to think it over, you will have to confess that even this game has been well worth its little candle; and that your brother Connor is the boy with the quick wit to steal a march on the enemy, and give him a telling thrust when occasion offers. If John Thornley complains, don't scruple to tell him, as a message from me, that Cassandra was right, and that the little minnows don't care to be told they are bigger people than the whales, but resent such fibs as insults to their understanding."

Ellen stood still, watching the two receding figures, their shadows stretching across the moonlit lawn, till they had passed the garden gate and disappeared down the road; and then she could not resist the temptation of stepping herself across the threshold into the garden to breathe the fresh night air, fragrant with flower-scents, and look up at the windows of the silent house, shaded for sleep as still as if it were death. If she had dared, she would have liked to stay outside and wait for the summer sunrise, now not far off. The stealthy retreat into the house, and then the solitary hours of self-questioning, when the excitement had passed, and she had betaken herself to the position of the silent sleepers overhead,

looked extremely distasteful, but it had to be gone through. She left the key on the hall table, reflecting that she must trust to the servants' general reputation for carelessness, and to the preöccupation of a morning before a journey, to escape any rigorous investigation as to the reason of its being there, and then she crept up to her own room. She had far less hope than Bride of being able to shorten the hours by sleep, for *her* uncomfortable reflections included some self-reproach and much self-questioning. She had always made herself the slave of Connor's schemes from earliest childhood, when the discrepancy between their father's and their mother's views on education created a large uncertain margin between permissible and unpermissible pleasures, concerning which a certain amount of contrivance seemed only necessary to avoid disagreeable collisions between the ruling powers.

It was an old, old habit to shield Connor, and further his undertakings, however wild; but was it right, was it not leading now to more serious consequences than she had ever contemplated? The warning sentences at the end of John Thornley's essay came back to her memory in all their terrible force of plain reasoning and strong, sober sense. If he should be right and Young Ireland wrong? For a cause that was certainly good, she thought she could even bear to see her brother throw away his life, if it were necessary—sure that such throwing away was worthy, and would not fail of its reward in the far end; but for a mistaken hope, for a result that would not be good if it were attained—that was the misery—to stand in the dark and choose as she felt these young men, Connor's leaders, were doing. Was it heroic, or was it only rash?

Maddened with the misery they saw around them, was it only a weak impatience that made them clutch at desperate remedies, or was it the divine instinct that, in a nation's darkest hours, draws its true sons together, and inspires them with that breath of new life, which, blowing over dry bones picked bare by oppressors, and breathing through hearts turned to dust of despair, raises up from them a mighty army of strong men standing on their feet. As the light of a new day crept into the room, Ellen rose from her bed and sat at her window with a weary aching pain at her heart, which the solemn beauty of the sunrise on the hills could not soothe away. That joyous sunlight would, she knew, illumine many a deathbed of starving men and women and children, before it faded in the red west. She longed for some friend whom she could consult in her present perplexities, without knowing beforehand that he or she had prejudged all the questions that troubled her. Most deeply she regretted that old habits of reserve, and the unexpressed but always felt division of interest in the family, made her mother more utterly out of reach as a helper and confidant than any stranger. She knew that if she were to confess her anxieties about Connor to her mother, it would not be welcomed as a mark of confidence, but regarded as a cruel attempt to lay fresh burdens on shoulders already sinking under their load. The first effort of the day must be to put away all trace of the night's agitation, and bring a cheerful countenance to her mother's bedside on her awakening.

To be continued.

NOTES ON ROME.

II. THE ACTUALITIES OF ROME.

THOSE who fail to read these pages will probably follow the practice of the many-headed, and do in 1875 what was done by the world of strangers—myself included—in 1873. Holy Week, once so brilliant, is now become, like the Carnival of Paris, a myth, a tradition, with much less of costume than any Volunteer levee-day in London will show. There is no girandola, there are no illuminations, no benedictions *urbi et orbi*, and no special services at St. Peter's. A cardinal now washes the pilgrims' feet, and only their respective chapters function at the four great Basilicas—the Austrian Vatican, the French Lateran, the Spanish Santa Maria Maggiore, and the Basilica of S. Paolo, once, but now no more, under the protecting wing of England. The traditionary Jew is still baptized for a consideration, at the traditional chapel of the Lateran, on the traditionary Saturday before Easter. The squares before the Basilicas are fairly crowded with carriages during *Tenebræ*, on Good Friday, but there is a very thin muster inside. It is no wonder that the genus *dévot*, which feels so much excitement at Jerusalem, here complains that the medium is unfavourable for devotion. Few strangers, especially non-Catholics, know that at the church of St. Apollinare, where the priests are all professors, they can enjoy a fine study of the grand old ritual. Yet, though the Holy Week is strenuously to be avoided at Rome, hosts of strangers, filled with the traditions of twenty years ago, swarm up on the evening of Maundy Thursday, each with red book under arm, and are sent away by the *padroni* and directors of hotels, who wring their hands over the fatal necessity. Those who succeed in lodging themselves delay the *table d'hôte* from 6.30 P.M. to 7.30; and the extreme penuriousness of an Italian *gasthaus*, combined with the abnormal excitement which, upon such occasions as Holy Weeks and World-fairs, seems to possess the horde of harpies that preys upon periodical migrations, makes the visitor feel thoroughly uncomfortable and *dépaysé*.

Throughout Italy the hotels have gained in number, and perhaps in size, what they have lost in convenience and economy. The large country towns, like Ancona, still offer you the shelter of a mere pothouse, such as you would find in an Austrian village: the only decent entertainment is in houses kept by Germans—I will name the Hotel Brun at Bologna. In the various capitals—for every great Italian city preserves the traditions and the ways of a metropolis—living, once cheap and good, is now dear and bad. We can hardly be surprised at this in Rome, where prices have doubled since 1870, the reason being simply that the population has risen to 240,000, a figure unseen by any Pope before Pio Nono. With that peculiar hard and material side which characterises the Italian, a feature seldom detected by the passing stranger, the wealthy hotel proprietor rigidly carries out the pettiest economies of mustard and cheese, of salt and pepper. He can engage any number of waiters, sharp heads and deft hands, whom a good major-domo would soon drill to perfection in a week: he hires ten to serve two hundred, and they can hardly be expected to brush the soiled carpets or even to change the stained tablecloths. Some Englishmen boast that they avoid the houses where their compatriots congregate; I only hope that they will enjoy the Hôtel de Rome—so much praised by the guide-books—and the

Albergo della Minerva. The best plan is to take a room or rooms in a house frequented by "Britishers," such as the Angleterre, the Italia, the Costanzi, or the Iles Britanniques, and to lunch and dine at Spillman's—not mistaking, however, Spillman Brothers for the real Simon Pure. You will then have little to complain of, except the attendance and the addition. But even the choice of an apartment is no easy matter in a place where a freshly-papered room may bring on an attack of Roman fever or ulcerated sore throat.

The atmosphere of the capital, that "divinest climate" of Shelley, has been allowed to become as bad as any in Europe. Of course its evils have been exaggerated. Every autumn sets forth a host of calumnious reports, mostly traceable to Switzerland, where a money-loving race disapproves of a movement southwards, and its friends have lately armed themselves in its defence. Yet the fact remains that the bills of mortality show thirty-six deaths per 1,000 per annum, whilst Madras is thirty-five, Bombay twenty-seven, and London nineteen. Some diminish it to thirty, declaring the infant mortality to be excessive, and showing that great numbers of country-people flock into the hospitals when there is no hope of life being saved; others, again, increase it to forty-five. Many Italians are unable to live in Rome. A Florentine aide-de-camp of the king assured me that after suffering from two "*pernicieuses*," bad as those of Sardinia, he was obliged to give up residence.

Rome, like Jerusalem, is "builded on her own heap," and the similarity of the two climates strikes every traveller. This doubtless arises because in both Holy Cities you are living upon an accumulation of vegetable and animal decay, varying from 30 to 120 feet in depth. About half the old city, moreover, is still unoccupied—a wild waste of ruin, rubbish, and rotting vegetation; and the *enceinte*, especially to the south, is a world too wide for the now shrunken proportions. Finally, Rome asserts her new dignity by raising vast piles when public offices and barracks cannot be accommodated by old palaces and ecclesiastical buildings. Such, for instance, is the Ministry of Finance now rising within the Porta Pia; whilst all around the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the work of destruction and construction is advancing with giant strides. Even on the Palatine, in the Foro Romano, and in the Colosseum, the spade is at work to the great joy of the archæologist, who, here as at Jerusalem, expects it to solve a host of vexed questions. Much has already been done, and more remains for future years to do. Meanwhile, the *fièvre de construction*, so well known in the French capital, here flourishes, the more so as deodorizers—especially the use of lime—are apparently unheard of. And last, not least, are the drains, which neglect has made mines of poison: visit the Baths of Caracalla on a fine balmy day in spring, and calculate what the malaria must be in summer and autumn!

Peril of climate is certainly another reason for avoiding Rome in the Holy Week, which is somewhat too late for safety. Weather is fickle in the extreme during early April. There will be a few days of burning rain-sun sufficient to make an English dog hydrophobically inclined. I had the honour of dining with a mad terrier at Rome, and for the future all such invitations are declined with thanks Then follows a furious thunderstorm: on April 10, 1873, the lightning blew up a gasometer outside the Porta del Popolo, but the gas was too weak to do much harm. Ensues that—

> "Piova
> Eterna, maladetta, fredda e greve,"

which distinguishes Rome, one of the rainiest of cities when Libeccio blows—those torrential showers and the cold damp draughts realizing the Moslem idea of Barakút, the icy place of punishment for those who delight in genial warmth. And finally, the mud, which is stickier and stiffer than that

of the London clay, becomes once more under the sun of Italy a fine searching dust, like the plague of Egypt and Young Egypt. Hence the traveller must live the life of an invalid, avoid draughts by day as by night, and muffle himself up at sunrise and sunset, unless he would risk the ague and fever of Hindostan, and resemble the country-people of the Campagna — gamboge-yellow with hepatic complications. And yet, despite all his care, he may find malaria master him in the shape of bilious remittent, or diphtheria, and fall a victim to Rome at Florence.

As you leave the Via Flaminia, and whirl into the single station so convenient in all these Italian cities for commissionaires and hotel omnibuses, you cannot help recognizing the fact that the old world capital

"Non e più qual era prima."

A mighty change has come over the spirit of her dream, or rather she has been thoroughly aroused from the sleep of ages. New Rome, in fact, is pushing on with frantic haste, and not a few sharp eyes distinguish at the end of the race a stout young woman, principally remarkable for her breadth of chest and her Phrygian bonnet. There is a disruption of the traditionary *dolce far niente*. *Non possumus* is at a discount, and the old order is making place for the new—not without sore trouble and travail. It would hardly be safe for the Pope to officiate beyond the walls of the Vatican, and certainly it would not be pleasant, when even on the *enceinte* of the Leonine city, the unseemly words "Morte," "Assassino," and "Boia" (*bourreau*) are written in large characters under his name. Formerly you met a cardinal's coach at least once a day; now the newspaper kiosks, teeming with obscene and blasphemous books and caricatures, a disgrace to the Chief of Police, are alone sufficient to keep them under arrest at home. Priests and Friars, Sisters of Charity and Sisters of Mercy, still show that we are in the headquarters of Catholicism, but there are far more soldiers than before, and the forty or fifty Swiss guards keep within the Vatican. There is a blood-feud between the Italianissimi and the Neri, in which no quarter is given, and justice and fair play are thrown by both parties to the winds. Street "rows" are now becoming the fashion, and I witnessed a scene between a *curé* and a "gutter-boy," because the latter passed the former laughing and whistling—

"Galibaadi ha detto à me
Andremo à Roma senza Rè."

The Religious Corporations Bill is causing a mighty excitement; characters are not spared on either side, and the vilest motives are attributed by Progressist to Retrograde, and *vice versâ*. Foreigners, as usual, are taking part in the question, and the local paper (*Roman Times*) very properly warns them as follows:—

"The address recently presented by Prince Lichtenstein and a deputation of one hundred and sixty Catholics, amongst whom the names of some well-known English and Irish gentlemen were conspicuous, the violent language of which called forth much not undeserved censure, is but one of many evidences of what we must be allowed to call the very injudicious attitude assumed by the Catholic party towards the present Government of Italy. I am sure that the English members of the Church of Rome who sanction, directly or indirectly, such intemperate expressions of party feeling cannot know what injury they are doing to the cause of their religion."

These zealots, in fact, do not reflect that they are putting themselves in the wrong before the high court of public opinion in Europe. Whilst they use bad language, and grossly insult the majesty of a nation, the Italians appeal to general sympathy by the perfect temper which they oppose to the intemperate stranger. The latter would probably have suffered in the flesh if he had thus vented his bile before any capital in Europe but Rome. Then

came the pleasant episode of March 1873, when Mr. V—— went wholly out of his way to support the clerical party, and was "thrashed," as he deserved, by the Liberals in the Piazza di Gesù. If Englishmen will fight the battles of other nations, let them, at any rate, look after the honour of their own nation, and make sure of winning. Even our peaceful nuns at home, I happen personally to know, were not long since "touting" for volunteers to "draw blood in honour of the Pope." Italy is obliged to keep up, at a ruinous expense, an army and a fleet in preparation for a crusade, or religious war, which would be certain, if France could afford it, and if the Legitimists had come to power. The finest agricultural country in Southern Europe, admirably worked by a sober, high-minded, and hard-toiling peasantry, can hardly keep itself afloat; the exchequer is empty, and the markets are flooded with depreciated paper-money. It is curious to compare the state of the people in Italy and Austria. The limits of these notes will not allow me space even to outline the difference; I can only say that the Adriatic sea-board cities of the east, Trieste, for instance, who, remembering their Venetian origin, would prefer the House of Savoy to the House of Hapsburg, had far better remain as they are.

The fact is, whilst we are talking shallow commonplaces in England about the separation of Church and State, and droning over little household differences reckless of the enemy thundering at the door, the politics of every great nation in Europe are at this present moment directly influenced, and in many cases guided, by the religious question. I need hardly instance England, where, as the saying is, the Pope lately turned out a government, and I have spoken of France and Italy. The anti-Jesuit excitement in Prussia has extended to Poland, and will presently extend to Austria, where the Concordat is dead and buried, and to Hungary, where, even in the *cafés chantants* of Pesth, priests are travestied and ridiculed by the "poor player." Switzerland has openly rebelled against the Roman Curia. What is at the bottom of the Carlist movement in Spain? Even Russia and Greece are engaged in a brotherly quarrel of no small animosity; and Turkey is torn by intestine disputes between Christians and Christians, Moslems and Moslems, when in the early century the question was only between Turk and Nazarene. It is not astonishing that the timid and those who presage evil both look forward to one of the fiercest wars in human history, imminently impending.

The only change in the population of Rome is the mixture of the rude and energetic Northern Italians, already half "barbarian," with the kindly and courteous race of the South. You know these Italian foreigners by their rough jostling in the street and in the station; by their never knowing the right side of a *trottoir*, and by their loud and unmusical jargon. Yet they are admitted to be the best soldiers in the country, and all over South America the Piedmontese makes a fortune when the Neapolitan remains a *facchino*. In the Campo dei Fiori you still see the broad-brimmed and gold-necklaced *contadina* with white napkin on her head, originally used as a porter's pad, with stays outside, and her feet protected by the primitive *cioccie* sandals. She looks more at home here than the high-shouldered, huge-waisted, and bluchered specimen of womanhood who, yoke on shoulders, hawks her milk and water about London. Her husband, in narrow-brimmed sugar-loaf felt, Robinson-Crusoe trousers of goat-skin, leather gaiters connecting hob-nails and brigand's cloak of grey or blue homespun, is at any rate more picturesque than our Hodge, whose waggoner's hat and smock-frock appear so much out of place in the streets of a capital. Not a few of these men, especially beyond the walls, where wooden cages defend you from buffaloes and half-wild cattle, ride rough little nags with hairy fetlocks; they are well at home in their padded saddles, with cruppers and poitrails to match; and the

skill displayed in handling their long spear-like goads suggests that they would make good light cavalry. The boys still get excited over their *morra* (*dimicatio digitorum*), and keep up their reputation for that lust of gambling which in southern countries takes the place of hard drinking in the "moral north." The flower-girls are a pest, but not so bad as in Florence. The boot-blacking brigade is intrusive and demonstrative as Sierra Leone negroes: wear a pair of white cloth shoes or leather boots of natural colour, and you will find something to study in their faces and their language. The plague of beggars is perhaps worse than in London, and has abated nothing since the days when I was called a "brutta creatura d'Iddio"—an ugly creature of God—for advising coppers to be given to them instead of silver. We again see the wondrous contrast of wealth and misery so familiar at home—the incongruity of new churches decked with costly and splendid marbles, whilst whining *Pordioseros* display their deformities on the steps, and teach babes in arms to stretch out the hand. Here, however, beggary is the deliberate choice of pure Bohemianism, for no man need lack a meal and a bed. Amongst the Maronites of the higher Libanus respectable house-masters and their families will flock down to Bayrut and invoke the traveller's charity. In this, however, there is a sub-superstitious idea of following the path pointed out by Jesus and His apostles. This Italian beggary is simply a form of the Egyptian *bakhshish* projected northwards: it is a tax which the poor man has a right to levy upon his rich brother. It belongs essentially to the land where you say "Allah increase thy weal!" not "Thank you!" where everything comes from the Creator, nothing from the creature; and consequently where all that is yours is also after a fashion mine.

The Englishman first visiting this historic city is astonished at the contrast between report and actuality, fame and development: accustomed to his huge wilderness of brick at home, he feels himself cramped, as if he were in a country town. Presently he grows to the state of things, and he becomes a "Nero of the Neri," ultra-conservative. One of these "Inglezi Italianati" was scandalized because I spoke of draining the Campagna—'twould be such a pity to change its desert *cachet!* A third waxed almost violent when he heard of tramways in Rome—did it ever strike him that the R.R. 'bus is more like the carriage than the latter is like the *biga* or the *quadriga?* So to please these retrogrades the Romans would have to exclude every modern comfort of a European city, simply because it would not be picturesque.

And Rome as she now stands simply wants everything but gas. Whilst other nations and their capitals have progressed, she has been sleeping—sleeping in the sun—like Barbarossa, who still sits slumbering amongst the enchanted hills.

Compare the Vienna of the present day, the gorgeous metropolis, with the little *hof* which existed even up to 1860, the head-quarter village girt round by its *ring-mauer*. But at Rome, men who remember as far back as 1830 find most of the quarters absolutely *in statu quo ante*. Take, for instance, British Rome, which is bounded north by the Piazza del Popolo, south by the Piazza Miguanelli, east by the Pincian hill and the Trinità dei Monti, and west by the Corso; and whose arx, or stronghold, is the Piazza di Spagna; with the exception of a few sesquipedalian letters in gold sprawling over the walls, and a few alluding to the newly-invented art and mystery of photography, what is there changed? Still you find the old institutions, the red-volumed folks flocking in and out of Lowe the grocer's, Piale the librarian's, Spithöver the stationer's, and so forth. The state of life is drowsy as Bernini's old font-shaped fountain (*detta della Navaccia*) that plays drearily in the dreary square. The "Church of England" is not ashamed *afficher* herself when compelled like a

pariah or leper to lie outside the walls amongst the 'busses and the butchers—*proh pudor!* Really, let me ask, *was* Cromwell the *ultimus Romanorum?* Again, in the Ghetto, the local rag-fair, what progress is there, except that the Hebrew grandees have moved out of it to palaces and suburban villas? And the whole Trastevere, is it not as foul and graveolent as of yore?

Rome, the capital of Italy, and, as the experience of history shows, far more liable to be attacked than even Paris, absolutely has no fortifications except the patchwork of old walls which a falconet could breach. How long is this to last? Inside there is not a sign of flagged *trottoir* except in the Corso and scattered about detached streets; you must tread upon a *pavé* of small uneven blocks, an *opus Alexandrinum,* which seems intended to enrich the pedicure. Asphalte, which is creeping through Pesth, is unknown except to a few hundred yards about the Piazza Navona. And where are the tramways which render locomotion so easy to the middle classes at Vienna? Romanticus replies—when rage permits—that the streets are too narrow for these latter-day abominations. Then why not adopt the sensible plan of Brazilian Rio de Janeiro, and let the pointed finger on the wall denote the only direction allowed to the driver? I know of no modern city where street railways would be more economically or usefully laid down than in Rome; only you must prolong the Corso into the Foro Romano by knocking away the mass of corruption about the Via Marforio. The three main thoroughfares radiating from the Piazza del Popolo, especially when a broad embankment shall run down the left bank of the Tiber, seem built with a prospective eye to tramways. I suppose one must not speak of churches, but we surely long to see a few of the 360 cleared away: let us specify the S. Bonaventura Convent on the Palatine Hill; the SS. Cosmo e Damiano, which deforms the old temple, and the ugly pile of Sta. Francesca Romana, which has taken the place of Venus and Rome.

During the whole of the last generation, Italy perforce confined her studies to politics, and was compelled to throw everything else overboard. We all know the effect of this style of excitement upon the Irishman, who in the course of half a century has become a moody and melancholy man; his wit and humour survive only in books, and economy rules with a rod of iron where profuse hospitality used to prevail. Under the influence of politics, Italy has lost even her pre-eminence in art. The rooms in the Vatican which offer for sale the pictures by modern painters make you hurry through in shame, feeling that your eyes cannot wholesomely rest upon their rainbow tints. Artists there are in abundance, chiefly, however, foreigners, Americans and English; but art, which you see in every bit of scenery around you, apparently cannot be reproduced. The *kunst-sentiment* is dead, or asleep, as in Greece. Even mechanical art has rapidly declined. The cameos and the mosaics which our mothers wore are no longer to be bought; like the good old shawls of England, their place is taken by a lower article at a higher price.

But Italy will now bid a temporary adieu to the exclusive cultivation of politics, and will return to the normal business of human life—how best to live. She has nobly dared and grandly done: it is to be hoped that success will not turn her mobile head. When she cried in 1848, "*L'arte de la guerra presto s'impara,*" the host of field-marshals smiled with some pity and more contempt. When she proclaimed to the world, "*L'Italia farà da sa,*" statesmen listened with a polite incredulity. She persisted, however; she *did* learn war, and she *did* help herself, and struck her own swashing blow. Then the nations believed in her, for nothing succeeds like success. And after realizing the vision which Dante saw through the gloom of five hundred years, she is again turning to the realities of existence.

She is pushing her commerce far and wide over the East, and taking high rank amongst European nations even in distant Japan. Already, after a few years of existence, the Royal Geographical Society of Italy, under my excellent and energetic friend, the Commendatore Cristoforo Negri, numbers nearly as many names as that of Great Britain. Presently she will have a newspaper. Curious to say, there is nothing that deserves the name of a first-rate periodical throughout the length and breadth of Italy, haunted as she still is by the politic ghost.

Meanwhile Rome still vegetates—*elle vivote*—upon art and commerce. The latter is chiefly represented by "doing" the stranger—by *pelare la quaglia.* The hotel-keeper, the cicerone, *et hoc genus omne*, flourish. There is also a stout competition in the matter of counterfeits, and of course there is a brisk trade in "holy things," images, crucifixes, and rosaries, blessed by his Holiness. The Roman shop is a study. I know of only one establishment which might decently appear in a European capital—Maglieri's, Via Condotti, Corso. The rest remind me of their humble origin—the hole in the wall which Cairo still possesses; and the glass cases hung out every morning and taken in every evening are worthy of a country town in Essex at the end of the last century. Of art I have spoken; you can still buy everything from a bit of old bronze to porphyry models of the ruined temples. Of antiques it is only necessary to say, avoid them, like the Damascus blade at Damascus and the Egyptian Scarabæus in Egypt.

III. THE HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF THE TIBER.

The first glance at the Tiber bed, deeply encased as it is in banks thirty feet high, convinces the potamologist that it must be a most troublesome stream.

The large quantity of silt suspended in the yellow water raises the sole by slow but certain deposition. The swirl is so great, that north of the Porta del Popolo a columnar inscription cautions unwary swimmers; and thus the banks are undermined and fall. There are two large and many small bends to check the regular current required to carry off a sudden and violent access. In places the bed narrows till the stream at all times flows like a sluice; for instance, about the Ponte Sisto (Janiculum Bridge) and the ruins of the Sublician. Finally, there are the large sand-banks near the Acqua Acetosa and the Isola di S. Bartolomeo (the ship of Æsculapius), which break the river into two, and which cause sensible retardation. Hence the chronic flooding of the Pantheon; the destructive deluge of December 1870 still marked upon the walls of the Corso and elsewhere; and the immense loss of life and property which history, especially in the seventh, the eighth, and the fourteenth centuries, scores down to the account of the imperial stream. And in such matters history will inevitably repeat herself.

For these evils there is absolutely but one efficient remedy. It has often been proposed; indeed, I am told that during the last eighteen months it has been heard of in "the city." It has always been approved of, and after the fashion of other mundane things, after being labelled "highly advisable," it has been placed upon the shelf with due honour. The immense impetus which must presently be given to Rome cannot fail again to bring it on the *tapis*, and whether this time it escape from the realm of limbo or not, the good intention cannot fail eventually to be carried out.

The panacea in question is simply the diversion of the Tiber. The vehicle will be a relieving channel upon the same principle as, but upon a much larger scale than, that which Florence has dug in the left bank of the Arno.

As a cursory inspection of the map proves, there is no room for such diversion on the right or western bank. Here the Tor di Quinto, the Monte Mario, the Vatican, the Janiculum, and the Monte

Verde, form a continuous line of embankments, and although the land behind them may be, as it usually is, upon a lower level than the river-bed, the cost of cuttings, of locks, and of other works at the offset and the inlet of the canal, would be fatal obstacles to the project.

It is not the same with the left or eastern bank, where, by going sufficiently high up the stream, it is easy to secure a sufficient fall. At this point, above the Rome and Florence Railway, would be an embankment, provided with gates and sluices in order to control the action of the new channel, and, by a barrage across the Tiber, the same power would be exerted over the main stream. Hence it would cross the Anio or Teverone Valley, which is well defined as that of the Tiber itself; with the same scarped sides, and the warts or tumuli rising from the sole. (I may here mention that the historic Mons Sacer is a mere section of the ancient right bank of geological days, rising opposite the Nomentan Bridge.) It would then traverse the course of the Fosso della Maranella, which rises south-east of the Porta Furba, and which, after running from south to north, falls into the left bank of the Anio. Here all the difficulties end. A short cut from east to west strikes the valley of the Maranna, and another, but a shorter, falls into the Almo, or Cafarella, on a line with the second milestone of the Via Latina, or Frascati road. Thence it would pass down the old course, where the two conspicuous cliff-faces, one small, the other large and close to the great Pauline Basilica, define the form of the ancient river-valley. About this part the Tiber bends sharply to the west, and here the canal, sweeping gently to the south-east, would by an embankment with gates and sluices convert the old channel into a port connected by a tramway with the heart of Rome. And thus we should secure efficient drainage for the rich Prati di S. Paolo, a copy of the Prati di Acqua Acetosa to the north; their malaria at present compels even the most seasoned monks to remove during the summer and autumn.

An English engineer, who shall be nameless, proposes a curious up-stream and up-hill scheme. He would let the waters of the Tiber into the valley of the Anio or Teverone, which, as I have said, is perfectly well defined by side buttresses and natural earthworks, and above the Nomentan Bridge he would strike up the equally well-marked course of the Fosso della Maranella. I need hardly point out the enormous expense necessary to turn a stream from north to south and indeed the only way to account for such a project coming from a man of education, is the fact that it was suggested by the inspection of a map to one who had never seen the ground. This is undoubtedly an excellent prescription for doing away with a good name.

The gates and sluices of the relieving channel would readily enable the engineer to clean out the Tiber bed, and by deepening it to neutralize the danger of smaller inundations. Thus, too, the sides would be prepared for a river embankment, which, being the first necessity for riverine towns, appears generally to be the feature last thought of. Yet even the Thames will probably be embanked before the end of the present century, by a race which, if not always sure, is certainly always slow. The Tiber is now bordered by rubbish heaps and foul dwelling-places, except the strip of quay to the north-east, called the Ripetta, and a similar feature to the south-west, La Ripa, where the voice of the English sailor sounded in past centuries. Presently we shall expect to see it with the καλὴ ἀκτὴ, the *pulchrum littus* of classical days, prolonged down both sides. Finally, after cleaning the Tiber of mud and the deposits of ages, it would be easy to make it an ornamental stream, with banks three miles long, the most pleasant of promenades.

The idea of laying dry the Tiber bed is enough to make the antiquarian mouth water. Imagine the treasures which its

waves must veil: these hoards of past ages would suffice to store the museums of all Europe. What a list of valuables sunk under its brown waters and browner mud might be drawn up from the annals of the past! It is enough to mention one—the seven-branched candelabrum of massive gold from the Temple of Jerusalem, which fell from the bridge when Maxentius was put to flight by Constantine.

The insulation of Rome would doubtless tend greatly to diminish the terrible malaria of the Eastern Campagna. Drainage to the new channel would be facilitated, and by subsidiary works, the home of Tertiana, Quartana and all the fell sisterhood of fever would after a time be converted into one of the most salubrious and productive districts of the Romagna, environs right worthy of the greatness of Rome, past and present. In 1874, the rich land lies fallow, bearing grass without cattle to graze it down. It is admitted that with improved drainage and irrigation some 311,550 hectares could be placed under the plough, and that the widely-scattered farmsteads could be centupled. The increased value of this wide area would counterbalance the expenses of the works, and by draining without and building within the walls, Rome will silence the voice which is still proposing Florence as the seat of empire. The Holy City is not so much the capital of Italy as the capital of Europe, and consequently the capital of the civilized world.

In these days, when the Suez Canal converts Africa into an island, when similar works are proposed for the Isthmus of Panama, for the neck of Corinth, and even for Southern England, from the Bristol Channel to the Solent, and from the Solent to the Thames; and, finally, when it is seriously contemplated to make another and a Southern Mediterranean of Northern and Saharan Africa, this plan for insulating Rome can hardly appear extravagant. And in considering the expense, it may be observed that such works are carried out in Italy with more economy than in most parts of the world: labour is abundant, wages are cheap, and perhaps detachments from the several *corps d'armée* might be utilized.

RICHARD F. BURTON, F.R.G.S.

ON THE EXTRACT FROM AN OLD PLAY IN "HAMLET," ACT II. SC. 2.

MALONE was of opinion that this speech might have been taken from "Dido, Queen of Carthage," written by Marlow and Nash. When Steevens discovered their play he showed that this was a mistake. But it is strange that no one has since observed the intimate connection that exists between that play and the subject of this short essay. One of the scenes in it (Act ii. sc. 1) contains "Æneas' tale to Dido," and this tale includes the portion "where he speaks of Priam's slaughter." Shakspere could not have deliberately determined to treat of the same subject as a conspicuous part of a well-known play without intending to invite comparison between the treatment he had used and that of his predecessor. But he is not content with this; he tells us that the speech was taken from "an excellent play; never acted, or not above once: for it pleased not the million." In spite of this, Dryden and Pope agree that Shakspere meant this speech to be bombastic, and an object of ridicule; in which opinion they are cordially supported by Steevens. They were, however, completely refuted by Warburton, who showed—from the commendation bestowed by Hamlet, from the character of the speech itself, and from the effect it produced on those who heard it—that it was intended by Shakspere to be approved and praised; and that the parts of it deemed most bombastic were paralleled in other plays of his where he evidently aimed at the sublime. Malone, Boswell, and others have supported this view; and Ritson has gone so far as to say that in his opinion these lines were extracted from some play which Shakspere at an early period had either produced or projected on the story of Dido and Æneas. This is very near the true view, I think. But before enunciating that let us look a little into Marlow's play and examine its construction. It was finished by Nash, after Marlow's death in 1593, and published in 1594. It is for the most part written in Marlow's style, with some minor interpolations by Nash. These I shall not enumerate here, as I wish to confine the reader's attention to Act ii. sc. 1.

In this scene, which is far the weakest in the play, and does least to advance the plot, there are several peculiarities:—

1. Priamus is used for the name of the king of Troy eight times, Priam three times only. Elsewhere in the play the form Priam is used exclusively.

2. The name Alexander is given to Helen's lover; in other parts of this play, and in Marlow's other works, he is called Paris.

3. At the end of Æneas' tale there is a stage direction, *Exeunt omnes,* although Ascanius remains on the stage and talks to Venus and Cupid, who then come in. This double ending to a scene implies double authorship, or one author working at two distinct times. It is a common phenomenon; in Shakspere, for instance, we find it in *Troilus and Cressida,* and in *Macbeth.*

4. The whole of the scene is inferior in workmanship, in characterization, in theatrical requirements, in poetical power. All the "Æneas' tale" part could be cut out and not missed.

This scene then, for the above reasons, is unlike Marlow's work in the rest of the play; it is equally unlike the other plays of his writing. We may confidently assign the greater part of it to Nash, if not the whole. But it was in 1594 that Shakspere revised the

Henry VI. in which Marlow had written a great part, and he might naturally expect to have the revision of this play also committed to him. He was, for other reasons given by me elsewhere, on indifferent terms with Nash at this time. What could be more likely than that he should write a scene or a portion of one to show how much better he would have done the editing of the play? He chooses, naturally enough, that scene in which Nash has shown the greatest weakness, and writes as nearly in the Marlow rhythm as he can. For it is noticeable that in spite of all that has been said as to the influence that Green, Peele, and Marlow *must* have had on Shakspere's style, that in his very earliest works he breaks away from their system of metre, and that in the whole of his plays there is not a trace of the "mighty line" of Marlow except in this instance, which, even if written early, was not published till his best and maturest time. By published I do not mean printed, but made known in any way publicly. I hold then that the object which Shakspere had in view in introducing this speech into *Hamlet* was to expose the weakness of his opponent Nash as a playwright, and to utilize a piece of work which he had lying idle by him. When he wrote *Hamlet* he seems to have been just entering into that cynical state which has been noted by Hallam as a characteristic of his third period. His directly personal allusions to the children of St. Paul's, to the tragedians of the city, to the inhibition of city playhouses, all savour of this cynical character, and agree with the interpretation which I give to this scene as being filled throughout with personal and satirical allusions. I am further confirmed in this view by the probability that Shakspere had just been altering *The Taming of the Shrew*, which was most likely in its original shape a play of Marlow's: this occupation would recall his dead friend to his mind, and predispose him to be hostile to Nash; partly from recollection of Nash's having completed the *Dido*, partly from remembering his old sneers about leaving the trade of *Noverint* and affording whole *Hamlets* or handfuls of tragical speeches. This he could hardly fail to call to mind when writing his play on the very subject of the old one alluded to by Nash, which I cannot help thinking Shakspere must have had somehow to do with by way of alteration or addition, or something of that kind.

But on this argument, based as it is on another supposition which is not admitted to be proven, although I hold it to be so, no stress shall be laid. On the following I trust I may more strongly rely. In the inscription written by Gabriel Harvey in his copy of Speght's "Chaucer," no play but *Hamlet* is mentioned with commendation. He says: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspere's *Venus and Adonis;* but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort." Why should he pick out this play from the score that must have been performed before that was written? Why but because this was the only play of Shakspere's in which he found anything that could gratify his personal spite against an enemy—against a special enemy: the one who had so completely baffled him in all the controversial writings he had issued.

In considering this point it must not be forgotten that this speech is contained in the earliest form of the published *Hamlet*, so that it was an integral part of the play in its first state. This is important so far that when the revised *Hamlet* was produced, Nash was certainly no longer alive, and Shakspere was not the man to insult over a dead enemy. On the other hand, if there is truth in my theory, it will go far to confirm what I am confident of on other grounds, that the first printed form of *Hamlet* is a surreptitious and mutilated production pirated by a dishonest publisher, and by no means, as it is sometimes considered to be, a complete first draught from Shakspere's hand. For this speech would certainly not, on that hypothesis, have been produced in the imperfect

state in which it appears in the first quarto.

We will now compare some parts of the tale of Æneas as told by Shakspere and by Nash, with a view to show that they are really rival productions.

Nash describes Pyrrhus thus:

' At last came Pyrrhus, fell, and full of ire,
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son.
And after him his band of myrmidons
With balls of wildfire in their murderous paws,
Which made the funeral flame which burnt fair Troy."

Shakspere's is more expanded:

" The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and black complexion smeared
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules: herridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons.
Baked and impasted with the parching streaks
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire
And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles."

Nash gives this narrative of Priam's death:

" And at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
About whose withered neck hung Hecuba
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both
Beating their breasts and falling on the ground;
He with his falchion's point raised up at once,
And with Megæra's eyes stared in their face
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance.

* * * * *

Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,
The butcher while his hands were yet held up,
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.
At which the frantic queen leapt on his face
And in his eyelids hanging by the nails
A little while prolonged her husband's life.
At last the soldiers pulled her by the heels
And swung her howling in the empty air,
Which sent an echo to the wounded king
Whereat he lifted up his bed-rid limbs,
And would have grappled with Achilles' son
Forgetting both his strength and want of hands:
Which he disdaining whiskt his sword about
And with the wind thereof the king fell down;
Then from the navel to the throat at once
He ripped old Priam."

Shakspere writes thus:

" The hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks: anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command: unequal matcht
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide:
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls."

That these passages were written in direct rivalry is manifest: the superior power and excellence of the Shakspere portions is equally manifest; and when we remember that the splendid simile of the storm and the description of Hecuba are also in the Shakspere speech, it is impossible to imagine that he meant these lines for mere bombast. I do not quote the Hecuba part as there is nothing corresponding to it in Nash, and it is in everyone's hands. The finest bit in Nash is the picture of Pyrrhus:—

" So leaning on his sword he stood stone still
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt;

and this Shakspere has capped with—

" So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see against some storm
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so after Pyrrhus' pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work."

There is a moral certainty that these passages are competitors for popular favour. Just as Turner in his first periods deliberately painted for comparison with the then esteemed landscapists, so did Shakspere deliberately choose in some instances to write his plays on the same "platforms" as his predecessors—as it were, challenging their pre-eminence. We see this clearly in *Measure for Measure, King John, King Lear, Henry IV., Henry V.*, and *The Taming of the Shrew* (*Petruchio and Katherine*) when

we compare them with their antecessors. It was probably the case also in *Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, The Two Noble Kinsmen, Troilus and Cressida, Henry VIII.*, and *Julius Cæsar.* In this speech he has not only built on another's platform, but imitated the antique style of Marlow; he challenges competition with Nash in matter and manner; and if the two attempts be placed side by side, as Turner's and Claude's are in our National Gallery, there can be no doubt as to which is the superior. The only point that makes one doubt in the matter is Hamlet's assertion that the whole play had been written. But this appears to be, on careful examination, a necessity of the situation. Hamlet could not expect the players to know any scenes except in complete plays. On all grounds alike, then, I hold that this scene was written by Shakspere in 1594, as a supplement to Marlow's unfinished play, in competition with Nash, and that it was introduced by him into the first draught of *Hamlet* in 1601 or thereabouts.

But if this be the case, what becomes of the theories of Schlegel and other æsthetic critics as to the *necessity* Shakspere was under of writing this scene in stilted blank verse in order to differentiate it from the rest of the play? Are they worthless? By no means. Only instead of saying that Shakspere wrote it in this form on purpose to contrast it with his usual style, we must say he felt that it would "come right" if he inserted it in this place, and therefore did so insert it: he worked unconsciously, and left us petty critics to peep about under the legs of the Colossus to examine his proportions and find them perfect.

F. G. FLEAY.

OUR OLDEST MS. AND WHO MUTILATED IT.

Whether Sir Duffus Hardy regrets having had the championship of the Utrecht Psalter thrust upon him or not, posterity can scarce fail to be grateful to him for having promoted a general search for specimens of the earliest manuscripts at home and abroad, and a careful comparison of their characteristics. At all events, it is only due to him to state, that he has proved the means of bringing to light a Bodleian MS. in much closer proximity to the date of its contents, and, if at all, hardly less venerable for its antiquity, than the Alexandrine Codex of the Scriptures in the British Museum. It is the earliest MS. extant of the earliest Latin version of the canons of the code of the Church, ending with those of the fourth General Council in A.D. 450. This document was presented to the Bodleian by Henry Justellus, a French Protestant and refugee, who died librarian to King William III., and who received from Oxford in return for the gift a D.C.L. degree. It had belonged to his father Christopher, whose religion and country were the same, and whose "Code of the Canons of the Universal Church, confirmed by the Emperor Justinian," published A.D. 1610, created about as much excitement amongst canonists as the circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular had created amongst men in general a century before, besides actually revealing the ideal under which the French bishops had petitioned at the Council of Trent to be allowed to live. "I am of opinion," said the Cardinal of Lorraine, speaking in their name (11th November, 1563), "that the ancient canons, long since forgotten, should be put in use, and observed by us again, as far as possible, particularly those of the first four General Councils; and I desire that this our collective sentence be entered on the Acts in due form." Now here is the Code containing them, unmixed and unalloyed, in large letters! It may be read in English, accurately condensed, in Part II. of Johnson's *Vade Mecum*, lately reprinted, where the pertinent remark occurs that "not one of these canons was made in the Latin Church, or drawn up in that tongue."

It was published by C. Justellus in Greek, with a Latin version of his own. But he had by him two remarkable MSS. of the two earliest versions of it in Latin: one by Dionysius Exiguus, the well-known author, in the sixth century, of our system of dating events from the birth of Christ; the other called "ancient" by Dionysius himself, in comparison with his own, and which his own was both made and destined to supersede. Both MSS. are now in the Bodleian, and are well worth comparing, not merely for their palæography—which is of the finest, and in one case, perhaps, unique—but still more for their contents. For, in reality, the latter has never been printed. The Dionysian version contains 165 canons, which the author says he had before him in Greek, numbered consecutively, but assigned to Councils as follows:—20 Nicene (A.D. 325), 24 Ancyran and 14 Neo-Cæsarean (both A.D. 314), 20 Gangran (A.D. 325), 25 Antiochian (A.D. 341), 59 Laodicean (A.D. 364), and 3 Constantinopolitan (A.D. 381). These make the 165. Then follow 27 passed at the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 450), and translated from the Greek like the rest, though not continuously numbered. And with them, he declares in the most positive terms, the Greek canons terminate. It will be observed that in this series the Nicene canons alone, which are placed first, deviate from their chronological order. Dionysius, with a view of improving his collection, prefaces it with 50 so-called Apostolic

Canons, which he says he translated also from the Greek; and appends to it 21 Sardican (A.D. 347) and 138 African (A.D. 419), "quæ Latine sunt edita"—to use his own words. This MS. is in one volume quarto, bound in calf. That of the "Prisca Versio" is in three volumes quarto, but very much thinner, bound in white vellum. It is of this MS. alone—called "ancient" by Dionysius Exiguus—of part of it more particularly, and of the shameful outrage perpetrated on it by somebody, most of all, that I am about to speak. As each volume has "Bibliothecæ Christophori Justelli," written by himself, on its first page, they must have been so divided when he had them, if not before, for their contents are distinct; and of the first and third volumes, all that need be said is, that one contains part of the African canons, and the other part of the sixth "action" of the Council of Ephesus, both transcribed in the same character all through, and probably by the same hand, as the contents of the second volume. The contents of the second volume are thus given at its commencement in a modern hand similar to, yet obviously different from, that of Justellus—"*Hæc collectio continet canones conciliorum Ancyrani, Neocæsariensis, Nicæni, Gangrensis, Antiocheni, Constantinopolitani, Calchedonensis.*" I italicize this statement for reasons that will appear presently. The text of this MS. from first to last is in uncials, or rounded capitals, usually of the same size; but with some letters—the Y notably—projecting above the others; and occasionally a larger capital, with an attempt at ornamentation at the beginning of a paragraph. The special headings are in smaller uncials, sometimes with only the first letter, sometimes all, rubricated. The principal headings, which are throughout in rustic capitals, are sometimes rubricated, and sometimes not, and the same with regard to the numbers, which are throughout Roman.

The arrangement is in single column throughout, except the subscriptions, which are in double column. The words in the text are not separated in general, and the lines run into each other; but now and then a square dot separates two words. This holds good of the rubricated parts also, though in the principal headings there is at times a dot between every word. Here and there seeming attempts at punctuation occur; in most cases at the end of a sentence. The letter Y is never dotted. Abbreviations seem dictated by convenience rather than system; sometimes a mere final M is thrown up, which the line will not hold. Sometimes the same word is abbreviated differently, or written in full, according to the space that can be spared for it. We have thus "incipit," and "inc." or "incp." with straight lines above them, in close proximity. In the numbers above V and X, the first I is in general much taller than any that follow. In the commencing pages the V is written to look like U. But in the text U always takes the place of V, and often occurs for O. Thus "epistula" for "epistola." There is but one drawing in the whole MS., where a little rubricated bird does duty for the central and left strokes of the letter A. Here and there we have capitals at the commencement of a line roughly ornamented; and on each side of the words "Confessio Fidei," forming a heading to the Nicene Creed, is a small Maltese cross. Justellus, in the edition of his preface printed by Migne, speaks of the Dionysian version as having been published by him "ex vetusto cod. Ms. Bibl. nostræ." But of this he says, "Antiquior altera, nondum edita, cujus *pervetustum*, exemplar Ms. penes nos habemus, litteris majusculis exaratum, quod ævi sui notam indicat." Still, even he described it inadequately. For his son Henry, in publishing it, having stated that a duplicate of it, used by Sirmondus, was to be seen at the Vatican, his merciless critics the Ballerini, about a century later, with all the archives of the Vatican at their command, searched everywhere for it without success; avowing at the end of their researches, with singular candour, that the MS. of their opponent

deserved to be placed in a first class by itself—"cui nullum aliud simile invenire *uspiam* licuit." I pass no opinion upon its palæography; but its contents alone show that it must have been written shortly after the termination of the fourth Council: viz. between A.D. 450 and 500. This I hope to make clear at some future time.

As I stated, the credit of having brought it to light rests with Sir D. Hardy. I merely requested to be furnished with specimens of our oldest MSS., and was kindly supplied with this among others. But having a work in hand on which it seemed calculated to throw light, it very soon received my undivided attention. And the first thing I discovered was that the contents of Part II. had been mis-stated at its commencement. Still worse mis-statements occur in the printed preface of Justellus the younger. Secondly, towards the middle of the volume, seven leaves had been deliberately removed with a sharp instrument, and the four which came last replaced by being advanced three steps, so that the first four gaps are filled up as if to divert attention from what has really gone. But at the top of the first of the replaced leaves is written in Roman capitals, over something that has been erased, "Sardicensis concilii fragmenta," under which immediately follows the 14th Sardican canon, and the rest in order to the last, which is numbered 20, leaving part of the third and all the fourth leaf for the subscriptions, which commence therefrom, and terminate naturally with the fourth leaf. The next page begins with the Gangran canons, while the page preceding the first of the replaced leaves ends abruptly with subscriptions to the Nicene Council, of which the concluding ones have disappeared; so that it is clear, in spite of the clumsy pains taken to conceal it, that the three leaves which were removed, and have not been replaced, contained the concluding subscriptions to the Nicene Council, and the first thirteen Sardican canons. Thus, contrary to what is stated at its commencement, the Nicene canons were in this MS. followed immediately, not by the Gangran, but by the Sardican. And on this hangs a tale of untold importance, involving no less than the fabric of the Papacy. With nothing but the words of the printed preface to them to guide me—"Maxima pars Sardicensium, cum postremâ parte subscriptionum concilii Niceni, injuriâ temporum periere"—which are wilfully misleading, I thought it hopeless to attempt more than to make the best of what remained.

After much consideration, I was led, by the obvious bearing of what remained on the controversy between Pope Zosimus and the African bishops about the famous canon authorizing legates *a latere* to be sent from Rome, to conclude that the missing leaves must have been removed by some friend of the Papacy, which of course Justellus was not. Let me recall what took place, though it is tolerably well known. Apiarius, a priest of the African Church, having been deposed by his bishop for immorality, crossed the sea and laid his case before Pope Zosimus. He was favourably received, and the Pope sent over legates into Africa to rehear it, A.D. 418, quoting, for the information of all whom it might concern, what he called a Nicene canon to warrant this course. The legates found a Council of Bishops —S. Augustine among them—sitting at Carthage; which Council, after hearing all they had to say, replied that there was no such canon in the African copies of the Nicene canons, but that they would send to Constantinople and Alexandria for authentic copies, and be guided by their contents. Copies arrived in due time, but the inquiry lasted three years; by which time not only Zosimus but his immediate successor were dead. The Africans, therefore, communicated its results to a third Pope—Celestine I., by declaring, not only that no such canon existed in the authentic copies sent them any more than in their own; but, what was a different thing altogether, that "they could find it defined *in no council of the Fathers*, that any

should be sent, as it were, from the side of the Pope," to try causes away from Rome. There the matter rested, as far as they were concerned; but when Dionysius Exiguus published his collection in the next century, the canon quoted to them as Nicene by Zosimus appeared in it as the seventh Sardican. And the question was, whether it had been miscalled by Zosimus in ignorance, or with full purpose? In ignorance, said the Gallicans and Ultramontanes, Jesuits and Jansenists, with one mouth; for a sort of instinct told them it was nothing less than the key of their position that was at stake. Taking the same view of it myself, I turned over the MS. eagerly, to see whether in what remained any light was thrown on this point.

Zosimus, it was affirmed, had committed a very pardonable mistake, supposing that the only canons then known to the Church of Rome, besides the Nicene, were the Sardican, and that in the Code then in use by the Roman Church, they followed the Nicene consecutively, without further title. "A probable conjecture enough," said De Marca, who had commenced life as a lawyer, with a touch of irony, "could authority be shown for it in some ancient MS. which has not yet been discovered." Many were the researches made to supply this deffciency. Quesnel, the Jansenist, as he was afterwards called, was the first to come forward with a MS. in which this arrangement was observed, and which he therefore felt emboldened to publish under a title which it had never borne before — "Codex Canonum Ecclesiæ Romanæ." But the title proved its ruin. It contained a host of things later than the Sardican and Nicene canons; and Coustans, the learned Benedictine, who discredited it on this and other grounds, was able to refer to three MSS., containing as many collections distinct from it, that had the Sardican and Nicene canons similarly confused. Coustans, however, must have been perplexed in turn, at being unable to fix a date for his own MSS. earlier than the ninth century. For, having dilated in glowing terms on the contents and capacities, even in those times, of the papal archives, escritoires (*scrinia*) and muniment rooms (*chartaria*), he ends by avowing his conviction that they contained no Code, —in other words, that the Roman Church as yet possessed no Code of its own. "*No code of its own!*" exclaimed the representatives of the Roman school, who keenly criticised every word that fell both from him and Quesnel; yet had to confess that all their endeavours to discover it had proved abortive, and while referring to a number of MSS. in which the Sardican and Nicene canons figured under the same title, shrank from saying anything about their date, and still more from giving any of them to the world entire. There was just one such MS. indeed, of which they thought they might venture to print part—MS. Vatican. Reg. 1997. This may be described as a bolder gloss on the "Prisca Versio," than the "Prisca Versio" itself is on the original. There is the same preface to the Nicene creed which is found in the "Prisca Versio." The creed comes next: a loose paraphrase — *not* a translation— of the canons follows, under 26 heads instead of 20; yet, even then, the last canon appears nowhere. But what is the *most* noticeable by far is, that the printed copy stops short just where the Sardican canons should commence, so that the chief point of interest—the junction between them and the Nicene —is withheld, and we have to take what the Ballerini choose to tell us of it, as well as of the canons which follow, on trust. The upshot of it all is, that the hypothesis of a Code being used by Pope Zosimus and his successors, consisting of the Sardican and Nicene canons combined in one, remains still where it was when De Marca desiderated its proof from some ancient MS. And this made me scrutinize what the thief had omitted to take with redoubled care. Briefly stated, what this part of the MS. contained, when entire, were—*a*, 24 Ancyran canons; *b*, 24 Neo-

Cæsarean; *c*, 21 Nicene; *d*, 20 Sardican; *e*, 20 Gangran; *f*, 25 Antiochian; *g*, 27 Chalcedonian; and *h*, 5 Constantinopolitan; all in separate sets, in each case in the order in which I have given them, and followed by the subscriptions. It soon appeared therefore, that, as often happens, the thief had only succeeded in abstracting the signet-ring, and some loose cash, while the jewel-case had escaped his notice. By the jewel-case, I mean the Nicene canons in a form that could not be gainsaid. "Incipiunt constituta canonum sanctorum Patrum qui aput Nicæam sunt congregati." Such was its commencement. Afterwards on the same page:—"Incipiunt capitula Nicæni concilii." Their headings, marked 1—21, follow. Then, at their close, but in bad grammar, on the same page:—"Explicit capitula Nicæni concilii." At the top of the other side of the same page:—"Incipit prefatio Nicæni concilii." This fancy preface consists of 12 lines in verse. Another of about the same length, in prose — with a further gloss of one line—precedes the creed, which is in turn followed on the same page by canon 1. After canon 21, which ends on one side of a page, the other side begins:—"Et subscripserunt Osius episcopus civitatis Cortubensis," &c., down to where the missing leaves commence. This is irrefragable proof of the complete separation of the Nicene canons from those which preceded, and from those which followed them in this MS. Similarly, from the replaced leaves exhibiting the Sardican canons in regular order from the 14th, with which they commence, to the 20th, followed by the subscriptions, with which they finish, it is equally certain, that what have disappeared cannot have been continued from the Nicene, but must have started from a canon 1 of their own. Nothing in any preface or title to them which has been abstracted can have modified these phenomena, though it may have made the inference to be drawn from them doubly conclusive. All this I conceived told against the apologists of Pope Zosimus and their hypothesis with crushing force, instead of confirming it; this being the oldest MS. of the oldest collection of canons in Latin known. Nor was this all by any means. It is more than probable, though not absolutely certain, that this MS., previously to its mutilation, took his case out of their hands, and branded him *beyond* apology.

I have already bespoken attention to the full meaning of the African reply to Pope Celestine. They told him not merely what they had found, but what they had not found. They *had* found that the canon quoted by him was not a Nicene canon, but they could *not* find any council of the fathers in which any such canon had passed. Let me just pause to recall how much is involved in this. The African Church was not a Greek, but a Latin-speaking Church: nor was any Church in Europe just then better conversant with every description of Latin literature. Further, unless what we have been told of the council of Sardica is false—which is a question apart—Africa was represented there by no less a person than the Bishop of Carthage—its metropolis. This same metropolitan again, unless the council also said to have been held under him at home the year following, is spurious, recommended one of the canons proposed there by saying that it agreed with a canon which he could remember having been decreed at Sardica. Barely seventy years had elapsed from then, when the legates of Zosimus arrived; and what is more, when they arrived they found the African Church in full synod engaged in codifying the canons of all its own councils up to then. Yet, this Church, after full inquiry spread over three years, did by the mouth of another metropolitan of Carthage and his suffragans, of whom St. Augustine was one, make final answer to the Pope that in no council of the fathers could they find it defined that he should despatch legates *a latere* to try causes away from Rome, as was authorized in the canon alleged by him. Now, I maintain it is more than probable that this MS., when entire,

settled that question; because we find from what remains of it that it gave to the council of Sardica but 20 canons instead of 21, the number assigned to it by Dionysius; and comparing the canons which still remain there with his, we see that they correspond in every respect but one; viz., that his are regularly one number in advance. What is 14 in this MS. is 15 with him, and the same to the end; where his 21st is the 20th of this MS. Now, do not let me be told that there are different versions of these canons in both Greek and Latin; that some canons are found in the Greek versions which are not found in the Latin; that a different arrangement is found in some, and different numberings in most. I am not concerned with any versions of them, but the two which I am here contrasting. The Ballerini themselves have published from later MS. an edition in full of the "Prisca Versio," and anybody who will be at the pains of comparing it with that of Dionysius will see that the canons themselves, their numbering and arrangement, are the same in both. And this makes it incontestable, unless their editors have played us false, that the later MSS. of the "Prisca Versio," no less than that of Dionysius, contain one more canon than this older MS., and as pages have been removed *dishonestly* from this MS., to conceal where the discrepancy lay, I claim the right of assuming, till the contrary can be proved, as *morally* certain, that the canon wanting in this MS., and interpolated in later MSS. of the same version, as well as in that of Dionysius, is that canon which Pope Zosimus quoted to the Africans, and which the Africans, after three years' search. replied in full council that they could find nowhere defined.

So much for Pope Zosimus and his legatine canon, that has ruled and deluded Christendom for so many centuries. On these grounds I came to the conclusion that the hand which mutilated this MS. must have been friendly to his successors. I still adhere to this opinion in spite of a discovery since made, which I proceed to relate: but I would willingly be proved in error to have so much apparent blackness cleared up. There are four acts in this piece, and the *dramatis personæ* pass, all of them, for celebrities in their way. 1. Peter de Marca, who was educated for, and practised at the bar, but died Archbishop of Paris. His great work, of which the first part appeared A.D. 1641, was as acceptable to the French Court as it was displeasing to the Vatican. It was not all published during his lifetime; but it had not all been out a year when it was placed on the *Index*, and each time that he was promoted—to the see of Conserans A.D. 1642, to that of Toulouse A.D. 1652, to that of Paris A.D. 1661—endless delays ensued, owing to his having been called upon to retract or explain something he had written, before the necessary bulls could be obtained from Rome. "Baluze, son historien et son apologiste," say the editors of the *Biographie Universelle*, "parait croire aussi que sa sincérité n'était pas entière, et qu'il entrait beaucoup de calcul dans les opinions qu'il professait." 2. Stephen Baluze (born 1630) was thirty-six years younger than De Marca, and, as he tells us, personally unknown to him till A.D. 1656, though for the next six years he rarely quitted his side. What student of ecclesiastical or medieval literature can be sufficiently grateful to him for his conscientious and laborious contributions to both? 3. Christopher Justellus, whose prefaces and notes to the three codes of canons published by him, attest his learning and discernment, and are far from impeaching his candour. He died A.D. 1649. 4. His son, Henry, who, with William Voel, of the Sorbonne, reproduced his father's works in a work entitled "Bibliotheca Juris Canonici Veteris," in two volumes, A.D. 1661, where the "Prisca Versio" was printed for the first time, and, as has been said, most unfaithfully, with whomsoever the blame may lie. 5. and 6. Peter and Jerome Ballerini, two learned brothers, celebrated for their theological and historical works, pub-

lished at Rome or Verona, foremost of which is their edition of the works of S. Leo, with an appendix of documents and dissertations on canon law. This appeared in the pontificate of Benedict XIV. (A.D. 1740—58), to whom it was dedicated.

I. "A probable conjecture enough, if authority could be shown for it in some ancient MS. which has not yet been discovered," was De Marca's comment on the Niceno-Sardican hypothesis. Being expressed in c. 16 of B. vii. of his great work, it was not published till after his death. Baluze tells us, in a marginal note, that De Marca was at that time unacquainted with this MS. of Justellus. But Baluze makes a strange slip here: for in c. 4 of his third book, published when Baluze was but eleven years old, De Marca speaks of the MS. in a way that shows he must have been acquainted with it. He there says of it, "in quo descripti sunt, post ceteros, canones XXVII Concilii Chalcedonensis:" and bestows a high compliment on its possessor by calling him "vir de antiquitate canonicâ optime meritus." Baluze remarks on this passage likewise, but it is evident that it perplexed him, and that he could make nothing of it. C. Justellus was alive when this compliment was paid him, and for eight years after—almost the whole period that elapsed between the nomination of De Marca to the see of Conserans and his consecration, owing to the *tracasseries* in which his book involved him with Rome; but he died the year after De Marca became bishop, leaving his oldest MS. unpublished. Some years subsequently, Baluze says, when De Marca was Visitor-General in Spain, viz., in the spring of 1660, the last of his archbishopric of Toulouse, he composed his well-known dissertation, "De Veteribus Collectionibus Canonum," *this MS. being still unpublished*, but in which, strange to say it figures as treasure trove. Two collections, he tells us at starting, had recently been brought to light, which the Roman Church at various times used: one before, the other after, the Council of Chalcedon. Before the Council of Chalcedon, the Roman Church was governed solely by the Nicene canons, under which head the Sardican were also comprised: whence the latter were miscalled Nicene by Zosimus and his successor. And then follows a passage which, as I have not yet done rubbing my eyes over, I will extract as it stands. "Occasio hujus hallucinationis alia non est, præter collectionem canonum quam solam eâ tempestate in scriniis suis habebat ecclesia Romana: *cujus nos exemplar in vetustissimo codice MS. vidimus beneficio Christophori Justelli*, claræ memoriæ viri, et antiquitatum ecclesiasticarum curiosi exploratoris: *qui*, licet communionis Calvinianæ partis sequeretur, *sincerè se gerebat in eruendis e situ veterum monumentis ad rem canonicam exornandam.* In eâ collectione, hoc erat lemma: *canones Nicœni.* Deinde sequebatur *series quadraginta canonum numeris suis distinctorum:* quorum priores viginti erant veri et genuini Nicœnæ synodi, reliqui artem viginti continebant *canones unum et viginti concilii Sardicensis, duobus capitibus in unum compactis: nullâ interim mentione factâ hujus concilii Sardicensis.* Non dubitandum, quin statim post editionem *adjecti fuerint canones illi Sardicenses priori collectioni, consequentibus numeris, sub antiquo titulo.* Illud autem, an fato acciderit, vel per incuriam, an vero datâ operâ ut major esset horum canonum auctoritas, prudentis esto judicium." This work, it is to be observed, was not published during his lifetime, *why*, we shall perhaps understand before long, as it was, of course, written for publication. Meanwhile, let me bespeak the closest attention to what I have italicised, relating to the personal character of Justellus, as well as to this his MS. As regards the MS. the Archbishop here deposes to having inspected it himself, and then describes it as exhibiting the code which he says was used by the Roman Church previously to the Council of Chalcedon, and had only the Sardican and Nicene canons combined in one.

This MS. it is which is now lying open before me to speak for itself. Accordingly, say I must of its description by him, that every word of it is false, with the exception of what I cannot prove false, merely because some thief has been beforehand with me, but which I believe to be so for other reasons. It is false—1. that this MS. contains a collection of Sardican and Nicene canons only; 2. that it begins with the Nicene, or ends with the Sardican; 3. that it contains *any* series of forty canons, *numeris suis distinctorum;* 4. that the Sardican canons were added to the original collection, *consequentibus numeris;* 5. taking into account what he had said of this MS. in another work before quoted, it is false, lastly, that twenty-seven Chalcedonian canons either follow next after the Sardican, or end this collection.

All I cannot absolutely prove false, because the pages are gone, is—1. That the Sardican canons followed the Nicene, *sub antiquo titulo:* but as they certainly do not follow them in consecutive numbers, and as the canons of every council in all other cases are kept distinct, and have their own titles, as well as their own numberings, I must believe this to have been so with the Sardican, whose title-page has been abstracted; and, 2ndly, as to the Sardican canons being here reckoned twenty, because two canons have been merged in one, no such case occurs certainly between the fourteenth and twentieth, still preserved in this MS.; nor is any such case pointed out between canons one and fourteen of the printed edition of the "Prisca Versio," by the Ballerini, though they notice the omission of another canon favourable to the Pope in a later MS., where the numberings are the same. What explanation of so gross a perversion of truth by so learned a writer, and so distinguished a man, can be given, based either on facts or probabilities? At first I thought he must be describing a different MS. of Justellus which has since disappeared.

II. In endeavouring to unravel this, I stumbled on a still worse case. The Ballerini, when engaged in pulling a rival to pieces, had no object in sparing De Marca, whose views were similar. Accordingly, this is what they say in commenting on the first chapter of Quesnel's 12th Dissertation:—"Hæc perstringunt Petrum de Marca, qui prius in *Concordiâ,* dein in *Opusculis* hunc duplicem Romana ecclesiæ codicem excogitavit. *Primus est ille codex MS. ex quo non multo post Priscam Versionem canonum Voellus et Justellus ediderunt.* Alter est codex genuinus monasterii Rivipullensis in Hispaniâ. *Sed etsi hos codices vidit Petrus de Marca, non tamen accuratè expendit; unde nil mirum, si de iisdem inconsultè minus vera tradidit.*" Here was proof positive, not merely that the MS. lying before me was the one thus untruthfully described by him, but that the Ballerini were perfectly cognisant that he had so described it. For, though they apologise for him by saying that he had not examined it accurately, they admit that he had stated of it "things that were not true." What apology, then, can be made for *them:* who being both perfectly cognisant of this—for the comment runs in their joint names—adduce these statements of his in another place, knowing them to be false, to prop up the Niceno-Sardican hypothesis, which they had embraced themselves with all the energy that a drowning man clutches a straw, without so much as a hint of any kind that they contained so much as a word that was not wholly true? I would extract the passage, if it admitted of any doubt. It occurs in § 13, c. 1, Pt. II., of their *Diss. de Ant. Coll.* Nor would it be described unfairly by saying that it out-herods Herod.

III. Judging from the high opinion which the archbishop expresses of Justellus, whenever he has occasion to speak of him, and taking into account that he was shown this MS., the inference surely would be that, even if not acquainted personally, they communicated as confidentially with each other as their respective situations in those times allowed. But, again, there is this

further fact, that Justellus died forty years after his earliest publication on canon law, leaving this his choicest and in many respects unique MS. unpublished. Had De Marca been the means of staying its publication, apprehensive that it might compromise not merely the Ultramontane, but the Gallican hypothesis, too? This struck me forcibly, before lighting upon the next *dénouement*, which of the two rather intensified than abated my suspicions. De Marca, we were told by Baluze, composed the work falsely describing this MS. in the spring of 1660, and in Spain. He had barely returned to Toulouse, when the news reached him of the MS. being in the course of publication by the younger Justellus. What followed I must endeavour, as it covers some space, to translate faithfully from Baluze, who places it beyond doubt from what he says that he had never seen the MS. himself, so that, though personally present at the scene he describes, he speaks of the MS. on the faith of what he had learnt from another. What is italicised will prove both. In § 10—13, then, of his preface to the smaller works of De Marca, published after his death, he says:—

"Mention having been made by him in the work just described of that most ancient collection belonging to that most learned man C. Justellus, in which the Sardican canons followed *in consecutive numbers* after the Nicene: and that collection having been published about twenty years since, I feel bound to give the history of that edition, as it has not hitherto been told at all, nor could it be told truly by any besides myself.

"When those very distinguished men, W. Voel and H. Justellus, the son of Christopher, the first a Parisian divine, the other a supporter of the Calvinistic dogma, had resolved to publish in one collected form the various codes of canons formerly brought out by Christopher, and to add to them some more not as yet printed, especially the Latin collection which they had in that most ancient MS. belonging to C. Justellus—and when De Marca, then living at Toulouse, learnt that their edition was in the press, the thought crossed his mind, which turned out correct, that the Sardican canons were possibly going to be suppressed in it, Christopher having in the fervour of youth cut them out with a knife, and removed them to the end of the book, on account of their immediately following after the Nicene. Accordingly, writing thereon to the then illustrious Chancellor of France, Peter Seguier, he begged the publication of their work might be delayed till he could himself be in Paris. On his arrival there, 25th September, 1660, when the printer urged the issue of a work already completed, Voel and Justellus could only procure leave for it from the Chancellor on condition of their rendering an account of their work to De Marca. They were not, of course, long in coming to him, and with them L. H. F. Espessœus, Abbot of S. Peter's, Vienne, lately deceased, in whose house Voel lived. At first the matter was discussed with considerable warmth, Voel and Justellus storming and contending that *two old parchment leaves*, containing fragments of the Sardican canons, which had been removed to the end of the volume, never formed part of this MS.; especially as it was clear that *no less than five leaves* were wanting after the Nicene canons, and but two were found in that place. At length, when this heat had subsided, and it appeared that these leaves were of the same size, date, margin, and character as the rest; and the lines, and I might almost say the words, necessary to supply the five pages that were wanting of the Nicene subscriptions and Sardican canons having been counted and compared with the Binian edition of the same in 1618, it had become clearer than daylight that those two remaining leaves of what had been cut out ought to be replaced consecutively after the Nicene Council, especially as De Marca testified that it had formerly been so told him by Christopher, who confessed that he had cut them out as a youth from impulse rather than on any rational ground: it was agreed between them that these frag-

ments should be published, and that the following preface, traced by De Marca with his own hand, should be placed in front of the volume.

"The reader is to be admonished that by carelessness of the scribe, from whose copy purporting to be a faithful transcript of the MS. this edition was made, it has come to pass that the Sardican canons have not been placed in their proper place, that is, after the Nicene. This obliged the editors, when engaged in revising their edition, and comparing it with the MS. anew, to repair that omission by adding here, in front of the collection, those Sardican canons which are still preserved in that MS. where, after the subscriptions to the Nicene Council, and before the Gangran canons, several leaves are wanting, which have perished from age; but the two which still remain, and begin with the 14th and go down regularly to the 19th, are, by desire of the editors, exhibited here in good faith.

"However, it fell out otherwise. For, having escaped on that occasion, they embarked in another way of settling this dispute unknown to De Marca. They replaced the Sardican canons after the Nicene, adding a preface, in which they declared they had done this from reason, rather than from any suggestion or necessity drawn from the MS. itself. They stated, accordingly, that the greater part of the Sardican canons, with the latter part of the subscriptions to the Nicene Council, had been destroyed by time. Then they add:—'The remaining fragments, however, of the Sardican Council we have placed after the Nicene: the probability being that the author of this collection was guided, not by the rank of the Councils, but by the chronological order therein.' Thus they refer the whole to probability: though it had been shown and told them that those leaves in which the latter part of the subscriptions to the Nicene Council and several of the Sardican canons were contained, had been forcibly removed thence by Christopher, when a young man, lest Catholics should gain the benefit of prescription against heretics from that most ancient MS. for the dignity and authority of those canons. They should have said, agreeably with what had been covenanted and agreed, that those canons having been left out in their proper place, were now restored.

"Now, that nobody may be able to think that I fabricated this whole story gratis myself, and that no trace of it is to be found elsewhere, let me declare publicly that I was present at all this examination and dispute, that I have by me the short preface above given, and that De Marca mentioned the affair in letters which on another occasion he wrote to Pope Alexander VII. and to Luke Holstein. I will extract his words in the former of these:—'Justellus, the father, likewise a supporter of the Calvinistic heresy, formerly published the Code of the canons of the Universal Church, from which the Sardican canons, asserting in express terms the power of the Roman pontiff, were left out on purpose, as though they had been by the judgment of the Universal Church rescinded from the body of the canons With equal fraud the son, just before my arrival in the city of Paris, sent to press a Latin collection of canons from a most ancient MS. not written within the last 900 years. The moment I found that the Sardican canons were not included in it, which I knew had been cut out of this MS. by Justellus the father, with the leaves, however, removed to the end of the volume, I desisted not till, partly by dint of threats of the royal power, partly by dint of the tenderest prayers, the Sardican canons were restored in the printed copy to their proper place after the Nicene, as they stood in the MS., lest, for lack of such diligence, heretics might triumph at the authority of these canons being scorned not merely by the Greeks, but by the Latins, and most of all by the Gallican Church.'"

Baluze had no need to say a word of "the other occasion" on which these letters were written. They were written by their author to smooth his way to the see of Paris; and with what success may be learnt from what Alexander himself says in announcing his appoint-

ment to it, 5th June, 1662. "Nor do we doubt but that your virtue, zeal, and authority will prove most salutary in all the affairs of that see, particularly in extirpating the tares of Jansenism, encouraged, as you write, by the protracted non-residence of its former occupant." De Marca reconciled Innocent X. at last to his being Bishop of Conserans, by his tract "De Singulari Primatu Petri," which Baluze tells us pleased the Pope so much that he caused it to be read publicly. It appeared in June 1647, and within six months Conserans was his. With his translation to Paris *in petto*, he doubtless meditated propitiating Alexander VII. by another tract, in which this unpublished MS. was described as an "exemplar" of that earliest collection used by the Church of Rome, consisting of the Nicene and Sardican Canons under one head. Its publication would have the effect of taking the wind out of his sails, and he was thus upon another tack. Till then, Justellus was "vir de antiquitate canonicâ *optime meritus*," "qui licet communionis Calvinianæ partis sequeretur, *sincerè se gerebat* in eruendis e situ veterum monumentis ad rem canonicam exornandam." After that, the account given of him to the Pope was, that he had committed a *double fraud:* 1. By wilfully leaving out the Sardican Canons from the *Code of the Canons of the Universal Church*, his earliest publication; and 2. By cutting them out where they stood in his oldest MS., and then removing them to the end of the volume. Let us suppose both charges ever so true, were they then for the first time brought to his knowledge? Unless they were trumped up for the occasion, he clearly must have been cognisant of both, when he wrote Justellus *a sincere man*, and of *the highest merit as regards canon law.* But, again, supposing Justellus had cut them out, he had not destroyed them. There they were still at the end of the MS. whither he had removed them, and what Protestant could have wished them away? Certainly not one so sagacious and well-informed as Justellus in mature years; seeing that although they had followed the Nicene, they were separated from them by the subscriptions to the Nicene Council, and had a distinct commencement and numbering of their own. Why, then, should De Marca have been at all apprehensive about their fate? If his story was correct, it was as certain that they were preserved as that they had been cut out. Had he not seen them where Justellus had placed them when he himself examined the MS.? True; but any publication of them in their entirety would have revealed that they never could have followed the Nicene, *consequentibus numeris.* Was this the point that really disquieted him? However, let us take him at his own word. He wanted them to be printed just as they had stood in the MS. Yet when he interviewed Voel and Justellus the younger, only two of them were forthcoming; and, according to Baluze, he never asked for the missing five, never insisted on search being made for them, never taxed anybody with having secreted or destroyed them, only bound the editors in the preface, traced with his own hand, to reproduce these two. There was a vast deal of talk and criticism expended on these two; yet, strange to say, no two of less importance could have been selected out of the whole seven. They were just intermediate leaves, that told no tales of the beginning or the end of the other five. The three which preceded them would have told us most; what the two which followed them could tell was something less even after reflection, but infinitely less obvious at first sight. This, then, was the actual outcome of that interview. The three first leaves were not produced, were not required, and are still missing; the two last leaves were not produced, were not required, but are still in the MS., though not printed with the other two. The two which are printed are the least important of the seven, and tell us least about the other five. Lastly, the statement about the other five, traced by De Marca with his own hand,

and imposed upon the editors under pains and penalties (as we learn from his letter to the Pope), viz., that the five missing leaves *vetustate perierunt*, had been destroyed by time, was studiously mendacious to the last degree. If De Marca is to be believed in anything, he had seen them in the MS., though not in their proper place, but a few years before. And as to their state, anybody may see this for himself in the two which are still preserved but not printed. Who cares to unravel the tissue further after this?

IV. One word as to the minor actors. We can well suppose Baluze to have been present, but at a distant corner of the room, when all this passed between his principal, the abbot, and the two would-be publishers He was still but a young man. From his repeating the fiction of "consecutive numbers," it is quite clear that he takes this on trust, and the jejune account he gives of the excised leaves tends to show that he could add nothing to it from personal observation. That they had been "destroyed by time" was the formal statement of his principal in requiring a public act, which he could not therefore have well challenged; but by giving that statement to posterity, he has left it as transparent as could be desired. Voel and Justellus, having penalties hanging over their heads, may be excused for being parties to the transaction, as well as for printing but two leaves, when they had four, and letting the other three be lost. In taking on themselves to print them after the Nicene, where the MS. had them, and to declare in their preface their own belief that the author of the collection had placed them there for chronological reasons—about which there can be no sort of doubt—they probably went as far as they dared.

A system that is reared upon falsehoods can only be defended by lies, and it is a melancholy task indeed to have to drag to light its demoralizing effects upon such men as De Marca and the Ballerini; but the moral to be drawn from their case is unfortunately not special, but a general one—viz., that the surest way of getting on at Rome is not to flinch from telling lies in its interest; and the surest way of getting into trouble there is to be unflinching in telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for the truth's sake.

EDMUND S. FFOULKES.

THE GREVILLE JOURNALS.

This is in many respects a remarkable work; it is also an interesting one. It covers a space of nearly twenty years (from 1818 to 1837) of a very important period of English history. It is in one respect *unique*, for of the various English memoirs and diaries which have, during the present century, been given to the world, not one of the writers has stood in the same relative position to the members of opposite political parties which was held by the author of this one. No matter who was in or who was out, members of both sides—high and low—did not hesitate to communicate to Mr. Greville their hopes and their grievances; their views of the past, and their views for the future; trusting to his honour not to betray their secrets. And if Mr. Greville's accounts of his conversations be correct, as they probably are (at least as much as the reports of conversations can be), it is only due to him to admit that he not only does not appear to have used the confidences which were made to him so as (at *the time* they were made) to make mischief; but that he employed the information which he received in softening asperities, in reconciling opponents, and in promoting co-operation for the attainment of those ends which, in his view, would best promote the interests of their common country. Neither does he appear to have hesitated in giving full expression to his own opinions, however exalted might be the individual with whom he was conversing. Though neither a wit, nor a philosopher, nor a statesman, he possessed those powers of agreeable conversation, coupled with good sense, which made him a delightful companion, so that his society was always welcomed by his friends and acquaintances. The conversations which passed he was in the habit of recording in his journals, which he left to be given to the world, placing them in the hands of a gentleman who, as editor, has, after a lapse of ten years from Mr. Greville's death, published the early portion of them.

"In accepting this trust" the editor describes himself as "undertaking a task and a duty of considerable responsibility." Assuredly in saying this he is guilty of no exaggeration. To publish the private confidential conversations of persons who are either now living, or who have relations and friends deeply interested in their fame, with comments on their opinions, their actions, and their motives, often of a very severe and bitter kind, *is* a task of "considerable responsibility." It is indeed one of the gravest and heaviest. It is true, perhaps, that something of this responsibility may be taken off his shoulders by the fact that Mr. Greville "himself had frequently revised them with great care;" and (marvellous to relate) it appears, from what the editor records, that he had "studiously omitted and erased passages relating to private persons or affairs which could only serve to gratify the love of idle gossip and scandal."

Proceeding to read the book with such an assurance as this, one is full of astonishment at the matter which it really contains. What must have been the nature of that private gossip and scandal, which it seems feelings of delicacy induced him to erase, when much of that which does appear is gossiping scandal of the very idlest description? Whether with regard to its nature, or to the way in which it was obtained, it ought (as bearing upon Mr. Greville's own reputation) never to have seen the light. The whole structure of the book is calculated to produce a very uneasy feeling of restraint in general society. With the distinguished man who now holds Mr. Greville's post, the members of both Cabinet and Opposition are safe. But though Sir Arthur Helps may keep no Journal, yet all men are not so loyal and honourable as he is, and if this

book remains uncensured by public opinion, no man can feel confident that the light conversation in which he may indulge may not be recorded in some one's diary, and that, years after, it may not appear in print for the public amusement, but to the extreme annoyance of himself if alive, or of his family if dead. What man who takes part in political affairs, or who holds a high position in the world, can feel easy, if his valet is to be questioned as to the details of his private life, and the man's responses are to be *diarized* at the moment, and published for the prurient gratification of a curious public, with bitter and offensive comments? For if a man had not the good fortune to agree with Mr. Greville, he is constantly set down as influenced by selfishness, blindness, folly, or maliciousness. Besides, many of the revelations made of the proceedings of the Privy Council which came to Mr. Greville's knowledge by means of the confidential post which he held as Clerk of the Council, seem in no way consistent with the oath which he must have taken when he first entered on the duties of his office. In short, all right-minded persons cannot but agree that a great deal of what the book contains is improperly and unjustifiably published.

Still, however, there is to be found in it matter of great interest, especially to those who are sufficiently old to remember and to have watched at the time the events with which it deals, and who were personally acquainted with the remarkable personages, who in those days chiefly attracted public attention to their proceedings.

Mr. Greville had, as he tells us in his opening sentence, "frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of celebrated men." He belonged to the *élite* of London society. That *élite*, in those days, was very different from what it is in these. At the period at which the diary was first begun, viz., the latter end of the Regency, the state of London society was almost as unlike that of the present day, as the old carriages and four and the comfortable wayside inns are to the first-class railway carriages and railway stations which now exist. There was no Court, for an occasional levee held (not always) once a year, and a still rarer Drawing Room could hardly be dignified with the name. Society naturally cast about for something in its place. The regular weekly parties at Devonshire House did something to supply the vacuum, but not enough. Accordingly the London ladies set up the well-known Almack's balls, which lasted in their perfection through the reign of George IV. The admittance certainly was not extravagant, the subscription to three balls being only a guinea. Each patroness had a certain number of subscription tickets, and if the holder was unable to go to all three, the ticket for the night was returned to the lady who had issued it, who re-issued it to some friend who was too glad to give half a guinea for it. To these balls came the Ambassadors, the Cabinet Ministers, and all the magnates in town. The well-known room in King Street, St. James's, contained them easily. How many rooms of that size would now be required to contain members of the same class as those by whom that room was filled? The London of those days was, therefore, very different from the London of these. The rules were somewhat rigid. Every one who did not arrive before half-past eleven was excluded. At that hour a rope was drawn across at the top of the stairs, and no person, be he who he might, was allowed to pass. This reminds me of one night when, owing to pouring rain, the delay in setting down caused some hundred of the company to be too late; the rope was drawn at the appointed hour, and there they were congregated on the stairs and below. No entreaties could get the rope withdrawn, for Lady Londonderry, one of the patronesses, stood watching the men who held it, lest they should withdraw it. Lady Jersey (another patroness) having the arm of the Duke of Wellington, proceeded up the stairs; both ladies were armed with equal authority. There they were, one on each side of the rope, both vociferating, the one on the right side, "*Withdraw it if you dare,*" the other on the wrong side, "*Keep it there at your peril.*" The stairs were thronged with people of the highest rank, watching

eagerly which lady should prevail. At length the terrified men withdrew it, and Lady Jersey and the rest of the excluded triumphantly entered. Lady Londonderry indignantly retired, exclaiming, "Well, Lady Jersey, if you came in yourself you had no right to bring in your mob." Lady Jersey and the Duke of Wellington heading a mob!

But, to turn to graver matters, for the book deals with almost every subject, grave or gay, important or unimportant, which occupied men's minds during those twenty years. They are mingled together unsorted, passing from one subject to another in the same page, and that not in the order of time at which the events referred to happened to have occurred. Continuity on any one subject is not to be found. The book has been called a very valuable contribution to history; it really does not deserve the name—at least, as to the greater part. It consists chiefly of opinions given at the time mostly by eminent individuals on the events which constitute history—founded, however, on what *they supposed* those events actually to be. They resemble those examination papers which go by the name of *kakography*, which give wrong spellings to be corrected by the examinees, to try their knowledge of orthography, but which too often have the mischievous effect of afterwards raising in their minds doubts how the words ought to be correctly written. Every one knows that in writing, some hesitation occasionally arises about the spelling of a word, and that almost invariably the hesitater (as the best way out of his difficulty) writes it down, in order to see how it looks, thus trying to arrive at a right judgment. The eye ought never to be accustomed to see a word wrongly spelt.

And so with Mr. Greville's pages; they are curious—nay, valuable—as giving the opinions of important personages on passing events; but the events themselves are often so at variance with what they are supposed to be by those whose opinions on them are recorded, that it requires a laborious investigation into other documents in order to decide which of the events described are *orthographic* and which *kakographic*. Of course there are hundreds of amusing anecdotes which throw some light on the characters of individuals, but how different are the views taken by different persons equally qualified to judge of the character of the same individual!

The state of England at the period when the memoirs commence was anything but satisfactory. The distress was considerable, and the incendiary orators, Messrs. Cobbett and Hunt. took advantage of it to incense the people against their rulers, more especially by giving exaggerated representations of what passed at the celebrated Manchester meeting, which, by the order of the magistrates, had been dispersed by the yeomanry. The event was dubbed by them, "The Manchester Massacre, or the Field of *Peterloo*." This, for many years after, was a standing grievance against the Tories; and I remember that when, after the death of William IV., I stood a contested election for Birmingham, the Attwood and Scholefield committee put forth a placard, with about a dozen questions, each beginning with "Who was guilty of such and such an atrocity?" Answer, "The Tories." The last question on the list was, "Who were the authors of the horrid Manchester massacre?" Answer, "The Tories." When I got hold of this placard, I caused a *fac-simile* one to be printed, adding to it only this question with its answer, "Who was the member who proposed a vote of thanks to the magistrates for their conduct on that occasion?" Answer, "Lord Melbourne."[1] The walls were covered with it before the opposite party discovered that it was not their own. Some few hours elapsed before the discovery burst upon them. They then employed messengers in all directions to paste anything over it which should have the effect of hiding it from the public gaze.

Mr. Greville records in his first chapter the death of George III. and the alarming illness of George IV. immediately after his accession. "He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood, yet he afterwards had a severe

[1] Then Premier of the Reform Cabinet.

oppression, amounting almost to suffocation, on his chest. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Knighton was afraid to bleed him, but Bloomfield sent for Tierney, who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him—this gave him relief." Such is Mr. Greville's statement. Sir Matthew Tierney told me a somewhat different story, viz., that at a consultation of the physicians all but himself gave him over, and said nothing more could be done to save his life. On which Tierney said, "If that be the case, will you give me *carte blanche* to do what I like with him?" They replied, "Certainly." He then took from him an enormous quantity of blood, and the king recovered. The difference in these details is of slight importance, yet it serves to show how difficult it is even at the moment to arrive at the exact truth. The king never forgot the service which Dr. Tierney had rendered him; he made him his body physician, created him a baronet, and ever after treated him with the utmost kindness.

The great event of the new reign was the conversion of the Princess of Wales into the Queen of England. So much has been already published on that disastrous topic, especially in the recent life of Lord Denman, which goes a great way to reveal the counsels of what may be called "Her Majesty's Cabinet," that Mr. Greville's Diary upon this unfortunate affair states nothing which is not already known. It is clear that all parties were in the wrong. The king, who pressed his wishes too strongly; the ministers, whose conduct was injudicious, under any circumstances; the advisers of the queen—especially Mr. Brougham—who undoubtedly deceived the Ministers by the course which he pursued and betrayed them into the belief that she would not venture to return to England. On this notion their conduct was based. Thus everything served to bring about a combination of events, which, happening at a period of distress, sorely tried the monarchy. That the queen was innocent no one can reasonably maintain—neither that the king was blameless—but it is a remarkable fact, which is highly creditable to the British people, that though they were ready to go almost all lengths in the queen's defence, so long as they thought that the queen was unjustly persecuted, yet almost immediately after the Bill of Pains and Penalties had been withdrawn, she ceased to be an object of their sympathy, as was shown when at the coronation she made her abortive attempt to enter Westminster Hall, where the procession to the Abbey was formed. If it had succeeded, it must have stopped the ceremony for that day, as the king would not have endured her presence, and there was no man to be found who would lay violent hands on the Queen of England and eject her by force. The danger, however, was averted by the Deputy Great Chamberlain, Mr. Dorset Fellowes. He was close by the doors of Westminster Hall—they were open—when he heard the shouts which heralded the queen's approach. Though without instructions, he had the presence of mind to order the doors to be closed, so that when the queen arrived at the door, leaning on the arm of Lord Hood, he firmly told her that her admission was impossible. After some struggling, finding it hopeless to enter, she retired. Then first she discovered the truth—that her popularity was gone. The populace took no part with her, and she returned home full of chagrin, which it is supposed materially contributed to bring about that illness to which she shortly afterwards succumbed.

At her funeral the government made a disastrous blunder. The executors wished the procession to go through the city. The government forbad it, and tried to turn it by force; shots were fired, lives lost, the mob triumphed, and through the city it went.

Debates on these proceedings took place in the House of Commons, but with all Mr. Brougham's classical lore, he never hit upon that quotation from Juvenal (relating to the fall of Sejanus, the favourite of Tiberius), so apt and so stinging—

"Curramus præcipites,
Et dum jacet in ripâ, calcemus Cæsaris hostem."

In returning from the coronation, the king had a narrow escape of his life. Owing to the crowds in the streets, it was thought advisable to take his majesty by a roundabout way through the fields by the river, which are now covered with houses. He was escorted by his guards, and was taken over a certain bridge. When its owner heard that the king in his carriage had passed over it, he looked aghast. "Why," he exclaimed, "that bridge is most unsafe for any carriage, and has long been condemned. It is a mercy, indeed, that it did not break down with such a weight!"

The death of Queen Caroline, which occurred shortly after the coronation, relieved the king from much personal annoyance. Mr. Greville has a story with reference "to the circumstances connected with Mr. Canning's resignation at the time of the queen's trial, according to which his resignation was in consequence of a dispute between the king and his ministers as to the payment of the Milan Commission" (a commission sent out to inquire about the queen's conduct abroad). "The ministers wished the king to pay them, and he wished them to be defrayed by the government. Lord Londonderry, without the concurrence of his colleagues, promised that government should pay. This Canning could not endure, and resigned." It is true that there was such a dispute; but it is very certain that if there was, it had nothing whatever to do with Canning's resignation. It was not till all hope was gone that the prosecution would not be proceeded with, that Mr. Canning tendered his resignation to the king, having "made up his mind to take no part in the proceedings." At the earnest solicitation of his colleagues and his majesty, he, however, consented to remain in the cabinet during its progress, but retired to Paris, to be away from all appearance of interfering in the affair. On returning to England after the trial, "considering that the state of things to which his majesty's commands applied no longer existed," he deemed it his duty to tender his resignation (in December 1821). The king then accepted it. He parted with his minister with no friendly feelings, not on account of the course which he himself had pursued, but in consequence of the course pursued in the House of Lords by some of his personal friends—a course which his majesty fancied (but erroneously) had been instigated by Mr. Canning. In the spring of 1822, Mr. Canning accepted the Governor-Generalship of India, and in the autumn of that year he was to have sailed for that destination. Whilst these arrangements held good, Lord Castlereagh (Londonderry), in a state of insanity, committed suicide, and the Foreign Secretaryship and the leadership of the House thus became vacant. Mr. Greville, in recording this event, gives a somewhat elaborate character of Lord Castlereagh. He describes, and I believe correctly and fairly, his admirable qualities for leading the House of Commons; that "he never spoke ill; that his speeches were replete with good sense and strong arguments, and though they seldom offered much to admire, they generally contained a great deal to be answered;" "that he was eminently possessed of the good taste, good humour, and agreeable manners, which are more requisite to make a good leader than eloquence, however brilliant." He blames him for "having associated this country with the members of the Holy Alliance, and mixed us up in the affairs of the Continent in a manner in which we had never been before, thereby entailing "on us endless negotiations and enormous expenses." In what those expenses consisted it is difficult to understand, but that this is a just estimate of the tendency of Lord Castlereagh's foreign policy cannot now be doubted. That he was "seduced by his vanity" into adopting it, and "that his head was turned by emperors, kings, and congresses," is, however, one of those imputations of motives in which Mr. Greville too often indulges, without sufficient grounds. The real great feature in Lord Castlereagh's administration, in which his head was certainly not turned by his dealings with monarchs, and to which Mr. Greville makes no reference, was his manly, judicious, and courageous conduct in keeping together and urging on the Allies in their

contest with Napoleon, which ended in the capture of Paris and the abdication at Fontainebleau. No one can have mastered the details of that conflict without being convinced that the British minister was the life and soul of the alliance, and that had it not been for the undaunted courage with which he sustained the failing hearts of the Allies, the defeat and fall of that mighty conqueror would not have been then accomplished. It is this period of his life which ought not to be ignored, for the services which he then rendered to his own country and the world were assuredly great enough to cover a multitude of sins.

Mr. Canning succeeded Lord Londonderry in both situations. All the particulars connected with this transaction have been fully explained in the Wellington Despatches, Professor Yonge's Life of Lord Liverpool, and other publications. The only additional fact which Mr. Greville records, is what passed at the Duke of Portland's at Welbeck, when Lord Liverpool, in making the offer of Lord Londonderry's entire succession, communicated the king's letter. Upon reading it, Mr. Canning is described as so "indignant" that he wrote to it an "indignant" reply. His friends, however, convinced him that he had taken a wrong view of his majesty's letter, and satisfied him that it was really "intended as an invitation to reconciliation, and contained nothing that could have been meant as offensive." So, accordingly, the angry reply was put into the fire, and another written, full of gratitude and acquiescence. No doubt the second view was the right one, but the story serves to show how sensitive Mr. Canning was lest temptations addressed to his ambition should imperil his honour as a statesman.

The first subject with which the Foreign Secretary had to deal, after he took the seals of office, was the Congress at Vienna, which ended in the French invasion of Spain, and the reinstatement in power of Ferdinand VII. Mr. Greville gives an interesting conversation which he had with the Duke of Wellington on this subject, by which it appears that Louis XVIII. and the other members of the royal family were all against the invasion; but that they were drawn into it against their will, as too often happens on these occasions. They thought that France could not afford to recede from the false position to which she had advanced in asking the sanction of the Congress to an attack on Spain. If this be a correct version of their feelings and wishes of the French king it affords another example of that want of caution which statesmen are too apt to be guilty of when dealing with such momentous affairs. Mr. Canning of course laboured to prevent the invasion. He was then new in office. and he was not successful; but he gained an important point. He prevented the attack from being the corporate act of the Congress, and reduced it to a simple aggression on the part of France.

Mr. Greville mentions other remarks of the Duke which, considering they were made just half a century ago, are very curious, as being no less applicable to Spain of the present day, than to that of the time at which they were uttered. "There is," said the Duke, "no statesman in Spain. There are some eloquent men in the Cortes, particularly Arguelles and Toreno. Toreno is the ablest man, but he has injured his character by peculation. The state of Spain is such that the most turbulent and violent possess the greatest share of influence." Substituting other names, is not this now equally true?

From January 1823, to February 1826, there are only two entries, the first of which relates to the panic in the money market in December 1825. There is nothing to be found worthy of comment in the diary; but the editor has appended a note containing an extract from a pamphlet of Mr. Baring's (Lord Ashburton) in which Mr. Baring makes in reality an important, though at first sight apparently but a trivial, mistake. Mr. Baring says: "The gold of the Bank was drained to within a very few thousand pounds" (really 8,000*l*, *coin*) ". . . . a certain *Saturday* night closed with nothing in hand worth mentioning." Now it was not on a *Saturday* but a *Friday* night that this event occurred. Had it been on a Saturday the danger would have been

trifling, as the interval of a whole day would have afforded time to the Bank for recuperation; but the crisis occurred at the closing on *Friday* night, the Bank having to re-open at the usual hour the next morning. It was on that memorable *Friday* night, when the Cabinet sat till two in the morning (as I well remember), and had the courage to refuse its sanction to a suspension of cash payments, that the Rothschilds poured into the Bank 300,000*l. coin.* The Bank had upwards of a million of bullion in their coffers, and although coining went on unceasingly, yet at that period the Mint could not coin more than 200,000*l.* a week. In the course of the Saturday, coin came in from all quarters, so that the stoppage was averted. The error into which Mr. Baring had fallen is remarkable for so high an authority.

Mr. Greville devotes one short paragraph to Mr. Canning's celebrated speeches on the expedition to Portugal in December 1826. There is no more magnificent specimen of his oratory extant, and none which has made so strong an impression on men's minds. Princess Lieven, with whom Mr. Canning was on friendly terms, had never heard him speak, and had that evening procured the Speaker's admission to the ventilator of the House of Commons. This queer place afforded accommodation for only eight ladies—a very different state of things for the ladies of those days to what it is at present. No woman then was allowed to appear in the House of Commons. The ventilator was, in fact, a garret, into which, nevertheless, on great occasions ladies eagerly sought admission. When admitted they were locked in—and egress was only to be obtained by *influence* from without. That evening I took my place under the gallery, and, unfortunately for myself, had undertaken, at a particular hour, to use the external *influence*, which was to secure the Princess's release. When the hour came, Mr. Canning was in the midst of the very finest part of his speech (the war of principle), with which I am ashamed to say I was so absorbed that I forgot how time was passing. When, however, it came across me, and I went to redeem my engagement, I was horrified to find the Princess in a state of much agitation. There was to be great a dinner at the Russian Embassy and her Excellency thought that she would be too late. She attacked me with a volley of reproaches, told me that I had ruined her, and went so far as to say, "*Mon mari me battra*"—nor did any of the very humble apologies which, of course, I made have any effect in pacifying her, as her reproaches continued till we reached the carriage. But no harm happened, and notwithstanding my delinquency, the Princess was equally civil to me afterwards.

It was during the last illness of the Duke of York (of which Mr. Greville gives full details) that the Portuguese expedition was sent by the government to Lisbon. The celerity with which it was prepared and despatched astonished everybody, and ill as his Royal Highness was, Mr. Canning always considered that it was mainly owing to the Duke's personal exertions that there was no delay. He threw his whole mind into it, he worked at it night and day, and such was the good order in which the office of Commander-in-Chief then was, that the expedition with the troops on board sailed into the harbour at Lisbon before news had arrived there that it had left the shores of England. Whatever faults of character might attach to the Duke of York, there can be no doubt but that in the post which he filled, he was a most able administrator. Mr. Greville was his intimate companion, and seems deeply to have felt his death.

Two months after the death of the Duke of York Lord Liverpool had an apoplectic stroke, from which he never recovered. On the events which succeeded (up to the formation of Mr. Canning's administration) Mr. Greville has a good deal to say, but it is mainly gossip, and like all gossip consists of such a medley of truth and falsehood as makes any attempt to separate the one from the other a rather unprofitable labour. His own opinions, and the opinions of others, which are often well worth considering, are here only opinions on supposed facts, and are not deductions from real facts as they actually occurred. There are quite sufficient

authentic documents in various publications which have been already given to the world to enable all who take an interest in these events to ascertain what really happened.

There is, however, one statement (p. 93, vol. i.) which is perhaps worth contradicting. He describes Mr. Canning as "disliked by the king" at the time when his majesty made him first minister. Now nothing is more certain than that the king not only got personally to like him, but had the greatest confidence in his management of the affairs of the empire. Ever since his majesty had been convinced, by the utter failure of the dismal prophecies which had been urged upon him, as to the consequences which would ensue from the adoption of Mr. Canning's policy, and that he had seen instead of discord between the British government and the great continental powers, better harmony sprang up between them, with this difference, that the latter were willing to follow the minister, instead of requiring him to follow them. The king's patriotism completely changed his feelings towards his minister, for whom, till the hour of his death, he entertained the most friendly feelings. This is assuredly the fact. Mr. Greville himself admits that the king had become equally satisfied with himself and Mr. Canning.

There is one more passage (written about this period) which deserves comment. It professes to record the opinions of the Duke of Wellington (given at a visit to Mr. Greville's mother's) which are so extraordinary that it throws a doubt upon Mr. Greville's capacity to record with accuracy any conversation.

The Duke said that Mr. Canning's "talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable; that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary, and passing over those topics on which it was not advisable to touch; that his fertility and resources were inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard; though he prided himself extremely on his compositions he would patiently endure any criticisms upon such papers as he submitted for the consideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered in any way that was suggested; he (the Duke) particularly had often cut and hacked his papers and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of his colleagues." The Duke went on to say—"It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. Any difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which, the Duke said, compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation."

Now, how are these two statements to be reconciled? In what possible way could the papers have been dealt with which Mr. Canning so good-naturedly allowed to be "altered," "except by conversation and discussion"? When his papers were "cut and hacked" was it that there was "no dissent from his views" on the part of the "cutter and hacker"? Why "cut and hack" papers which expressed "no difference of opinion nor dissent from the views" of those who desired their alteration? Mr. Greville, in short, makes the Duke talk most inconsistently. Blandly allowing "alteration in his papers," and "ungovernable rage at their dissent from his views" are two statements wholly incompatible with each other. The Duke is also reported to have said that Mr. Canning "was one of the idlest of men." Perhaps there never existed a statesman who was more indefatigable in the transaction of business. Go to him early in the morning, you found him either reading official papers, or, pen in hand, writing letters or despatches, working on with little intermission till a late dinner hour, when after the labours of the day he allowed himself relaxation and repose. Such being the real facts of the case, on what possible data could the Duke arrive at the conclusion that he was "the idlest of men"? It really is not credible that the Duke ever made any such assertion. If he knew nothing of Mr. Canning's habits, he would have hesitated to pronounce upon them; if he did know something about them he surely would never have given such an erroneous description of them. Mr. Greville himself

says (p. 106), "Such was Mr. Canning's industry that he never left a moment unemployed."

There is a curious error into which Mr. Greville falls, which his editor has not corrected. In two passages, he describes Louis Philippe as the descendant of Louis XIV., and, in one of them, accounts for his likeness to that monarch owing to his being his ancestor. But Louis Philippe was not a descendant of Louis XIV. He derived his descent from a brother of Louis XIV. who was a son of Louis XIII.

A singular coincidence must have occurred, if in another statement Mr. Greville be correct. He says that Lord Anglesey was thrown from his horse when passing the Duke of Orleans at a review—and so circumstantial is he, that he gives the observation which George IV. made on the event to Lord Anglesey at the ball that night. Now it is very certain that a precisely similar accident happened to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace, at the head of his regiment, in saluting the French Prince, had his bearskin cap blown off—in endeavouring to save it, he lost his balance and fell. He got up, remounted, just as if nothing had happened. How it fared with Lord Anglesey with his wooden leg does not appear; but it is a singular coincidence indeed if the same thing happened to two such distinguished officers in the British army.

The work indeed teems with endless mistakes and inconsistencies. There are very many pages in it where the assertions and the opinions are contradicted by the matter which is to be found in others. As history, or as a work throwing light on the facts of history, it is of very small value. As scandal, it may be, to some, amusing. As recording the gossip of the day, and the language of many of the most eminent of our public men, in their moments of *abandon*, it is interesting. Still it is quite inexplicable how a gentleman, "the two leading qualities of whose mind were," as his editor asserts, "the love of truth, and the love of justice," should deem it compatible with honour and good faith to note down in his journals the most confidential and unguarded communications of his associates, and then hand them over to a friend, "merely remarking," in so doing, "that memoirs of that kind ought not in his opinion to be locked up until they had lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events which they describe." Still more inexplicable is the following remark of the editor:—"The only omissions which I have thought it right to make are a few passages and expressions relating to persons and occurrences in private life, in which I have sought to publish nothing which could give pain or annoyance to persons still alive."

The inexplicability of this observation (to say nothing of its grammar) can only be fully appreciated by comparing it with the language in which Mr. Greville has permitted himself to indulge, and the painful stories which he relates of persons closely related to those now living. He has, in truth, scattered his censures with a lavish hand. The epithets "contemptible," "cowardly," "unfeeling," are applied to individuals of the highest position and character, whose conduct he represents as influenced by "selfishness or folly," and stories are not wanting of which a very small amount of good feeling and good taste would have dictated the suppression. Nevertheless, the editor assures his readers that he has "published nothing which can give pain and annoyance to persons still alive"!

It is, however, to be earnestly hoped (as there is yet a much larger portion of the Journals left to be printed) that public indignation will be sufficiently manifested, so as to give the editor a very different and far juster notion than he entertains at present as to what is and what is not calculated "to give pain and annoyance to persons now alive."

I postpone further observations to the next number.

A. G. STAPLETON.

LESSONS LEARNED IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

The first real trial of strength between the National Agricultural Labourers' Union and landowners and farmers has been made in the Eastern Counties. It has, without doubt, ended in favour of the employers of labour. To those who are interested in the subject—and especially to those who are favourable to the principle of union in general, and also see no reason why this principle should not be as useful to agriculture as to any other business—it occurs seriously to inquire whether they may not have been mistaken in their views. Does the defeat of the Union in the Eastern Counties prove that union among agricultural labourers has done no good, is incapable of doing any, or that the good is so mixed up with evil, that union ought to be discouraged by those who have hitherto advocated it with a single eye to the improvement of the condition of the labourers and to the advantage of the nation at large? These questions were to a certain extent entertained and argued with great ability by Mr. Wilson in these columns in September last. I gratefully acknowledge the too flattering terms in which Mr. Wilson was kind enough to refer to my part in this matter. I agree also generally in many of the views which he has stated. There are some, however, of Mr. Wilson's views in which he will, I hope, pardon me for saying that I think he is mistaken. For instance, when in one place he states, "It appears to me that those who ground hopes of permanent advantage to the agricultural labourer in trades-unionism as such, are as likely to be deceived as the amiable and benevolent people who formerly thought that misery was to be averted from every rustic household by the Allotment System;" and in another place, "The success of the labourers' combination does not seem to me that assured thing which many people declare it to be"—Mr. Wilson appears to me to assume a far too desponding attitude. Such ideas are likely to prove such a serious discouragement to the movement, that though perhaps I have already done so too frequently in these columns, I shall be very glad to be again permitted to express my views on the subject. My purpose is to inquire what good union has already done to the agricultural labourer; why it has not done more good; in what way it is most capable of combining the most good with the least evil; and what are the lessons to be drawn from the struggle between labour and capital in the Eastern Counties.

Union amongst agricultural labourers undoubtedly received a severe check in the Eastern Counties. Still it was only a check. And any one who flatters himself that the principle of union, or even that particular development of it which is embodied in the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, has received anything like a death-blow, is wonderfully mistaken. In the Eastern Counties themselves the ranks of the Union have no doubt been considerably thinned. Emigration has effected a considerable diminution in the number of members. Not a few possibly have been starved into giving up their ticket—to be renewed in all probability on the first opportunity. Still in the county of Suffolk alone there are not at this moment, including Nationals and Federals, fewer than six or seven thousand labourers in union. In other parts of the country the struggle in the east has produced no unfavourable impression whatever. The confidence in the power of union is undiminished. In truth, it

is in the exchequer that the Union has chiefly suffered, and it must take some time and a very cautious policy to recruit the finances. But even supposing the farmers had succeeded more completely than they did, and hoped to do, in stamping out the Union, it must have been credited even during the very short period of its existence with a very considerable amount of benefit to the agricultural labourer. No one can deny, that, since its formation, wages have had a considerable rise in almost every direction. And, though it may be conceded that this is partly owing to the vaunted action of supply and demand, yet, on the other hand, the rise must have been in some measure owing to an apprehension on the part of employers as to what the action of union might effect, and a wise determination to anticipate a less favourable result by a moderate but timely and voluntary concession. But letting alone the rise in wages, union has done a great deal for the agricultural labourer. First of all it has roused him from a state of apathy and torpor almost amounting to insensibility; it has thrown a stone into the stagnant pool, which has stirred it up from the very bottom; it has quickened suddenly into life a mass which was all but dead. The eye has been opened and the mind enlarged. Attendance at local meetings; the formation of Branch Unions; the assumption of the responsibilities of secretaries and members of committees; the perseverance requisite to keep up the steam; the new channels opened through speeches, reports, and newspapers, for learning what is being done in other parts of the country and other kinds of handicraft; the sense of power inseparable from combination —all these instrumentalities have succeeded in turning the agricultural labourer inside out, and almost making a man of him. It is impossible to compare the whole class to-day with what it was before the Union was formed, and not acknowledge the great moral change wrought. Equally impossible it is to ignore the vast change which the Union has wrought in public opinion. The condition of the agricultural labourer, from being no question at all, has suddenly started from nothing into prominence, and become almost the question of the day. Parliament and the press vie with each other in asserting this prominence. The services of special reporters are enlisted. Not only the Social Science Congress, to which such a subject seems peculiarly appropriate, but the British Association, an assembly of philosophers, does not consider the improvement of the condition of the agricultural labourer beneath its notice; and the Church Congress of 1873 placed it in the front of its discussions. Sanitary authorities, not before it is necessary, are proceeding to pronounce pigstyes unfit for human habitation. Landowners are acknowledging that the human animal requires to be housed at least as well as the horse and the cow. Is any one bold enough to say that all this stir would have been made had not the formation of the Union forced the subject into notice? If the Union, then, were dissolved to-morrow, agricultural labourers would still have to credit it with a large amount of benefit of a very permanent character. The stone would still continue to roll though the power which set it in motion were annihilated. The pool once stirred would never become stagnant again. The landowner would never again be permitted to ignore his responsibilities. The farmer would shrink from a return to the antiquated idea that labourers are worth less care than cattle. The labourer would never again be content with underpaid serfdom in a hovel. Public opinion once roused could not be silenced. Progress, the result of union, would be henceforth sure, even though the Union were dissolved. But with the Union at its back, neither stamped out nor likely to be stamped out, but speedily and temperately pushing it forward, progress will of course be much more rapid.

The Agricultural Labourers' Union,

then, must be credited with a large amount of good. Nevertheless the amount of good achieved might have been greater, and the admixture of evil less. The conduct of the labourers themselves has throughout been beyond all praise. Whether in the excitement of public meetings, or the pressure of great privations at home, or the stern necessity of abandoning home and country for a distant part of the old land, or a new land beyond the seas, the labourers have invariably not only respected the law, but behaved with such uniform moderation and good temper, as contrast most favourably with the violence which usually accompanied the uprisings of former times, and has won for them an amount of sympathy and support never before conceded. And though, in some instances, language more violent and abusive than wise and necessary has been used by the leaders of the movement, yet, due allowance being made for the necessity of some warmth in order to get up sufficient steam to achieve any great social change, as well as for the acknowledged difficulty of self-restraint in the middle of the excitement of a public meeting, no great fault need be found in this direction. But the case is altogether different as regards violent language levelled against clergy, landowners, and farmers, equally and alike,—against all, in short, who happen to think differently from those who abuse them, not hastily and inconsiderately spoken in the heat of public meetings, but week after week deliberately written and widely circulated in a paper which, though not officially recognised, is virtually the mouthpiece of the Union. Happily, there are many persons on whom such utterances have no effect. I am one of these. And, as I have many a time told the Devonshire farmers with reference to their hard speeches in vestry and on public occasions, my skin has been so hardened by long-continued abuse, that people might just as well attempt to hurt a rhinoceros by pelting him with paper pellets. I am sorry to disappoint my assailants in the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* as I used to do those at Halberton, who were wont to say that if they could only make me cry or put me in a passion, there would be some hope of me. But I cannot help it. My skin is thick, and there is an end of it. Unfortunately, however, a large number of people have very thin skins, and in consequence of the abuse indiscriminately heaped upon them have been led to distrust, and withdraw sympathy and support from the Union, whose true policy is to make as many friends and as few foes as possible. That this has been one effect of the language above described I know from the many letters which I am constantly receiving on the subject, invoking assistance which I am of course powerless to give. A more convincing proof of the truth of my assertion, and one to which any one may appeal, is contained in the report of the Church Congress at Bath in the autumn of last year. The first question appointed to be discussed by the entire meeting in the large room, before the assembly was split up into various sections, and thus made a prominent question, was "the Church's duty in regard to strikes and labour." The discussion was opened by the Bishop of Oxford. In his paper, which was deliberately written and read, there was abundant proof—much, I confess, to the surprise and amusement of a thick-skinned animal like myself—of the depth to which the bishop had been stung, and the extent to which his opinion of Unionism has been modified by the violent and abusive language to which he referred; and there are undoubtedly large numbers whose sympathy has been alienated in the same way. Indeed, the very title lately assumed by the paper in question — "*The Labourers' Union Chronicle*, an independent Advocate of the British Toilers' Rights to Free Land, freedom from Priestcraft, and from the Tyranny of Capital," — is of itself almost enough to frighten out of the

field many who are the real friends and well-wishers of the agricultural labourer. Nor is it the use of violent language alone which has alienated many friends, and confirmed others in their resolution of standing aloof. But the other questions—many of them of the most visionary and some of the most mischievous character—which have been mixed up with the real question at issue—namely, the improvement of the condition of the agricultural labourers, have led soberminded people to fear that the object of the Union is not to improve the condition of the peasantry, but to do away with the peasantry altogether, to confound all ranks and orders, to have all masters and no servants, and gradually to familiarize the minds of working men with ideas of Communism, disestablishment, spoliation and pillage, and revolution, instead of reform. I have never set much value upon the so-called paternal relations between landowners or farmers and labourers. For though quite willing to concede that such relations have to a certain extent always existed, and that instances of kindness of master to servant are everywhere to be found, yet I cannot think that this relationship can have widely prevailed, or the rural population would never have been degraded as it is. Still, it is a pity to diminish the amount and weaken the bond of this relationship, however slight. The clergy, landowners, and farmers might have been reminded of their duties without the use of abusive language, in which case many a friend would have been retained, and many an opponent reconciled to the Union. While, if the originally avowed intention of the Union—the improvement of the labourer as a labourer—had been strictly adhered to, public opinion would have been so strongly in its favour that the farmers would have had no chance of a successful resistance. Owing to such mismanagement the Union has been deprived of much of its power for good, and has not by any means done as much good as it otherwise would have done. The good done, moreover, has been mixed with unnecessary evil—such as establishing unpleasant relations between masters and servants, causing distrust in the minds of many warm supporters of the principle of union, and leading the poor uninstructed labourers away from the only really valuable object, their own improvement, in the pursuit of a political and social revolution, never, it is to be hoped, destined to be realized, or if realized, little likely to add to their happiness.

The next question is, who is to blame for all this? I reply, without hesitation, chiefly the clergy and gentry, though to some extent also the farmers. In his paper already referred to, the Bishop of Oxford spent a long time in arguing "that it is not the duty of the Church or of the clergy to fix the rate of wages." In thus doing, he undoubtedly—as I believe I stated at the time—took the trouble of setting up a man of straw in order to have the credit of knocking him down again. For whoever supposed that it was the duty of the clergy to regulate wages? I never heard any one except the Bishop of Oxford even hint at such a thing. But though to regulate the rate of wages is not the duty of the clergy, they are not thereby absolved from their responsibility for the improvement of the peasantry. It is their duty to make themselves acquainted with all social questions, and to use authority and influence—which no one else in the parish possesses to an equal amount — in reminding equally and alike all classes of their parishioners of their social relations. It is their duty in the pulpit to point out equally and alike the responsibilities and shortcomings of gentry, farmers, and labourers. It is their duty, with equal fearlessness, but at the same time humbly and kindly, to do the same at the dinner-table of the squire, in the chimney-corner of the farm house, and in the labourer's cottage That this is often done may be thankfully acknowledged. That it is often neglected cannot be denied. For if not, is it

possible that even now so large a number of the rural population should still be housed in hovels not fit for human habitation? that migration and emigration should have been so little adopted as a means of carrying the surplus labourer to a better market, and so raising wages? that there should be so many inducements to drunkenness, so little encouragement for habits of economy, so pauperizing an administration of the Poor Law? I will go a step further, and say that, though it may or may not have been wise to oppose the introduction of the principle of union into agriculture, yet, when it became evident that opposition was unavailing, and that agricultural union was *un fait accompli*, it was the duty of the clergy at least not to denounce as wicked and mischievous a principle upon which they themselves act, and which is strictly legal. Better still it would have been if they had put themselves—as in the beginning they might easily have done—at the head of the movement, and so given it a tone and a direction very different from those which, under other management, it has as a matter of course assumed. One great benefit almost universally, at great personal and pecuniary sacrifice, and at a time when scarcely any one came forward to share the cost and labour, the clergy most certainly have conferred upon the agricultural labourer—namely, the best religious and secular education for his children which at the time it was possible to procure. Nor do I believe that any Union delegates or Union papers will ever efface the remembrance of this from the minds of the peasantry, or lead them to undervalue the many other acts of kindness rendered by the clergyman,—his loving ministrations in the sick-room; his cheering presence in time of sorrow; his advice when difficulties arose; the dinner day after day carried by his wife or daughter from their own often not too well-furnished table to the father on his sick-bed, the mother in her confinement, or the weakly child. Would that, in addition to all these acts, the clergy had more generally studied social questions, exerted their influence in correcting social abuses, and by their leading secured the present movement as one for such real and temperate reform as all sober-minded Christian men would be glad to support! Had the clergy thus acted, and the laity—specially the landowners—seconded the efforts of their pastors by recognising the grave responsibilities entailed by landed property upon all who hold it; and had the farmers likewise, instead of setting their faces like a flint to stamp out amongst their servants the very principle of union, which they have found indispensable for their own success, taken kindly counsel with their labourers, and endeavoured to agree upon such rules as would secure a real improvement in their condition without damaging the interests of the farmer—the interests of the two being, in truth, identical—the Agricultural Labourers' Union would have been much more powerful for good than it has been, and much ill-will and privation would have been avoided. As for the labourers themselves, no blame lies at their door in this matter. Generally speaking, they have not been instructed in social matters by those who ought to have instructed them. When they followed the example of almost every other class, and adopted the principle of union, they found themselves deserted and denounced by those to whom they were accustomed to look for guidance, and who, having for the most part adopted the principle of union amongst themselves, ought not to have denounced it, but rather controlled and guided it, in the case of the weakest sheep in the flock. What wonder that poor, hard-worked, illiterate men should under such circumstances fall into the hands of leaders unable or unwilling to guide them rightly!

It is not, however, at all too late. The Union cannot be stamped out, even if it were desirable. But it is capable of being moulded into a much more powerful instrumentality for good than

it has so far been or now is. Only, the real improvement of the condition of the labourer as a labourer must be kept steadily in view. I do not mean that there should be no prospect open to him of rising in the social scale, of becoming a farmer or a landowner. This would be to deny to the agricultural labourer alone that great privilege of a free country which is best described in the common phrase—that in England there is nothing to prevent any man becoming Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Chancellor. Neither do I mean that while he remains a labourer he should neither be an owner nor an occupier of land. An allotment of sufficient size to occupy his spare time would certainly be the best possible reward for habits of industry, honesty, and thrift; and if made in all cases on condition of forfeiture for misbehaviour, might be the means of encouraging the formation of such habits. Neither do I mean that a labourer who has saved enough money to purchase land should be debarred from such purchase. He is not so debarred at the present time, nor is likely to be. He is free to go into the land market like other men, and often does so; and though in some parts of this country land is accumulated in so few hands as to make it very difficult for any one to purchase, yet the labourer has as good a chance as any one else, and in many parts of the country there is little, if any, difficulty. All this, however, is very different from that which is implied in the words "British toilers' right to free land:" very different from the prospect of universal spoliation so often held out; very different from the vision, now so often painted in the brightest colours, of every man becoming a proprietor and a master, and of service being wholly abolished—a state of things sanctioned by no law, Divine or human, and with respect to which the slightest acquaintance with the history of the past, or the fundamental principles of political economy, would teach that even if established, it could not be long maintained. Let the object of the Union be to improve the condition of the agricultural labourer as a labourer, leaving it open to him to rise, as many of his class have in all periods of English history constantly done, to a much higher step on the social ladder.

How, then, shall this improvement be effected? Notwithstanding the assertion of the Marquis of Bath to the contrary at the last Church Congress, the Reports of H.M. Commissioners on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture, the Report of Convocation on Drunkenness, the records of his own personal experience in "The English Peasantry," lately published by Mr. Heath, and the testimony of one's own eyes, are an accumulation of proof which cannot be gainsaid, of the fact that "our rural parishes are defaced by the hovels of the labourers, in which none of us would deign to stable our horses." This state of things is the root and foundation of the degradation of the labourer, and till it is altered there can be no real improvement in his condition. Single-handed, labourers can have no hope of inducing the owners of cottages to make the necessary improvements one moment before they choose to do so. But a powerful Union could do, without any difficulty, that which is impossible to isolated effort. Much would be done without compulsion, if it were seen that the Union were in earnest. In cases where the cottages are the landowner's property, if, after every other effort had been tried, it was found necessary to strike for better accommodation, public opinion would be wholly on the side of the Union in a strike for such an object. And in the case of cottages belonging to small proprietors, some of them not much better off than their tenants, the voice of a powerful Union heard in the House of Commons from the lips of a working man's member—such, for instance, as Mr. Macdonald—would have no small influence in obtaining legislation against the continued occupation of the hovels which are now often the homes of those who cultivate the soil.

It is in vain to plead the inability of landowners, or the poverty of small cottage proprietors. The physical and moral improvement of the peasantry must not be sacrificed to such considerations. Here, then, is abundance of work for the Union—work which lies at the very foundation of all improvement, but the completion of which will be indefinitely delayed unless the Union pushes it on.

Further, for the improvement of the labourer's condition, it is requisite that his wages should be paid exclusively in coin, and not in kind, specially not in drink: that he should be paid weekly, and on Friday if possible: that the system of piecework should be as far as practicable adopted: that, a certain number of hours having been agreed upon as a day's work, all overtime should be proportionately paid for, and always in coin: that in addition to a garden, each labourer should have an allotment of potato ground, not, as is too often the case, at a rent many times as large as that paid by the farmer, but at the same: that no so-called privileges should be reckoned as wages, but rather considered as acts of kindness, such as a good master will always be ready to do, specially to an industrious and faithful servant: that the custom of giving large quantities of liquor at harvest should be abolished. In obtaining all such reforms as these the power and resources of the Union might be most usefully employed, and public opinion would heartily endorse the effort.

The same may be said with regard to legislation. It is important, for instance, that there should be placed in the way of the labourer fewer temptations and facilities for drunkenness: that the number of public-houses and their hours should be regulated rather with a view to the sobriety of the working classes than to the interests of brewers and publicans: that greater facilities for locomotion should be extended to him: that the Poor Laws should be amended, or administered in a way less likely to pauperize: that the laws as between master and servant should be made less one-sided than at present: that offences charged against the labourer should be tried by a jury, or a paid professional, instead of an unpaid magistrate: that the Post-Office Savings-Bank should be made more accessible: and lastly, that the franchise should be extended to him, as a measure of policy as well as of justice, as a means of making more of a man of him, of educating him, of redeeming him from the position of being considered by candidates as not worth caring for; of forcing the attention of the Legislature to his wants and grievances. What abundance of useful work is there here for the Union! Migration and emigration likewise, the most simple and ready means of raising wages, would furnish abundance of employment for the committee at Leamington.

There is one other means of improvement to which I must not forget to direct attention. This is the organization of some plan for the technical education of the labourer, and for his instruction in what may be called common things. The one would improve the quality of his work, and make him worth higher wages; the other would put him in possession of the first principles of health and economy, and make him more apt to profit by facilities of improvement offered to him: it being, for instance, often quite as difficult to persuade the labourer not to overcrowd with lodgers a cottage barely sufficient for his own family, or to set proper value upon good ventilation and drainage, as it is to provide for him those necessary requirements for health and comfort. Such instruction might be given to children in rural schools by means of a series of lesson-books, written by competent persons: to adults by evening lectures and articles specially composed for weekly serials already circulated amongst the peasantry, or in a periodical to be established for the purpose. What a blessing it would be if such articles as those above suggested were substituted for many of those with

which the *Labourers' Union Chronicle* is often filled! This would be a most fitting work for the Union to undertake. But if the Union declines the work, now that there is a Society to promote almost every conceivable object, and that this improvement for the peasantry is in the very front of social questions, why should there not be a "Society for the diffusion of Technical Knowledge and the Knowledge of Common Things amongst Agricultural Labourers"? It would, I believe, obtain its fair share of support; and considering that the rural population is the very backbone of the nation, the source at once of its food supply and its defence, it would be doing a very useful work, in which I am quite ready to take my share.

The above are some of the many ways in which the Agricultural Labourers' Union, as it seems to me, may create a great future for itself.

The struggle, then, in the Eastern Counties and its result are not, as far as I can see, calculated to lead to despondency on the subject of Agricultural Unions. Rather they may be made to read an important lesson to all parties concerned, or who ought to be concerned, in such Union. The rural clergy, whose parishes may be said to be the stronghold of the Church of England, should consider whether they will not do more for the continuance of the Church of England as the Church of the people, by taking that part which I have indicated above, and by a timely attention to which much misery might be avoided and much practical good achieved, than by speaking at Church Defence meetings, or devoting their energies and time to a counter-Reformation movement, emphatically denounced by the representatives of the people assembled in Parliament, and the whole instinct of which is to paralyze mind and arrest progress. Landowners will do well to bear in mind that the time has gone by when the responsibilities attached to the ownership of land can be ignored, and that neglect on their part may lead to more sweeping legislation on the subject of land tenure than they in their complacency are dreaming of, or even to rough treatment at the hands of the masses. Farmers should no longer conceal from themselves that, if in order to get a good day's work out of a horse it is necessary to stable and groom him well, so a badly-housed, insufficiently fed and uncared-for labourer can never be financially remunerative: that as machinery is more employed, more skill and steadiness will be required in the workman: and though it may be possible to tide over a lock-out by the employment of strange and fewer labourers and a change of crops, yet the process is not so pleasant or profitable as to make any one wish for such a state of things to become normal, and that they are not over wise in siding entirely with the landowners. The labourers themselves will no doubt, at no small cost to themselves, have learned that all that glitters is not gold—that visions bright at their first appearance are not always realized; that lock-outs and strikes are enemies rather than friends; that there are amongst both landowners and farmers not a few who are their true and generous friends; that if the clergy have in some respects neglected their duty towards them, yet in many more and more important respects they have been their most sincere and self-denying friends; and above all, that the hope of improvement of their condition rests not so much with external agency as with themselves. The public in general will not, it is hoped, be too hastily prejudiced against the principle of union as applied to agricultural labour; will be rather disposed to seek to direct and control it, than to wish it stamped out; and will bear in mind that the loss (which if war were to break out would be full of danger) of the best agricultural labourers is a national loss, and the improvement of their condition a national gain.

Lastly, the managers of the Union will do well to look carefully back on the

incidents of the past struggle; to digest well those lessons which only experience can give; to make a note of every point in which they see they might have done better; above all, to dissociate themselves from violence of language, personal abuse, political or theological party, and to devote time, energy, and money to one simple, single object —the improvement of the physical, moral, and social condition of the agricultural labourer. In this way the success of the labourers' combination will prove itself that "assured thing" which its best friends declare it to be.

As far as I myself am concerned, I have spoken that which I believe to be the truth. I do not lay claim to infallibility. I may be mistaken. I am sure, however, that I am sincere. I am quite aware that truth is often unpalatable. In the present instance I am prepared for an outburst of indignation from some who do not see things in the same light as I do. It would be better if people would agree to differ pleasantly, and without hard words. Hard words, however, as I have above observed, have no effect upon me. I am as insensible to such pellets as I am independent, having nothing either to gain or lose. Agricultural labourers are canny enough to know that a man who is thus independent, who has lived all his life amongst working men, and with no gain to himself, but rather, at much cost, has provided many hundreds of their fellow-workmen with better homes and higher wages, though his advice may not always be palatable, is not likely to prove a false friend. And therefore, despite any hard words which may be cast upon me, I have no fear of meeting with less respect and affection than heretofore from working men in general, or agricultural labourers in particular.

EDWARD GIRDLESTONE.

IN BORROWDALE.

(Lines Written on a White Stone near Wordsworth's Yew-trees.)

Upturned stone so smooth and white,
Thou dost passing bards invite
Here to pause a while, and bring
Gifts of verse, an offering
To the Presences that brood
Over hill and vale and wood.

Nay, in this wild place, what thing
Moves the poet's tongue to sing?
Here no calm sequestered glade
Hath a Muses' arbour made;
Here no fountain far-withdrawn
Murmurs through a woodland lawn;
Nor do happy lindens move
With the sound that poets love:
But, around on every hand,
Harsh and bare the mountains stand,
Foiling mortal search and guess
In their awful pathlessness;
Knowing but the sun that warms,
And the magic moon that charms,
And the storms that round them play
At their pleasure, night or day!

See, below, from where I stand,
Visible, the bridge that spanned
That small, limpid, mountain stream.
Suddenly, with crash and gleam
Broke the tempest, fell the sky,
Fierce the torrent ran and high,
One night's space; and after, where
Lay that work of human care?
Gone! and every well-hewn stone,
The stream had claimed it for its own.

Such thy sudden strength, dark vale!
Yet a more dismaying sense
Comes to us, a fuller tale
Of thy power's permanence.

Leave we but the stream, and choose
Rather the four mystic yews
Standing as they stood of yore
Famous, the "fraternal four;"
Famous for their solemn shade,
Famous for unthought-of age,
Famous more for him who made
In his strong poetic page
Mention of their awfulness,
Mention of their changelessness,
Of the ghostly shapes that play
Underneath, in full mid-day!

Such a one, fair stone, as he
Has a message meet for thee!
Him the valleys and the hills,
And the swelling mountain rills,
Him the flowers that star the dell,
Celandine and pimpernel,
Him the wheeling falcon knew;
Him the serpentining yew!
They had pierced his inmost thought,
They within his heart had wrought
Elemental sympathy.
He, fair stone, might tell to thee
What new word the hills did send
Unto man, through him, their friend

But for others, tablet white,
Veil thy smoothness, nor invite
Uninspired bards to bring
Gifts of crude imagining,
Harshly sounding, where no tone
Should be heard but his alone
Whom long years of vale and hill
Did with Nature's music fill!
Only, without word of mine
Let the mountain's gift divine,
Let the spirit of the place,
Let its utter steadfastness
Enter into me, control
All the motions of my soul;
Teach me that whatever change
Round about the summit range,
Still to south and still to north
Flow the appointed waters forth,
While the ancient mountains stand
Heedless, solitary, grand,
Meeting e'en the storm-wind's song
With a silence calm and strong!

T. H. WARD.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

November 6.

SIR,—In his letter to you of the 22nd of October, Dr. Manning endeavours to refute the charges I have brought against him of a "want of literary good faith," and of "a deviation from the definitions of the Vatican Council" by bringing the counter-charge of inaccuracy.

After a careful examination of the seven elaborate divisions of his letter, I have only been able to discover three in which the attempt is made to substantiate this charge. The remaining four merely contain counter-assertions to mine—a method of discussion both ingenious and convenient, but which will not go far in settling a controversy. Without a "tertium comparationis" we might go on for ever wrangling about the Kaiser's beard.

But before proceeding to examine these counter-assertions, I must dispose of the inaccuracies, properly so called, with which Dr. Manning charges me.

They are three in number :—

I. (sect. I) That I omitted to supply a reference to a certain Latin quotation given in my second article.

To this I answer that as I had given the reference in my former article, it was unnecessary to do so again. Considering that the passage in question is an infallible utterance of an Infallible Pope on a cardinal doctrine of the Church, it seems to me strange that Dr. Manning should have been unacquainted with it.

II. (sect. VI) That I have misrepresented his meaning as expressed in certain articles in the *Contemporary Review*, by saying that he claimed for Ultramontanism "no other rights than those asserted by the Anglican Church and English Nonconformist sects."

To this I reply :—

1st. That if this account of Dr. Manning's argument is incorrect, then the whole of that argument falls to the ground, and with it his case, as he has placed it before the British public, for Ultramontanism. That case is *that Ultramontanism and Christianity are identical*,[1] in other words, that all that can be predicated of the one can be predicated of the other, and that there is nothing contained in the one which is not contained in the other, and consequently that every community of Christians without knowing it, puts forward claims identical with Ultramontanism. Dr. Manning does not seem to see that in his endeavour to convince me of a misstatement he has, by admitting that Ultramontanism claims other things besides those which the rest of Christendom claim, made a breach in his position through which his adversaries can march in "tambour battant." These adversaries—at least, as far as I am one of them—have never denied that Ultramontanes are Christians. What we maintain is that they are Christians, and a good deal else besides.

2ndly. That my statement can be rigorously deduced from Dr. Manning's own summing up of his argument at p. 702 of the April number of the *Contemporary*

[1] "Inasmuch as Ultramontanism is cited as a nickname to kindle persecution. . . . . I will draw out a proof that Ultramontanism and Catholicism are identical, as are also Catholicism and perfect Christianity." (See "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism ") Dr. Manning appeals to Aldrich. I will appeal to Euclid : If $A = B$ and $B = C$ then $A = C$.

"It will not, I hope, give him (Mr. Stephen) pain if I add how much I am aware that to him Ultramontanism must be foolish if I am right *in affirming Ultramontanism to be Christianity*" (p. 685 of *Contemporary Review* for April 1874.) See also p. 702, where Dr. Manning, having stated that Ultramontanism consists in three principles, adds that these are the *substance of Christianity*.

Review, and therefore that it is strictly and logically accurate, and quite agreeable to Aldrich.

These are Dr. Manning's words:—

"Ultramontanism *consists in*:—

"1. The separation of the two Powers.

"2. In claiming for the Church the sole right to define doctrines, and

"3. To fix the limits of its own jurisdiction."

He then goes on to affirm that these three principles are held by Anglicans, Presbyterians, &c., and that they are *the substance of Christianity.*

Now, I ask, what possible meaning can be extracted from these words other than that which I gave to them?

If, in an authentic legal record of John Smith's property, I read that his real estate *consists in* a semi-detached house, two cottages, and three acres of arable land, I am bound to infer that he holds no other real estate, and that the idea, for instance, that he owns the whole of the remaining land in the county is absolutely excluded.

Had Dr. Manning intended to say that Ultramontanism *consisted in* those three principles, and other principles besides, he was bound to insert a qualifying adverb, such as "mainly," or the like. But to do this would have been, as I have just shown, to abandon his whole position.

III. (sect. VII.) Dr. Manning's third allegation is that I have described a certain quotation as taken from the *Civilta Cattolica* of the 18th of March, 1871, whereas there was no *Civilta Cattolica* published on that day.

To this inaccuracy I plead guilty; by a clerical error the 18th was substituted for the 5th of March, but I cannot admit that a mistake of thirteen days in respect to a date is of sufficient importance to affect the gravity of my charges either in the one sense or the other.

I shall now proceed to examine Dr. Manning's counter-assertions; but before I do so I must premise two things:—

1st. That I disclaim all idea of a personal attack on Dr. Manning, and all intention of impugning his personal good faith. I regard him as one who holds a brief in a case of personation the most astounding that has ever been submitted to the verdict of mankind: the claim of Ultramontanism to be identical with Christianity—of an Italian priest to be the Incarnate and Visible Word of God. Bound, *in virtute sanctæ obedientiæ*, to this monstrous claimant, counsel and attorney must do the best they can, and, if they see that a plain and unvarnished record of the circumstances would lead them in a direction exactly opposite to that in which they are instructed to go, why then they must do what counsel similarly situated usually do, have recourse to suppressions and suggestions. If the case will not suit the facts, the facts must be made to suit the case. And it would be foolish of them not to avail themselves of an inspired machinery which claims, amongst other powers, that of retrospectively manufacturing historical events.[1] All this may be compatible with forensic and ecclesiastical good faith—all I maintain is that it is incompatible with *literary* good faith.

2nd. I must protest against the facts of the case being tested either by *Catholic* or by *Protestant* eyes, and I must insist on undenominational eyes, undenominational grammar, and undenominational history. In his letter to you Dr. Manning summarily disposes of two quotations of mine, both of which are subversive of his definitions, by simply saying that *they have a transparent meaning to all Catholics.*

Now, in the name of that common sense to which Dr. Manning appeals in connec-

[1] "There are truths of mere human history which therefore are not revealed. . . . Yet so necessary to the order of faith that the whole world would be undermined if they were not infallibly certain. But such infallible certainty is impossible by means of human history and human evidence alone. It (*i.e.*, infallible certainty respecting the facts of mere human history) is created by the infallible authority of the Church." (See Dr. Manning's Pastoral, "The Vatican Council and its Definitions," p. 68.) "There is an ultimate Judge (viz. the Pope) in such matters of history as affect . . . a dogma of faith." (Ibid. p. 115.) "Whensoever any doctrine is contained in the divine tradition of the Church all difficulties from human history are excluded by prescription." (Ibid. p. 119.) Such is Dr. Manning's language when addressing Vatican Catholics.

tion with Ultramontanism, I have a right to demand that in a controversy carried on between a Catholic, as he would say, on the one side, and a Protestant on the other, a common language shall be used which both can understand, and that a crypto-hieratic dialect understood by only one of the parties shall be absolutely excluded.

To bring the contention between Dr. Manning and myself within manageable proportions, it is necessary that the issues between us should be quite clearly specified.

My assertion, then, was that the doctrines of the *Unam Sanctam,* appealed to by Dr. Manning as a declaratory act of Ultramontanism when addressing Roman Catholics,[1] were irreconcilable with the view of Ultramontanism placed by him before English Protestants in his articles in the *Contemporary Review.*

Dr. Manning rebuts this charge, not by bringing the Bull itself into court, but by a definition of its doctrine, which is perfectly compatible with his expurgated edition of Ultramontanism for the use of Protestants.

The task imposed upon me, therefore, is to prove that the definition thus given by Dr. Manning is an incorrect definition, and that the authorities appealed to by him are no authorities.

Fortunately the Decrees of the Vatican Council render this comparatively easy. The one good thing effected by these Decrees was to get rid once for all of Dr. Manning's authorities, the Catholic theologians. By the retrospective infallibilizing of the 256 successors of St. Peter we are dispensed from occupying ourselves with the floating and elastic opinions of these *Dii Minorum Gentium,* and have to confine ourselves to the limited, though numerous, recorded dicta of these 256 Pontiffs when speaking *ex cathedrâ*, and as we know exactly what determines a dictum *ex cathedrâ,* viz., not any external signs and wonders, which it might be difficult to establish, but simply the subject-matter of the words spoken, there need never be a difficulty in deciding whether we have to deal with fallible or infallible matter.[2]

Hence, all I have to do is to collate Dr. Manning's definitions with these infallible utterances, and, with the help of that invaluable umpire, COMMON SENSE, for selecting whom I cannot sufficiently thank Dr Manning, to determine whether the two can be made to fit.

Dr. Manning affirms the doctrine of *Unam Sanctam* to be as follows :—

1. That there are in the world two powers, both ordained of God, the natural and the supernatural.

2. That of these two the supernatural is the higher.

3. That in its exercise the natural is limited and directed *by the law of God* (*sic*).

I affirm, on the contrary, that the Bull *Unam Sanctam*—in language carefully selected by one of the greatest jurists who ever sat on the Chair of St. Peter with the special object of avoiding all ambiguity —asserts in its crudest and most aggressive form the great mediæval Papal doctrine of the Pope's universal monarchy over mankind, and of his direct authority (*directa potestas*) over all temporal princes.

And here, whilst still on the threshold of our inquiry, I must already be allowed to appeal to the umpire and ask how—if the doctrine is of the innocuous character ascribed to it by Dr. Manning, and merely contains that which not only every Christian but most kinds of civilized pagans would subscribe to—it came to pass that

[1] I might have said *Vatican* Roman Catholics, because I presume that only such are members of the "Academia of the Catholic religion" to whom the lecture on "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism" was addressed.

[2] "The Pontiff speaks *ex cathedrâ* when, and only when, he speaks as the Pastor and Doctor of all Christians. By this all acts of the Pontiff as a private person, or private Doctor, or as a local Bishop, or as Sovereign of a State, are excluded. In all these acts the Pontiff may be subject to error. In one only capacity he is exempt from error—*when as teacher of the whole Church he teaches the whole Church in things of faith and morals.*" (Dr. Manning's Pastoral, "The Vatican Council and its Definitions," p. 58.) The inference from the above seems to me plain, viz., that *everything* the Pope says in connection with faith and morals, and which can be applied *generally* to the Church, is infallible.

upon its being acted on by Boniface VIII. (at a time when no one in Christendom questioned the *spiritual* authority of the Pope) it led to a deadly feud between him and the King of France, in which the latter was enthusiastically supported by his people, and which ended by the imprisonment of the Pope, and his death shortly afterwards as the consequence of his imprisonment? Further, how it was that the infallible successor of the infallible enunciator of the doctrine was forced to retract the Bull as regards France? And lastly, how this cross exercise of infallibility can be made to tally with the *irreformable* character of an *ex-cathedrâ* utterance?[1]

I believe common sense will be inclined to say that, *primâ facie* at least, the facts of the case tally rather with my theory than with Dr. Manning's. But let me now at length bring the *corpus delicti* itself into court and examine it in the presence of the jury.

The first part of the Bull is concerned with asserting the unity of the Church, which latter is, in one place, described as consisting of all baptized persons, specially including the Greeks and all those who reject the authority of Rome, and in another, more generally, as consisting of the human race in its entirety. The immense stress laid upon the unity of the Church (in proof of which quotations from Holy Scripture are heaped up pell-mell in the most grotesque and irrelevant fashion) is clearly directed against any and every idea of a separation *in the body itself*, such, for instance, as that represented by the modern notion of Church and State as corporations distinct from each other and more or less opposed. It is of course quite possible, from an infallible and supernatural point of view, that Boniface was really thinking of the Falk laws, but viewed in a natural and historical light he was wholly engrossed with Philip the Fair's resistance to his interference in purely secular matters, and the idea of unity which then filled the fallible portion of his mind was that all Frenchmen, in every aspect of life, whether temporal or spiritual, were subject to his power. The Church, then, is the Christian commonwealth, or the human commonwealth, as the case may be, a concrete body, one and indivisible, a *civitas Dei*, in the Augustinian sense. As supreme Head and Sovereign Lord over this commonwealth God has appointed the Roman Pontiff; but though the body itself be one and indivisible it is governed by two separate Powers, the spiritual and the temporal. *Both which Powers have been committed into the hands of the Pope*—the one to be exercised by himself, the other to be by him delegated to princes and soldiers to be exercised by them under his constant supervision and immediate control.

Such is the very simple doctrine of the *Unam Sanctam*—not my version of it, or Dr. Manning's, but Pope Boniface VIII.'s version.

Let us now consult the text. I only leave out redundant passages, and somewhat abbreviate.

"There is but *one* Catholic and Apostolic Church, outside of which there is no salvation and no remission of sins. As the bridegroom saith in Solomon's Song—My dove, my undefiled, is but *one*; she is the *only one* of her mother: she is the choice *one* of her that bare her. Now this Church represents a mystical body of which the head is Christ, and of Christ God; and in it there is *one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism. For at the time of the Deluge

[1] The Decree by which Clement V. rendered the Bull *Unam Sanctam* inoperative in France, when tested by Dr. Manning's definition, yields a curious result, which amounts to this: that the Holy Ghost declared that in the monarchy of Philip the Fair there were *not* two Powers ordained of God, one natural the other supernatural, and that within the French realm the supernatural was *not* higher than the natural Power, or the natural Power limited by the law of God.

Dr. Manning would probably answer that the *Extravagans Communis* in which Clement V. notified this decision, being addressed to a local Church, was not infallible. To which I would reply that its subject-matter was of such universal interest as undoubtedly to bring it within the category of things affecting the whole Church. If Joshua stopped the sun, it was for local purposes in Palestine; but the effect on the other planets of the solar system must nevertheless have been very sensible.

there was Noah's ark, which prefigured the Church, and which was built according to *one* measurement, with *one* steersman and captain, Noah. . . . Also the Psalmist says, "Deliver my soul from the sword, and *my only one* (*unicam meam*) from the power of the dog." (The English version has "darling," and not "unicam," and therefore does not fit in with the dogma.) . . . "Therefore of this *one* and *unique* Church (*ecclesiæ unius et unicæ*) there is *one* body and *one* Head, not two Heads, which would be a monstrosity, and that Head is Christ, that is to say, Christ's Vicar, Peter, and the successors of Peter. For when the Lord said to Peter, 'Feed my sheep,' He spoke *generaliter* not *singulariter*, not these sheep or those sheep, but all sheep. If the Greeks, therefore, or others, say that they have not been committed to the charge of Peter and his successors, they admit that they are not of Christ's sheep, for as the Lord says in St. John's Gospel, "There is *one* fold and *one* shepherd.'" That in his" (Peter's and his successors) "power there be two swords, namely, the Spiritual and the Temporal, we are taught by the gospels. For when the Apostles said 'here be two swords,' and it was within the Church that this transaction took place, the Lord did not answer 'this is too much,' but 'it is enough.' And truly he who denies that the temporal sword is in the keeping of Peter has badly attended to the words of our Lord. 'Put up thy sword into the scabbard,'" (*i.e.*, that the temporal sword is in the keeping of Peter is proved by his having had one by him and used it to cut off the ear of the High Priest's servant; on the other hand, that he is not to use it himself is proved by our Lord telling him to put it back into the scabbard. But our Lord did not bid him put it away. It remains, therefore, in the keeping of Peter to be used at his bidding. The reader will perceive that a very simple text can hold a good deal of condensed doctrine.) "Both swords, therefore, are in the power of the Church, the spiritual and the material. But the latter is to be wielded *for* the Church, the former *by* the Church. The spiritual by the hands of the Pontiff, the temporal at the Pontiff's nod and pleasure (*ad nutum et patientiam Sacerdotis*) by the hands of princes and soldiers. For it is necessary that one sword should be subject to the other sword, and that the temporal power should be subject to the spiritual power. For the Apostle says: 'There is no power except from God;' now the powers that be ordained of God would not be ordained" (*i.e.*, they would be in a state of *disorder* or anarchy—the pun on the word *ordinatæ*, by which the subjection of the temporal power is established in the original, cannot be rendered in English) "unless one sword were subject to the other and, as it were, raised by it to supremacy. As the blessed Dionysius says: The Divine law is this: that the lowest things shall rise through the intermediate ones to the highest. For it is not according to the order of the universe that all things should be equally and immediately reduced to order, but the lowest through the intermediate ones, and the lower through the higher; and it is therefore necessary that we should clearly declare that the spiritual power excels the temporal in dignity and nobility in the same proportion that spiritual things excel temporal. . . . For in very truth it is the function of the spiritual power to direct" (*instruere*, i.e., literally to give instructions to) "the temporal, and to judge it, if it be not good. Thus for the Church and for the power of the Church shall be verified the prophecy of Jeremiah, 'I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms.' Therefore if the temporal power err it shall be judged by the spiritual power, and if the lesser spiritual power err it shall be judged of the higher, but if the supreme spiritual power (*i.e.*, the Pope) err, it shall be judged of God alone,[1] even as the Apostle

[1] A simple-minded Protestant may be inclined to ask how it happens that in the Declaratory Act of the Vatican faith the infallible Pope apparently claims for himself the right to err, and only disclaims the right of other people to judge him for his errors. A simple-minded Vaticanist will probably answer that Boniface VIII., by using the general term *deviare*, and not the technical term *errare*, took good care not to impugn his infallibility in matters of faith and morals. All he meant to do—such

testifies: 'The spiritual man shall judge all things, but shall himself be judged of none.' And this authority, although it be given to a man and be exercised by a man, is not a human but rather a divine authority given by the divine words to Peter for him and his successors after him. . . . When the Lord said unto Peter, Whatever thou shalt bind on earth, &c. Whosoever, therefore, resists this authority, thus ordained of God, resists a Divine ordinance; unless he maintain, like the Manichæans, that there be two *principles* (*principia*), which is false and heretical, as Moses testifieth when he says: In the beginning (*in principio*) and not in the beginnings (*in principiis*) God created the heaven and the earth." (The dogma of the Pope's supremacy is here again made to turn upon a *jeu de mots* on the word *principium*, which cannot be rendered in English. These inspired puns must be a sad hindrance in the way of the faithful who do not understand Latin!) "*Therefore we declare, say, define, and pronounce that every human creature is subject to the Roman Pontiff as a necessary condition of salvation.*

"Given at the Lateran in the VIIIth year of our Pontificate."

And now, with the text of the Bull before your readers, I will ask them how Dr. Manning can escape out of the horns of the following dilemma—viz., that in his definition of the *Unam Sanctam* he has, either applied to the Declaratory Act of his Vatican faith the old, long-since-exploded German system of rationalistic exegesis, by which—when employed on inspired writings—everything supernatural or dogmatic is whittled away, and nothing is left but platitudes and truisms which any one may subscribe, or used words which to Protestant ears could have none but an innocent meaning, whilst they were all the while charged with a crypto-hieratic signification "transparent to all Catholics" (*i.e.*, to a select body of Vaticanists, for how many Roman Catholics have read the *Unam Sanctam*?), which if only guessed at by Protestants would have filled them with horror and dismay?

The first alternative is impossible; for the mere thought of employing such a method would in a Roman Catholic be mortal sin. We are therefore of necessity bound to assume the latter, and it is on this assumption that I base my charge of a want of literary good faith. For Dr. Manning's avowed object was to induce Protestants to believe that, without knowing it, they were all Ultramontanes (Erastians excepted, who, Dr. Manning says, are not Protestants (*sic*)—that there were no vital points of difference between Anglicans, Presbyterians, Nonconformists, &c.,

would be the Vatican argument—was to claim immunity for "deviations" in the fallible part of his nature, *i.e.*, to quote the drastic language of one of the Fathers of the Council of Constance, the right to be a "*filius perditionis, Simoniacus, avarus, mendax, exactor, fornicator, superbus, pomposus, et pejor quam diabolus*" without being called to account for such peccadilloes before any earthly tribunal.

The true solution of the difficulty, however, lies neither in the Protestant inference nor in the Vatican refutation.

History—I of course mean history in its raw state, and not yet infallibilized—shows that the Vaticanist would so far be right that Boniface did in fact only claim immunity for the "deviations" of the kind above enumerated, and to which mediæval Popes were somehow unfortunately liable, and that he did not claim immunity to err in matters of faith and morals; but the reason is not to be ascribed to confidence in his infallibility, but just the reverse; for it is simply this—that no Pope would at the commencement of the fourteenth century have ventured to assert his immunity from being judged by a General Council in matter of heresy. Personal infallibility was, it is true, already in the air, but it had not yet been precipitated in the shape of an utterance *ex cathedrâ*, and it required nearly 600 years more before it could assume the shape of an Œcumenical Decree.

At the time of the *Unam Sanctam* the universal doctrine of the Church was that Popes were accountable for heresy to General Councils, *i.e.*, that they were fallible in regard to matters of faith and morals.

This doctrine was so much a matter of course, even a century later, that John XXIII., at a critical moment of the Council of Constance, was on the point of making a clean breast of all his crimes before the Council on the plea that heresy not being amongst them, for which alone he was amenable to the Council, his other outrages lay outside the jurisdicdiction of the Holy Fathers—"*fundans se in hoc, quod Papa propter quodcunque delictum, ut dicebat, nisi propter hæresia, deponi non posset.*"—Theodoricus de Niem, *De Vitâ Johan. XXIII.*, lib. ii., cap. 3.

and Vaticanists, that they were all Christians in the same sense, starting from the same premises, and, with the help of Aldrich, certain to land in the same conclusions.

His object from his point of view was a laudable one no doubt—viz., to get as large a crew as possible into his Ultramontane galley, and to set out on a joint cruise against what he is pleased to consider infidels and sceptics. And all this, I have no doubt, from a professional, ecclesiastical, and infidel-hunting point of view is fair enough but not, I maintain, from a *literary* point of view.

Literature requires that language shall be used in its natural sense, and that where *verba technica* are employed a glossary shall be furnished, giving their true meaning. But if Dr. Manning had appended such a glossary to his articles would he have gained his point? I leave your readers to answer the question after they have deciphered Dr. Manning's definition of Ultramontane doctrine with the key with which I have furnished them in the text of *Unam Sanctam.*

That definition will then run thus :—

"The doctrine of the *Unam Sanctam*, *i.e.* of Ultramontanism, *i.e.* of Catholicism, *i.e.* of perfect Christianity, is as follows :—

"1. That God hath ordained in this world two powers, the temporal prince and the Pope.

"2. That of these two the Pope is the higher.

"3. That in exercising his temporal power, the temporal prince is limited and directed by the Pope."

The cabalistic formula, therefore, by which Dr. Manning has been enabled to effect all his marvellous transformation scenes turns out to be the very simple one of using the words God and Pope as convertible terms, and employing the one or the other, as occasion required—the word Pope when addressing Catholics, the word God when addressing Protestants! But to start from this assumption in arguing with Protestants is, to say the least of it, a somewhat bold *petitio principii.*

I must now proceed to establish my second charge, that of "deviation by Dr. Manning from the definitions of the Vatican Council," and, as in his letter of the 22nd October, he appears to me to deviate from the teaching of Vaticanism in a more glaring manner than he has ever done yet, I will for convenience' sake confine myself to the assertions there made.

Dr. Manning says (sect. I.), that *Catholic theologians* hold three principles :—

1. That the Pope is not Lord of the whole world.

2. That the Pope is not the Lord even of the whole Christian world.

3. That the Pope has not any purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes by Divine right.

I need hardly observe that if I were to appeal to Catholic theologians for rebutting evidence, I could find for one who maintains these theses a hundred who maintain the contrary ones. But, as I have before said, an appeal from the *ipssisima verba* of the Infallible Chair to the interpretation of theologians is absolutely excluded by the Decrees of the Vatican Council. For the "tot theologi tot sententiæ" has been substituted the authoritative dicta of one universal doctor and teacher, who is always there to be consulted; and therefore this appeal of Dr. Manning is itself a clear deviation from the Decrees.

Were space available, I could refute the three propositions by an almost endless number of quotations from *ex cathedrâ* utterances, but for the sake of conciseness, and as the text of the *Unam Sanctam* is before your readers, I shall mainly adhere to that. I am the more justified in doing so that Dr. Manning has selected that Bull as the Declaratory Act of Ultramontanism, *i.e.*, of perfect Christianity, and has, with the boldness of an *enfant terrible*, thrust prominently forward a document which even the keenest of Papal doctors had hitherto carefully kept in the background, and treated as a *noli me tangere.*[1]

I. Firstly, then, as to the proposition "that the Pope is not Lord of the whole world." Here are the words of the *Unam Sanctam:* "We declare, say, define and pronounce that every human

[1] See on this subject a remarkable article in the *Guardian* of the 4th March, 1874.

creature is as a necessity of salvation subject to the Roman Pontiff." "*Subesse Romano Pontifici.*" I need not observe that the correlative of *subject* is *sovereign*, a much stronger term than "Lord," which need not necessarily mean more than the relation of a suzerain to a semi-independent vassal.

II. In regard to the second proposition, that the Pope is not the lord even of the whole of the Christian world, I must confess my utter inability to comprehend how such a sentence can have escaped from the pen of a Vatican prelate.

If there is one Papal doctrine more distinctly Papal than another, it is the claim of the Popes to be supreme lords over the whole of Christendom, *i.e.*, over the entire community of baptized persons throughout the world. It is quite true that *Catholic theologians* have maintained the contrary. But who are the Catholic theologians who have done so? Why, those against whom the most fearful anathemas of the Vatican Church have been launched, and whom the actual Pontiff has singly and corporately excommunicated. They are the prophets whom the Vatican has stoned, and whom no one has denounced more fiercely, and, I regret to add, with more gall and bitterness, than Dr. Manning himself; and it is to the testimony of these witnesses, with whom to associate is in itself a sin, that Dr. Manning appeals to refute the correctness of my assertions. Is this not as much as to say that any argument is good enough to throw at Protestant objectors?

And now for the refutation. As the whole includes the part, it is clear that if the Pope in the *Unam Sanctam* claims the supremacy over the *whole* world, he does so also over the whole of the Christian world, which is only a part of the other.

But independently of this, as your readers will at once remember, the Bull defines in the clearest possible manner what the *ecclesia*, properly so called, over which the Pope rules supreme, consists in. It is *one* body with *one* lord, *one* faith and *one* baptism; and as if to leave no possible loophole of doubt, St. Peter's successor condescends to argue the matter in his infallible way, and to prove from Scripture that Greeks and all other baptized persons are, whether they like it or not, part of the flock committed to the charge of the Roman Pontiff.

But if the authority of the *Unam Sanctam* is not sufficient for Dr. Manning, may I ask how he interprets the Bull *De Matrimonii Validitate*, in which, in the clearest terms of which Vatican speech is capable, the doctrine is laid down that emancipation from Papal jurisdiction cannot be obtained by prescription, however extended; and that the children of heretics, and their children's children *ad infinitum*, though expelled from the unity of the Church and deprived of all the advantages conferred by the Church, remain bound by the laws and authority of the Supreme Pontiff. Deprived of the hope of salvation in the next world, they must yet, as long as they remain in this, continue, like all other Christians, within the jurisdiction of Rome . . . . *exploratum habemus ab hœreticis baptizatos . . . . si erroribus baptizantis adhœreant . . . ab ecclesiœ unitate repelli, iisque bonis orbari omnibus quibus fruuntur in ecclesiâ versantes, non tamen ab ejus auctoritate et legibus liberari.*[1]

Need I, in addition to this, refer to the fact that the whole constitution of the Roman Church in countries with mixed populations, is based on the assumption that non-Catholics are as much part of the Roman flock as Catholics; or to the Pope's recent letter to the German Emperor, which involves the same principle?

I have cited my authorities, and I now challenge Dr. Manning to produce any bull, breve, encyclical, common extravagance, or other infallible document, in which the Pope has renounced his claim to exercise jurisdiction over the totality of baptized persons throughout the world.

III. I have, lastly, to deal with Dr. Manning's third proposition, that the Pope has not any purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes.

It is something gained that he at least admits that *the Pope has a temporal juris-*

[1] Bulla, De matrimonii validitate inter virum Judæum et mulierem hæreticam. Bullarium Benedicti XIV. Tom. iii. Rome. 1873.

diction over princes, though not a pure one.

Nevertheless the proposition as it stands is, I maintain, opposed to the necessary conclusions which flow from the definitions of the Vatican Council. To explain this fully would require more space than I can ask for on the present occasion. I can only indicate, in the briefest outline, what the points at issue are.

What Dr. Manning means is, that the jurisdiction of the Pope over temporal matters is not a *directa* but an *indirecta potestas*. The difference is more important in theory than in practice, but as an illustration of Vaticanism the question is of considerable interest.

The *direct* jurisdiction of the Pope over the temporal prince is the cardinal doctrine of the mediæval Papacy. It breathes out of every sentence of the *Unam Sanctam*, and its full meaning is made clear by the history of the events to which the *Unam Sanctam* owes its origin. In a purely secular quarrel between Philip the Fair and Edward I. of England, Boniface VIII. claimed the right of direct interference, and of deciding of his own supreme authority on the merits of the case. When Philip the Fair refused, and the quarrel waxed hotter, Boniface summoned the French bishops to Rome to sit in judgment with him upon their king.

Read thus by the light of history, the Bull is seen to be the mere official echo of an outburst of human passion recorded in the memorable words—"My predecessors have deposed three kings of France. I should be unworthy to tread in their footsteps if I did not depose this one like an ill-conditioned boy, "ita sicut unum garcionem."

The one object of the Bull, then, was to enunciate this principle of the *directa potestas* in the most unmistakable terms. Both swords have been given to Peter, not one to Peter, the other to the temporal prince (I must apologise to Dr. Manning for the use of the imagery he so much dislikes, but it is the infallible doctor's imagery, not mine), the latter has only the loan of a sword to be used at the bidding of the Pope. Shall the Pope not be judge as to whether he uses it rightly or not? It is the business of the spiritual power to direct the temporal power, and to judge whether it be good or bad. If the temporal power err it shall be judged by the spiritual power. Words could not express more plainly the direct and immediate jurisdiction claimed hy the Supreme Pontiff over purely temporal matters.

In the sixteenth century, however, the Jesuits, who were wise in their generation, and saw that such a claim must necessarily force even the most Catholic of kings into a position of hostility towards the Papal Chair, invented the theory of the *indirecta potestas*, according to which the Pope is supposed to be precluded from interfering directly in temporal affairs, *quâ they are temporal affairs*, and can only exercise his jurisdiction over the acts of the temporal Sovereign when his infallible instinct tells him that these temporal acts have a bearing, mediate or immediate, direct or indirect, on the interests of the Church or of religion. Over the acts thus ruled by the Pope to fall within his jurisdiction, *his power remains as direct and supreme as ever*. The change effected was to substitute for the test of the *ratione peccati* (thus tacitly abandoned) according to which the Pope might call the Temporal Prince directly to account for any of his temporal acts in which he detected a sinful tendency, the test supplied by the subjective opinion of the Pope as to whether such and such an act was likely to affect, in however remote a way, the interests of the Church or of religion.

To show the difference between the two doctrines, I will take an imaginary case, but one which I am convinced no honest Catholic who has mastered this intricate subject will consider other than a fair one.

Supposing the real power of Pius IX. had been commensurate with his pretensions, and that he had wished to mix himself up in the late war, he might, according to the theory of the *directa potestas*, and on the principle of the *ratione peccati* have said: the efficient cause of the war is the anger of

the King of Prussia at M. Benedetti's conduct at Ems: anger is a sin: *ergo*, I shall call upon the King of Prussia to demobilize his army.

The Jesuits, on the other hand, would have said, No: this use of the *directa potestas* will frighten all good orthodox kings, and therefore Your Holiness can only exercise your jurisdiction over the King of Prussia by means of the *indirecta potestas.*

A war between Germany and France may cause the French to withdraw their troops from Rome. This withdrawal will clearly be injurious to the interests of the Church: *ergo*, such a war may be injurious to those interests: *ergo*, Your Holiness has a right to call on the King of Prussia to demobilize his army.

Or, and this would have been the more likely argument, the success in a great European war of a heretical Power would be fatal to the interest of the Church, and therefore Your Holiness must command Austria, Spain, and all other Catholic States to join France against Germany.

The practical result, it will be seen, is the same in one case as it is in the other; and, when I add that the deposing power, with all its consequences, and the untold cruelties which the assertion of the principle inflicted on our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects for three centuries, flows from the *indirecta potestas*, I have said enough to show that the change is only one of name.

And yet the point at issue is not without importance as connected with the Vatican Decrees, because, if those Decrees have any meaning at all, and are not a mere "tale full of sound and fury signifying nothing," they have most certainly destroyed the whole theory of the *indirecta potestas*, a mere theological opinion, which has never been pronounced *ex cathedrâ*,[1] and they have reinstated in all its former splendour the grand mediæval doctrine of the *directa potestas*, infallibly and irreformably proclaimed from the Papal Chair by no less than three Supreme Pontiffs.

For my own part I confess that I greatly prefer the doctrine of the *directa* to that of the *indirecta potestas.* It is, in theory at least, based on a moral foundation of impressive ideality: the right of Christ's Vicar to call emperors and kings to account for the sins they may commit in administering the affairs of this world. The *indirecta potestas*, on the other hand, is the basest and most ignoble product that ever emanated from a body pretending to be religious; for under the pretence of doing all things *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, it cynically separates the notion of moral obligation from the imperative duty of furthering, by any means which will compass the end, the political interests of the most ambitious hierarchy that ever threw its shadow between God and man. It came into the world with its blood tainted with the doctrines which have given to Jesuitism its unenviable reputation, and it has scarcely grown healthier with its maturer years.

But this is not the point to be considered. That point is whether the doctrine of the *indirecta potestas* is or is not compatible with the definitions of the Vatican decrees, and whether Dr. Manning, in selecting the *Unam Sanctam* (whose *raison d'être* is the enunciation of the doctrine of the *directa potestas*) as the declaratory act of Ultramontanism, has or has not placed himself in opposition to his own thesis: that the Pope has no purely temporal jurisdiction over temporal princes.

I leave the answer in the hands of common sense.

To examine the remaining counter-assertions contained in Dr. Manning's letter would require an amount of space which I cannot claim at your hands; but the statement, sub. IV., is so astounding that I must be allowed to glance at it.

Dr. Manning says: "The Pope did not begin to be infallible in 1870, nor were Catholics free to deny his infallibility before that date. The denial of his infallibility had indeed never been condemned by a definition, because since the rise of Gallicanism in 1682 no Œcumenical Council had ever been convoked."

[1] When the doctrine was first broached in Bellarmine's "De Romano Pontifico" this learned work was put on the Index by Sixtus V.

Now of course there may be a secret meaning in the expression "free to deny" to the effect that the Churches, the Œcumenical Councils and the Popes who denied the doctrine of infallibility have *retrospectively* been deprived of their freedom to do so. But as I cannot admit the use of crypto-hieratic language, I must assert my inability to discover in these words, taken in their natural and literary sense, any meaning but the following:—

1. That Gallicanism took its rise in 1682.

2. That the denial of the Pope's infallibility was in some way inseparably identified with Gallicanism.

3. That the reason why the denial of infallibility could not before 1870 be condemned by a definition, was that no Œcumenical Council was convoked between 1682 and 1870, which clearly implies the proposition that the only period of Church history during which Papal infallibility was denied was during the last two centuries, *i.e.*, since the supposed rise of Gallicanism in 1682, during which it is an undoubted fact, both of Vatican and profane history, that no General Council met.

Now these statements are clearly incompatible with the following, viz.:—

1. That Gallicanism took its rise 300 years before 1682.[1]

2. That the Pope's infallibility, though denied with exceptional emphasis by the Gallican Church in its national and corporate capacity, was not less emphatically denied by other ecclesiastical bodies, by prelates of the highest standing, and theologians of the greatest reputation throughout the world, as, *e.g.*, by the Irish Church in its corporate capacity, and by the vicars apostolic of England.

3. That the doctrine of infallibility, far from never having had the chance of being defined by a general council, was brought before the forum of two Œcumenical Councils, that of Constance and that of Basle, *where the doctrine was condemned and this condemnation ratified by three Popes, Martin V., Eugene IV., and Pius II.!* [2]

[1] The censure of Jean de Montson in 1387 by the theological faculty of Paris may be taken as the first official declaration of Gallicanism so far as the denial of the Pope's infallibility is concerned.

[2] The decrees of the Council of Constance afford a crucial test by which to ascertain whether those of the Vatican are binding on Roman Catholic consciences. For the one contradict the other, and the latter do so consciously and *ex preposito.* The Infallibility of the Vatican gives the lie direct and *sans phrase* to the Infallibility of Constance.

Here are the words of the Decree of the Council of Constance in its Fifth Session:—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, &c., this Synod of Constance being a General Council, and assembled for the extirpation of the present Schism, *and* the Reformation of the Church of God *in its Head* (*i.e.* the Papal chair) and members . . . . ordains, defines, decrees, and declares as follows:—First, that being assembled in the Holy Ghost, and thereby constituting a General Council and representing the Catholic Church, every man of whatsoever state and dignity, *even the Papal* (*etiamsi papalis*), is bound to obey it in matters appertaining unto faith, *and* to the extirpation of the aforesaid schism, *and* to the general Reformation of the Church *in its Head* and members." It then further declares that every man, even the Pope, who shall disobey its commands shall be submitted to condign punishment.

No words, Vatican or profane, can express more clearly the dogma (for everything emanating from a General Council when acting as the *ecclesia docens* is a dogma, and as such *irreformable*, *i.e.* infallible, irrevocable, and unchangeable) that the Pope is amenable to a General Council in matters of faith, and that such a Council stands *above* the Pope and constitutes the tribunal by which he can be judged: *ergo, that the Pope is fallible, and the Church, even without the Pope, infallible.*

The Vatican Decrees, on the other hand, declare that the Pope is puissant with that Infallibility (*eâ infallibilitate pollere*) with which Christ endowed his Church, and that his definitions are irreformable, *i.e*, infallible, irrevocable, and unchangeable, *of themselves* (*ex sese*), and do not desire their irreformability *from the consent of the Church* (*ex consensu ecclesia*).

No words, Vatican or profane, can express more clearly the dogma that the Pope is *not* amenable to a General Council in matters of faith, that he stands *above* such Council, and that he is the tribunal by which the Church must be judged, and not the Church the tribunal by which he must be judged: *ergo, that he is infallible, and the Church, without him, fallible.*

The Constance Dogma of the Pope's Infallibility was again proclaimed *ipsissimis verbis* by the Council of Basle during its early sittings, and when its œcumenicity was beyond the shadow of a doubt, and, as stated in the text, it was solemnly ratified *ex-cathedrâ* by no less

These latter propositions are the simple historical facts of the case, which any intelligent schoolboy can get up who has access to a good library.

How are we to account for a discrepancy of such altogether unmanageable proportions—a discrepancy which, reduced to English equivalents, would be like the assertion that Magna Charta took its rise in the reign of Charles the Second, and that the Reform Bill could not be passed before 1830 because for several centuries previously no Parliaments had been convoked!

I confess that I have never before stood face to face with a literary fact so absolutely incomprehensible.

That Dr. Manning should be ignorant of the history of his own Church is an untenable assumption: that he should place before the public what he does not believe to be true is an assumption even more untenable. What road leads out of this dilemma? I fear it is not far to find, only we must not look for it in the fields of literature.

Dr. Manning's history of Gallicanism, as given above, can be no other than the Vatican version of the facts connected with Gallicanism, infallibilized *ex post facto* on the principles laid down in his pastoral, and quoted in the note to p. 172. The non-existence of Gallicanism prior to 1682, and the disappearance from history of the decrees of two Œcumenical Councils denying Infallibility, ratified by three Popes, would, according to this method, clearly be "truths of mere history so necessary to the order of the (new) faith, that the whole (Vatican) world would be undermined if they were not infallibly certain." Such infallible

than three Popes. Like a solid rock it has stood for nearly 500 years in the way of the proclamation of that dogmatic supremacy which the Popes sought to establish as the outcome of their executive supremacy over matters spiritual and temporal until in our day a packed jury, treading under foot all the observances which had before been ruled to be of the essence of a General Council, voted that in 1414 the Holy Ghost had been a heretic.

I need hardly advert to the subterfuges, suppressions of that which is true, suggestions of that which is false, to the frauds and forgeries, and, above all, to the untold terrorism by which the Dogma of Constance has from the day of its birth been sought to be stamped out by the Pontiffs who have successively filled St. Peter's chair, until in 1874 a Vatican Prelate, in perfect good faith, can afford simply to ignore its having ever existed, and use language which implies that the denial of the Pope's Infallibility only began in 1682. For my purpose it is sufficient to have proved that "it is untrue to say" (I borrow Dr. Manning's formula) "that Catholics were not free to deny the Pope's Infallibility before 1870." They were not only free to do so, but every Catholic who took the constitution of the Catholic, as distinct from the Papal Church, *au sérieux*, was bound to consider such a doctrine a heresy. Hence in Vaticanese "not to be free to do a thing" is equivalent not only to "being free to do it," but forced to do it.

The placing of the Decrees of Constance into correct perspective with those of the Vatican is of the utmost importance, as affording the key to the attitude of sincere unvaticanized Roman Catholics like Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, and Mr. Henry Petre—an attitude which seems so puzzling at first sight to us Protestants. These men know that there are certain physical and mathematical limits even to Infallibility, and that if *omnium consensu*, the Decrees of General Councils, ratified by Popes, are binding on the conscience, and two sets of such Decrees are contradictory, they cannot possibly act otherwise than choose which set has the best claim to inspiration. A Pope can force a Galileo to believe that the sun goes round the earth: he cannot force him to believe that at one and the same time it goes round the earth and the earth round it. An athlete with careful training can learn to ride round a circus on two horses, if they go in the same direction; but no amount of training will enable him to perform this feat if they go in contrary directions. With the Council of Constance at their backs, therefore, sincere Roman Catholics can listen with perfect equanimity to the thunders of the Vatican. The Catholic Church, as Gerson in a magnificent passage puts it, is in their eyes something very different from an assembly of Popes, Cardinals, and Clerics—why should they sever themselves from its communion because these men rage? it is for these men to take the offensive, not for them. They say virtually to the Curia Romana "*Messieurs de la garde, tirez les premiers,*" and I can prophesy very confidently that the Roman pretorians will take uncommon good care not to fire or attempt to excommunicate *English laymen* for holding fast to Old Catholic doctrine. Has not Dr. Oakeley with venerable *naïveté* told us that the Roman Pontiff knows how to temper the wind of British liberty to the shorn lambs of the Vatican Church dispersed in England?

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certainty respecting them cannot, however, be created by human history, and it must therefore be created by the infallible authority of the Church. The doctrine of Infallibility "is a doctrine contained in the Divine tradition of the Church, and therefore all difficulties from human history are excluded by prescription."

Such are the facts of the case before us, and they amount to this: that a prelate of commanding position in the Vatican hierarchy, a man of unquestionable intellect, of perfect integrity, and undoubted veracity, knowing, moreover, as an Englishman born, though now dispensed from his allegiance to the British Crown, what the prejudices of his former countrymen are in regard to that which they consider to be truth and falsehood, has undertaken, apparently *de gaiété de cœur*, to stand in the market-place with a sheet of white paper in his hand and to declare *coram populo*, not only that it is black, this the ordinary duty of obedience to a superior officer might compel him to do, but that, knowing that it is white, he yet believes it to be black! Now can we for one moment doubt that we are here confronted by an actually living and breathing instance of that stupendous "holocaust" of the entire human soul, intellect included, in the burning fire of obedience, required by the rules of the Ignatian Church? Is there any solution of the difficulty conceivable except that which is contained in the words—graven with the point of Loyola's sword in the hearts of his disciples—"that true obedience implies not the *execution* merely, so that a man shall execute that which he is commanded, nor the *will* merely, so that he shall do it freely and cheerfully, but also the *judgment*, so that the inferior, in regard to that which he is instructed to do, shall *feel* in the same sense as his superior, and that that which appears true and right in the eyes of the superior shall likewise appear true and right in the eyes of the inferior, the latter by main force making his intellect to bend to his will?"

It is a strange spectacle, and yet I can well understand that the Vatican should require this sacrifice of the finest intellects at its disposal, for without it where would it be? But what I cannot comprehend is that it should apparently insist upon this sacrifice being performed in public.

They manage these things better in Japan. When a great ecclesiastical or temporal dignitary is there called upon by the code of honour which rules the public service, to proceed to the "happy despatch" the ceremony is performed in the strictest privacy. The blinds are pulled down, a perfumed lamp is lit, incense is burnt to the Gods, and before a select circle of relatives and friends the daimio falls upon his sword. And, be it well remembered, the Japanese *point d'honneur* requires the sacrifice of the body only, not that of the soul!

But I must now conclude, and I will do so by strongly urging upon Dr. Manning to give up trying to force Vaticanism on English Protestants. He will do no good to his Church by these endeavours, and may do it an infinity of harm. Hitherto the British public has not taken the Vatican Decrees *au sérieux*, but has rather looked upon them as a kind of harmless craze. But, unless I am much mistaken, a different feeling is springing up; and if Englishmen once see that on the plea of giving to Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's, the Vatican is really calling upon their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to appropriate *both* the things that be God's and the things that be Cæsar's in order to hand them over to some one else who is neither God nor Cæsar, that feeling may become a very dangerous one. No Englishman who has preserved the coherence of his reason will entertain a doubt about the loyalty of his Roman Catholic brethren. But perfect trust in that loyalty is compatible with a very unamiable feeling towards those who may be caught in the act of trying to tamper with that loyalty.

If, however, Dr. Manning will persist in his endeavours to convince us that we are all Ultramontanes without knowing it, then, in the name of his friend and ally, common sense, let him give up the use of crypto-hieratic language, or *Vaticanese*, as we shall henceforth call it, and condescend to call a spade a spade, and a Pope a Pope.

Englishmen are much more likely to relish Vaticanism in the undiluted shape in which it can be obtained on the spot, with all the spirit and the fire left in it, and with its fine aroma of anathema untouched, than a de-alcoholized mixture, which by trying to be both Romanist and Protestant succeeds in being neither.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

The Writer of the Articles on "Prussia and the Vatican."

P.S. November 22.—Since the above was in type, Mr. Gladstone's shell has burst within the Vatican camp, and a controversy, which every one who had eyes to see might have foreseen would come, has burst over the land.

I need hardly call attention to the importance, in considering Dr. Manning's replies to Mr. Gladstone and the New York interviewer, of the decipher furnished in the foregoing letter. By the help of this key it will be at once apparent that Dr. Manning's statements, though strictly true in *Vaticanese*, are strictly the reverse in English, and it will strike most people that in writing to such a very representative English organ as the *Times*, Dr. Manning might have used the Queen's English and not the hieratic speech of the *Curia Romana*.

It is not, however, my intention at present to enter into a philological discussion with Dr. Manning, and I shall therefore confine myself to asking him five questions in connection with his assertion that the Vatican Decrees have not altered one jot of the obligation of Catholics towards the civil power.

1. Did Dr. Manning himself and the bulk of his clergy consider themselves before the Vatican Decrees as absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown, and as standing wholly and entirely within the jurisdiction of the Papal chair? and that in such wise that if the laws of the *Curia* came into collision with those of the British Empire they were bound to obey the former at the risk of coming into collision with the latter?

2. If Dr. Manning and his clergy did not consider themselves previously to July 1870 as absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown, is it or is it not a fact that since the Vatican Decrees they are dogmatically bound, at the peril of their souls' salvation, to consider themselves as absolved from that allegiance?

3. Is it not certain that the Irish Bishops and the English Vicars-Apostolic who made the declaration quoted in my first article, did not consider themselves as absolved from their British allegiance?

4. Is there not a risk that a body of officials, not bound by the ties of allegiance to the Crown of the country in which they are actively employed, and having to obey a code of laws radically different from those of that country, may come into collision with the latter?

5. Is Dr. Manning perfectly certain that cases have not already arisen within his own jurisdiction in which clerical persons have been brought into a conflict of jurisdiction of the kind above described, and have decided (since 1870) in favour of the Curial jurisdiction with the following result, viz., that, if not themselves guilty of criminal offences, a question I will leave open, they have aided and abetted subjects of the Queen in the commission of *criminal* offences (*i.e.*, criminal according to British law) in contempt of Her Majesty's supremacy?

I require plain answers in plain English to these plain questions.

Hitherto we have only heard of the possibility of a *divided allegiance* on the part of Roman Catholics. The question on which I desire information is whether Vatican clerics have it still open to them to give even a fractional allegiance to the Queen, and whether they are not, at the peril of their souls' salvation, bound to give their allegiance whole and entire to our Lord the Pope?

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1875.

SOCIAL PRESSURE.[1]

"The condition of England," wrote Mr. Carlyle in 1843, in the introduction to "Past and Present," "on which many pamphlets are now in the course of publication, and many thoughts unpublished are going on in every reflective head, is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world." It was almost an exaggeration to speak of "many pamphlets" in 1843. A slender rill of pamphlets would have been nearer the truth. But, like the brook of the son of Sirach, the rill has become a river, and the river a sea, in the last thirty years. The pamphlets have multiplied by hundreds, and have ranged from literary work of high value (such as Mr. Carlyle's own "Latter-Day Pamphlets" of 1850–51, and Mr. Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera") down to the lowest depths of twaddle. Influential societies have been founded for the express purpose of dealing with the question, both theoretically and practically, in all its bearings. There are already some twenty thick volumes of reports of the Social Science Association, containing for the most part able and careful papers by experts, on every plausible theory and practical effort connected with the subject; and no private library could find room for the blue-books. There is scarcely a statesman or public man of any eminence who has not contributed his share to this mighty volume of ephemeral literature. But these innumerable pamphlets, reports, blue-books, have only formed as it were the advanced line, and done the skirmishing. Behind them march a host of solid books, of which one could name at least some thirty or forty which must be carefully read even now by any serious student of the "Condition-of-England" question.

Again, these are not the works of specialists. The most distinguished poets, historians, novelists, philosophers, divines, have stepped aside from their ordinary work to add their separate contributions. The difficulty would be rather to name the exceptions to, than the examples of, this rule. Let the reader run over in his mind the best known authors of his time, those who have left the deepest mark on his own mind and character, and he will find that this is no over-statement.

But while men like Maurice and Mill, Kingsley, Ruskin, Huxley, Freeman, Cairnes, George Eliot, Froude, Matthew Arnold, and others, have as it were turned aside from their regular work to speak their word upon some special side of the subject which moved them strongly for the moment, there are others whom it has entirely possessed, and whose whole work it has moulded and coloured. Whatever time they are dealing with, whatever matter they are discussing, its bearing upon the condition of their own country in their own time is constantly uppermost in their

[1] "Social Pressure." By the Author of "Friends in Council." Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

minds. To take Carlyle as the most notable example, one finds that whether it be Abbot Sampson, or Cromwell, or Frederick, or Mirabeau, or Herr Teufelsdröckh, their words and acts are brought into direct relations with that "most ominous and withal strangest condition of things ever seen in this world," which is lying round him and exercising his soul in the London and England of the nineteenth century. This is heavy on him night and day; he cannot away with it for more than a page or two at a time. And no doubt when we come to analyse the extraordinary influence which Carlyle has exercised over this generation, it will be found to spring to a great extent from this intensity of interest in his own time which runs through all he has written. After all, our own time and our own problems are what move us most deeply; and a prophet who has any message to deliver about them, though he may gain little honour, will be sure of an eager hearing, from the worthiest of his countrymen.

In this smaller phalanx of writers, every one would name Sir Arthur Helps as one of the foremost men. He may, indeed, challenge Carlyle as to priority, for his "Claims of Labour" (unless our memory is at fault) was published shortly before "Past and Present." In any case, from that time he has worked with rare industry, ability, and persistence, in the same field. His persistence, indeed, has more than once drawn the fire of unfriendly criticism on his books. We have had these "friends in council," it has been said, *ad nauseam;* they have discussed these same topics over and over again, only clothing them, for decency's sake, in slightly new forms. When *will* they take their farewell benefit? "Never," we hope Sir A. Helps would reply, "as long as these great social problems remain unsolved —until the conditions of life of all English citizens have been made as satisfactory as they can be made on this confused planet. That is my work as I see it; and this is the form which, after much thought, I have found the best for my purpose. It isn't one you like? you are wearied with it? Well, but my object is not to please or amuse you, but to drive certain truths into the public mind, and to effect thereby certain definite reforms. This can't be done without iteration, and therefore iteration to the precisely needful extent you must and will get from me." This, we should judge (from some acquaintance with his works, since we read the "Claims of Labour" thirty years ago, and hailed it as a sort of "new departure" in literature), is something like the reply Sir A. Helps would give, if he felt bound to give any; and it seems to us quite a valid one. He, like his hero, Realmah, is "one of those men who have their way in the world because they never become tired of their projects." And that he has to a great extent had his way it is impossible to deny, for he has been, if not the first, at any rate one of the earliest advocates of every considerable social reform for a full generation.

This last book of his—"Social Pressure"—is built on the same lines, if we may use the expression, as several of his former books. The "friends in council" are staying for the Easter holidays at the house of one of their number on the banks of the Thames. Each of them contributes one or more short essays on some pressing social question. Each essay in its turn is then criticized by the rest, and defended by its author. The subjects are selected with his usual skill, the more serious being interspersed with lighter ones—such as those on "The Art of Leaving Off," and "Whether the Folly of the World is or is not a Constant Quality," and "Looking Back on Life;" and all are treated in the masterful method which long practice has muscularized in Sir A. Helps, and which enables him to wrap up his shot in just sufficient humour, and sparkling dialogue, and shrewd proverbial philosophy, to carry it well home.

Another old characteristic of the author (one hesitates whether to call it excellence or defect) comes out as strongly as

ever in this new book. This is, the habit of just touching burning questions in two or three thrusts and parries in the dialogue, and then passing on, leaving the reader in doubt as to what the actual man, Sir A. Helps, who stands behind Sir J. Ellesmere, Milverton, and the rest, means to say to him about it. Now, as Sir A. Helps's opinion deliberately formed must count for a good deal with most of his regular audience, this habit is not a little tantalising. The questions touched are almost always those of most immediate interest to social reformers. Probably, most of these have not definitely made up their minds, but incline to one side or other in the controversy. They know, too, how many difficulties surround every such question in our minute a complicated civilisation, and would gladly sit to hear these discussed in all their bearings by competent persons. To such readers it is almost exasperating to find Mr. Milverton's home thrust in tierce dexterously caught on the point of Sir J. Ellesmere's or Mauleverer's keen rapier, and passing harmlessly by side or shoulder. On the other hand, it may be said with some truth that the bulk of readers far prefer this kind of sparring on such subjects; that they desire to know what sides of the general question are up, and what can be said shortly for and against the popular view, but without the exertion of studying the arguments in earnest, or of making up their minds definitely. Whether it is worth while to give them what they ask for may be doubtful. On the whole it probably is; as social reforms—when fairly matured by those who have with much labour and sorrow to hammer them through the dense media of public opinion, vested interests, and parliamentary forms—run more easily when people have been long familiar with their outlines, and remember to have met them in respectable company. And if this be so, there are no books more useful than Sir A. Helps's, and for the moment none so useful as "Social Pressure." In recommending the adoption of the title to Mr. Milverton's secretary, who is the chronicler of the "friends in council," Ellesmere anticipates criticism by urging that "it is vague; sounds important; does not tell too much; and at any rate keeps clear of politics. You need not say from whom the pressure comes; each reader will suppose that it comes from himself." In short, Sir A. Helps lets the cream rise on a number of social questions, and then skims it for the benefit of the general public; and in so doing, we believe, helps the good work forward in a very practical manner.

But it must not be supposed that one leaves the book without several very distinct ideas as to what the author himself really believes, and is bent on effecting. With ordinary care any reader may select these for himself; and in "Social Pressure," at least two reforms come out very clearly as necessary in the matured judgment of Sir A. Helps, and are left quite untouched by the criticism which plays round them in the dialogues. The first of these relates to the highest branches of government. As civilisation advances, the argument runs, and the individual consequently becomes less powerful, there is the more need of perfecting the central regulating power. The citizen requires more and more that the state should fight his battle against a thousand opposing interests, with more vigour and more precision than when he is himself a powerful unit in a small community. "Make men free and all will go well," has been our English belief; but looking at what freedom should mean for England now, good government has become an indispensable preliminary, and good government up to this time we undoubtedly have not got in the departments most important to the individual. Government, indeed, has been getting more and more difficult; and, as it has to deal with a more and more complicated state of society, this difficulty will increase. Amongst the causes of our helplessness to deal with this state of things, there are two which may, Sir A. Helps thinks, be practically

removed, without any serious displacement of our present administrative and governing machinery. These are, the limitation of choice for high administrative office, which our rule as to political appointments has fastened on us, and, closely connected with this, the want of permanence in our administration. He takes the offices of Postmaster-General, and of the First Commissioner of Works, as examples of the mischief which our method and rule of selection causes in two departments of the highest administrative importance, but unconnected with party politics; and, we think, proves more than he himself claims in favour of his argument for permanence in such offices. For, if we understand him rightly, he would still treat these two to some extent as political offices, whereas it seems to us that the sooner they are taken clean out of that category the better, and that this would be done very summarily if the nation thoroughly and heartily desired good administration. No doubt if it were done cabinets would be smaller, but this would be rather an advantage than otherwise, and such offices as these seem to us precisely the ones which should be filled by "official members of Parliament," who should be able to speak upon, and explain and defend, the policy and management of their department in either House, but without a vote. Sir A. Helps argues strongly for such official members, and in doing so incidentally refers to the fact that, in the United States, ministers are not dependent on Parliamentary position; and urges that we may adopt their rule without any of the evil consequences which follow in America from the complete absence there of any cabinet in our sense of the word, and of ministerial responsibility. Again, as another possible and obvious reform in the same direction, he pleads for the establishment of permanent Parliamentary committees, which shall deal with all bills and matters connected with their special subjects, and be assisted by members of the corresponding branches of the Civil Service, sitting with them as "assessors." There is no question that such an arrangement would have saved us from many of the blunders in legislation which have been committed in the last twenty years. And while the Legislature would benefit, the reform would also react powerfully on the Civil Service, and would multiply in it those most valuable of public servants, the "in-doors statesmen," as Sir Henry Taylor has well called them. Here again Sir A. Helps has modestly stopped short in his advocacy. He would only have such permanent committees formed "for carrying into effect those measures of social reform which are much needed, and which have attracted a sufficient share of public attention (for that is requisite) to be likely to meet with general acceptance." It may be good policy to limit the suggestion in this way for the present, but one cannot stop short of the conclusion that such committees, sitting permanently, under the minister or Under-Secretary of State for the time being of the department, would be useful even in the case of Foreign Affairs, and the Army and Navy.

The most valuable suggestion, however, in the book, and the one best argued and worked out, relates to a humbler, though scarcely less important, sphere of administration. The problem put is, how to encounter and master the various evils of an unsanitary nature which beset us—a truly formidable one when we remember that every third death in the kingdom, according to Dr. Simon's last report, is owing to preventible causes. Sir A. Helps would meet it in the first place by making all inspectors and other officers employed on sanitary work independent of the local authorities, so far as respects their salaries. He would create a separate service for them, in which there should be opportunities for promotion, according to merit, for all, the most distinguished local inspectors being promoted to inspectorships on the Central Board as vacancies occurred. The health of the nation, he argues, is a sufficiently large and important subject to require a

separate branch of administration, with a minister (permanent, let us hope) at the head of it, and ought not to be thrown as an extra weight on the shoulders of the President of the Poor Law or Local Government Board. All who are acquainted with the working of the present system—when, as generally happens, the health officer is the union doctor, dependent for his salary on the guardians, or the vestrymen—will cordially agree with him. In most towns, notably in the east end of London, a large proportion of the worst house-property belongs to these persons and their friends; and there are few sanitary officers with the courage and position of Dr. Liddle, of Whitechapel, able to act resolutely for the abatement of every nuisance, and the destruction of every dwelling unfit for human habitation, without regard to "social pressure" of any kind. Even such men as Dr. Liddle, indeed, fight with one arm tied.

In these, the main objects of his book, we believe that almost all social reformers will be in accord with Sir A. Helps; and will thank him heartily for having thrown the best thought of the day into a form likely to make it more widely known and accepted, as well as for points of new suggestion. There is, however, one position in the book which we think entirely untenable, and against which we are bound strongly to protest. Perhaps we are mistaken in attributing the opinion to Sir A. Helps himself, and we should be glad to believe that this is so; but it is advanced so confidently by Milverton, and so faintly resisted by the other friends, that we can scarcely doubt that it expresses the author's own views.

The subject under discussion is, "dangers in the future for England." Milverton, who is a stanch believer in the middle class, doubts whether within a generation we shall not see "brains and manual labour combine against the capitalist and owner of land," and thinks that our great danger is likely to arise from "a gradual detraction from the power and influence of the middl classes." The danger may be admitted to be real, but when Milverton goes on to say, "my only objection to the co-operative movement is that by co-operation you tend to produce a great capitalist in contradistinction to a number of small capitalists," we are quite at fault. For the whole tendency of co-operation hitherto has been in precisely the contrary direction. Take it in its lowest form, in such establishments as the Civil Service Supply Association, and Messrs. Crossley's factory. In the former, the original intention was that no capital should be accumulated. The intention has not, it is true, been adhered to in several instances, but in these the accumulated fund belongs in any case to the whole body of shareholders or ticket-holders, and not to one large capitalist. Seven years ago Messrs. Crossley's immense factories and business belonged to three, or, possibly, to four persons. The thin end of the co-operative wedge is introduced, and the same property now belongs to many hundreds, mostly working people, holding not less than 10*l.* shares. To go a step higher; at Messrs. Briggs's (before the late strike in the south-west Yorkshire coal district) there were 600 working shareholders, many of whom had already bought their own houses out of their shares of profits. Besides these, since the adoption of the new system in 1865, upwards of 30,000*l.* had been divided amongst the workpeople, shareholders and non-shareholders, as bonus, thereby, at least, making all for the time small capitalists. In 1865 Messrs. Briggs's firm consisted of five persons. It is the same in the case of many other factories and works in the north of England, some of which, such as the Sun Mill at Oldham, and the corn-mills at Rochdale and elsewhere, belong exclusively to small capitalists, being registered under the Industrial Societies Acts, which limit individual holdings to 200*l.* In the ordinary co-operative stores the facts are even stronger against Sir A. Helps's theory. In Rochdale, Halifax, Heckmondwike, Oldham, indeed in almost every large town, there is a large freehold building,

combining the stores, reading-rooms, hall, and other offices under one roof, in which every shareholder in the local society is interested as part owner. We have no space to follow up the subject in detail, but must assert very confidently, that while the danger of a combination of brains and manual labour against capitalists and landowners is by no means past, the great counteracting influence is the co-operative movement.

We have left ourselves little space to dwell on the characteristic qualities of workmanship, which give a peculiar flavour to this, as to the former works of Sir A. Helps, but none of them are wanting. One of these, which Sir A. Helps has a happy knack of using, grows out of his acknowledged liking for "the odds and ends of things," and takes shape in terse unexpected sentences, *e.g.*, "riches bring suspiciousness as surely as over eating brings gout;" "rich men are always defended by men of business, the kind of men who object to all schemes" (p. 214); "no man is securely loved except by those who know his foibles" (p. 221); "the statesman is worse off than the circus rider; he must leap through his hoop whenever it is offered to him" (p. 260); "the tendency of modern social life is to knock the brains out of society" (p. 243); "the philosophers of each age are equally foolish; the common people gradually increase in wisdom" (p. 70); "the capacity for social enjoyment with most persons goes on steadily increasing with age" (p. 366); "we all begin by being pedants, pedantry being a peculiar attribute of the young" (p. 376). This proverbial knack (if one may call it so) gives piquancy to the text, and leaves points in the reader's mind which he comes back to debate with himself after he has finished the book. Akin to it is the habit of suggesting curious new speculations on well-worn subjects; such as whether men ever dream about public affairs, which both Cranmer and Milverton, by the way, decide somewhat hastily in the negative. But a criticism of Sir A. Helps's literary method is beyond our scope here. We cannot, however, part from the subject without expressing our own pleasure in finding, in this his last work, that his stroke has lost none of its best qualities, but remains as strong and keen as ever.

T. H.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Bride Thornley did not feel called on to make any effort to assume cheerfulness. Her morning face, when she looked into the inner room where Lesbia slept, showed such traces of her sleepless night, and was so lined with grave concern, that the sensitive conscience of that timid little personage awoke to a flutter of misgivings. Had she of late been treating this best of sisters with the openness that was justly her due? Could any circumstance have come to Bride's knowledge that rendered her suspicious of reserves on her part?

Yet should Bride be going to insist on complete confidence between them, where should she begin her confessions? Which end of the tangle of conflicting wishes and feelings, which she blamed herself for concealing, should she unravel first before her sister's clear-judging eyes? When Bride came near to bestow her morning kiss, Lesbia let fall the weight of hair she had just gathered into her hands, and threw both arms round her sister's neck, looking at her with the humble, deprecating entreaty in her eyes, that had at times won concessions even from experienced Mrs. Joseph Maynard.

"Bride, you are angry with some one, but it is never me," she exclaimed. "You are not thinking of going away, and leaving me in anger, for any little thing I may have done to vex you."

"My darling, no!" said Bride, stroking back the dark hair, and bestowing a shower of kisses on the smooth forehead and peach-bloom cheeks; "if it was any doubt about you, or anger against you, that made me unhappy, do you think I should have waited to speak about it till you asked me? No, the one thing that gives me comfort in every trouble that arises, is the certainty that there is clear daylight of understanding between us—that whoever else may have mysteries or concealments, there is never a shade of want of confidence between John and you and me."

"But, Bride," whispered Lesbia, and then the little upturned face, after suddenly becoming one vivid blush, buried itself on Bride's shoulder, and was lost altogether among the tumbled avalanche of hair that fell over it.

"My dear," said Bride, after waiting patiently some seconds for its reappearance, "is it not quite time for you to finish dressing? I heard John go down stairs some time ago, and I want very much to speak alone with him before breakfast; so, unless you really have something important to say to me——"

"Oh no, no—only nonsense," cried Lesbia, peeping up.

"Then I think, dear, nonsense had better wait till another time, or I shall lose my only chance of a private talk with John before we set out."

Bride had heard her brother enter the drawing-room, and after remaining there some minutes, retire to his own study, and she was anxious to secure his attention before he became absorbed in looking over his essay. She had a feeling, though she did not like to put it into words even to herself, that the communication she was about to make to him ought to weigh against any intention to soften his essay he might have arrived at in his night musings.

She found him already standing

before his writing-desk, but not writing. His hands were crossed behind his back, and he was staring down gloomily on some papers that lay on a portfolio before him. As soon as she entered, he called to her to come and join him.

"Whose hand-writing should you say that was?" he asked in a low, eager voice, pointing to a sheet of paper, with a few words scrawled in large letters on it, that lay uppermost. She raised it to examine it closely, but instead of reading, exclaimed in dismay, at the sight of several torn sheets of paper that lay below,—

"My dear John, is that your essay?—surely you have not torn it up without my leave."

"I wish I had; I wish it was my own doing, then no more need be said. The perplexity is that I found my MS. in the state you see when I went into the drawing-room to fetch it away ten minutes ago. The first sheet is the only one untorn; it lay over the shreds, and has a sentence scrawled on it—read."

Bride looked down on the paper in her hand, and with difficulty, for the writing was in faint pencil, made out the words, "Cassandra was right; irony is an exasperating weapon; it will arouse the meanest of the mice to rally round their lions, and set them free to ravage."

"What can it mean?" she asked, puzzled.

"You called Ellen Daly 'Cassandra' last night. The person who wrote those lines must have overheard our conversation; the question is, which of the servants in the house would have understood it, and cared enough to take so daring a method of showing partizanship. There was opportunity enough since last night for any one of them to have done it."

"Yes," said Bride, thoughtfully; "for any one in the house to have done it."

"Any of the servants, you mean?"

"My dear John," said Bride, slowly, fixing her eyes sorrowfully on his face, "do you think there is any one in the house besides ourselves and our guests who could spell such a word as Cassandra rightly, or remember it and apply it, if heard once?"

"That," said John quickly, "reduces us to the supposition that the house has been entered during the night by some one who knows all our family ways. It is an uncomfortable idea. I shall hardly like to leave the place to-day."

"Nor I, with Lesbia in it, John. Without knowing anything of this accident, I came to you to suggest that you had better start for London alone to-day; I remaining behind to look after Lesbia."

"But why? you say you knew nothing of this. For Heaven's sake don't be mysterious, Bride! You know of all things in the world I hate inuendoes."

"Not more, I hope, than I hate all mysterious and underhand doings. If you wish me to speak plainly you must give me time. I must think for a moment, and try to disentangle impressions from facts, so as to avoid saying unnecessarily what will pain you."

"Well," said John, when he had watched Bride for about a minute absently twisting the sheet of paper she still held into a neat cornucopia, "you had better begin at once; there is no need for such extreme caution. When you talk of giving me pain, I know, of course, whom your communication concerns, and, to save your scruples, I may as well tell you at once that if it is anything against *her* I am not going to believe it."

"I am sorry for you though, John, for it is not a conjecture of mine you have to hear. I shall merely tell you a little fact; and I am afraid you won't like it."

"Don't be afraid, I shall not care. I put the fact of her trustworthiness above any other you can tell me."

"I will simply state what I saw. I sat up late last night writing, and when I had finished my business I left my room to replace the account-books I had been using in the press in the house-

keeper's room. I heard steps in the passage as I was coming down stairs, and fancied I saw a light moving below. Thinking that some of the servants were up late, I went to the offices first, and found all dark there. On my way back I saw the light again streaming through the crevices of the drawing-room door. Unluckily I dropped my books with some noise, and when I had picked them up again the light was gone; but, coming from the direction of the drawing-room, I met Ellen Daly with a candle in her hand extinguished."

"You spoke to her, I suppose, and learned how she chanced to be there?"

"She said she had come down to look for a book, I think, and that her candle had gone out; and when I questioned her about the lights and the noise, she talked of ghosts. I am sorry to say it, John, but I saw she wished to prevent my going into the drawing-room."

"Bride, I cannot have you believe that she went there to destroy my manuscript."

"If you like I will not say so; I promised to tell the fact, and leave you to draw what inference you pleased."

"It's absurd. She would have torn the papers across before my face if she had meant to do it. You know she would."

"No, John, I don't. There is a great deal of sensitiveness and timidity oddly mixed up with her rashness. It's Irish. I notice the same thing about all the people here. They will be wildly defiant at one minute, and the next, when the excitement is over, they will use the subtlest stratagems to hide their revenge."

"I thought you were not going to give your opinions."

"You force me to argue, and I want to show you that I can believe she has done this thing, and yet not condemn her entirely. You heard how vehemently she spoke last night. She said she hated every word of the essay, and refused to make suggestions. I can't help thinking the secret destruction of what she hated a natural result with her of the over-excitement."

John's face flushed painfully; he turned his back on Bride, took a turn in the room, and came back to her.

"No," he said, "she did not do it: a guest in our house, and behaving to us all this last week in such frank, sweet, friendly fashion, that even against sober conviction I could not help at times believing in the possibility of pleasing her—she could not have dealt me such a blow in the dark. Bride, I should be less dissatisfied with you if you showed more surprise."

"I can be as indignant as you please at the insult to you."

"My complaint is that you so quietly take it for granted that *she* did it."

"Well, then, I will confess that I have been cherishing more serious suspicions still, and that it is almost a relief to connect Miss Daly's mysterious behaviour last night with the destruction of your essay. I have been fancying that she was perhaps carrying on some secret system of communication with her foolish brother and that rebel friend of his, who appears to have such a hold on her imagination, and with whom I suspect she is in love. I had made up my mind not to leave Lesbia alone in such an unwholesome atmosphere of intrigue."

"You will call it infatuation, but I must say that the notion of your thinking it necessary to guard Lesbia's truthfulness lest it should be contaminated by Ellen Daly is simply amazing to me."

"We won't drift into a discussion of their respective characters; the breakfast-bell will ring in a minute, and we have to decide what to do. Of course I am ready to go or stay, as you please; but I confess I shall not have a happy hour apart from Lesbia if I leave her under these circumstances."

"But if you stay here, the Dalys can hardly prolong their visit. They will go back to Eagle's Edge, and to all the difficulties and privations I thought I had helped them out of for a time. The

thought will bring me back from London before I have half finished my work there."

"You would come back to look after her? My dear John, that is devotion, and for what? She will never even thank you. She will just march over all your safeguards and precautions straight to her rebel Irish poet, and to a disastrous fate of one kind or another. She has it in her."

"Who is Cassandra now? But prophesy as you like, at the bottom of your heart, you know nothing you say will make any difference to me."

"If you have resolved to set yourself up as a windmill for all Young Ireland to tilt against, I think it very likely you will do it, and that I shall have to stand aside and see. But there is the bell. What are we to do?"

"Let us leave our plans to be settled by the chapter of accidents. Some unexpected explanation may come out that will make you ashamed of your suspicions."

"Then you must allow me to mention my midnight expedition and the fate of your essay at breakfast. It will give me the opportunity of making observations."

"Of course you will not hint at suspicions."

"Would you rather do it yourself?"

"No, no; if anything is to be said you must say it. I should feel all the time that I was laying a trap for the most ingenuous person in the world, and I should betray how sneaky I felt."

"I shall not feel the least sneaky. I merely give her the opportunity of explaining, and I hope most heartily that she will clear herself."

The party at breakfast was an unusually silent one, and Bride did not find the task of introducing the subject of the night's adventures so easy as she had expected. A dead weight of expectation seemed to brood over every one, and she cleared her throat once or twice before she felt able to launch her thunderbolt in the heavy air. Pelham was the only person present who looked unconcerned, and ate his breakfast as usual, and she knew by experience what a very weak conversational reed he was to depend on.

He received her first remark that she had passed a disturbed night and been alarmed by unaccountable noises in the house, with an unconcerned "Did you, indeed?" and Bride, whose ears were still tingling with the shaky, peculiar sound her own voice had had in speaking, looked imploringly across the table towards John, in the hope that he would put in a word to help her. He carefully avoided her eye, and the dead silence that followed was broken at last by Ellen's saying, quickly and nervously,

"The noises don't affect us much, you see. We are used to be rather proud of our ghosts. Only Pelham does not believe in them."

Bride was sufficiently provoked to long to throw back into John's teeth his late words, "The most ingenuous person in the world." All her caution and politeness could not restrain her from casting an indignant look on Ellen, and allowing her voice to rise to a tone of displeasure as she continued—

"I should be glad enough to accustom myself to your theory of ghosts, and would compound for any amount of noise, if our midnight visitors were satisfied with walking through the rooms, leaving things there as they find them. They did not behave themselves so inoffensively last night."

"Do you mean to say that the house has been robbed?" cried Pelham, interested at last. "I should not have thought it possible. Housebreaking, except for the sake of getting arms, has hitherto been an unknown crime in these parts. I hope you have not lost anything of value."

"Nothing has been stolen," said Bride, slowly; "but a very serious injury has been inflicted on my brother. A manuscript that he left on the drawing-room table last night was found this morning torn into shreds; and, as if to show that it had not been done by acci-

dent, a mysterious message was scribbled on the outer sheet, the only one left untorn. We both feel anxious to trace this strange act to its author, and shall be thankful to any one who can give us a clue to better understanding it."

"Speak for yourself, Bride," interrupted John, hastily; "I am not at all sure that I wish for further light, or that I think the subject worth investigation."

During the latter part of Bride's speech he had raised his eyes anxiously to Ellen's face, and the rapid changes there, the deep flush, and then the ebbing away of colour to extreme pallor, were so many blows struck at his heart. His own face grew as agitated as hers, and Lesbia, looking from one to the other, cried out in dismay,

"How frightened you all do look, to be sure! Is it very alarming? Might we all have been murdered in our beds last night? Are things beginning to be here as they were in the French Revolution, when the *chauffeurs* did such dreadful things, do you suppose?"

"Don't excite yourself, Lesbia, pray," said John, sharply; "there is nothing whatever for you to trouble yourself about."

"But, John, you are as pale as death yourself; and you can't think how frightened of robbers I am since Bride made me read about the *chauffeurs*."

"Bride had better intermit her doses of history, if they suggest nothing better to you than ridiculous fears."

"Not so very ridiculous," said Pelham, firing up. "Surely such a strange occurrence in the middle of the night is sufficient ground for some alarm? I hope you don't mean to pass it over without inquiry. Miss Thornley asked for a clue. I don't know that this is worth much, but I remember having an impression in the night that I heard steps on the terrace, and when I looked out of my window, just about sunrise, I saw Murdock Malachy leaning against the post of the side gate. I wondered at the time how he came to be there at that hour. I have observed him several times lately hanging about the place in a suspicious way. He should be questioned."

"No, Pelham," said Ellen, impetuously, "don't accuse him. He has nothing whatever to do with this, I can answer for it. Don't let us bring him into our quarrels again. He had the worst of it long ago."

"I bear no malice against him for long ago, I assure you, Ellen," said Pelham, gravely; "I merely mentioned what I have observed. This is no quarrel of ours either, as I understand it."

"And," said John Thornley, leaning forward in his chair and trying to catch Ellen's eye, while his face flushed and softened into an expression of earnest kindness, "let us put the word quarrel quite away from this matter, whoever is concerned in it. The essay was doomed to destruction last night when you pronounced it unjust; the person who destroyed it only anticipated my own intentions. If it was meant for a lesson or a warning, I am content to take it, however much I may wish it had been given more directly."

Ellen rose from her seat while John was speaking. "I am going up-stairs to mamma," she said, quickly, and then, turning to Bride, she added, "You are not going to leave the house quite immediately, I hope. I shall want to speak alone with you after I have seen mamma."

"She has all but owned it," said Bride to John when the rest of the party had dispersed, and they were again alone. "No, don't look as if you thought I was triumphing over you; it is not that indeed. I am more sorry for her than you would believe; and when you are out of the way, and I have her to myself, I believe I shall get into perfect charity with her again, in spite of everything."

"You are determined to remain here and let me go to London alone?"

"I am afraid I must Did you see how poor little Lesbia started and changed colour when Pelham mentioned Murdock Malachy's mysterious haunting

of the house, which, by the way, had not escaped me? The silly little thing has let herself be drawn into sharing some secret, and must not be left to guide herself through its consequences. I shall stay with her till you can have us both in London with you. Please let that be soon. You can invite the Dalys to spend the whole summer at the Castle when we are out of it."

"I should not like to see their faces when I gave the invitation, though. Bride, you should recollect our horror of patronage, and take into consideration the added bitterness that the sudden reversal of our positions towards each other must give to offers of help from us. I don't see how they could bear to live in Lesbia's house without some plausible reason being invented to induce them to do it. I thought I had succeeded in providing such an ingenious one; and this miserable business baffles me. Ah, there was a great deal destroyed last night in the tearing up of those sheets, besides my poor criticisms."

"I wish my interview with Miss Daly were well over. I do not look forward to it."

"Do you suppose she is going to confide it all to you?"

"Some little part, perhaps—not all; but let me have her to myself. See, she has left her mother's room, and joined Pelham on the terrace. When she has talked it out with him she will be ready for me."

"Let her understand that I am not curious—I shall ask no questions."

"As you are going away in an hour or two, and I shall not see you again for a month, I may venture perhaps to make that assertion. By the time we meet again, your curiosity will probably be so far diminished as to allow of your occasionally talking to me without trying to worm out the secret."

Ellen meanwhile, from the window in her mother's room, had espied Pelham taking a moody turn on the terrace alone; and running down stairs quickly, and through the open front door, she came up behind him and slipped her hand through his arm. He turned rather crossly.

"It's too cold and damp for you to be out without anything on your head," he said.

For the splendid sunrise had been succeeded by a march of storm-clouds across the sky, the distance was shrouded in thick darkness, and a few heavy, sullen drops were falling from minute to minute.

"As if I had not been rained upon all my life," said Ellen. "Pelham, you must let me have a word or two with you. Oh, what a long time ago it seems since we walked here and heard the Angelus bell."

"It was only last night."

"The weather may well be changed; it is not so altered as my feelings are."

"What has happened to change them?"

"Last night I thought we should stay here all the summer happily with Lesbia, and now I know that I am walking up and down this terrace for the last time—that never, never again, as long as I live, will I come here again. Pelham, did not you understand at breakfast that Mr. and Miss Thornley suspect me of having torn up that essay of his?"

"You! but you did not do it?"

"Oh, no."

"Then why on earth did not you say so? Come with me and say it now."

"No, for I cannot prove my words; I can't explain the suspicious circumstances; and Pelham, I will confide in you, and no one else. I know who did it, and I mean never to tell."

"Then you are very much to blame, and I will have nothing to say to it. I suppose it's Malachy you are screening. You and Connor choose to look on him as a victim, on account of the past, and I say nothing against it; but when it comes to sacrificing your own character——"

"If they can't find out what I am," interrupted Ellen, drawing herself up, but with a sob in her voice, "I cannot help it. Pelham, dear, it is not

Malachy I am screening. Will you walk back to the end of the terrace with me, and listen quietly to what I have to say before you speak to either of the Thornleys?"

"If you like."

"Pelham, do you remember the evening when we crossed over from England that last time?"

"Of course I remember; what of it?"

"You were annoyed with me because I wanted to go on deck when it was windy. You thought it unladylike, or something, and we disputed till papa came and took me up to walk with him. He had overheard our little quarrel, and all the time we were pacing the deck together he was talking to me about you, praising you, and reproving me for not minding you. It was as if he knew it was the last long talk he and I should ever have."

"Praising me?"

"Yes; he told me to trust to you more than to Connor, for that you were the brother to be depended on, though you pretended then to care so little for home. He said he knew you had a true heart at the bottom, and however much you might be annoyed by our different ways, he was sure you would stand by me and protect me if trouble came upon us. He was afraid, he said, that Connor would always be more of a charge than a protection, and that I must try to guide him, and both of us look up to you."

"He said all that about me?" cried Pelham, his face flushing with emotion; "I had no idea that he thought in that way of me. I used to believe that he never noticed me—that he hardly knew anything about me."

"Ah, you were wrong there; he was always noticing."

"But I disgusted him by my reserve, just as I disgust Connor and you, so that you can't now believe how earnestly I desire to help you."

"Papa understood you, you see, in spite of reserve; and I am going to show you to-day that I take you at his word, by asking you to stand by me, as he said you would, though it is in a way you won't like, and though I can only give you a half confidence."

"Of course I will stand by you, Ellen—who else should? but I don't see how I can do it effectually unless you will tell me the whole truth."

"But that is just the favour I am asking of you, dear—to act for me without knowing all my reasons. I feel that we ought not to stay here a day longer, and I want you to take it on yourself to order our going without questioning me too closely why it must be so. It is a great deal to ask, I know, but I think you will do it for me. I have thought it all out since daylight this morning. You said last night that it was bitter to live on favour, but how much keener will be the bitterness if we feel that we are acting treacherously by our helpers."

"Treacherously! what do you mean, Ellen? Where is the treachery?"

"It feels like treachery to have concealments from firm friends who are serving you with all their might; and I told you just now that I shall have to hide something from the Thornleys, and in hiding it leave them to believe I have injured them myself."

"How can you do it? how can you bear to seem so mean?"

"Oh, Pelham, don't. I am not sure that I can bear it at all. I am trying to put the thought of what they must think of me out of my head. Only I know that I cannot bear to stay an hour longer in this house seeming what you say to them."

"You owe the plain truth to them and to me."

"No, I think not; because the truth will not make our ingratitude seem any the less, and it would do harm to several other people; and besides, what happened last night is only one of my reasons for thinking we ought to go. I did not know of this suspicion against me this morning when I was pondering over our position here, and it grew clear to me then that, if you and I were to speak out what we know and feel, we are the last

people Bride Thornley would fix upon as companions for Lesbia in her absence. Knowing this, ought we to stay?"

"If you talk to Lesbia about Connor, if you convey messages between them, then I do call it treachery."

"No, Pelham, I have not done that; but I know that he has sent her tokens and letters, and I have held my tongue about it. I believe that if she went to England with her brother and sister, and heard nothing about us for six months, she would forget us all, and it would be best for her that she should."

"Last night you told me not to be *farouche*."

"Yes, because I really think your distant, shy manner makes her suspect your feelings, and fixes her thoughts on you. It is impossible to act quite openly and naturally while our feelings are so complicated. The only safe thing is to make a complete break, to cut ourselves away from them, and then—then at least, we are free; and if misfortunes come upon us, we shall not drag more people down into the vortex than need be."

"You have changed your opinion since last night, when you said you would accept any service from John Thornley."

"Yes, I know; one goes on walking along a bit of road seeing only the day's journey, till suddenly something makes one take a far-sighted look round, and one sees where one is going. This time, dear, you and I have to turn right round, for we are going wrong."

"You advise me, then, to go straight to John Thornley and tell him—my—my feelings for Lesbia, as a reason for leaving the place at once and never seeing them again?"

"No I don't think you should speak of your feelings for her, unless you mean to ask for her, and your pride won't let you do that. It would be an unnecessary humiliation. I only meant you to make them understand that you and I together feel that we must go. I know it is selfish to put the hard task of speaking on you, but you are the strong one, and our father said I was to come to you; and besides they don't suspect you of anything—they have no quarrel with you."

"John Thornley said there was to be no quarrel with any one."

"He is the most generous person in the world, I think; but that does not help me. He believes that I have injured him. We cannot stay in his house after that."

"It will be a great blow to our mother, I am afraid; she likes being here."

"Yes, but she will reconcile herself to going at once, if you tell her it is right."

"I suppose it is right. If you are really suspected, and cannot or will not clear yourself, we have no choice."

"You will say as little as possible about me, only that we agree in wishing to go home to-day."

"If I may not exculpate you, I shall certainly say very little about you."

"Then you will go and speak now, Pelham, before it is too late. I will wait outside. I shall be on the higher terrace in Aunt Ellen's garden, when you want me."

The storm-clouds had now blown over towards the higher hills, leaving clear, blue sky over some of the nearer peaks. Ellen climbed the little rocky path to the highest terrace of the garden, and stood for a long time looking round. Connor and D'Arcy had been there last night; there were marks of their feet on the wet path that led up to the terrace. How much had the moonlight shown them of the little hill-side garden that long ago Aunt Ellen had planned and laid out for her own special domain, Ellen wondered. It was sad to think of her son coming there by stealth, but soon no one of them would be better off, they would all be strangers alike, and as time went on forgotten—forgotten of course. Ellen thought of the day when she and Anne O'Flaherty had walked up and down the terrace, talking of the journey to England in prospect then, when Anne had told her that her lot in life might be like her own, to serve those

she loved secretly, without receiving thanks for her service. Ah, but had Anne in her experience ever been called upon for service that cost such bitter pain as this secret bearing of the consequences of Connor's folly caused Ellen to-day? Anne had thought of sacrifices for certain good results, not of bearing to be involved in blame through the folly of the person served, or perhaps not served, ruined, by keeping his secret. The battle of contending thoughts that had racked her mind all night seemed about to begin again, but Ellen made a strong effort, and put it away. There was another side of the question that had something more of comfort in it, and she turned her thoughts resolutely to that. She could at least be sure she was right in breaking completely with the Thornleys and Lesbia. It was the only honest course to take, unless she gave up Connor and his patriotic dreams, and resolutely declined to be involved in any further risk he might run. If she chose the side of danger, and yet could not openly declare her choice, she was bound to watch that no friend of hers was involved unwittingly in the trouble that might follow Lesbia through affection to Connor or another person through affection for herself. It was best—it was necessary, to break suddenly, whatever ties had grown up between herself and the friends—no, the one friend—who ever since the night of her father's death had stood apart in her thoughts as one of those "peculiar people whom death makes dear." It would be ungenerous to let him suffer again through her, when further misfortunes came; and after this last experience of Connor's recklessness, what hope was there that successive troubles would not come? It was best to let the friendship go with other things. There could be no question that honesty pointed to the sacrifice, yet Ellen found it harder than she had expected to acquiesce in the decree. She felt it almost like voluntarily putting away from her a last remnant of her father's love and care, which had clung round her till now. Without ever having put the thought into words, she had all along had an inward conviction that when John Thornley took her father's dead body out of her arms on the morning of his death, he had deliberately taken upon himself the task of caring for her, and looking after her as her father had cared. She had been depending on this care more than she had been aware of through the past, long, sad months, and now it seemed very hard to put it away, while the horizon all around them looked darker than ever; while certain poverty and hard privations were close upon them, and fears of uncertain shape were hovering in the distance.

She began to think that Pelham had forgotten her, and was turning back to the house to look for him, when she saw Bride Thornley coming towards her, up the steep garden path. Her face and manner as she hurriedly approached Ellen, were marked by the tokens of mingled stiffness and nervousness that were sure signs in her of great agitation.

"I persuaded your brother Pelham to let me come and speak to you in his stead," she began, breathlessly, as soon as she was near enough to speak. "He seems to have taken some strange notion into his head that you are all going to leave us immediately. I gather that it is your wish chiefly; and he has gone now to prepare your mother. But I cannot bear to have it settled without more consideration. John is so dreadfully hurt. Would you object to turn back with me to the terrace, and let me have a word—just one word—with you in private?"

The word was evidently a very hard one for Bride to speak. She made one or two false starts, and then burst forth impetuously and somewhat incoherently, "You told me once that you were sure I should not blame you for sympathising with your brother, and serving him at all risks; and your saying so makes me hope that you will understand what I am going to ask you now in my brother's interest, and forgive me if I seem impertinent."

"I do indeed," interrupted Ellen, quickly. "You must not think, please, that I am going away because I am offended at anything you said this morning, or that I shall be offended at anything you may say. I don't see how you can help believing and feeling as you do about what happened last night; and I know I have no right to be angry."

"There!" cried Bride; "I have spoken inconsiderately again. I came out to apologize to you, as John entreated me to do, and I see I have only repeated my offence. But, Ellen, I was going on to say more; I was going to ask you, as a great favour to myself, as something I shall value beyond any gift that could be given me, to send me back to the house with some little word of explanation that would make us all happy together again. A very few words would, I am sure, be enough to make all the painful impressions of last night pass away like a dream. Cannot you take me for a friend so far as to speak them privately to me? Perhaps I may not always have appeared as cordial and kind as, indeed, I have felt; but never in my life have I begged anything of any one as earnestly as I beg this of you. Do not refuse to satisfy me; do not reject me as a friend."

Ellen did not answer immediately; she turned away her eyes from Bride's agitated face, and looked down for some time at the castle beneath them, with its dear old familiar turrets and its ivy-clad upper windows, through which so many editions of her childish self seemed to look out at her, beckoning her back to it. A strong feeling came to her as she looked; that having or not having Bride Thornley for a friend, meant for her restoration to all the old joys of home, or going out solitary somewhere—into a wilderness.

But it would not do to balance consequences. She had decided what was the honest course a few minutes before, and could only speak the words that pledged her to it. She turned towards Bride again, and saw as she began to speak to her, how all the late kindly emotions died out of her face, and how it stiffened into hard disapproval as she completed her sentence. "I am sorry," Ellen faltered, "but I think it had better rest as my brother and I decided when we talked together just now. I am not sure that we did right in coming here; and I am quite sure we are doing right in going away. We shall only make it worse by talking."

"My first feeling was the same as yours, I confess," answered Bride, coldly; "but I promised my brother to use all the influence I had to dissuade you from a resolution which he thought too unfriendly. He at least has been a consistent friend to you and yours."

"We know it," said Ellen, sadly, "Pelham and Connor and I; and we are grateful. You will never believe that of me again, I am afraid, but it is true."

They left the terrace and walked back to the house in silence, parting at the hall door. Bride sought out her brother in his study to tell him of her failure, and Ellen went back to her mother's room. She feared she had another hard task awaiting her there, but she found that Pelham had spared her all trouble by expressing his wish to return to Eagle's Edge so decidedly that Mrs. Daly had no heart left to make objections.

Not only was Pelham's will law to her, but the suspicion roused by his manner, that his pride had received a wound, awoke an answering pride in her that stilled every remonstrance, and steeled her to play her part with the quiet, cold dignity of former times. Not for worlds would she allow John Thornley or Lesbia to suspect a shade of reluctance in her to leave a house where her son had possibly been slighted.

It was announced through the household that Mr. and Miss Thornley had postponed their journey to London indefinitely, and the carriage that had been brought out to carry them to meet the public car was remanded for an hour,

and ordered to come round again by and by to convey Mrs. Daly and Ellen to Eagle's Edge.

Lesbia wandered vaguely from room to room, too restless to settle to any occupation, and too secretly uneasy in her conscience to venture on the close cross-questioning of John and Bride that anxiety and curiosity prompted. If only she had had courage to acquaint Bride with that foolish little incident of the shamrock wreath, and with the still more foolish birthday visit, and the little notes and love-tokens from Connor that Murdock Malachy had been surreptitiously forcing upon her during these last days, she would have felt freer now to act according to her wishes, and as mistress of the house resent the summary dismissal of her own invited guests. But for these recollections she might even have ventured (was she not a great heiress, and perhaps obliged on that ground to take more upon herself than became other girls?) to push open the library door, which all the morning stood just ajar, affording her a glimpse of Pelham Daly standing in the recess of the new bay window and playing the devil's tattoo on a pane; and entering, she might have broken in on his reverie with some little question that would have led on to an answer at least, perhaps to an explanation of their going away that would let her know a great deal more than Bride or John could tell. There could be no harm in just that. Why Bride herself had approvingly read aloud to her the history of an heiress who in very long verses drew a purple curtain, and disclosed herself to her poet lover—

"With her two white hands extended, as if
 praying one offended,
And a look of supplication, gazing earnest
 in his face."

Lesbia stood on tiptoe in the middle of the drawing-room, and craned her neck to catch a glimpse of her own face reflected in the round convex mirror, which repeated the glories of the room in a long, lessening vista. But she had been crying, and her eyes showed the red lines round them terribly plainly; and she thought she looked a fright, and did not dare go into the library and enact Lady Geraldine's courtship just yet; and the moments and the devil's tattoo went on—and on—and on—till the opportunity was lost. There was a noise of carriage wheels on the ground; voices were heard calling in the hall; John and Bride came out of the study together; Ellen and Mrs. Daly appeared slowly descending the stairs; the music on the library bay window-pane ceased suddenly; and the question of whether to enter or not to enter the half-opened door, was decided for vacillating Lesbia without further consideration on her part.

Some of the out-door servants, old friends of the Dalys, whose services Lesbia had retained, assembled round the hall door to take a last look at the departing guests, and say "good-bye." It made a diversion of interest, and caused a little confusion at the last that was equally welcome to Ellen and to Bride, as it covered any lack of cordiality in the manner of leave-taking which might otherwise have been too apparent. Mrs. Daly leaned out of the carriage window as they were driving away, to take a last look at the castle, and wave a farewell to their late hosts; but Ellen and Pelham equally avoided last looks at anything, or any one, and would not appear to see that John and Lesbia had followed them to the end of the terrace, and were looking after the carriage with an intentness somewhat inconsistent with the hurried, cold good-byes.

"This is my real farewell to the castle," Mrs. Daly said, as she sank back into the carriage when they had passed the gate. "When we left it last autumn I could not think of the place, and now I hardly understand why it is so hard for me to tear myself away. My love for Castle Daly has indeed come too late; if I had only felt about it as I do now when I carried you all off to England, five years ago, I should have acted a very different part, and

results might have been different. I might not be leaving it a widow to-day; it might be home still."

Ellen took her mother's hand and kissed it, feeling that she had never loved her half so well before as she did now that the word of regret had passed her lips; and when sorrow was no longer a sealed subject between them.

During the rest of the silent drive to Eagle's Edge, her mind was full of recollections of the first time they had left the castle. Her mother blamed herself; but was it all her fault? One by one the circumstances that led to their first banishment recurred to Ellen's memory. It was a rash act of Connor's, connived at and concealed by her, that had been the final cause of their departure then—then, as to-day. Should she call this strange repetition of events in her life a strange fate?—or was it true, as she had read in a philosophical German novel the other day, that character makes fate; and that lives woven and interwoven with each other will still repeat the same events, and clothe themselves in the same colours, while the characters remain unchanged?

To be continued.

THE GREVILLE JOURNALS.

II.

The more one reflects on the *nature* of this publication, the more impressed one is with the conviction that it is one of the greatest violations of social propriety that the present century has witnessed. It is bad in its original conception, and still worse in its practical execution. The work has, however, obtained so much celebrity that some parts of it ought not to be left without their antidote.

Owing to Mr. Greville's position as Clerk of the Council, he was in the habit of having frequent intercourse with his Sovereign, who, in the earlier portions of his Journal, was His Majesty King George IV. It appears from the Journal that the King treated him with much kindness, and even familiarity. In Dec. 1821 Mr. Greville went to Brighton for a Council, when "he was lodged in the Pavilion, and dined with the King" (p. 49, vol. i.). At a dinner to the Jockey Club they "sat opposite each other." "The King," says Mr. Greville, "was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table, and recommending to me all the good things" (p. 134, vol. i.). Again, after a Council, "the King called me, and talked to me about race-horses." The King then showed him over the newly-restored and fitted-up Windsor Castle, for Mr. G. says, "*We* walked over the castle, which is nearly finished" (p. 146). Again, "I was standing close to him at the Council, and he put down his head and whispered, 'Which are you for, Cadland or the mare?' (meaning the match between Cadland and Bess of Bedlam): so I put down my head too, and said, 'The horse;' and then, as we retired he (the King) said to the Duke, 'A little bit of Newmarket'" (p. 148). Mr. Greville, it should be observed, had the management of the Duke of York's racing stud, and was himself on the turf. There are many little traits of the King which the Journals contain, which are interesting as throwing some light upon his character. When "the Duke of Wellington was in danger the King was sensibly affected" (p. 55). When his brother, the Duke of York, had been "dangerously ill," it is recorded that "His Majesty has since been very much annoyed about the Duke, cried a great deal when he heard how bad he was, and has been twice to see him" (p. 83).

After the death of the Duke (who died in debt), "the king ordered that the funeral should be public and magnificent. . . . He showed great feeling about his brother, and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke was himself unable to provide for. He gave 6,000*l.* to pay immediate expenses, and took many of the old servants into his own service" (p. 89). Amongst those servants was one, Batchelor, who had been the Duke's valet, and who was taken by the King in the same capacity. "The King instructs him in his duties in the kindest manner, likes to have him about him, and talks a great deal to him." "The King reads a great deal, and every morning has his boxes brought to him, and reads their contents" (p. 144). Again, "There was a Council last Thursday, and the heaviest Recorder's report that was ever known, I believe: seven people left for execution. The King cannot bear this, and is always leaning to the side of mercy." In the last year of the King's life, both his eyes became affected. He determined to "have the operation performed when they were fit for it: the King never evinced any fear on these occasions; he was always

perfectly cool, and neither feared operations nor their possible consequences. When he had a very painful and dangerous operation performed some time ago upon his head, he was not the least nervous about it, nor at all afraid of dying, for they told him he would very likely not recover" (p. 236).

Such are some of the records in these Journals of the conduct of George IV. after he became King. I happen to have seen a letter from a nobleman, who knew him well as Prince of Wales, and who had not the slightest reason for writing to his friend what he did not believe. The friend wanted the nobleman's interest to procure him some post under Government. He answers, "*I* can do nothing; apply to the Prince; for it is a very striking part of the character of our Prince of Wales, that he was never known to do an ill-natured thing, but, on the contrary, whenever he sees occasion, is ever ready to do good to any one." (July 1801.)

The Duke of Wellington seems to have talked to Mr. Greville in the most confidential way, giving him his opinions of his Sovereign without reserve. Mr. Greville says, "I asked the Duke whether, with all the cleverness he thought belonged to the King, he evinced great acuteness in discussing matters of business; to which he (the Duke) replied, 'Oh no, not at all, the worst judgment that can be.'" As I was not in the habit of noting down what Mr. Canning said to me, I can only say, from memory, that he entertained the very opposite opinion of the King's intellectual powers.

Thus far, then, with the exception as to his cleverness, all that I have collated from the Journals is favourable to George IV. With His Majesty's next brother, the Duke of York, Mr. Greville lived, as I have before observed, on terms of the most confidential intimacy, and, to his friend, the Duke confided his opinions "concerning the affairs of the Royal Family." However, Mr. Greville tells us, that "he (Mr. G.) neglected to note them down at the time, and generally forgot them afterwards. I must acknowledge, however," he observes, "that they do not interest me so much as they would many other people. I have not much taste for Court gossip." To those who have read the book, this strange averment must be amusing. But from these half-"forgotten stories," told by a man whose quick and confused utterance made him difficult to understand, of a brother whom Mr. Greville was "persuaded was subject to occasional impressions which produced effects like insanity" (p. 74), the sweeping conclusion which he ventures to draw, and to record for publication at some future time, is that "the King [his Sovereign!] acted a part in which his bad temper, bad judgment, falseness, and duplicity were equally apparent" (p. 73, vol. i.). After this conclusion the Journal relates two stories respecting the King's conduct concerning which (even on an *ex-parte* statement) it is doubtful whether the King was really to blame.

In vol. i., there is to be found a conversation with one of the King's most intimate friends, *who is now alive*, which took place in January, 1829, about eighteen months before he died. The King was then very corpulent, beginning to break, and suffering from a painful disease. The King's friend, little dreaming that the man with whom he was conversing was listening attentively to all that he said, in order to insert it in his Journal, but doubtless fancying that he was confidentially talking with one who "had not much taste for Court gossip," in the innocence of his heart revealed to him certain sayings of His Majesty, such as any ailing, irritable old man might have been betrayed into uttering in a moment of distress. Amongst other things which he was reported to have said was, "I wish to God somebody would assassinate Knighton" (the King's Privy Purse, and confidential adviser). But, in page 31, vol. ii., there are these words: "Knighton's attentions to him in his last illness were incessant; whenever he thought himself worse than usual,

and in immediate danger, he always sent for Sir William."

Mr. Greville's *charitable* deduction from His Majesty's irritable talk is that it confirms "the opinion which he had long had, that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog, does not exist than this King on whom such flattery is constantly lavished." And then come some moral reflections (ludicrous under the circumstances), which were evidently written before the ink was dry with which he had been noting down for future publication the unguarded and confidential observations of his friend!!

But this is hardly the worst. Mr. Greville knew well Batchelor, the King's valet, from his having been the valet of the Duke of York. He was in the habit of sending for this man, to question him about his Sovereign's habits; the man also calls upon him, to tell him "all sorts of details concerning the interior of Windsor and St. James's." All these details are noted down in the Journal, with the most virulent and insulting comments on all that he has thus picked up. Supposing that the details were true, is not this a mean and unworthy occupation for a gentleman to be employed in? Surely the opinions of an individual, who seems to have had so little consciousness of the true nature of what he was doing, are not worth so much as the paper on which they are written. Nothing seems to have given him any qualms of conscience, not even when he entered in his diary—"Lord Holland said, Fox made it a rule never to talk in Dr. Johnson's presence, because he knew all his conversations were recorded for publication, and he did not choose to figure in them" (p. 317, vol. ii.).

The character of George IV., doubtless obscured by many faults, has been most unjustly treated. Nothing can be more unfair than the grossly exaggerated description given of it by a celebrated novelist now no more. But then *he* had never had any personal friendly relations with his Sovereign, as was the case with the author of these Journals. He therefore was not debarred by social personal considerations from using public materials as he pleased; but the great unfairness in his work consists in having recourse, in order to blacken the King's memory, to the unworthy rhetorical artifice of exhibiting the faults and shortcomings which he imputed to the King, in glaring contrast with the noblest actions of the noblest men. If a man's life is to be so dealt with, who can bear it? But I will not further pursue this painful subject.

Many who are now dead, and some who are still alive, look back with gratitude to the memory of George IV., who, however much he may be vilified by Mr. Greville, had assuredly in his conduct, as King of this great nation, the welfare of his people at heart.

When Mr. Canning died, the King showed his approbation of his policy by doing his best to keep his cabinet together. Lord Goderich was selected as Premier, who, though endowed with very considerable ability, was not a fitting man to bear the weight of responsibility which that important post laid upon him. It was too true, as one of the poets of the day sung—

> "He could not fill a 'parted giant's place."

How, he was asked, could

> "Thy shoulders that incumbent world abide,
> Which Atlantean Canning dropped and died?"

He had no confident answer to give. The breaking up of his Government, indeed, was not long deferred; and the King, after doing everything in his power to enable the Ministers to go on, at last made up his mind—no doubt reluctantly—to send for the Duke of Wellington. The account Mr. Greville gives of these transactions contains more or less of truth. But the great question with those who, like myself, were chiefly interested in the conduct of Mr. Canning's followers, was what course Mr. Huskisson, Lord Dudley, and the others would pursue. They decided on accepting the offers of the Duke.

My impressions at the time were recorded in writing, and as what there

is of value in Mr. Greville's Journals chiefly depends on the account which they give of the actual impressions made by passing events on those who were alive at the time, I copy from a private letter (written by me on the spur of the moment), what relates to the position of affairs at the time when Mr. Huskisson accepted :—

"CUSTOMS, *Jan.* 21, 1828.

"I DO not like the new Ministry, nor do I think Huskisson has done well.

"In the first place, the Premiership and Leadership in the House of Lords are in the hands of an *Ultra*—that Ultra, the Duke of Wellington, who will probably have more power over the army than if he were Commander-in-Chief. In the next place, the second station in the Government—that of leader of the House of Commons—is in the hands of Peel, who has identified himself with the Ultra party. In the third place, the Home Secretaryship is in the hands of Peel, an Anti-Catholic, with William Lamb, to be sure, as Irish Secretary, but with Lamb in that situation that he may be any moment incapacitated for holding it by the death of his father. In the fourth place, there is Goulburn in the second situation in the House of Commons—for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer is so considered. Now Goulburn has a certain degree of talent, a Parliamentary reputation, and indefatigable application; *ergo*, the bigotry of his views is likely to be far more prejudicial and annoying than if he were a man destitute of those qualities. Then there is Herries in the Cabinet, after having been the means of breaking up the last Government by his conduct with respect to Huskisson and Goderich. There are likewise in the Cabinet Bathurst and Ellenborough.

"Opposed to these is Huskisson, but Huskisson degraded. It is certainly true that the Leadership of the House of Commons is what he is unfit for, what he did not wish for, and what the state of his health placed out of his power to hold *with life*. This is all true, but alas, the fact remains that he does not hold so high a place in this Government as he did in the last. Dudley comes next—a man without the reputation of consistency of character, or firmness of purpose—put in as a sort of head clerk to Mr. Canning; nevertheless, a *man* of splendid talents. Next comes Charles Grant, a minister of three months—not of those commanding talents to counterbalance his youth in the Cabinet. Then comes Palmerston, a man of little talent[1] and no consideration.

"These are the men who are to oppose their strength to the great name, great firmness, and tremendous official power of the Duke of Wellington—to the talents and name of Peel—to Bathurst, Goulburn, and Herries as allies. I must say I do not think that Huskisson has made the terms for himself which, as head of the Canning party, he might have made. I do not think that he ever ought to have joined a Government with the Duke of Wellington at the head. The truth is, the Canning party held the balance in the State, and neither of the two parties could have made a Government without them. Huskisson might have made *sine quâ non* terms with either, for without Huskisson I do not believe that Peel would have braved the House of Commons. This, then, is an *ultra* Government.

"I went yesterday to Huskisson to represent this state of things to him, but, as a man who is committed naturally does, he turned a deaf ear to what I said. I think he has some case certainly, and, if the Duke of Wellington be true, as Huskisson believes him to be, it may yet do: but *I* do not believe him to be true, and I prophesy that the result will be that, before three months are over, the Government, having been launched in his name, he will leave the Government, or be obliged to give up to the Ultras all his principles. I may be, and hope I shall be, mistaken, but if Huskisson could not manage Goderich, I do not see how he can manage Wellington."

[1] This was an erroneous estimate of his abilities: but it was then generally entertained.

Mr. Huskisson was out of the Government three months after he had joined it. It was owing certainly to his own bungling, of which the Duke took advantage, which His Grace could not have done had he not been Premier. Huskisson had made at Liverpool a speech about having guarantees for a Liberal policy, which had offended the Duke, and there can be no doubt but that the Duke was glad to get rid of him.

The last time I saw him was shortly before his tragical end. I met him walking up Grosvenor Place, when I asked him if he would go with me to Chantrey's studio to see the statue of Mr. Pitt, which now stands in Hanover Square. We walked there together, and when he saw it he was quite struck. He said "it was the most perfect likeness which he ever saw." Those, then, who reverence the memory of that great Statesman, may be assured that when they give a passing look at his statue, they are looking upon that which is really a true resemblance.

There was probably never a more thrilling scene than when, on the memorable occasion of the opening of the first railway in this island, Mr. Huskisson lost his life. There were about 100,000 people congregated near the spot where both his legs were crushed by the engine. What had happened was known to the whole of the vast concourse. There is something which strikes with deep awe in the stillness of a multitude. Whilst the sufferer was being lifted up, and his agonized wife and friends were hovering round him, not a sound was heard; the deadest silence prevailed, and it was not till he was removed from where he lay, and was carried off by the train, that the hum of sorrow arose, and the crowd gave vent to their lamentations. The Hero who had witnessed thousands of deaths in his battlefields, was (to his honour be it recorded) "deeply affected," although one of his most influential opponents was for ever removed from the political arena.

In forming his Cabinet the Duke had carefully excluded Lord Eldon, who had followed his Grace's example in resigning, when Mr. Canning invited him to continue as Chancellor. It appears from Lord Campbell's life of Lord Eldon that both the Duke and Mr. Peel thought he would be a most inconvenient colleague, and that they had very considerable difficulty in dealing with him. Mr. Peel wrote to him a very curious letter, which Lord Campbell prints, and describes as a "soothing" one. The treatment which the Ex-Chancellor met with from the Duke was, according to his Lordship's own account, more straightforward. It appears that almost as soon as His Grace had received the King's commands to form an Administration that he called on Lord Eldon, and "after he had sat down for some time, he proceeded to state the difficulties in which he found himself involved, from the various conflicting claims to office." On this Lord Eldon desired the Duke "not to consider him a conflicting claimant for *that* office," viz., the Chancellorship; evidently implying that he was a claimant for some other. "No offer therefore was made of *that* office," nor indeed of any other, and "the Duke left him without more said except something of repetition of conflicting claims generally." No further notice was taken of him, till all arrangements were made: then (at the end of about a fortnight) the Duke called on him, and a rather curious conversation ensued, which, considering the character of His Grace, seems to have had a still more curious *dénouement*. For, says Lord Eldon in a letter to his daughter, "We conversed together, till, as it seemed to me, we both became a good deal affected." There is something extremely comical in the idea of these two old fellows becoming tearful, because the aged Eldon had not got a place.

Thus in more ways than one the Duke as First Minister was free to act as he liked. His Premiership was, however, the one episode in his career which contributed nothing (but the contrary) to the undying fame which so justly attaches to his memory. He carried

Roman Catholic Emancipation, as his brother, Lord Wellesley, one of the most eminent of British Statesmen, predicted to me (fourteen months before it happened) that he would do, but he carried it in a way which produced some disastrous results. In order to accomplish it, he had to ride rough-shod over his Sovereign, which no doubt was very painful to him, but he believed that civil war was the alternative. One all-important measure in the Act, the true bearing of which was evidently unperceived by either the Duke or Sir Robert, and is rarely, if ever, noticed, was the concession of the principle of Reform. The Irish 40*s.* freeholders were *dis*franchised at once. The franchise, therefore, was no longer treated as sacred and inviolable. There was little need for this step, for the whole class would have rapidly diminished, and would have been extinguished in a very few years, had the act forbidden any more of these freeholders to be created. This concession of principle Mr. Pitt, in his Reform Bill, carefully avoided. Three years afterwards, when the flood of reform set in, *dis*franchisement had ceased to be a matter of principle, and had become with the Tory Leaders a matter of expediency. *They* had disfranchised by wholesale—why not their opponents? Their most powerful argument against the main principle of the Reform Bill was thus cut from under them. With only a miserable expediency to support them, they had to submit to the most daring and venturous experiments which had ever been tried on the British Constitution. The Emancipation Act had conceded the vital principle of the Reform Act. Such are the effects of conceding principles — sure sooner or later to occur. Once abandon them, and there is no knowing how soon, and in what manner, you may feel the consequences.

In pressing the Emancipation Act, the Duke of Wellington abandoned the main of his ultra views in domestic affairs. In his foreign policy he still adhered to them, and the evidence is too strong to allow of doubt that he recommended Prince Polignac, as the Minister, to the unfortunate Charles X. The Prince was a dull, and obstinate, and, unhappily, a bold man. The boldness of wisdom is safety, but the boldness of folly is ruin. With skilful secresy, worthy of a better cause, the celebrated *Ordonnances* burst like a shell on the terrified city. For two days, at least, the Dynasty might have been saved by their withdrawal, but the King and his Ministers, in their blindness, refused all concession. When, towards the end of the second day, Madame de Gontaut, the Governess of *Les Enfans de France*, assailed the Prince with bitter reproaches, telling him that he was robbing her pupil of his Throne, and imploring him to get the King to retract, the only answer which she could obtain was, "*Calmez-vous, Madame, tout ira bien.*" Three days afterwards, with whitened hair, he was flying for his life. The Dauphin saw through a telescope, from the terrace at St. Cloud, the white flag hauled down from the Tuileries, and the *tricolor* hoisted in its place. Then was the King at last aroused from his apathy. The cards with which, according to custom, he had been playing during these scenes in the capital, were dismissed, and the abdicated Monarch and his family set out on their dismal journey to the coast, never again, with the exception of the boy Prince, to revisit their native land. Nevertheless, the progress was not without dignity. There was no attempt at diguise or concealment. The fallen Monarch was surrounded by his guards, who remained faithful to him to the end. All Europe watched every stage of his retreat, and he embarked, without being in any way molested, for that happy land, which has so long been a secure asylum alike for exiled rebels and for exiled Kings.

This convulsion in France shook society to its foundations throughout the whole of Europe, and this country sorely felt the shock. Never shall I forget the gloom and dread which spread over society for several weeks. In all parts of the country, gentlemen's houses were attacked by the surrounding popu-

lation. Mr. Greville mentions his aiding in quelling disturbances. Threatening letters from "Swing" spread terror and dismay around. Farm-yards in all directions were in flames. On one single night, at a country house in a county adjoining Middlesex, *five* farm-houses were seen blazing from the windows. There was no scarcity of food, but the contrary. Old Cobbett, in describing these scenes, remarked that "The firmament was illuminated with the blaze of ricks, the result of bountiful harvests." In the midst of this state of affairs the Duke of Wellington made his celebrated declaration against all Reform. This sealed the fate of his Government. From that moment a very large measure of Reform was certain.

Meanwhile in France affairs were critical in the extreme. The Duke of Orleans had accepted the vacated throne under the title of *Louis Philippe*, and the miserable joke of the day was, that France had given a fillip to Europe. That he had carefully abstained from all intrigue against Charles X. I have strong reasons for believing: that his wife and children wept at the departure of the King and his family I was assured at the time on the best authority. The Duke of Wellington, wisely, at once recognised him as King. His character was chequered by qualities, some really great, and some the very reverse of great. On two remarkable occasions, when he first came to the Throne, he displayed the greatest courage and judgment—one which Mr. Greville notices (p. 99, vol. ii.), and which was in the newspapers at the time. When all Paris was in the streets at midnight, in the very depth of winter, in a state of the greatest excitement, the King "sallied from the Palais Royal on horseback, with his son, the Duc de Nemours, and his personal *cortége*, and paraded through Paris for two hours. He was received with shouts of applause, and reduced everything to tranquillity."

The other occasion was very similar, but strange to say, is hardly known. I never saw a printed account of it. It was told me by a person on whose veracity I rely, who was with the King throughout the whole scene. It was at the time when the trial of Prince Polignac was proceeding. News came to the Palais Royal that the *Faubourgs* were up, and were marching on the Palace, with loud cries of "*À bas Louis Philippe! Mort à Polignac!*" There were in the garden of the Palace upwards of 20,000 of the National Guard. The King calmly waited till the *Place Royale* in front was completely full. He then, attended by about a dozen persons (he himself and the rest wearing plain clothes), ordered the gates to be opened. On his appearance (as he indicated his intention to walk on), the crowd next the gates made way for him; and he advanced, the crowd still receding, to the opposite end of the Place, where there was a heap of paving-stones, on which he and his attendants mounted. Then, taking off his hat, he waved it to procure silence. Silence being obtained (those Frenchmen are wonderfully emotional), he cried out in a loud, clear voice, which was heard all over the Place, "*Messieurs, que voulez-vous?*" Hundreds of excited voices replied, "*La vengeance! la vengeance! Mort à Polignac!*" When silence had been again obtained, he said, in the same audible voice as before, "*Messieurs, vous n'aurez pas la vengeance; vous aurez la justice.*" The crowd were dumbfounded. The National Guard issued from the garden, and slowly and gradually pressed the people out of the Place. The *émeute* was over; it was ended by the tact and courage of the King.

For many years France was governed by him with ability and success. The country was fairly prosperous; but its great bane was then, as it has been since, the too general prevalence of corruption. The event which contributed perhaps more than any other to the King's downfall was the Spanish marriages, in which he and his Minister, M. Guizot, played so profligate a part. The King signed the marriage treaty in a room on the walls of which hung a portrait of Louis XIV. Laying down

the pen with which he had signed it, and pointing to the picture, he triumphantly exclaimed, as, on a similar occasion his famous predecessor had exclaimed before, "*Il n'y a plus des Pyrenées.*" How vain were the boasts of both! and how equally vain were the efforts of the gigantic power of the First Napoleon to realize the idea. But the blindness of Louis Philippe was marvellous. Success, sought as he sought it, would have been fatal to his family's legitimate pretensions to the French Throne. For in refusing to comply with the very reasonable requisition of the British Government, that the wife of his son, the Duc de Montpensier, should renounce her claim to the Spanish Crown, in compliance with the Treaty of Utrecht, he resolutely asserted that that treaty was no longer binding, and that, in similar previous cases, no renunciations had been made. It is therein stipulated that whenever a Prince in the line of succession to the Throne of France married a Princess in the line of succession to the Throne of Spain, the Princess so marrying should renounce her claim to the latter throne in order to guard against the union of the two Crowns on the same head. Now, if this treaty be not part and parcel of the public law of Europe, the legitimate successors of Henri V. must be sought for, not in the House of Orleans, but amongst the numerous descendants of the *Duc d'Anjou*, the first Bourbon King of Spain. But rather than give up his cherished desire for the renewal of what is known in history as *the Family Compact*, Louis Philippe did not scruple to deny that no renunciation had been made, though in his own case, and in that of his sons marrying Princesses in the line of succession to the Spanish Throne, it had been done, as was proved by the papers which afterwards saw the light, and which also too clearly proved that the King and his Minister intentionally tried to deceive the British Government by false representations. From the time that these iniquitous scenes were enacted Louis Philippe lost his *prestige* in France. In them mainly originated the belief which prevailed that his views and objects were no longer patriotic, but dynastic. So long as he was all for the nation he was safe; but when the conviction arose that he was all for himself, his Throne tottered to its fall. He had evidently lost that self-respect which so distinguished him in the heroic acts which I have described; so that, with an army of tens of thousands of men surrounding the Tuileries, he was terrified into signing his abdication. It was in vain that his noble wife urged him to descend into the Court of the Carrousel. "*Montez à cheval,*" she cried; "*Meurs en Roi.* I will appear on the balcony, and will be seen praying for your life." No, no! he preferred life to honour, and determined on flight. For the last time the abdicated Monarch and his Queen descended the "*grand escalier*" at the Palace, when a curious incident occurred, which I heard at the time from one who was an eyewitness. The King had under his arm a portfolio, evidently containing very precious documents. Just as he got to the bottom of the stairs a person (it is believed that it was Cremieux, the Jew, afterwards a member of the Provisional Government) stepped up to him, and addressing him with "*Comment dont, Monsieur, portefeuille? Vous n'êtes pas Ministre,*" snatched it from him, and took possession of it. Not one of the attendants had the pluck to try to restore the portfolio to its owner; and the whole party proceeded, through the mob in the gardens of the Tuileries (not without great alarm) to the Place de la Concorde, where the *remise* was waiting which carried them away, as it proved, unmolested. Ary Scheffer, the celebrated painter, accompanied the King and Royal Family to the *remise*; and Mrs. Grote, in her life of Scheffer, records the fact that the King kept calling out, "*Où est donc mon portefeuille? Sauvez mon portefeuille pour l'amour de Dieu.*" "Scheffer," she says, "caught the portfolio from the hands of one of the attendants, and threw it up to M. de

Damas, who had mounted beside the coachman."

But evidently the portfolio which was thus thrown up was not the portfolio about which the King was so anxious, even at that trying and hazardous moment, and Scheffer had no means of ascertaining that it was the right one. The contents of the real portfolio were afterwards published in the *Revue Rétrospective*. They were all those most secret and confidential papers about the Spanish marriages, which prove the duplicity with which Louis Philippe and M. Guizot dealt with the British Government. For a whole week the *locale* of the King and Queen was unknown to the world, and when he next emerged, it was in the character of Mr. Smith, at a small English seaport on the Sussex coast.

When the Duke of Wellington was asked whether he did not think it strange that the *déchéance* of the King should have taken place when surrounded by such an army, he replied in one of his epigrammatic sentences which convey a volume of meaning. "Why, I believe," he said, "it is usual, *usual*, for an army to have leaders—*leaders*."

It is a curious fact that within the first seventy years of this century no less than five French Monarchs have sought refuge in England; for the First Napoleon voluntarily surrendered to the British Admiral. When, oh, when, will our light-hearted neighbours learn the blessings of a stable Government, and of making the most of those vast resources with which they are so profusely blessed?

In vol. ii., from page 170 to page 174, there is a report of a conversation which Mr. Greville had with Mr. Arbuthnot, of which he says that he has "scribbled down all that he can recollect of a very loose conversation." Mr. Arbuthnot was a friend of the Duke of Wellington, to whom he confided everything; but, what with Mr. Arbuthnot's loose talk, and Mr. Greville's treacherous memory, the record is as curious a medley of truth and falsehood as can well be imagined. These sort of recollections ought never to have been published, as they are apt to leave on the mind of persons, not knowing better, impressions calculated to injure the reputation of persons now no more. Mr. Arbuthnot is reported to have said that "the Duke's principal objection to Mr. Canning was the knowledge of his having negotiated with the Whigs *previously* to Lord Liverpool's illness, which was communicated to the Duke, Mr. Arbuthnot would not say by whom."

Now, if Mr. Canning had done what he is here represented to have done, it would have been a base and treacherous act to Lord Liverpool and his colleagues. Whether Mr. Arbuthnot, in his loose talk, ever really said this to Mr. Greville is doubtful: whether the Duke ever said it to Mr. Arbuthnot is equally doubtful: whether any communication of the kind was ever made to the Duke is still more doubtful: but what is not doubtful is that in no way whatever did Mr. Canning ever communicate or negotiate with the Whigs *previously* to Lord Liverpool's illness. It was not till upwards of four weeks after that event, during which the supporters of the High Tory sections of the Cabinet had indulged in very offensive language about Mr. Canning, and when a recasting of the Administration had become imminent and indispensable, that a member of the Whig party ventured to let him know that, being confident that he would adhere to his principles, the Whigs were ready to support him.

Again, Mr. Arbuthnot is made to say that "Canning worked with a twenty-horse power; that his sensitiveness was such that he felt every paragraph in a newspaper that reflected on him; and that the most trifling causes produced an irritation in his mind which was always vented upon Lord Liverpool; and that every time the door was opened, he dreaded the arrival of a packet from Canning." Having been cognisant of the whole of the correspondence between Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, from the time of the acceptance of the Foreign Office by the latter to the

seizure of the former, I can truly say that every assertion in the above quotation is ludicrously false.

Again, Mr. Arbuthnot is represented as saying that "Canning never had a great opinion of Huskisson, nor really liked him, though he thought him very useful, from being conversant with the subjects on which he was himself most ignorant; but he did not contemplate his being in the Cabinet, and had no confidence in his judgment and discretion."[1] Existing documents prove that the one point which Mr. Canning most earnestly pressed on Lord Liverpool was the admission of Mr. Huskisson into the Cabinet. If Mr. Canning "never had a great opinion of him," what could have been his object, in talking to me, and speaking of him with affection and admiration? Do Mr. Canning's speeches on "trade and finance betray the ignorance" which Mr. Arbuthnot is here said to have imputed to him? These comments are hardly worth making, only a careless public are too apt to take their view of the characters of great statesmen from publications such as this which I am now considering.

There is much in these volumes respecting Lord Brougham, a truly extraordinary man, who obtained and maintained during a long life a most prominent position amongst his celebrated contemporaries. The passages relating to him are chiefly comments on his actions, not records of his private conversations, and therefore, no objection can be made, on the score of breach of confidence, to the strength and vehemence of the alternate praises and vituperations which are lavished upon him. He was certainly a man of marvellous ability, endowed with an amount of knowledge and information such as is rarely contained in a single head. At the same time, there was a spice of truth in the sarcasm which one of his intimate friends addressed to him, when he said, "With a little knowledge of law, Brougham, you would know a little of everything." One of the greatest mistakes, however, which he made in his scientific performances, was when, in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, he ran down, and for a time diverted public attention from, the discovery of the undulatory theory of light which was made in the early part of the century by the celebrated Dr. Young. At the period when Lord Brougham was Lord Chancellor, I was travelling alone in the mail coach to Cambridge with the late Master of Trinity (Dr. Whewell), when he told me of a curious event which had just occurred at Paris. The celebrated M. Arago had had to pronounce at the institute an eulogium on Dr. Young, and having dwelt long and triumphantly on his wonderful theory of light, he exclaimed at the conclusion—"And how was this most marvellous and important discovery treated by his brethren in England? Did they all rush into each other's arms in a transport of delight and congratulation? Alas! alas! far from it. It was written down in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. And who was the author of the article? Again, alas! alas! he was no other than the present Lord High Chancellor of England."

Dr. Whewell expected that when this came to be known in England it would make a great sensation, but as it was, I believe, the story never appeared in print, and I never heard of it in any other quarter. Somewhere in the course of 1862, I told the story to the late Lord Clarendon. He observed when I had done, "I dined in company with the Master of Trinity six weeks ago, when he told us this same story."

It is doubtful whether Lord Brougham has left as deep a mark on the generation in which he lived, as some men of far less power and ability.

A. G. Stapleton.

[1] *Vide* p. 137, vol. iii.

THE SPRIGHTLY BALLAD OF MINIKEENA;

OR,

THE FAIRY AND THE RABBIT.

"Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam.
In tenui labor."

VIRGIL, *Georg.* iv. 3.

"Varium et mutabile semper
Fœmina" (*Fay Minnie*).

ÆNEID iv. 569.

A Tailor, howsoever loth
To botch his work, will surely do it,
Unless he measure first his cloth,
Then cut his coat according to it.

A Tar of Navigation's rules
No more cognoscent than a barber,
May drift upon the 'Isle of Fools,'
But ne'er will moor in Corinth's harbour.[1]

A Bard whose Muse like mine is wheezy,
And Pegasus but stiff and spare is,
Should seek for *burthens* light and easy;
And that is why I sing of Fairies.

And of that Lilliputian class
There ne'er in moonlit glade was seen a
Minuter one by man or ass,
Than my small heroine Minikeena.

No tremor shook the fern or flower,
However hard she flounced upon it;
She'd sidle through the densest shower
Nor damp a feather in her bonnet.

In boddiee low and kirtle brief,
With alpenstock of straw to guide her,
She'd leap from rose-bush leaf to leaf,
Or up its cobweb chase a spider.

On cushioned cup-moss prim she sat,
With pollen was her *pistol* loaded;
And when she rode out on her bat
It seemed an elephant she goaded.

[1] "Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum."—*Latin Proverb.*

Rain-pool in cabbage-blade's recess
Did oft as swimming-bath bestead her;
She'd fling the waiting-snail her dress,
And from the kail's top take a header.

But swimming, I regret to say,
Was not her only 'fishy' feature;
Miss Min so fair, so smart, so gay,
Was a most wicked little creature:

Bad both in conduct and intentions,
For ever in some mess or other;
As much from deeds as in dimensions,
She might have passed for "Mischief's mother." [1]

With all the frailties of her sex
She set no bounds to her vagaries:
"De minimis non curat lex,"
You cannot take the law of Fairies.

Her malice never lacked a handle,
Foes to embroil or friends to sever;
She strained her small throat screaming scandal,
And never went to Church—O never.

The staple of her tongue was lies,
And with her fist and foot she clinch'd 'em;
She played Domitian with the flies; [2]
And when she nursed elf-babes she pinch'd 'em.

She'd prig Titania's wine and cake,
And naughty nicknames had yclept her;
She'd flirt with Oberon, and make
Fun even of his crown and sceptre!

Aside when smiled the Royal Fay,
His spouse, on finding Min a-missing,
Would peer about his curls and say,
"Now, Oberon, was that baggage kissing?"

With waist no thicker than my pen
The quantity she ate was puzzling;
She'd munch a chestnut up, and then
Of blackberry-blobs no end of guzzling.

[1] This venerable female is not larger, it is stated, than a "midge's wing." Her son, on the other hand, is of gigantic proportions, so that the *family* scale of magnitude is greatly above the average standard.

[2] This Roman emperor derived great amusement during his earlier years from the perforation or impalement of flies—"stylo præacuto." (Suetonius, *Domit.* cap. 3.) As he grew older he changed his hand to their advantage, and gave all the carnivorous flies of Rome frequent and luxurious banquets in the Circus, and even in his own private apartments. On one occasion, however, he inflicted a terrible disappointment on them in his dining-room. For the particulars of this gross act of tantalizing cruelty, see Dion, lxvii. 9.

Yet from the Fair when Hodge reeled past
She'd flout the fool with mocks and mooings;
—But it is time to tell the last—
The last as *hoped*—of her misdoings.

One of her most unseemly habits,
Which the long list of them discloses,
She called "a-poking fun at rabbits,"
—Prodding prickles into their noses!

Now one eve as she lay half-hid
For this fine taste of hers to cater,
What do you think the Rabbit did?
Why, Sir, 'od rabbit him—he ate her!

He gulped her like a bell(e) of heather,
No speck of blood was there for staunching;
Her lovely limbs went down together—
The bones being quite too small for craunching.

A big black Beetle from the ground
Witnessed this murderous entombing,
And quickly the whole country round
A full report of it was booming

With tone and garb much like a Cleric's
The deglutition scene he painted,
Till half the Elves were in hysterics,
And one, a Six-inch fellow, fainted.

Doubt and dismay perplexed their brains,
Made some look down, and more behind 'em;
"However altered Min's remains,
Somebody ought to try and find 'em."

One scratched his head; one shook his mutely;
A third declared his anguish *blinding;*
—At last an M.D. Elf astutely
Questioned "*if aught remained for finding.*"

"The tender frame—the solvent juices!"
(Here Six-inch staggered like Ebriety),
—This peptic theory reduces
At once the little folk's anxiety.

"None surely could expect to strain
Dear Minnie out of a solution?"
—On this a small Divine grew fain
To air his sacred elocution.

He said that "on that doleful day
Some serious words he must deliver;
In their dear Sister's house of clay
He had no interest whatever.

"Her earthly tabernacle now,
What signified its state or station?
Dissolved, disposed of where or how,
His duty was t' improve th' occasion.

"And sure was he they'd all determine,
—No fairy there was knave or blockhead—
'Twere meet to have a funeral sermon;"
—And then he pulled one from his pocket.

But soon as from an arid sample
His hearers twigged the stale commodity,
Six-inch fell snoring—for example,
The others sniggering at its oddity.

In strong though scarce distinctive traces
Depicted he the 'dear departed,'
Dwelt on the "meek, mild, modest graces
Of their lost *Saint*"—*the sleeper started.*

"Passing through life unsmirched and featly,
In her whole chaste career was seen a
Road-guide for all who'd walk discreetly;"
—Imagine this of Minikeena!

"Foibles no doubt might be imputed,
Freakishness every Fay inherits,
But now one dear Friend is—transmuted,
Ponder we solely on her merits!"

Then all—Titania most—looked grieving,
The royal tears were heard to patter;
—The whole affair was make-believing,
So wet or dry the d—l a matter.

But while prevailed that *quasi* gloom,
It was agreed—how Puck did laugh!—
"To *carve* Min's 'merits' on her *tomb!*"
—Meaning of course a *cenotaph.*

These offices of love being ended,
—Fairies like men are somewhat changeful,—
The hour had come it was contended
For thoughts of blood and deeds avengeful.

That Beast, the cause of their distress,
Some vowed they'd hang, some swore they'd stab it;
Audible language can't express
The retributions pledged the Rabbit.

To rack, to flay, each bosom burned
To split his sconce, his neck to wring round;
But what their own heads almost turned
Was how the deuce to bring the thing round.

This point to fix—for time was fleeting,
And business pressing, home and foreign—
A General Indignation Meeting
Was called—a good way off the Warren.

And that their Dames might not be flustered,
Videttes were posted front and rear,
"The Minikeena Guards"[1] were mustered,
And General Lightfoot took the chair.

He took it and he held it steady,
Gave out the Order of the Day,
And then, exclaiming he was 'ready,'
Bade the first speaker 'fire away.'

Whereat, with spangle on his jacket,
Commodore Goodfellow rose lurching,
Stormed at the Rabbit, said he'd 'thwack' it,
And 'keel-haul' with oaths round and scorching.

"He'd rake the pirate fore and aft
—So put it he had the commanding—
That sank that gallant little craft
'The Min,' which had gone down all-standing.

"He'd *scut*-tle him—torpedes and mortars,
He'd blow the thief up for a shilling;
He'd board the corsair, d——n his quarters,
Spite of all his 'backing and filling.'"

He laughed at "teeth and at contusion,"
Was fierce 'gainst "onion-sauce[2] and veering;"
—He then roared out his Resolution
(Like a mosquito to *our* hearing):

THE RESOLUTION.

Whereas, despite of wands and warders,
And all the laws could pass a nation,
There's raging now within our borders
A new sort of assassination,
That slays in caverns black and coaly
Our loveliest Fays and most respectable;
Effecting their destruction wholly,
Leaving their bones e'en undetectable;
To brand said crime and wake beneath
His felon fur repentance thorough,
RESOLVED, *We pull the Rabbit's teeth,*
And roast him in his rotten burrow.

[1] This fine body of veteran Fairies had been so named by Oberon in compliment to Her whose person, alas, they had been unable to protect, but whose name and reputation they were ready as ever to emblazon and defend.

[2] Onion-sauce. It would seem that some one—most likely Puck—had proposed to *smother* the Rabbit in that condiment.

(Loud cheeps.) Sir Robin then gave place
To Lord Fitzmidge Augustus Noddy,
Who felt great interest in the case,
Having a very little body.

"Awful thing this," his Lordship said;
"He stood like Saul[1] among the Wizaws;
He hoped to die within his bed;
Confusion to all Wabbit's gizzaws!

"By Di,[2] when this affæaw befel,
It acted on him like a potion;
Weally he yet was faw fom well;
Much pleashaw seconding the Motion."

Puck then proposed—just like his capers—
To publish a Report and show
(Up) their proceedings in the papers,
That would strike terror in the Foe.

He said the Rabbit must disgorge
As soon as Goodfellow's oaths were printed,
And that 'my Lord' was like St. George
Upon a five-shilling piece new-minted.

The Meeting jumped[3] at his conclusion.
His Motion passed; the Chairman signed it;
Twelve Fays then left the Resolution
Against the Rabbit—where he'd find it.

But till the hour when he deceased—
The rascal was so heavy-witted—
He nothing read, nor knew the least
"What ignorant sin he had committed."[4]

So little Min was gone!—no more
Of that small joker's mirth or malice:
The glow-worms shone not as before
That night within King Oberon's palace.

His Majesty himself was knitting
His royal brows as dull as T—p—r,[5]
For she was not beside him sitting
Who used to wake the laugh at supper.

[1] Like Saul. Not strikingly like. Saul was "a choice young person and a goodly, and from his shoulders and upward was higher than any of the people" (1 Samuel ix. 2). Lord N. was devoid of these advantages.

[2] By Di. Diana or the Moon, the chief Elfin Divinity. This is a fashionable form of obtestation among the Fairies—equivalent to our 'By Jove!'

[3] Literally *jumped*—this being the ordinary mode among Fairies of intimating a joyful acquiescence. After a careful search, however, through the Journals (95,000 in number) of that period (June 1874), we have failed to find any such Report as Puck suggested.

[4] "Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?"—*Shakespeare.*

[5] Dull as T——. Violent hyperbole; no *Fairy* under any circumstances could be *that.*

How had she notched that mouse's chine!
His cup of pearl how oft she'd clink it!
He pushed away his cowslip wine
For lack of Her who loved to drink it.

His mutterings posed Titania, who
Kept vainly asking him "What *was* it?"
And then conjecturing the "Flue,"[1]
Gave orders for a honey posset.

But while that beverage was preparing
Crash went the door with sudden din,
And, their four eye-balls fixed and glaring,
Lightfoot and Goodfellow fell in.

The Royal tablecloth wild grasping,
The Royal soup-tureen reversing,
The General all white and gasping,
The Commodore all red and cursing!

Then shook the Hall one word of woe,
One name as fast as Fear could blab it;
"The Rabbit, ah! The Rabbit, oh!"
—From Lord Fitzmidge 'twas "Ee-e, the Wabbit!"

But Oberon, who disdained to breathe
Alarm, addressed with action pedal
That prostrate Pair, while from its sheath
Flashed out his sharp Toledo needle.

He pricked those Warriors as they lay,
With kicks their breeches he indented;
He kicked and pricked alternately
The highest parts which they presented.

He called the General "a d——d dunce,"
Twitted the Commodore with "veering,"
And bade them to "report" at once
Or look 'hat instant for cashiering.

So acupunctured thus, and hammered,
With execrations o'er them muttered,
"We climbed—we climbed," Goodfellow stammered,
"The Ra-Ra-Rath, Sir," Lightfoot stuttered.

"A long reed bore we free from flaws,
With cods' eyes[2] in it worked by pistons;
—This Puck had proved by optic laws
Would show the Warren from a distance.

"And with stern glances[3] to induce
Dismay in the remote offender,
We spied hard for a flag of truce,
Mayhap a signal of surrender.

[1] Influenza. [2] *Cods'* eyes—O Puck, Puck!
[3] Stern glances. Whether such missiles propelled through a telescope were likely to intimidate the so bombarded culprit of the Warren appears doubtful. They had always, however, been favourite projectiles with the distinguished officers who on this occasion employed them.

"Suddenly our vain searchings[1] ceased,
Close, by our naked eyes was seen a——"
"What?" exclaimed Oberon, "the Beast?"[2]
"No—'twas his victim—Minikeena!

"Her ghost, we mean—her wraith—her spectre,
Such was the shape our steps that followed,
Though, as the flying moonbeam flecked her,
She looked as she had *not* been swallowed.

"We saw her plain—her form—her pose;
Though sighting her we didn't linger;
The thumb of one hand touched her nose,
And stretched out was the little finger.

"Such gesture certes did appear
An insult to our cloth designed us,
So 'at the double' we came here,
Leaving the telescope behind us."

"Such stuff," the King cried, "ne'er was heard.
"By Di, if he knew what their craze meant!"
But at that moment there occurred
What e'en in Oberon caused amazement.

With glowing cheeks and gleaming tresses,
Laughing and skipping like good luck,
Appeared, in her most flounced of dresses,
"The Spectre," ushered in by Puck!

She curtsied here, she curtsied there,
No end to her salaams and sinkings,
Bent low before Titania's chair,
And thus addressed the King—with winkings:

"You know, my Liege, you well must know,
That the mere thought of giving trouble
Has often racked my breast with woe—
Has sometimes almost bent me double.

"And this young Gentlefay can state—
Come forward, Puck—if you misdoubt me,
How agonised I've been of late
At all this causeless fuss about me.

[1] Vain searchings. The optical apparatus Puck had constructed *reflected*, it is evident, little credit on its designer—was, in fact, we suspect, but another sample of his *dis*creditable 'capers.' The 'searchings' in question, however, might have proved 'vain' for another reason than defects in the telescope, viz. the non-existence of the objects sought for.

[2] The Beast. It has been disputed whether Oberon meant by this appellative the Rabbit—'simpliciter' and 'per se.' Unquestionably there was at that time great confusion in the minds of many of the Fairy community between the ideas of the Rabbit and the D——l, and from the prevalent estimate of Minikeena's character it seemed *à priori* not improbable that Satan himself should swallow her. From the reply to the King, however, it appears he was understood to refer exclusively to the minor embodiment of evil—the creature without horn or hoof, and with tail of contracted dimensions that was generally supposed to have performed the operation in question.

—"But where's the thing of aspect haggard
Lay blinking here two days or longer?
Where now is fled the blatant blackguard,
The stercoraceous scandal-monger?

"The sharded spy, the gobemouche vapid,
The twilight tamperer with truth,
Who swore, to spite me or the Rabbit,
That beast had eaten me forsooth!

"Me wriggling in its maw he painted,
Droned out he thence had heard a squealing,
And when my handsome friend here fainted
Hum-m-ed[1] at his tenderness of feeling.

"Yet see my skin still smooth and white,
My 'frame' compact with all its sap in;
In fact, the whole thing was the *bite*
Of a *canard* and not a *lapin*.[2]

"For while Sir Bunny, twitching round
A testy nose, his tusks was baring,
I cleared the bracken at a bound
And left the rodent rascal staring.

"In all thereafter did arise
From what my friends to what my ghost did,
Thanks to a chum or my own eyes
I am and have been fully posted.

"To nurse the virtues that had gained me
A place among the Saints and Martyrs,
'Twas this, your Majesty, detained me;
And—whisper—I had lost my garters."[3]

Thus chaffed she Oberon—then unbraided
Her golden ringlets, and, soft-whining,
Drew out her mouchoir's film, and made it
Like gossamer with dew a-shining,

And sobbed "her grateful tears must fall,
(Though they would make her eyes like ferrets'),
In proof how touched she was by all
Their attestations to her 'merits.'

[1] Hum-m-ed. We do trust, for the honour of Beetledom, that nothing more than its ordinary intonations were employed on the occasion in question, and that no such vile insinuation was intended as Miss M—— too sensitively suspected.

[2] Sap in—lapin. If M—— was responsible for these rhymes (and rhyming was among her absurdities), her pronunciation of French was evidently "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe."

[3] Lost—garters. If we suppose for a moment this statement to be correct, the loss to M—— would not have been a great one, as on all ordinary occasions she preferred wearing her stockings about her heels, and frequently (as in her rabbit forays) dispensed with them altogether.

"First to her Queen her thanks were due,"
With genuflexion low Miss Min said,
And mocking little fist askew,
Pressing her bosom like a pin's head.

"She'd treasure too till Fate should end her,
As testimonials apt and germane,
The Doctor's epithet of 'tender,'
And that *prompt* In memoriam Sermon!"

She hailed the Commodore 'True Blue,'
Lauded the General's 'gentility,'
And bore ecstatic witness to
The 'pluck' of both, and the—'*agility.*'

"For zeal so *active*—love so ample,
Still would she strive to keep before 'em
The type they prized—*her own example*
Of light, and sweetness,[1] *and decorum!*"

Then she perked up her pigmy body,
Then stooped, went waggling like a duck,
Then rushed with wolfish howl[2] at Noddy,
Then threw a somersault o'er Puck.

With tricks, quips, songs, assaulting, cheating,
She stirred the Hall from floor to rafter;
—One face she made like rabbit eating
Had almost choked Six-inch with laughter.

O'Lanthorn[3] danced, the glow-worms glittered,
Fitzmidge let slip "hee, hee," unwitting,
Behind her fan Titania tittered,
And Oberon—Oh his sides were splitting!

Replaced were then the soup, the chine,
Ants' eggs, bees' bags, and fryling finny;
And o'er pearl cup of cowslip wine
The toast rang "Welcome back to Minnie!"

But now my Muse is lacking rest,
So here this tuneful record closes
Of Her who once alike impressed
King Oberon's heart and Rabbits' noses.

J. S. D.

[1] Light and sweetness. A resemblance may be detected between these expressions and Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light." However this may be accounted for—on which a good deal might be said—it is probable, from her subsequent illustrations, that Minikeena understood the epithets in a somewhat different sense from that which the *human* philosopher attaches to them.

[2] Wolfish howl. Of course a *pianissimo* imitation, yet loud enough, in his Lordship's delicate state of health to agitate him extremely, and even threaten a recurrence of his late distressing malady.

[3] O'Lanthorn (Jack—the th sounded as in thin) an Irish crony of Minikeena. The O'Lanterns of Ireland, though closely connected with the humbler English Wisps, hold high position, and are much looked up to in their own country. Some fancy they discern the peculiar gait of the Chief of the Tribe—The O'Lanthorn—in the present Home-Rule movement.

THE CONVENT OF SAN MARCO.

IV.—SAVONAROLA AS A POLITICIAN.

The first great event which followed, in the public life of Florence and at the same time in the history of Savonarola, upon the death of Lorenzo dei Medici was the very curious and picturesque episode of the visit of Charles of Anjou—Charles the Eighth of France—to the city of Florence. A more remarkable and exciting incident has seldom found a place in any record of the risks to which small states are liable. There was no quarrel between Italy, so far as such a general title could be given to the Italy of that day, and France. Certainly there was no quarrel between Florence and France. But there has scarcely ever been a time when the many divisions, the contending cities, republics, and princedoms of Italy have not been a temptation to her bigger neighbours on every side of her. A country so rich and splendid could scarcely fail to awaken covetings; and nothing could give more opportunity to the invader than the condition of this warring family, every member of which clung with desperation to its own precarious independence, though quite indifferent to the enslaving of its brethren. The immediate cause of the French invasion was the usurpation of Ludovic the Moor, Ludovico Sforza, who had dethroned his own nephew, the rightful Duke of Milan, and reigned (like one of Shakespeare's dukes), keeping this nephew in confinement. The wife of the imprisoned prince, however, was the daughter of the king of Naples, who threatened Ludovico continually, and disturbed him in the possession of his usurped and ill-gotten power. To put an effectual stop to this disturbance, Ludovico invited France, in the person of her young and romantically-disposed monarch, to invade Italy and take Naples, a jewel worthy of even an imperial crown. France, history tells us—or at least all wise Frenchmen—resisted and disliked the enterprise; but, strangely enough, Italy, the country threatened with invasion, invited it, and rejoiced in the prospect; and even eyes so penetrating as those of Savonarola saw a deliverer divinely sent in the uncouth figure of Charles of Anjou, the least comely of all knights-errant. Nothing could more clearly show the despairing disgust of the people with their princes and their governments than this universal sentiment of welcome towards the foreign invader, who could scarcely fail to be the enemy of the commonweal. Lorenzo dei Medici had been dead about a year and a half, during which time his son Piero held a tottering sway in Florence, when the French army crossed the Alps. The first news of their setting out, exaggerated by all those popular tales of gigantic strength and barbarian ferocity which attach generally to all invaders, and which in those distant ages rumour gave full voice to, was received in Florence on one of the days when Savonarola preached in the Duomo; and thither the excited populace rushed to hear what he had to say about this terrible event. He had already warned them of One who should come, like a new Cyrus, over the hills to punish the wicked and purge Italy of her sins. As it happened, his series of discourses upon the building of Noah's ark—that spiritual house of refuge in which he had entreated his hearers to take refuge—had come to an appropriate and striking point which chimed in strangely with the event of which all his great congregation had just heard with excitement, agitation, and terror. "Behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters on the earth," were the words of his text. He gave it forth "with a terrible voice" over the heads of the hushed and awe-stricken multitude in the gloom of the great cathedral; his voice sounded like sudden thunder, and a shudder of painful interest and emotion rose through the vast assembly, moving the preacher as much as the hearers. He

had prophesied the death of the tyrant, and Lorenzo was dead; he had prophesied the coming of this Cyrus; and for a long time had held up, so to speak, over the head of the guilty city, that sword of the Lord, which was to avenge and destroy. Now the crisis and the very moment had come. The people, we are told, hurried through the streets after his discourse, "more dead than alive," in gloomy silence, not venturing even to confide to each other the alarm that filled their souls. They had indeed almost wished for, almost invited, the new Cyrus, feeling that indefinable hope in his coming which, when human circumstances are desperate, every great change brings with it. That, however, which was but an agreeable excitement at a distance, became more appalling as it drew near. And soon other news arrived, which added to the terrible uncertainty of the districts which lay in the invader's way, whether they were to regard him as the scourge of God or the great deliverer, both of which had been prophesied by the prophet. At the very beginning of the campaign the French dispersed the Neapolitan fleet, and, taking a small sea-side town, in which they had left a garrison, sacked and destroyed the unhappy little place; a terrible example and warning to all others. This happened when Charles was making his way across the flats of Lombardy; and Florence was the next stage in his progress. The town was rich, splendid, tempting in every way to the northern invader. The fighting men who had so often defended it were out of fashion; the Magnifico was no longer a firm and wise Lorenzo, but wavering and foolish; and the town itself watched its ruler like the unwilling captive it was, on the strain to catch the moment when it might twitch the chain by which he held it out of his unwary hand. This moment came very soon. Piero, in his fright, went out to meet his fate. When he heard of Charles's approach, he hurried to meet him, and, with signal folly, by way of propitiating the invader, put the only defences the intermediate country possessed into his hands, thus opening to Charles the way to the city without securing any conditions of compensation or guarantees of peace.

When the news of this base surrender reached Florence the whole city was in an uproar. Terror and indignation and passionate patriotism all united to make the populace half frantic with excitement. That fear which even the bravest may be permitted to feel for the fate of a great city full of helpless and unwarlike persons in the hands of a conqueror, mingling with the exasperation of a proud people betrayed, brought on one of those paroxysms of popular frenzy in which the mob is capable of almost anything—of heroic and sublime self-defence, or of mad license, carnage, and anarchy, according to the touch which sways it. Mutterings against the rich citizens who had made their wealth by oppression—against the partizans of the Medici party, the betrayers of the state—and against all rulers and authority—along with a feverish impatience to protect Florence, rose among the crowds like the gathering of a tempest. But, leaderless, counselless, as they were, one impulse swayed the people. They knew of one man at least whose voice was to be trusted, who would speak to them boldly and freely, without fear or favour—a man so deep in the counsels of Heaven that he had seen all along this trouble coming. With one accord they rushed to the Cathedral. "Such a dense mass of people had never been seen in it: they were so closely packed that no one could stir." The man in the pulpit, to whom they all looked, might no doubt have led that dark moving mass—Italian crowd of men, always remarkable to behold, thronging there in all the dim corners, scarcely visible except by the thrill of breath and motion, the gleam of dark eyes and stern faces—to meet the invader, and perhaps by miraculous momentary passion to turn him back; or might, with a spirit more congenial to the time and place, have given just the stimulus that was wanted to make the injured people avenge itself terribly upon its tyrants. He did neither. Stretching out his arms over the crowd, with all the emotion of one who shared their every tremor and pang, he called out to them to repent and pray. The Scourge had come, the blow had descended; but yet Florence was in the hand of a God never slow to

pardon. "Repent," he cried, "for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" and again, "Pardon, O Lord, pardon those Florentines who desire to be Thine." This was how Savonarola took the tide at its flood. He might have made himself autocrat—dictator—and so, indeed, for a time he was—and taken whatever revenge he pleased upon his enemies; but the only revenge he demanded was upon themselves, whose sins had caused this chastisement; and the remedy was reformation, not of the state only, but of every individual. The excited mass calmed down under this wonderful appeal. Their vows of vengeance against their betrayers died on their lips. In gravity and humility they dispersed to await the event, whatever it might be, with something like national dignity. The best men of the city, so long kept under, came to the front in this moment of general agitation; and the sense of tremendous danger—danger unspeakable, yet not unmixed with hope—fortunately subdued all dissensions among the bodies who still had power to do their best—to do something for the salvation of the city. While the Signory and their counsellors consulted, Savonarola held the populace as in a leash. He kept calm within the walls, whatever might be without, absolutely preventing, not only domestic tumult and anarchy, but those sudden and wild experiments of government which are as dangerous. The first excitement having been thus mastered, the city appointed another solemn deputation to go to Charles, and do all that was possible to be done to mend matters. One of these ambassadors, and the most important, was Savonarola. Before setting out he delivered another great sermon. "The Lord has heard your prayers, and caused a great revolution to end peaceably," he said. "If you would have the Lord continue His mercy to you, be merciful to your brethren, your friends—even your enemies. The Lord has said to you, 'I will have mercy.' Woe to them that disobey Him!" When he had left this solemn charge upon his great flock, the prophet turned, with a precaution in which there seems a certain humorous kindness, to the smaller immediate band of his followers, which had its special dangers too. He called the brethren of San Marco together in chapter, and warned them not to go about boasting that their prior was the ambassador of Florence to the king, but rather to keep within their convent walls and help him with their prayers.

Thus he set out on his mission. The reader need not be told Burlamacchi's simple tale of the miraculous draught of fishes brought into the net of the unwilling fisher at Librafratta, who was sent out in a storm to catch fish for the padre's dinner—a miracle quite unnecessary, by the way, since the simple historian himself adds that Savonarola ate nothing but an egg. He travelled on foot, with a few companions chosen from among his own monks, his noble colleagues in the mission having gone on before. These men, among whom was Piero Capponi, one of the most noble of living Florentines, had already had their interview with the king before the monks arrived. But the chief result they seemed to have obtained was to scare Piero dei Medici, who still lingered, after his ignoble bargain, among the hangers-on of Charles, and whom the arrival of a new Florentine embassy, elected independently of himself, and coming to protest against his shameful doings, woke up at once to the desperation of his own cause. At sight of them he hurried off back to Florence, where he was refused admission to the palace of the Signoria, except as a private individual, and finally driven out of the city, not without tumults and some bloodshed. Capponi and the rest, however, made little of Charles, who would promise nothing, and postponed all negotiation until he should be in Florence. With this most unsatisfactory decision they returned, full of fear and trouble, to the agitated city, which had begun to sack a few palaces, and fall upon a few Medici, by way of spending that overplus of excitement which now there was no preacher in the Duomo to still by his voice.

It was then that Savonarola reached the camp. Perhaps he thought his mission would be more successful were it unmingled with the arguments and negotiations of the statesmen, with which, indeed, it had nothing to do. He saluted Charles, when introduced to his presence,

as the "great servant of Divine Justice." As such the preacher had always regarded this king, who in himself was not great. And Charles was full of curiosity to see the man who had given him so elevated a mission, who had described him as the new Cyrus, the scourge of the wicked, the deliverer of the righteous. There was not, however, much food for vanity in Savonarola's address. He told the king, indeed, that, years before, this visitation had been revealed to him, and bade him enter boldly, gladly into Florence as the avenger of Him who triumphed on the Cross. "Nevertheless, most Christian king, listen to my words," said the prophet. "God's unworthy servant, to whom this has been revealed, warns and admonishes thee, by God's authority, that according to His example thou shouldst show mercy everywhere, and especially in Florence where (though there are many sinners) He has many servants and handmaidens, both in the world and in the cloister, for whose sake it is thy duty to spare the city. . . . In God's name I exhort and admonish thee to help and defend the innocents, the widows and orphans, and poor, and above all modesty and purity. . . . In God's name I admonish thee to pardon the offences of the Florentines and other people who may have offended thee. . . . Remember thy Saviour, who, hanging on the Cross, pardoned His murderers. Which things if thou doest, O king, God will increase thy kingdom, and give thee victory.[1] . . . But if thou dost forget the work for which the Lord sends thee, He will then choose another to fulfil it, and will let the hand of His wrath fall upon thee, and will punish thee with terrible scourges. All this I say to thee in the name of the Lord."

So spake the prophets to the ancient kings, who were, perhaps, scarcely more appropriate executors of the Divine will than Charles of Anjou. The king and his generals were moved by this remarkable address, and though no promises were made to Savonarola any more than to his colleagues, he returned with better hopes, and brought a little comfort with him to the gloomy and agitated city, in which his very presence was of itself a strength. He returned at once to his congenial work, restraining the people as he only could, speaking to them of mercy and judgment, of peace and brotherhood, while war and all its tumults were so near, and when any unguarded blaze of popular wrath might at any moment have destroyed the city, and given to history a sack of Florence with all its inevitable horrors.

Meanwhile Capponi and his colleagues made all the hasty preparations they could for a desperate resistance, should the worst come to the worst. In this condition of affairs, Florence had to do what many an individual has to do in the exigencies of private life, to decorate her streets and throw wide her gates, and prepare pageants of welcome for the insolent visitor, whose very smile was an offence, but who, if offended, had strength enough to crush her under his heel, and make her streets run with blood. A more exciting moment could not be imagined. All the available troops the Republic could collect lay unseen in peaceful cloisters and in the depths of the great old palaces, ready for instant action if need were, when the great bell should ring; the houses were filled with ammunition and provisions, even with materials for barricades (the idea of which, we are told, was first picked up by the French in this strange visit); and over all these grim preparations waved the flags, the tapestries on the balconies, the awnings over the streets. It was November, probably one of those grim, grey days which the city of Florence has her share of, and with which her grave and stern splendour is not uncongenial—for it rained when the *cortége* marched in at the gate of San Frediano, and across the turbid river to the Medicean palace in the Via Larga, where everything had been prepared with due magnificence for the king's lodgings, and where all the costly

[1] Padre Marchese himself here pauses to remark how strange to the ears of the Frenchmen it must have been to hear that this manifestly unjust invasion had been predicted by Savonarola, and was recognized by him as a divine mission. This, however, is a complication of the matter which had no share in the straightforward contemplation of the event, from one side only, which was natural to Savonarola.

and beautiful art collections made by the great Lorenzo and his wealthy predecessors were. The visit lasted for ten days, and during that time it may well be supposed how hard the struggle was to keep the people in subjection, to prevent all feuds among themselves, and all needless irritation of the triumphant and probably insolent strangers, who though they professed to be friendly visitors, yet felt themselves conquerors, and would have liked nothing better than to have been let loose upon the magnificent city. Once, indeed, during their stay an incident occurred which showed the Frenchmen that all the strength was not on their side, nor the danger upon that of the Florentines. "Whether by accident or design," says Professor Villari, with a graphic force not usual to his dull though valuable narrative, "a report was spread through the town that Piero dei Medici had appeared at one of the gates: the great bell tolled continuously, the streets were all in motion, the people in a state of furious excitement; the very earth seemed to bring forth armed men, all hastening to the piazza; the gates of the palaces were closed, the towers were armed, and barricades prepared in the streets. . . . It was soon found that the report was false, and the tumult subsided as rapidly as it had arisen. But a deep impression was made on the minds of the foreigners."

This the reader will easily believe who has ever beheld a scene of popular excitement, even on a much less warlike age and occasion in the lofty and narrow streets of an Italian city. The great bell clanging from the old Tower, the cow lowing, as the Florentines said, in familiar fondness—was a sound known over all the city; and it is one which would rouse Florence now as well as then. I remember the look of these streets on the morning of a much less difficult revolution, that of '59, when, in comparative silence, without bell to rouse them, or visible token for their gathering, the tramp of men suddenly filled the streets, and crowds emerged into the piazza—crowds so unlike the crowds of other places, no flutter of women or children about, a dark moving throng of men. Even the crowd of a market-day, when there is nothing more alarming than a mass of loud-talking, gesticulating contadini and townsmen mingled together in the great noble square, is sufficient of itself to give an idea of what the scene was when, by all the narrow ways, the citizens were pouring into that general centre, and every strait street looked like the gate of a castle, at which three could defy a thousand. Perhaps it is a relic of those stormy times which keeps the feminine element so much out of the Florentine crowd, even in its most peaceful aspect, and thus confers upon the most harmless throng an air of dark force and purpose, of something about to be done, which helps the modern spectator better than anything else to realize the passionate scenes of former times.

Charles the Eighth was hard to get rid of. Not only the ordinary motives which tempted the invader of those fighting days, cupidity and thirst for conquest, but also the fact that Piero dei Medici was praying for his help on one side, while the Republic, firmly holding by its newly-regained liberty, faced him on the other, kept the French negotiators in a dubious mood. Their own position was not without its dangers. The escape of some prisoners whom the French were leading bound through the streets—an incident which has been used with much effect in the noble fiction of *Romola*—roused the inhabitants of the Burgo Ognisanti to such a pitch of indignation, that in a sudden fury of assault, from windows and doors, and a hundred points of vantage, they fell on the redoubtable Swiss, the finest infantry in the world, and drove these mountaineers so sharply to their defences, that even the brave Swiss trembled at the thought of "a city which the sound of a bell could convert into an armed castle," and where it might chance that they should find themselves shut up, with every window and every street-corner pouring forth a fiery hail upon them. This impression made upon the minds of his soldiers, helped Charles to see more clearly; but yet at the very last moment his pride and obstinacy came uppermost, and the king, turning furiously away when his *ultimatum* was rejected by the

Florentines, broke up the negotiations by exclaiming, "Then we shall sound our trumpets." "And we our bells!" cried brave Piero Capponi, snatching the insulting treaty, which he had just in the name of Florence rejected, from the secretary's hand, and tearing it in pieces. This outburst of patriotic impatience driven desperate brought the Frenchmen to their senses.

"Lo strepito dell' armi e de' cavalli
Non potè far che non fossi sentita
La voce d'un Cappon fra cento Galli."

(The din of arms could not prevent our Capon's voice from sounding high above a hundred cocks.)—*Galli, cocks.*

This is the account of the historians. Burlamacchi's story gives a different view of the transaction. According to him, Capponi's bold speech so roused the rage of the king, that he at once decided to sack the city; and Savonarola, almost forcing his way into the palace, had to be brought on the scene to frighten and subdue Charles before this cruel purpose was abandoned. The narrative is wonderfully picturesque, and no doubt refers to an actual interview, which took place a little later, when Savonarola was sent to expedite by all the arguments in his power the king's departure from the city. "When he saw the servant of God," says Burlamacchi, "according to the custom of the king of France, he rose to show him respect. But the servant of God took out a little leaden crucifix which he carried always about him, and holding it up to the king, said, 'This is He who made heaven and earth. Honour not me, but honour Him who is King of kings, Lord of lords, and who makes the world to tremble, and gives victory to princes according to His will and justice. He punishes and destroys impious and unjust kings; and He will destroy thee with all thy army, if thou dost not give up thy cruel purpose, and annul the plan thou hast formed against this city. . . . . Knowest thou not that it matters little to the Lord whether He gets the victory with few or with many? Have you forgotten what He did to Sennacherib, the proud king of the Assyrians? or how, when Moses prayed, Joshua and the people overcame their enemies? So shall it be done to thee . . . .' Thus spoke the padre to the king, filling him with terror, and threatening him, in the name of God, always with the crucifix in his hand. And he spoke with so much power and effect, that all who were present were struck with dismay and terror, and the king and his ministers were moved to tears. Then the padre took the king by the hand, and said to him, 'Sacred majesty, know that it is God's will that thou shouldst leave the city without making any other change, otherwise thou and thy army will here lay down your lives.'"

Thus Burlamacchi describes the last scene, before Charles unwillingly passed on his way. On the 26th of November, the city got rid of its troublesome and dangerous visitor, without any more serious cost than that of the Medicean art-treasures, and all the beautiful things with which the palace had been decked for the king's reception. The French "looted"—to use a modern word—the princely house in which they had been lodged, plundering it from hall to garret, valets and barons, and the king himself, taking share in the spoil. But this was a small fine to pay for the comfort of getting free of so great a danger and embarrassment. And when the tramp of the departing army had died on the air—when Florence breathed freely, and the agitated people could pause and reckon their gains and losses—it then appeared that the Scourge of God, which had only been waved innoxiously, as it were, over their heads, had brought benefit and blessing unawares, as their prophet had ever promised. When the danger was over, and the excitement began to subside, Florence opened her eyes to find that a great revolution had happened in her history. The Medici were gone—their power, built up so gradually and so wisely, had vanished and disappeared in a moment. Piero might bluster or threaten outside the gates, but within he had no power. Once more, after the lapse of years, the Florentines were free.

The old machinery of government, however—the most cumbrous of all the sys-

tems in Italy, and affording more scope for the tyranny of a faction than for the wide freedom at which theoretically it aimed—had fallen rusty and out of gear: and the first thing to be done was to decide upon some possible way by which the vessel of state might again be got under pilotage. In former times, the first step to be taken in such an emergency was to call a Parlamento—a vague mob who assembled in the piazza without check upon its pretensions, or even guarantee of citizenship—a mob which it was very easy to leaven with noisy men here and there, good for leading the voices of the rest, and suggesting the hasty decisions in which every mob delights. Such a vague, foolish, popular assembly had invariably committed the sovereign power into the hands that were most clever in managing it, the dominant party, whatever that might be; and with its facile vote and ready confidence, had fallen into a mere farce and laughable parody of a popular institution, the masquerade under which despotism disported itself. What other way than this farce of popular election—with its *Balia*, its cheerful giving over of the freedom of Florence to the strongest, the loudest voiced and most specious claimant, and all its fictitious appearance of spontaneity—could be found?—what was to be put in its place? This the city began to ask itself with one mind, great and small discussing the point, and a great deal of agitation accompanying the discussion. Italy was at this period the only country in the world in which politics, as we understand the word, can be said to have existed at all. No other race was as yet sufficiently advanced in civilisation, or powerful in habit, to have time for the consideration of constitutional questions or theories of government. But the land of Machiavelli was already an adept in such theories; and Machiavelli himself, if not already a notable personage, was at that moment, with all his wisdom undeveloped in his young head, moving about the streets of this very Florence, and waiting for his time to strike in, and take his part in all the debates and curious questions which possessed the popular mind. Professor Villari furnishes us with a glimpse of Italian feeling on this subject, which is fortunately brief enough to quote:—

"There existed in the breasts of the Florentines such an innate love of liberty, that when unable to enter freely into discussions in the councils, they retired to their closets to reason on affairs of state, and to create political science. In consulting their works, we always find that they begin by laying down this doctrine—that the greatest felicity which man can hope to find on earth, is to have a share in the government of his country. . . . . Starting from the one idea, that to govern is the greatest happiness, that which man most desires—it naturally follows that all would aspire to it, that all would be desirous to hold the reins of government in their native land, and that every man would strive to attain this, however it might injure other men. Such principles must naturally give rise to the danger of relapsing into tyranny, as happened in almost all the governments of Italy. To the question, What is a perfect government? the whole school of Italian politicians had but one answer—that in which no tyranny can exist. And what is the form of government in which tyranny cannot exist? That which shall be so regulated as to satisfy at one and the same time all the passions of all orders of the citizens. In every city, they said, there will be a few who will try to rule over all; the *ottimati* (patricians) will strive for honours, the people for liberty. Hence they desired to have a mixed government, uniting in itself the various interests of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, so as to satisfy the ambitious, the *ottimati*, and the people, and by such means they hoped that secure liberty would be established."

When the Florentines, full of these sentiments, found themselves at last relieved from all intruders, and from the one supreme family which, in spite of their struggles, had ruled them for the last sixty years, they immediately rushed with a certain enjoyment into the preliminaries of reconstruction, debating among themselves (as unfortunately we

have more than once seen done in later days) the ideal constitution which should make all men, or at least the Florentines, happy. But the delight of thus reforming the constitution of a state is a dangerous one, and it is evident that all ordinary affairs stood still in Florence while the Signora and their counsellors, the most important citizens, endeavoured to come to a decision, and to make up their minds whether the new constitution should resemble that of Venice, or should be merely a reconstruction of the ancient system. During the earlier part of these discussions Savonarola did not interfere with the statesmen whose business it was, but went on with his usual occupations, exercising all his influence and power over the mind of Florence to make the populace tranquil, to encourage the people in that way of well-doing which he believed had been the means of their preservation from the invader, and to relieve the poverty and distress which abounded in the city. For the latter object he entreated the rich to make personal sacrifices—to give up their pomp and pleasures, to apply to the service of the poor the money which they would have spent upon education at the university of Pisa, then temporarily closed, Pisa being still in rebellion and revolution; and, going further still, with a liberality and good sense such as is conventionally supposed to be unusual in churchmen, he entreated that the building of costly churches and convents might be discontinued, and that the very plate and decorations of the church might be sacrificed to relieve the general distress. "But, above all," he added, "let some settlement be come to by which the shops can be re-opened and work found for the people." As the days passed on, and no decision was made, the smouldering energy within him took fire. Though it was not his business, he could not stand by any longer and see the comfort and power of the city endangered by delay. Suddenly, on the 12th of December, a fortnight after the departure of the French, he introduced the subject in his sermon, and with great force and earnestness pressed upon his hearers the example of Venice, and recommended the formation of a great council on the Venetian model as the best thing for Florence. "Your reform must begin with things spiritual, which are superior to all that is material, which constitute the rule of life, and are life itself," he said; and he quoted with admirable effect the saying of Cosimo dei Medici, that "States are not governed by Paternosters," to show that this sentiment was the sentiment of tyrants, enemies of the commonweal, and not of loyal citizens. "If you wish to have a good government," he added, "it must be derived from God," and with this preface he threw the full weight of his support into the proposal of the popular party.

This, it is evident, at once decided the question. The discussions which had been going on fruitlessly for all these wintry days, in the midst of a bewildered and anxious community, which scarcely knew what side it ought to take, suddenly cleared up and came to a conclusion. The people, delighted to have the question settled, shouted through the streets for the Great Council after the fashion of the Venetians. A great "meeting," as we should now call it (and the word has by this time got transplanted into all languages) of men—women and children being excluded—was held soon after in the Cathedral. With evident agitation and emotion the great preacher went into the pulpit. He told his immense and eager audience that the time had come which he had predicted, that all had happened which he had announced to them, and that now it remained for themselves to decide what their future fate should be. "There now begins," he said, "a new era for your city. In your hands lies your own fate. Your future will be what you choose it to be—great, noble, strong, well-cemented, envied; or weak, torn asunder, abject, unhappy, under the oppression of a worse servitude. By this time you have learned to know by what arts freedom is repressed, and those by which it is regained and preserved, and that corruption, pleasures, and pastimes have often reduced the city to misery. Examine, then, your judgment, gather the fruit of experience out of misfortune, and so use them that freedom henceforward may not be the privilege

the few for the oppression of many, but a universal benefit, the patrimony of all citizens whose age and worth entitle them to possess it." These noble and dignified words add a consecration of highest and wisest patriotism to the sacred associations of that dim, splendid Duomo of Florence, from which many a day the preacher had sent his hearers pierced to the heart by pricks of conscience, by deep repentance and tender pity; where he had brought about a spiritual revolution, and restrained by spiritual means alone a most turbulent people; and from whence now he sent his fellow-citizens in a glow of patriotic excitement, bent on securing their freedom and guarding it for ever. Alas, that eternity is brief which hangs upon the sentiments of any multitude! but not less noble on that account is the impulse, not less great the hand that gave it. Savonarola had not attempted to intrude himself into the political world, or to leave his own range of subjects, his own still nobler cares and occupations, at his own will. He had kept within the modest shade of his cloister, except when the call of his countrymen brought him forth, spending his life between that seclusion and the publicity of the pulpit, where he did what an army could scarcely have done—kept the peace; and swayed the soul of Florence from wrath and civil strife to judgment and mercy, the only real foundations, as he taught, of national prosperity and calm. But as he had gone to the Invader at the call of the people to bid him come, and to bid him go—so now he stepped forth, when necessity was, to cut the knot of opinion and give the powerful aid of his advocacy to what he held to be the best of political systems. The Medicean party—still secretly existing, though cowed, and not daring to make themselves known—the ambitious, the lovers of the old *régime*, and those bigoted conservatives who love no change, even when it is for the better, had kept up a kind of struggle up to this moment; but against Savonarola they could not keep up any struggle. The effect of his recommendation was so great and so instantaneous that without further difficulty the thing was done. His first sermon on the subject was preached on the 12th of December, and by the 23rd of the same month this settlement of political affairs was finally agreed to by all parties; the Consiglio Maggiore, the Great Council after the manner of the Venetians, was instituted; and after all these contentions and arguments there ensued a moment of peace.

It is scarcely consistent with my purpose to enter here into any detailed description of the elaborate system of government in Florence. So elaborate was it, and so curiously contrived to make opportunities for despotism in the midst of every appearance of democratic freedom, that the complicated structure is most difficult to understand. The new system was less elaborate, but so many of the old names and old offices were retained, that it is still somewhat difficult to follow and fathom it. The Great Council, however, instituted by Savonarola, and consisting nominally of all the citizens of Florence, in reality embraced but a small number of them. It was not, as in Venice, confined to persons of noble birth, but to the class of citizens entitled *benefiziati*. These *benefiziati* were, as their name implies, a class already distinguished among their neighbours. To become one of them it was necessary to have been elected to some civic office, great or small; the privilege descended to sons and grandsons only, so that the entire body consisted of the *seduti*, or those who had actually *sat* in some chair of magistracy, and the *veduti*, those who without acting had been *seen*, or elected to similar office—and their immediate descendants.[1] Thus it will be seen that the large democratic conception of a council of all the people dwindles at once into reasonableness and practicability, and that in reality it was to the judgment of select and experienced men, already aware, in their own persons, or in those of their fathers, of the risks and conditions of rule, that power was thus

[1] In order to afford entrance to the ambitious into this privileged class it had been usual in many cases to draw two names for each vacant appointment, one of which was *seduto*, or actually drawn for the office; the other complimentarily *veduto*, seen or made visible.

given. In a population of 90,000 there were but 3,200 *benefiziati*, still a very large Parliament certainly; but this body was again *sterzatō*, or divided into three sections, each division holding office for six months in turn; and no man under twenty-nine was eligible for the Great Council. Another smaller body, composed of citizens of not less than forty years of age, called the *Ottanta*, or eighty, were appointed at the same time to form a kind of Second Chamber, Senate, or House of Peers, and the old Signory, who bore office but two months at a time, were still retained. The rules of this hierarchy are strange enough to modern eyes, and embody a complete reversal of our parliamentary customs. In Florence, under the new *régime*, the Signory proposed, the Ottanta discussed, the Great Council, or House of Commons, voted only in silence. The last was the final tribunal in all questions of government, but its members were only permitted to speak by a special call from the Signory, and never against a measure proposed; notwithstanding that it was their all powerful vote which decided anything—a very strange and apparently cumbrous arrangement.

Still more strange, however, was the mode in which all the laws passed by these three states of the realm were really introduced. It was Savonarola from his pulpit in the Duomo, or in the church of San Marco, who first laid them before the eager city. Without abandoning his own sacred subjects, without for a moment becoming secular, or giving up his high position as a prophet and messenger of God, this extraordinary man set forth his scheme of taxation, his proposal for a general amnesty, and, perhaps most important of all, his plan for a final court of judicial appeal against the sentences of the Otto, who were then the supreme judges of all cases, both political and criminal, banishing, imprisoning, and confiscating at their pleasure, without any check upon their proceedings. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more curious state of affairs. The preacher propounded the laws with all the consciousness in him and about him of a divine inspiration; the people listened—the great mass of them, I suppose, as thoroughly convinced that God had spoken by His servant, as was that humble yet bold servant himself—while the judicious no doubt pondered, and the statesmen criticized. Had Lorenzo been alive, and a really great and patriotic prince, I cannot imagine a more splendid kind of despotism than these two men might have made between them—the preacher thus proposing, expounding, giving out his great new projects of government to the people; and the wary prince behind, noting everything, watching the effect produced and how the current of opinion turned, taking advantage at once of the enthusiasm of the mass and the comments of the wiser minority, himself committed to no definite action till all had been weighed and pondered. For a little while this was really how government went on in Florence; the original impulse in everything came from Savonarola. It is scarcely possible to believe that he was not in his turn, at least to some degree, advised and prompted by the statesmen who were at the same time his followers. But nothing of this appears, if it existed; and there is nothing in the wonderful story to contradict the impression which no doubt possessed the mind of the prior of San Marco—that he spoke as a kind of prime minister of God, expounding the mind of the unseen and omnipotent Monarch whom Florence, scorning all baser sovereignty, had taken for her King. He stood up in his place—and where so fit a place as the Duomo for God's interpreter?—and proposed those laws which he felt came to him direct from Heaven; and after a little while, in their full plenitude of democratic freedom, the Signory, the Ottanta, and the Consiglio Maggiore, carried them into practical form, passing them by elaborate voting as if originated by themselves. I do not believe that it ever could have occurred to Savonarola that this extraordinary and unprecedented prophetical rule was as completely a despotism as it had been in Lorenzo's or in Cosimo's time. To him it was the reign of God, whose will was conveyed to His people through his own unworthy lips; and at the same time the reign of the people, whose hearts God turned to

accept that will of His, in which lay their salvation. Noble, generous, and great—and, what is more wonderful, wise—were the laws thus made for Florence, dictated by the purest patriotism, and by a mind utterly elevated above all thoughts of aggrandisement, either personal or ecclesiastical. Savonarola employed his power for no end but the benefit of the people—to enrich or advance his Order, his Church, or his special convent would never seem to have entered his mind; His enemies say that he loved power, and to those minds which are unable to comprehend his strong conviction that God spoke by him, this is a welcome explanation of a character otherwise incomprehensible. But it scarcely seems to me possible that any spectator of a more sympathetic understanding could thus misjudge Savonarola. He ruled like the ideal tyrant of the poetic imagination—his heart full of God and the people, without a corner in it for himself, or any time to waste upon that atom of humanity. But this sway, though more noble perhaps than any other mission which the soul can conceive, was impossible. Nature, always cognizant of the meaner possibilities with which she is more familiar, prohibits it, except by moments when the great soul takes her by surprise, and the whole world is momentarily subdued. This was the case in Florence for two years. One of the greatest and most wonderful of reigns; but an impossibility, a thing out of nature, which could ot last. "After the revolution of 1494," says Villari, "we at once recognize in almost every word of the *Provisioni* the impress of the democratic friar. Latin becomes Italian; a new form, a new style are apparent, a new spirit animating them, they speak almost with the voice of Savonarola, and very frequently are nothing more than extracts from the sermons in which he had recommended the adoption of the law." Such a heroic episode in history can be but brief. Its dangers are as great as is the generous splendour of its power; for who can ensure that a mere man will not lose his head on such an elevation, or that such simple things as genius and goodness can hold head against the intoxications of power? If they could do so even, no one would believe it, and therefore from the beginning the doom of such a leader among men is sealed. But it is something when it lasts long enough to show even for a single year what it is to be so ruled from Heaven; and when the man, sure of so much misjudging, can leave behind him that evidence of his work and his meaning to put—when at last, in the long course of time, the world becomes impartial—his adversaries to the blush.

Even the moment of Savonarola's triumph, however, was disturbed by some opposition. The appeal which he insisted upon in political cases against the decisions of the *Otto* (the *Sei Fave*, as it was called, judgment being given by a ballot, and two-thirds of the eight being necessary to make the majority) was given, in spite of him, not to a limited and select court, as he wished, but to the Consiglio Maggiore in full—much too large and popular an assembly to be trusted in such cases. This disappointment of his hopes seems to have been the first sign that his day began to be over, though it was some time later before his general influence failed; and indeed, as often happens, his popular power seemed for a time all the greater and more evident, after the heart of it had been touched by decay. The picturesque popular demonstrations which keep hold of the imagination longer than laws or reformation all took place when the real power of the great preacher was on its wane—if indeed Savonarola's power can be said ever to have waned with the people themselves, in the pulpit or out of doors.

The Carnival of 1496 found him silent, in obedience to a brief from Rome; but I will not in this chapter, which is devoted to his climax of power and influence, enter upon that darker portion of his story. He was silenced, but his active spirit was still untouched, and his courage little broken. The Carnival had been in the days of the Medici a very Saturnalia of license; and of all the wild Florentine revellers in that season abandoned to folly, none were more wildly riotous than the children—those city children, sharp-witted and precocious, who are everywhere the amusement and the despair of the more serious community. In such a centre of

municipal life as Florence, with a civic limitation still more intense, still more strict than anything which exists among us, it can scarcely be supposed, that the lads of the town yielded in boldness or acuteness to the London street boy or Parisian *gamin*, both of whom are troublesome enough to manage. These young Florentines had been used to be rampant in Carnival time, and they had various privileges scarcely consistent with the comfort of their fellow-citizens. These Burlamacchi describes as the stones, the stiles, and the *capannucci*. "The stiles were long pieces of wood which were placed across the street, and no one, especially no women, were allowed to pass until they had paid something, which was afterwards spent in a supper. The *capannucci* were great trees raised in the squares or wide streets, round which were placed a quantity of faggots and broken wood to burn in the evening, over which there were great fights with stones and other arms, not without the sacrifice of some lives on each occasion." Savonarola, always tender of the young, to whom the lads of his convent were *i nostri angioli*, had his attention directed to this lawless youth of the city, the most difficult class perhaps to deal with. All other kinds of authority had been tried in vain to curb their frolic, especially the dangerous war with stones. Set aside from his quieter and graver work, the prior of San Marco took this enterprise in hand. We are not informed how he first got hold of so shifty and tumultuous a band, but he did get hold of them in some way. Fra Domenico, his most faithful and devoted follower, became his chief instrument, most likely because he shared his chief's love for the children; the reader may recollect that it was to him that the message about *nostri angioli* was sent. The Florentine *gamins* were organized according to their *quartieri*, like their fathers; they were made to choose captains for themselves, one for each district, and counsellors for the captains. No doubt this skilful perception of the dawning political impulses of those citizens in bud, pleased the lads, and gave them a new sense of importance. Then, without interfering with their cherished amusements, Savonarola turned them to better uses. He set up little altars in the streets instead of the *stili*, where the children still begged, but for the poor (one hopes they had some kind of a social supper all the same; and no doubt Fra Girolamo saw to that, being hard only upon himself.) He gave them other songs to sing, not the evil rhymes of the old days—and sent them about the city in procession, in long angelical lines, white-robed and carrying crosses; and finally he indulged them with a *capannucci* greater than any they had ever seen—the big Bonfire of Vanities, for which they had themselves collected the materials. What were the exact component parts of this bonfire can never be known; and doubtless as long as there is any one sufficiently interested to discuss the subject, Savonarola's enemies will reproach him with having destroyed precious works of art in this carnival offering, while his apologists attempt to prove the impossibility of any such sacrifice. I think there can be little doubt that the latter have the stronger case. For not only was the preacher a man of perfect good sense and moderation, but he was himself a poet, the friend of poets and of painters, with a school of art still existing under his wing, and Fra Bartolomeo at his elbow to keep him from committing himself. Professor Villari thinks it most likely that the dresses, and masks, and wigs, prepared for the Carnival itself, formed the bulk of the bonfire; and a pretty heap might soon have been made of these follies, did they at all correspond in 1496 with what they were in 1859. And if a volume of Boccaccio or a few copies of the "Canti Carnascialeschi" got into the mass here and there, I do not suppose any great harm was done.

George Eliot has given so admirable and so humorous a description of the preparations for this great bonfire, in *Romola*, that the writer would be bold indeed who would attempt to repeat the sketch. Those who have seen Fra Bartolomeo's portrait of Savonarola, and marked the sweetness and benignity, not untouched by humour, of the homely face there presented, will scarcely refuse to believe that, in the midst of his great and

tragic labours, a natural consciousness of the ludicrous side of this demonstration may have been in the mind of the great Preacher, as he watched the children in their white dresses marching round the great piazza, clustered all over the Loggia of Orcagna, and filling up, a merry crowd, the solemn *ringhiera*, under the grey walls of the palace, where he himself was so soon to be condemned. While the clear young voices sang their hymns, the glare of the burning lighted up the fresh faces, the picturesque white groups, the darker Tuscan crowd around them, and the dark strong Tuscan walls, built for the use of centuries, behind all. Benvenuto's delicate Perseus was not there in those days, nor yet the huge David of a greater artist; but the Judith and Holofernes just erected marked, or was meant to mark, the triumph of freedom and the Republic over tyranny. No doubt by this time the heart was going out of Savonarola's power, but popular enthusiasm still remained; and in the piazza the blaze of the burning vanities flickered red upon steadfast walls, and flower-like faces—faces bearing the look of angels, instead of the small demoniac crowd which usually discharged their missiles at each other round the blazing bonfire. Once more, the vanities were to flame there within sight of a devout rejoicing throng; and then another burning was to follow, more solemn, more terrible, not of vanities. Was he aware of this in his half-inspired soul, to which the idea of martyrdom had already become familiar? Anyhow, without attributing to him such distinct fore-knowledge, one can understand with what a smile, and with what a sigh, as the white lines moved on, their songs dying in the distance, Savonarola with his cowl over his head, must have turned away.

One more pretty scene, and work of mercy accomplished, and all the brighter part of his greater life was over. It was on Palm Sunday, Burlamacchi tells us, that a procession of these same children, in their white robes, with garlands on their heads, set forth from San Marco on a progress round the city to open the *Monti della Pietà*, which at last Savonarola had been able to institute. They were like beautiful angels out of heaven, Burlamacchi says; sometimes they shouted "Viva Gesu Cristo!" their King; sometimes, "Viva Firenze!" the next and dearest object of every patriot's heart. After them went many ladies, and even "many grave and noble men, full of ability and prudence," all with the palms which the Prior had blessed, and the little red cross which was his token. The long line of the procession went round the city, winding through all the narrow streets—a multitude following under the fresh sunshine of the spring—and defiled into the austere gloom of San Giovanni lighting up that solemn place, and into the Cathedral, singing with lovely youthful voices. As they passed, the lookers-on wept and smiled upon the children, and threw alms to them for the new institution. "And so much joy was there in all hearts that the glory of Paradise seemed to have descended on earth, and many tears of tenderness and devotion were shed. They went to all the four *quartieri*, establishing a *Monte* in each, and securing for them a little endowment to begin with from the alms they collected. "*E così ogniuno poi se ne ritornò a casa molto edificato*," says simple Burlamacchi. It was almost the last gleam of gladness in Savonarola's life.

THE NEW HAMLET AND HIS CRITICS.

It was once the fashion to object to anonymous newspaper writing on the ground that it enabled little men to have their fling at great ones, and in the case of a new book, for instance, to condemn at a moment's notice what represented on the part of its author the work of a lifetime. If there be still any justification for the remark as applied to literary criticism, the time has certainly gone by when, with any truth, it could be made in the case of the stage and its reviewers. If Dryden were alive again, and observed the general tenor of comment on the last new actor, he would find little occasion to repeat his old warning that "they mistake the nature of criticism who think its business is to find fault." Indiscriminate praise, not captious fault-finding, would appear to him to be the danger most to be deprecated. No one can have read the various notices on Mr. Irving's Hamlet that have appeared in the daily and weekly press, without being struck by their all but entire unanimity of opinion, and exuberance of praise. It is by no means to beg the question of the merit of the performance to assert that such praise must of necessity be extravagant. If a Garrick or an Edmund Kean were again among us, we should expect him to encounter much difference of opinion, supported by arguments at least entitled to our respect. On the conception and execution of such a part as Hamlet there is room for abundant variety of judgment, and however much genius were shown by the actor in working out his own ideas, it would be at least perfectly fair to take grave exception to many points, large and small, in the performance. What is noticeable in the criticisms upon Mr. Irving's Hamlet is not the praise so much as the absence of any comprehensive grounds on which it is awarded. And the kind of faults which are selected for unfavourable comment are scarcely less significant of the helplessness of the reviewers' plight than the points which are commended. They remind one of those casual remarks which the visitor to the Royal Academy may overhear any fine morning in the month of May:—"I don't like that foot-stool, somehow." "Look at those ugly fish at the bottom of that boat?" Of such a kind are the remarks which follow a column of enthusiasm, to the effect that Mr. Irving sits in a certain scene where he ought to stand, or that he leans once too often against a certain pillar. Fault-finding such as this enhances rather than qualifies the praise with which it is mingled. If this is all the critic's microscopic eye can detect to blame, the performance must be remarkable indeed. It reminds one of the tactics of the late Mr. George Robins, the auctioneer, who, after exhausting the language of praise in extolling a certain gentleman's park which had fallen under his hammer, went on to say that he was bound, as an honest man, not to conceal the drawbacks to the property, which were, indeed, the litter made by the rose-leaves, and the perpetual din kept up by the nightingales.

The most serious mischief of criticism such as this is its possible effect upon the actor himself, and Mr. Irving has the best of reasons for praying that he may be saved from his friends. He has advanced in his art by steps not discreditable to himself. From the position of a comedian, showing ability in a certain strongly-marked if limited line of characters, he turned to melodrama, in which he first revealed power of a very remarkable sort. It was in every way to Mr. Irving's credit that he could not remain satisfied with success in a line in

which there seemed no limits to the triumphs he might have won, but which his artistic sense taught him was short of the highest. No one can blame him for essaying the most difficult, as it is the noblest character in the English drama; and no one can witness his performance without finding clearest proof that it represents the result of honest study and hard work. There is no sign of his having yielded to the natural temptation to trust to a reputation already made, and to his past-won popularity. Right or wrong, successful or unsuccessful, Mr. Irving has no occasion to fear criticism of a slighting kind. His study of the text has been most careful, and his emphasis is, with few exceptions, both just and unexaggerated. But there would seem to be a confusion very generally prevalent between what is creditable to the performer and what appears as the net result of his efforts. Nothing more is wanted to show the degradation to which the English stage has sunk than the prominence given by almost all Mr. Irving's critics to the circumstance that he showed signs of having carefully studied his part beforehand. It was remarked, as if it were the most notable of features in the performance, that it appeared to be the result of some study. It may be quite true that the actor's art has fallen to this level, but a critic should none the less be above patting an actor on the back for *not* being the merest charlatan. That Mr. Irving, or any other artist, should have taken pains, to the best of his ability, to discharge an arduous duty, is not the same thing as having attained an unexampled success. It seems strange that there should be even an occasion for repeating so obvious a truism, but the fact is that, in the present condition of the stage, merit of any kind is certain to be over-estimated from the total absence of any contemporary standard with which to compare it. It is the peculiar condition of the actor's art that it perishes with the artist. No description, however analytical or graphic, of the effect of a bygone actor upon those who witnessed his performances, is of any but the slightest service to the critic of a succeeding generation. The canons of the art of acting have to be reconstructed in a great measure by every fresh critic for his own use; and the result of this is that he is much more liable than his brother critics in other fields of art to speak with enthusiasm of any acting which happens to reach a higher level than the average. But the critic, if he has no standard of acting derived from the tradition of the stage, is the more bound to revere the only other standard open to him—the author whose creations the actor pretends to interpret. And it is not by noting his attitudes in this or that scene, nor by dealing piecemeal with his treatment of the text, still less by quoting hackneyed scraps of Coleridge and Goethe, that an adequate estimate of such a performance as Mr. Irving's is to be formed, or that Mr. Irving himself is to profit as a true artist would desire to profit in the pursuit of his ideal. Mr. Irving has much, very much to learn, and the highest compliment that can be paid him is that his acting makes one believe that he knows this, and would welcome any help that enabled him to correct tendencies in himself which affect his treatment of a great part, considered as a whole. For it is here that criticism should first direct its efforts. The truth is that Mr. Irving's Hamlet, as is natural in one who comes to it direct from such a piece as *The Bells*, is a melodramatic performance. The points in which he wins most applause are those which we associate with that class of drama; and the points which belong to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and which Mr. Irving overlooks, are exactly those for which this kind of acting finds no expression. This would be more obvious were it not that Mr. Irving possesses some physical and other gifts which encourage the illusion that his Hamlet is really the Hamlet of the student and the metaphysician. His very handsome and striking features, his command of varied expression, the prevailing look of dreamy melancholy—all these are in favour of the higher conception of the part, but they do not constitute it in themselves, or prevent the real effects being produced in quite other ways. Some of his critics have observed that, after the hasty exit of the king and queen in the

play scene, Mr. Irving unaccountably omits the sudden burst into irrelevant song, in the lines :—

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play ;
For some must watch, while some must sleep :
Thus runs the world away."

But no one seems to have noticed that this omission is only one of a series of alterations made (whether intentionally or not) in furtherance of the melodramatic side of the character. The most famous "point" in Mr. Irving's performance is at this juncture of the play. The triumph of his purpose in having "The Murder of Gonzago" played before the king is indicated by a highly-wrought passion of voice and action (perilously approaching rant), which, in the language of theatres, "brings down the house," and, moreover, is clearly conceived with that intention. The excitement of the evening at the Lyceum Theatre is at this point, and the roar with which it is greeted is inexpressibly painful to ears which are listening for other than purely melodramatic effects. One of the critics, writing after the first performance, remarked with much simplicity that after this crisis in the play the audience would almost gladly have heard no more. Of course the reason of this was that Mr. Irving had placed the climax of the scene where Shakespeare had not placed it ; and after the passion had been torn to tatters and the much-lauded incident had occurred of Hamlet falling exhausted into the throne vacated by the king, the half-delirious, half-fantastic levity of the doggerel rhymes would have been an anti-climax, even if it must not necessarily have been unheard amid the boisterous raptures of the pit and gallery. In this instance, therefore, a sacrifice of one strongly-defined characteristic of Hamlet's mental condition is effected, for the simple reason that it would otherwise have interfered with a cheap and vulgar melodramatic expedient.

Perhaps, however, this has not been the sole reason for the alteration. In other parts of the play similar omissions are made where there is no such artificial climax with which they interfere. This brings us indeed to a complaint against Mr. Irving of a far more grave kind. The mad side of Hamlet (whether real or assumed, is not here the question) is ignored by him altogether, except so far as it can be represented by voice and action more or less excited and "telling." It may be mere coincidence, but it is certainly remarkable that the scene in which the first indication is afforded of Hamlet having had recourse to the "antic disposition," which he tells Horatio and Marcellus he may have occasion to assume—the first scene of the second act, in which Ophelia relates to her father the extraordinary conduct of Hamlet—is omitted in representation. Unless to shorten the play there seems no reason for this omission, and it is noteworthy that another scene, which used always to be sacrificed—that in which Hamlet discovers the king praying—is retained at the Lyceum. The former scene is quite as necessary for the development of Hamlet's character and purposes as the latter. Can the sole reason for this anomaly be, that in the one scene there is another striking occasion for melodramatic effectiveness on the part of the Hamlet and not in the other ; or can it be (for in the depths of the stage depression of our day there is always a lower deep possible) that in the one case a "carpenter's scene" is required, and that the king's prayer and Hamlet's soliloquy come in opportunely, while an elaborate "set" is being prepared behind?

However this may be, the significant fact remains, that the key-note of Hamlet's affected lunacy is never settled at all, as Shakespeare meant it to be settled, in the careful description of his demeanour towards Ophelia; and not having this reminder of the clue to Hamlet's subsequent conduct fresh in their minds, the Lyceum audience might easily forget that any such device as feigning madness had ever entered into Hamlet's thoughts. Moreover, the first glimpses of the half-humorous, half-hysterical condition of his over-burdened nature which Shakespeare has allowed us to catch in the few sentences following the first interview with the Ghost are for some unsuggested reason also suppressed—the "Ah, ha, boy! sayst thou

so? art thou there, truepenny?" and the like. It can hardly be supposed that these passages are omitted merely because they may not be found in the usual stage editions of the play. Mr. Irving, who has admitted so many innovations, can hardly have been merely conservative here. It must be that in the lighter ebullitions of Hamlet's mind and disposition he did not find himself at home, and had not courage to depart from the mere "dagger and bowl" element of melodrama by introducing those lights and shades with which the poet has diversified the character. And Mr. Irving's conception of the character, it must be allowed, is consistent to the end. In his treatment of all the mad portions of Hamlet's dialogue which follow, he scarcely ever allows the spectator to feel that they are mad. As we read these passages in the closet, we see clearly that Hamlet's idea of the best way to counterfeit insanity is to be flippant, jocose, and at times irrelevant, and yet to allow himself, under shelter of his condition, to utter sarcasms and tell unpleasant truths. "You are a fishmonger"—"to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand"—and so on; but Mr. Irving delivers all such speeches with such intensity of manner that they present little if any contrast to the speech of his saner moments. He never forgets, in a word, that he is a melodramatic actor, and that gloom is the atmosphere he is bound to diffuse around him. The personification is gloomy throughout; and in this Mr. Irving makes the not uncommon mistake of supposing that a dreamy, meditative character is of one unrelieved complexion, instead of having, as it has in almost all cases, a distinctly playful and fanciful side. This side Hamlet undoubtedly exhibits, but in Mr Irving's treatment of the character it is markedly absent.

Indeed, were it not obviously the case that Mr. Irving began his London career as a comedian only by accident, and that he is born for melodrama, it might cause real surprise to find him so totally incompetent to deal with the lighter side of the character of Hamlet. It is probably owing to his early training in the latest school of comedy (the comedy, as it has been wittily called, of "no manners") that his notions of the badinage in which Hamlet may indulge with his friends reach no further than scorn, irritability, or rudeness. Hamlet was, above all things, a prince and a gentleman. We do not need Ophelia's touching reminiscence of her lover as "a noble mind," "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," "the observed of all observers," to assure us of the chivalry and tenderness and fine instincts of the man. We can well understand how such a man, however strongly excited and deeply touched, would behave, even when feigning madness, towards the old pedant Polonius or the young fop Osric. But neither the familiarity of Mr. Irving, when he places his arms about the necks of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, nor his sudden and wholly uncalled-for tone of insolence when they smile without apparent cause, is at all likely to have been natural to the Prince of Denmark. Again, his manner to Polonius is characterised by absolute rudeness; and the dignified courtesy shown in that character by Mr. Chippendale makes the contrast more than commonly conspicuous. Lastly, in the scene with Osric—a scene in itself so delicate and delightful—Mr. Irving, instead of humouring the pleasant coxcomb by a kindly mimicry of his euphuistic jargon, cannot, as it were, even then resist the "King Cambyses' vein," but surveys him with an expression of deadly scorn, and addresses him, to quote the well-known legal story, as if he were scarcely a vertebrate animal. Either Mr. Irving does not find in his examination of the character of Hamlet that trait of kindliness which the ordinary reader cannot fail to discover there, or he has not yet learned the art of expressing it in action, tone, and look. But even worse than his demeanour in conversing with his inferiors is his way of delivering here and there the grim, sarcastic utterances in which he gives vent to his excited humour. It is an ugly word to use, but no other can adequately describe the tone of the actor in such passages. The tone is *vulgar;* and no one who recalls the loud guffaw with which

the Lyceum audience receives every evening the words "Oh, wonderful son that can so astonish a mother!" can doubt that it is the coarse treatment of the words, and not the words themselves, that sets the house in a roar.

It is in the lighter portions of the play, in the interview with the players, the gravediggers, and the like, that comparison has been instituted many times of late between Mr. Irving and Mr. Fechter. The comparison is suggested by many causes, apart from the circumstance that the two actors are the only Hamlets of the present generation who have excited much public curiosity. Mr. Irving's tones and cadences occasionally recall his predecessor, and in his repudiation of much of the traditional "business" he is following the same precedent. Moreover, in his assumption of a more or less friendly manner with the two courtiers who are sent to watch him, and with the players, he apparently challenges comparison with the foreign artist. But here it was certainly unwise to recall the earlier performance; for precisely where Mr. Fechter was strong is Mr. Irving deplorably weak. Whatever other merits or demerits belonged to Mr. Fechter's performance, it had that indefinable, but most real and precious quality, which may be called *charm*. When he played the part first in London at the Princess's some fifteen years since, he was fresh from the discipline of a school of acting, in which ease and grace are made matters of the first importance. In his walk, his attitudes, his smile, he added the polish of light comedy to the higher qualities of the tragedian. He showed, in a word, the result of training as well as of natural gifts. He was affectionate towards Horatio, and chatty with the players, without any surrender of the dignity of the Prince or the self-respect of the gentleman. No doubt, in his anxiety to shake off the trammels of tradition, he at times introduced innovations, whose sole merit was their novelty; but except in the eyes of the rigid stickler for the old fashions, there was an unquestionable *winningness* in the fresh element which Mr. Fechter brought into the part. Playgoers of this generation had a general idea of the statuesque Kemble school, and the "Shakespeare-read-by flashes-of-lightning" method of Edmund Kean; but they had not so clearly realized perhaps the degree in which a part of first-rate tragic importance might gain from this element of charm, the gallantry and grace of a gentleman in his untragic moments. No one can read the eloquent tribute paid by Mr. Bodham Donne to his friend Charles Kemble without seeing that herein lay no small part of that actor's success. In Mr. Fechter's case these qualities were made less effective by his strong foreign accent, and by gestures uncongenial to the English temperament; but even with these drawbacks they certainly formed the secret of the attractiveness of the performance. It is just in these respects that Mr. Irving has almost everything to learn. His elocution, though good and clear, exhibits little variety through all the changes of scene and situation; his walk when he is excited—that is to say, throughout the greater part of the play—is something between a stagger and a slouch; his smile, at its pleasantest, is supercilious, and the actor has not yet learned that highest secret of art, the uses and the attractions of repose. In one scene, at least, Mr. Irving shows that he can work hard and achieve a triumph by a due course of training. Whether the common report be true or not that he studied under a fencing-master for many weeks we cannot say, but his fencing is thoroughly graceful, and for almost the first time in the course of the performance the movements of Hamlet become pleasant to look upon. If Mr. Irving regards his art with the artist's eye, as we would fain believe he does, he might yet learn by a rigorous discipline to walk and move—yes, and even to smile—more like creatures of everyday life, and less like the conventional heroes of melodrama.

In saying that Mr. Irving's acting wants charm, we necessarily include a lack of that greatest of all charms—tenderness. He tries to be tender in the famous scene with Ophelia, when she returns him his "remembrances;" but without

success. "Seeing Charles Kemble enact this scene," writes Mr. Donne, in the tribute just now referred to, "I have often marvelled how the Ophelias who played with him resisted the infection of his grief. His forlorn and piteous look seemed labouring to impart the comfort which he could not minister to himself. Every mode or change of expression and intonation came with its own burden of anguish and despair." It is just this tenderness which Mr. Irving's manner seems incapable of, and for which earnestness and passion and gesture are no substitute. The defect is even more perceptible in the closet-scene with his mother, in which at intervals the Hamlet's hissing tones of invective make most painful discord with the pathetic circumstances of the situation. It may be urged that in the preceding scene Hamlet has declared the necessity of "speaking daggers," but using none, but he can hardly have meant by this that any outrage short of assassination was allowable. Rather, surely, he meant *this*—that the words he had to speak must, however uttered, pierce his mother's heart, but that at least they should derive no additional poignancy from his behaviour. But for the son's unquenchable love for his mother, and for his own heart bursting in the conflict of duty with filial instinct—for the prominence of these feelings in Mr. Irving's performance we look in vain; and not to succeed in bringing out some such aspect of the pathetic situation is to fail. Towards the close of the strange, eventful history, when the terrible *dénouement* is at hand, there occurs a speech in which an actor who understood the springs of human feeling might in a moment move an audience to tears. It is where Hamlet, with that strange presentiment of the coming end which Shakespeare has more than once elsewhere attributed to his men and women, confides his misgivings to his bosom friend:—"Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter—it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman." The utterance is unspeakably pathetic; it ranks with the "Oh, Iago, the pity of it! the pity of it, Iago!" of Othello, and many like touches from the hand of the great master. There were signs in Mr. Irving's manner of speaking the words as if he suspected their value; but if so, his art was not true enough to respond to his intention, and the words passed unheeded. One slight falter of the voice as the speaker's sorrow struggled with his fortitude would have introduced, even at the eleventh hour, into Mr. Irving's treatment of the character an element that would have been inexpressibly helpful to the understanding of its real humanity.

These, then, are a few of the considerations which seem to the present writer to deserve special mention as having not yet been noticed, and as being sufficient seriously to qualify the general raptures with which the performance has been welcomed. "That was laid on with a trowel," says Touchstone, and the phrase describes fairly the wholesale commendation of the press. When one writer, evidently a cultured and independent thinker, styles such a performance "nearly perfect," it is high time to ask how it is that dramatic criticism has learned to be so easily pleased. It is surely false tolerance to the art and its professors to praise the best that is as if it were the best that could be. It may seem ungenerous to a performer, struggling during the decline of his art to "keep so sweet a thing alive" yet a little longer in his own person; but Hamlet himself reminds us that one must be cruel only to be kind, and the sole abiding chance for any art is in the maintenance of a firm and temperate standard of criticism. Mr. Irving's earnestness and his other merits might be done full justice to without putting a gentleman to the blush by telling him that his first attempt in the most difficult character of the English drama falls little short of perfection. If actors are commonly said to be a vain race, who in the face of such eulogy as this can affect to be surprised?

A TEMPLAR.

GAMES AT CARDS FOR ONE PLAYER.

One of the most striking features of games at cards is the variety they present in regard to the number of players that can engage in them at a time. There are in the first place what are called *round games*, in which a large company may join, and which furnish the opportunity for a little harmless domestic nibble at the luxury of gambling, combined with a good deal of still more harmless fun. Then come games for a more limited number, in which the amusement, though less extended, is more intellectual. In an article some years ago, we commented on the noble and profound game for *four* players which, by common consent, is allotted the highest rank among intellectual diversions. Last Christmas we endeavoured to revive a game almost as good, for *three*—classical a century ago. In December 1860 we described some excellent games for *two* (one of which, Bézique, then introduced for the first time to England, has since become so popular); and now we propose to continue the series by treating of card games for *one* player.

It may be asked, since the essence of gaming is gain and loss, some players winning what others part with, how a *game* can exist when there is only one person to play, having no adversary? At Billiards, a player may sometimes match his right hand against his left, to compare the skill of the two, but it is difficult to conceive the applicability of such a principle to games of cards.

The explanation is, that a card game for one person is, so to speak, a match played with fate, the adversary being, in reality, the element of chance which enters into the game by the shuffling of the cards.

It has been the custom to call such games "Games of Patience," probably for the reason that if the player is at first unsuccessful, he must exercise that well-known virtue, and try, try, try again, till his perseverance is rewarded by a more favourable result. The name, however, is inappropriate, for if the games are designed with a proper attention to the laws of probabilities, there is no more patience required in them than in any other sort of game where the luck may happen to go at first against the player. If games for one person are to have, as a class, a distinguishing name, it will be better to call them "Solitary Games."

Although games of this kind are pretty widely known, in some form or other, the knowledge of them appears to have been due almost entirely to oral tradition; there are very few published descriptions, and we have accordingly the less hesitation in giving some account of them to our readers.[1]

It will be desirable, in the first place, to explain the general principles on which solitary games depend. This is pretty nearly the same in all varieties. The player at starting sets himself the task to arrange the cards in some particular manner; then, taking the pack in the accidental state determined by thorough shuffling, he attempts to carry out his design, conforming, however, to certain rules of play which materially restrict

[1] We have met with two small French books, and two English ones (the latest called "Illustrated Games of Patience," 1874, and dedicated to H.R.H. Prince Leopold). They give no general information, but merely contain descriptions of a number of games which, in our opinion, by no means well represent the principle. Some of them, however, are pretty and ingenious, and we have inserted a few, altered to what we consider the proper conditions.

the facilities for his operation. The effect of the restriction will vary according to the way in which the cards fall. Sometimes favourable combinations will appear, sometimes unfavourable; and the success or failure of the attempt will depend therefore on the chance arrangement in which the cards may happen to lie. The player is thus, really, playing against fate, and the interest of the game consists in the observation of the adversary's tactics, which are often very eccentric and amusing. This sort of interest is by no means unworthy of an intellectual person; we have seen one of the most active-minded men we know, a professional man who has eminently distinguished himself in one of the scientific walks of life, amuse himself at these games by the hour together.

In carrying out this general principle, however, there are two varieties of games adopted, which differ materially in the nature of the interest they offer to the player. In one class of games the result is determined by chance alone, without any power of the player to modify it; in the other class, opportunity is introduced for the exercise of *skill*. In the former, the player has nothing to do but to follow strictly the given process and to abide the result; in the latter, he has operations to perform which he may do in different ways, according to his pleasure; and thus although the chance fall of the cards will still have an important effect, yet he may considerably influence the result by his mode of play.

These two classes have exactly their analogies in card games for several players, which, as is well known, comprise both games of pure chance and games of mixed chance and skill; so that the solitary games are thus brought into the wide category of card games generally.

But to give either class of games their proper value they must not be made too difficult. This is a fault of many games of this kind; they are so arranged that the chances are much against success with them; we have even seen some which can hardly be done once in a hundred times, and which may therefore be said to be practically impossible.[1] To play under such conditions is a waste of time, as there can be but little amusement in struggling against very long odds.

On the other hand, many solitary games err on the side of being too easy; they are almost sure to succeed if the rules are followed. To play at these is also a waste of time, as there can be no rational interest in contending with an opponent whose power of obstructing you has been taken away.

The reasonable principle to be adopted is evidently to assimilate these games to all others; *i.e.*, to place the player and fate on tolerably equal terms as regards the result of the game. To express this principle in a scientific form, the games of pure chance ought to be so designed that the probability of the player winning may be about one-half; or, in a large number of trials, he should win and lose about an equal number. For games of skill a wider margin may fairly be taken, as the skill handicaps the player as compared with his antagonist, who has nothing but chance in his favour.

Another defect of many of these games is, that they are too cumbersome and troublesome to play. For example, the great part of the games published in the works we have cited require *two packs* of cards, some even four packs. The trouble of handling two packs is great, and perfect shuffling after each game is almost impracticable; moreover, much space is required to lay the cards down, and much complexity is introduced in the structure, and they are often hampered with unnecessary and useless restrictive conditions. Hence such games are hardly worth the trouble and labour they cost to play them, and they rather generate a prejudice against solitary games than offer an inducement to their practice.

Such difficulties and complications

[1] The name of Patience was no doubt derived from the almost hopeless attempts to win games of this nature.

are quite unnecessary. A little ingenuity and consideration will suffice to design games of a much simpler structure, which shall carry out the same principles and lead to the desired results equally well.

In order to give the adversary fair play in all these games, it is highly essential that the pack of cards should be *thoroughly shuffled* before each fresh game. If this is not done, you are probably giving yourself a considerable advantage, as the previous sorting into suits or sequences will be sure to have an important influence (generally in your favour) on the way the cards will turn up in the following deal. Shuffling for ordinary games is generally very badly and imperfectly done: the cards are not separated and mixed, but often large packets of them are allowed to remain undisturbed and merely transferred in place bodily. For Whist and some other games this is not of much consequence (indeed, the best players prefer only slight shuffling), but for solitary games it is subversive of their principle. After shuffling the pack must be cut in the usual way.

We proceed now to give examples of games of both orders. Some we have obtained from oral tradition; for others we are indebted to the published descriptions; but in all cases we have carefully revised and rearranged them, to make them conform to the general principles above laid down.

CLASS I.

GAMES OF CHANCE.

In these, as we have explained, the player has but to follow the rules, and has no power to influence the result by any variation of play. Although, however, skill is not brought into requisition, yet in some of the games considerable *attention* is required, as a careless slip or omission in the operation will often be fatal.

We may as well explain here, once for all, the object which is aimed at in the great majority of solitary games. This is, to arrange the cards in *sequences*. For example, an Ace being first laid down, it has to be covered by a Deuce, then by a Tray, then by a Four, and so on up to the King. This is called an *ascending sequence*.

Sometimes the King is placed at the bottom, and is covered by the Queen, this by the Knave, and so on down to the Ace. This is called a *descending sequence.*

Sometimes it is arranged that each sequence shall contain only cards of the same suit; this is said to *follow suit*, or is called a *suit sequence*. Sometimes the sequence may consist of cards of different suits; this is said to be *regardless of suit.*

It is also often customary in the course of a game to form *temporary* sequences, of a few cards only, to facilitate the play, and these may be either ascending or descending, or suit sequences, or regardless of suit, as before.

The Carpet.

The object aimed at in this game is to lay down the four Aces, and fill them up, in sequences, *following suit*, ascending to Kings.

The mode of play is as follows. First lay down, singly, and face upwards, twenty cards, placing them in four rows of five cards each. These will form a square, which is called *the carpet*. The whole of these are available for playing in the sequences, and you commence by extracting and playing any suitable cards.

The vacancies thus caused in the carpet must be filled from the pack, after which any other suitable carpet cards must be played, and their vacant places again filled in like manner.

When you can proceed no further, go on dealing the cards, face upwards, into a heap, to be placed aside, and which is called the *talon*, or *stock;* and when any suitable card for the suit sequences appears, play it in its proper place. By this means you will soon bring more of the carpet cards into play.

After you have begun forming the

talon, all vacancies in the carpet must be filled therefrom, but if it becomes exhausted they are filled from the pack, so as to maintain the full size of the carpet as long as any cards remain in hand.

It is about an even chance that this game will succeed.

The Four Separated Kings.

The object of this game is to lay down the four Aces, and fill them up in regular sequences, but *regardless of suit*, to Kings.

The mode of play is as follows:— First separate the four Kings from the pack, and lay them down beside you.

Then deal out the remainder of the cards, singly, laying them face upwards, one on the other, forming a *talon*, and playing any suitable cards on to the sequences as they appear.

When all the cards have been dealt, take up the talon, turn it over, and put one of the Kings at the bottom. Then deal out again in the same manner, continuing always to play suitable cards as they appear. The top, or faced card of the talon, is at all times available.

Then turn the talon again, putting another King at the bottom, and re-deal. Repeat this twice more. In the last deal, when the last King has been used, the sequence should be completed; if any cards remain, forming a fifth talon, the game is lost, success or failure depending on the accidental arrangement of the few last cards. It is about an even chance that you succeed.

The Windmill.

Take the four Aces from the pack, and lay them down in one heap, face upwards, to form a centre. Then, on each of the four sides of this, lay down two cards, separate, and forming a radial line from the centre: these eight cards represent the four windmill sails.

Then deal out the remainder of the pack, face upwards, in a talon or stock covering the Aces.

When the deuces appear, lay them in the angles between the sails. The object of the game is to cover these, in ascending sequences, regardless of suit, up to Kings.

For this purpose you may use any of the eight cards in the sails, filling up their places with cards taken from the top of the talon; or, if there is no talon, you fill their places by dealing from the pack. The top card of the talon is always available.

When the play succeeds, by the time you have dealt the whole pack, the four original sails will have disappeared, and the four Kings will appear as new sails in a diagonal position, the Aces forming the centre.

The chances of winning are rather in your favour.

The Clock.

This is a pretty game, and though it gives no scope for skill, it requires close attention.

Conceive a clock-face placed on the table before you.

Select the following cards from the pack, and place them face upwards, in a circle, their positions corresponding with the twelve clock figures. Thus:—

In the place of	I.	put the	Ten of Spades
,,	II.	,,	Knave of Hearts
,,	III.	,,	Queen of Clubs
,,	IV.	,,	Ace of Diamonds
,,	V.	,,	Two of Spades
,,	VI.	,,	Three of Hearts
,,	VII.	,,	Four of Clubs
,,	VIII.	,,	Five of Diamonds
,,	IX.	,,	Six of Spades
,,	X.	,,	Seven of Hearts
,,	XI.	,,	Eight of Clubs
,,	XII.	,,	Nine of Diamonds

and place the King of Diamonds in the centre of the circle.

Then put twelve groups of three cards each, face upwards, in an outer circle round the above-named cards, one group opposite each card, and place the three remaining cards, also face upwards, on the King of Diamonds.

The top cards only of each group, for the time being, are available for play.

The twelve cards of the inner circle have now to be filled up, in ascending sequences *of the same suit* (the Ace following the King), until each arrives at the

clock-figure it represents. Thus the Ten of Spades must have placed upon it the Knave, Queen, King, and Ace of the same suit, stopping at the last; the Three of Hearts must have on it the Four, Five, and Six; the Five of Diamonds the Six, Seven, and Eight; and so on. XI. will be represented by the Knave of Clubs, and XII. by the Queen of Diamonds.

To perform the filling up, you must, in the first place, use any suitable top cards of the groups in the outer circle or the centre which may present themselves, and when any top card has been removed the card left visible below it becomes available.

When you cannot proceed further, you may relieve lower cards of the groups by forming descending suit sequences on the groups themselves. Thus, if the Eight and Nine of Spades are the top cards of different groups, you may put the Eight on the Nine, which will disclose and render available the card below the former.

If by these means you succeed in disposing of all the groups except one, the top card of which will not come in, you are allowed, as an act of grace, to remove, temporarily, that top card, disclosing the one below.

When the game succeeds, the cards in the circle represent the hour figures of the clock-face, and the King of Diamonds remains to form the centre.

There is about an equal chance of this game succeeding.

Rouge et Noir.

The object of this game is first to lay down a series of thirteen *black* cards, in a line and in regular order, from Ace to King; then to cover these with a similar line of red cards; next to add black cards again, and to finish with red cards; so that when the game is won, a line of red cards appears at the top in regular sequence.

To effect this you turn up cards from the pack one by one, and when suitable cards appear you play them along the line.

Note, however, that you are not obliged to wait till the lowest or black line is completed before you add red cards. For example: if you have already laid down a black Five, and a red Five comes up, you may at once play it on the black one, and may even add a black and a red one again, although the first or black line may not have been completed. Without this privilege the game would be generally impracticable.

When unsuitable cards appear, *i.e.*, cards which you cannot play in the line, you put them, face upwards, in a talon by your side. The upper card of this talon is always available when it can be played in the line.

If you have not succeeded when you have finished the deal, you may, as a grace, cut the talon into two by lifting a portion off, which may probably expose a suitable card. You then play from both talons.

The chances, even with this grace, are something against you.

All Fours.

Lay out the cards, with their backs upwards, in thirteen heaps of four cards each. (Two rows of five heaps, and one row of three, are the most convenient form.)

Then imagine these heaps to be numbered in regular order, one to ten, and Knave, Queen, King, corresponding with the rank of the cards.

Take the top card off the first heap, look at it, and place it, *face upwards*, under the heap corresponding to its rank. (For example: if a Five, place it under the fifth heap; if a Queen, under the twelfth heap, and so on.)

Then take the top card off the heap under which you have just placed the card, look at it, and put it, face upwards, under the heap of its number in like manner. Take the top card off that heap, and continue the process as long as you can.

The object of the game is to get all the cards lying face upwards, *in fours*, in their proper places; *i.e.*, the four Aces in the first heap, the four Eights in the eighth heap, the four

Kings in the last heap, and so on; and it is just possible you may do this by continuing the operation above described.

But it is more probable that you will come to a heap whose top card is already faced, and which consequently stops your process. You may then begin afresh by taking the top card from the first of the heaps still uncompleted, placing it under its proper number, and so going on as before.

If this does not succeed, you have lost the game. The chances for you are about ever.

Pairs.

Deal out from the pack nine cards, laying them separately, face upwards.

Then abstract from them any *pairs* (a pair means, as at cribbage, two cards of the same rank, as two Queens, two Threes, and so on), and throw them aside.

Fill the place of the pairs abstracted with new cards from the pack; then abstract any further pairs, fill up anew, and so on.

The object of the game is to abstract all the cards in this way, exhausting the pack.

This can be done occasionally, as above described; but it will most frequently happen that a time will come when the nine cards lying before you contain no pair. You are then allowed to lay down one extra card; if this gives a pair, you abstract them, fill up to nine, and go on as before.

If a second block occurs you may repeat the license, but if this does not succeed you lose the game.

The chances are about even.

Rejected Hearts.

Put on one side any four cards not hearts.

Cut the pack about in half; take up either of the halves, look it through, take out and throw aside all the hearts it contains, and put the pack together again. Shuffle the whole, and add one of the four cards; then cut and extract the hearts as before.

Repeat till all the four cards are gone. This gives five extractions; and if after the fifth all the thirteen hearts are extracted the game is won; if any remain in it is lost.

The chance is about even.

The Roll Call.

Discard the Kings, Queens, and Knaves from the pack. After shuffling and cutting the remainder, deal the cards down, face upwards, in one heap: and as you deal the cards, one by one, call out a muster-roll, "one," "two," "three," &c., beginning afresh when you arrive at "ten."

When any card answers to its number (*i.e.* for example, when a Six appears to your call of "six," or an Ace to your call of "one"), throw that card aside.

When you have dealt out all the pack, take the heap up again, without shuffling, and deal again in the same manner, but continuing the roll-call in regular order from the preceding deal. Thus, if the deal ends with the call of "eight," you must commence the next deal with the call "nine," and so on.

The object is to get rid finally of all the cards.

If you fail, it will probably be from a stoppage when you have either ten or five cards in hand, as these give a recurring order corresponding with the number of the roll, and if no card among them answers in the first deal of that pack, no repetition will succeed. You may be stopped with other numbers, but these are the most probable.

The Roll-call is sometimes played with the whole pack, but this is an unfair game, as you are almost certain to succeed when the muster-roll is a prime number.

As described above, it should succeed about once in four times.

If you want to give yourself a license, when you come to a stop, shuffle the cards that remain, and begin calling with "one," "two," again. This will often break the hitch.

CLASS II.

GAMES COMBINING CHANCE AND SKILL.

This class is distinguished from the former in that the player has, in some parts of the game, an option as to what he will do, and the course he takes will have an influence on his chance of success. In some of the following games the scope for skill is not great, but still there is sufficient option to justify the classification; in others the skill exercised may be considerable.

The Old Patience.

This is perhaps the oldest form of solitary game, and is the one most generally known; but as usually played it is so difficult that it is hardly worth attempting—it does not succeed once in a hundred trials. The following modification is much more reasonable.

Deal out the cards, one by one, laying them down so as to form five heaps, face upwards. (The original plan adopts only four.)

When the four Aces appear, lay them down separately, the object being to cover them, in ascending sequences, *regardless of suit*, up to Kings.

To fill up these sequences, you use any suitable cards that turn up, the top cards of each heap being also always available.

In dealing out the cards you are at liberty to put them on which heap you please, but you ought not to cover any card with one of higher rank, until you are compelled to do so. For example, if an Eight comes to hand you may lay it on another Eight, or on anything higher, but should not put it on anything lower.

If you are able to adhere to this rule to the end you will certainly win the game; but the time will probably soon come when you must violate the rule, inasmuch as cards will turn up which are higher than any one visible. You are then compelled to place the card on one of a lower rank, thereby putting it in what is called a false position, whereby you blockade all the lower cards underneath till the new one can be got off.

You are allowed to look at the contents of each heap, and should avoid, if possible, blocking a heap that contains more than one card of the same rank. Suppose, for example, two of the sequences had already passed the Five, and that the other two Fives were in one heap: it is clear that if you were to cover that heap with a card higher than the Five, it would be impossible to get it off again, and the game would be lost. It is also advisable, when you must put a card in a false position, to choose a heap containing as few cards as possible.

As above described, the chances are still against you, as you will probably win only three or four times out of ten.

The Stores.

Lay down four heaps of six cards each, face upwards—these form the Bonded Stores. The remaining twenty-eight cards form the Free Store, which you take in your left hand, and refer to as you want cards from them.

The object of the game is to lay out the four Aces and to fill them up in ascending sequences, *regardless of suit*, to Kings.

For this purpose the top or exposed cards, for the time being, of the four Bonded Stores are available, as also the whole of the cards in the Free Store.

It is advisable always to play from the Bonded Stores when possible, and when this cannot be done, you search for the required cards in the Free Store. If you come to a stop, when none of the sequences can be proceeded with, from either of the stores, the game is lost.

Some skill is required when you have to determine which sequence you will first proceed with, or when you have to choose between two similar cards exposed, as a wrong step in these particulars may lose you the game. You have a right at all times to examine the contents of the bonded heaps to aid your judgment.

This game is a difficult one, the difficulty arising from the frequent *overlaying*, in the heaps, of low cards by others

of similar or higher rank. If *four* such overlayings exist, at the commencement, in any heap, success is impossible. For example: if the lowest card is a Three, the next a Five, the next a Seven, the next a Seven, and the next a Ten, the game cannot be won; you are allowed, therefore, to look through the heaps at the beginning, and if you find any heap with four overlayings, you may throw it back into the Free Store, and deal out another heap in its place. Having done this, you may, by good play, win about one game in three, the aim being, by careful management, to get the overlaying high cards off the lower ones as soon as possible.

Kings and Queens.

Extract one King from the pack, and lay it down face upwards before you begin. Then deal other cards upon it, also face upwards, till another King or Queen appears.

The Kings as they turn up are to be ranged in a line with the first one, and as the Queens appear, they are to be placed in another line beyond them.

As soon as a second King or a Queen appears, after placing it in its proper line, you begin to deal cards upon *that* King or Queen, leaving the first heap as it is. Whenever new Kings or Queens appear you do the same, thus always dealing the cards upon the *last* King or Queen which has turned up.

During this dealing, when the Aces show, place them in a third line beyond the Queens. These have to be covered, in ascending sequences, *regardless of suit*, up to Knaves. For this purpose you use any suitable cards that present themselves during the dealing, and also any of the top cards of the several heaps you have dealt on the Kings and Queens.

When you have laid bare any King or Queen by using up all the cards over it, you have a right to place *one card* upon it, which you remove from the top of any other heap.

It is about an even chance that you win the game on the conditions above given; but if you wish to give yourself some advantage, you may as a grace, when you are stopped, search among the various heaps for one card which you want, take it out, and use it. If this does not enable you to proceed, you lose the game.

When the game is completed, it forms a pretty *tableau* of all the picture cards, in three rows—the Knaves in the further row, the Queens in the middle, and the Kings in the row nearest to you.

There is good scope for skill in this game, in three points.

First, supposing you have two suitable cards available, you have to choose the one which will leave the most favourable conditions for the future.

Secondly, where (as often happens) you have a King or Queen left open, it requires much judgment to decide what card to put upon it, so as to relieve others in the most favourable way.

And thirdly, if you have to use the grace, you must exercise judgment as to which card to search for, supposing more than one are wanted.

To aid your judgment you are allowed to look through the various heaps, taking care that you do not displace any of the cards.

The Flower Garden.

This is one of the best solitary games we have seen, as bringing into exercise the mental qualities in a high degree.

Lay out six groups of six cards each, all face upwards, and with the cards of each group slightly separated, fan shape, so that they may be seen.

These groups form the *Flower Garden*, and the top cards only of each group are available for play.

The remaining sixteen cards you retain in your hand. These form the *Bouquet*, and every card therein is available.

Withdraw from the bouquet, or from the available cards in the garden, any Aces, and put them in a row; the object of the game being to fill them up in *sequences of the same suit*, up to Kings.

When you have taken out these and any sequence cards to follow them, you begin to liberate more, according to the following rules :—

1. Any top or available card of a group in the garden may be removed, and placed on any other top card with which it forms a descending sequence, *without regard to suit.* Thus the Six of Hearts may be placed on the Seven of Spades, or the Queen of Spades on the King of Clubs, both of course being previously at the top of their respective groups.

2. Further, any number of cards in sequence, lying at any time during the game on the top of a group, may be removed *en masse,* and placed on any other available card, which will add to the sequence in proper order. Thus, if the three upper cards of a group are the Ten, Nine, and Eight, they may all three be removed and placed on a Knave.

3. To aid in the process of liberation, you may take, at any time, a card or cards from the bouquet to make up a temporary sequence. Thus, suppose an Eight is at the top of one group, and a Five at the top of another, you may take a Seven and a Six from the bouquet, placing them on the Eight, after which you may add the Five.

4. When any group becomes exhausted, either by transfer of the cards to other groups, or by playing them on to their suit sequences, you may, upon the blank space thus left in the garden, form a new group, by transferring there any available card or sequence from another group, or any card from the bouquet.

By liberating cards in the garden groups as above described, and by using cards from the bouquet (the whole of which are available for this purpose), you will gradually fill up the four suit sequences, scheming your process of liberations according to the cards you want for the purpose.

A few trials will show the care and contrivance required to play this game successfully. In careless hands it will seldom succeed, and with all care it sometimes proves impracticable; but it is possible in the majority of cases, and it is curious how often, when the game appears hopeless, a bright idea of liberation will occcur which, when carried out, will make all easy.

Reversible Sequences.

This is also a very good game, giving much scope for skill. The peculiar feature of it is that the sequences used in it are *reversible,* sometimes ascending, sometimes descending.

Deal out all the cards, separately, face upwards, laying them down in four rows of thirteen cards each.

All the cards in the front row, *i.e.* the one nearest to you, are termed *free cards,* and may be taken up and used as hereafter described.

Also, when you have removed any card from the front row, so as to expose one of the second row, the latter becomes a free card. And similarly any card in a back row which becomes exposed by the removal of all the cards in front of it, thus becomes a free card; in short, any card that has not another card lying between it and the edge of the table where you sit, is a free card, and all such cards may be used in the play.

Now, having laid down the cards, if there are any Aces or Kings in the front row, remove them and lay them out separately as the foundations for *suit sequences* to be built upon them—these sequences being either ascending or descending, according as the Ace or King of the suit is selected as the foundation. For example: if the Ace of Hearts is taken, it will have to be covered by the Two of Hearts, then by the Three, and so on up to the King; if the King of Spades is taken, it will have to be covered by the Queen of Spades, then by the Knave, and so on down to the Ace.

The object of the game is to lay out the four suits in four packs, each in regular sequence, either ascending or descending. (It follows that if the Ace and King of the *same suit* are both in

the front row, only one of them must be removed.)

If there is no Ace or King in the front row, or in any case as soon as you have proceeded as far as you can with the cards as laid down, you' proceed to liberate other cards as follows:—

You may take up any free card and place it *either above or below* any other free card of the same suit with which it is in sequence. Thus, suppose the Four and Five of Spades are both free, you may remove the Four, and put it either upon or under the Five; or you may remove the Five, and put it either upon or under the Four. Suppose you put the Five upon the Four: then, further, when the Three of Spades becomes free, you can put it under the Four; or when the Six becomes free, you may either put it on the top of the Five, or you may take away the Five and put it on the top of the Six, and then put the Four on the top of that, and so on.

Thus any single free card, or the upper card of any free heap, may be removed and placed either above or below any other free card of the same suit with which it is in sequence, whether in a heap or otherwise.

But in this game you must only move *one card at a time.* Thus, if the Four of Spades lies upon the Five, you cannot take up the two together and place them on the Six. The only way to move them is to put the Four on the Three (when the latter is free) and then the Five upon the Four, thus *reversing the sequence,* which is the feature of this game.

This process, if judiciously carried out, will liberate not only new Aces or Kings to begin with, but will also open out additional cards to fill up the suit sequences. And if by this means you succeed in completing the four suits, so using up all the cards, the game is won.

But from the varied choice you have in removing the cards, the greatest care and skill are necessary, for a false or injudicious move, though appearing harmless enough at the time, may have the effect of shutting up some essential card, and so losing you the game.

With skill and care, the chances are in favour of your winning; playing carelessly, they are much against you.

Quatorze.

Lay out the cards, all face upwards, in twelve heaps, four containing five cards each, and eight containing four cards each.

Then take away any two of the upper cards of which the pips, added together, make fourteen—the Knave counting eleven, the Queen twelve, and the King thirteen. Thus a Five and a Nine, or a King and an Ace, or two Sevens, or a Knave and a Three, may be withdrawn together.

The object is to get the whole of the cards away.

In playing this, attend to the following hints:—

1. When you have a choice of two or more cards to remove, choose the one which has the most cards under it, in order to open the way to future removals. Do not take up a card lying alone till you are obliged.

2. If two cards making fourteen lie in one pack (you may look through the packs if you please), get one of them off as early as possible. This is specially necessary with *Sevens.*

If these rules are attended to, the chance of your winning is about even.

Discards.

It is necessary for this game that the top and bottom cards of the pack must be the same suit. If, therefore, this is not the case after the usual cutting, you must repeat it again and again till it comes so.

Then lay the cards down face upwards in a line, beginning at the left hand, and adding cards to the right, one by one. You will soon find some of the following conditions appear which will enable you to make *Discards.*

You may discard—

1. Any card lying between two of

the same *suit*, as between two Hearts or two Spades.

2. Any card lying between two of the same *rank*, as between two Nines or two Kings.

3. Any *two* cards of the same suit or rank lying between two of the same suit or rank. Thus, for example—

Two Aces between two Knaves;
Or two Fours between two Hearts;
Or two Spades between two Kings;
Or two Diamonds between two Clubs.

After throwing the discarded card aside, you close up the gap by moving the right-hand card to the left, so as to join the other cards and keep the row entire. You then go on laying down more cards to the right, till another discard is possible, and so on.

The object of the game is to get rid of the whole of the cards by discarding, but this is seldom to be done—probably not more than once in twenty trials; you will generally have from ten to twenty cards left in the row when your pack is all laid down.

To avoid the disappointment of so many failures, a license is allowed in these cases—namely, that of throwing out a number of cards, not exceeding three, chosen at pleasure from the row remaining. If these false discards will enable you to discard legitimately all the rest (as will often be the case when the row consists of not more than about ten), you may be considered to win the game; if not, you lose.

GAMES WITH TWO PACKS OF CARDS.

Many of these are published in the books, but we have generally avoided them, as being objectionable from their trouble and complication. We give, however, the following as an example, being a very pretty game that does not admit of adaptation to a single pack.

The Sultan.

Take from the packs the eight Kings and one Ace, and lay them down separately, face upwards, in three rows of three cards each, forming a square, taking care that a King of Hearts is in the centre.

The object is to fill up the eight external cards, regardless of suit, in ascending sequences—the Ace going on the King, the Two on the Ace, and so on, finishing each heap with a Queen. The middle card is to be left uncovered.

To do this, you deal from the pack ten cards, and lay them down separately, face upwards, by the sides of the square, after which you continue dealing into a talon or stock, face upwards, placed by your side. Any of the ten separate cards are available to use in the sequences, and when removed, their places must be supplied from the talon, or, if there is no talon, from the pack. The top card of the talon is also available. If the game succeeds, it makes a pretty *tableau* at the end, representing the King of Hearts as the Sultan in the centre, surrounded by his eight Queens.

W. POLE.

RECENT LATIN VERSE.

I AM perhaps asking more than my readers, if I have any, can be reasonably expected to concede, if I require them to believe that I have written this article in a purely experimental spirit. But I must assure them, once for all, that it is so. To attempt to measure myself on any question of general scholarship with the writers who are here criticised, would qualify me for admission to a madhouse. And even on the subordinate art of Latin verse, success in which does not depend so much upon grammar and philology, as on a good memory and a good ear, it would be presumptuous in the highest degree for one like myself to dogmatise in opposition to these gentlemen. But at the same time I have been struck with a tendency of late years to turn Latin verses into something very different from the models I was taught to study; and I want to know whether the change is esteemed, in the judgment of competent scholars, to represent a real improvement in the practice of Latin verse composition, or is only the substitution of one kind of excellence for another, which I cannot but think of inferior dignity and importance. In other words, I think that the vigour, the spirit, and the thoroughly classical tone which distinguished the Latin verse writers of a former generation are in some danger of being sacrificed to the mechanical ingenuity which seeks to extract from the Latin language equivalents for the most incongruous ideas, and to make the number of lines in which the translation is written correspond exactly with the original. I do not underrate the importance of either of these achievements; nor do I forget what the late Professor Conington has written on the subject. The question is whether in the exclusive attention which is now devoted to these objects, the other half—and, as I think, the better half—of what would constit u perfect Latin verse is not very frequently lost sight of, whether, in fact, in the truest and most literal sense in which the expression can be used, the spirit is not buried under the letter.

Of course, one of the chief advantages which help to constitute the utility of all kinds of composition is the necessity which it imposes on the learner of thoroughly searching his vocabulary in order to find the right word or phrase for every purely modern conception. And in this respect verse has some advantage over prose in that it compels him not only to find an equivalent, but one that will suit his metre. It is equally certain that for educational purposes some limit must be placed on the length to which translations may extend, or the difficulty would be evaded by a string of fluent circumlocutions. It is not against these two canons that I am protesting, but only against what seems to me to be the growing abuse of them. As regards the first, not only are passages often chosen for translation so totally foreign to the genius of the Latin language, that a literal translation only becomes a double murder; but even where the English is classical, and admits of being turned into easy and idiomatic Latin, it is the fashion to discard this style as something obsolete or school-boyish, and to challenge admiration by some new and more far-fetched phraseology, the purity of which is not always quite above suspicion. We will suppose the highest possible excellence to have been attained in this style of translation; that for every English idea some plausible equivalent has been found which is fitted into the verse with the skill of a literary joiner; that line corresponds to line with the most symmetrical precision; and that the most scrupulous and exact of scholars could detect no flaw

in either syntax, prosody, or metre; suppose all this to have been done, yet where, we ask, will be the profit, if the whole piece when finished is utterly unlike anything which we can conceive a Roman to have written? To produce a copy of verses which shall, as far as possible, be classical, in which some of the far-off echoes of Virgil or Tibullus shall still linger, should surely be the first object of every Latin verse writer, and not to present us with a garland as unlike the rose of Latium as artificial flowers are to real ones. If it is said that this excellence is impracticable, I deny the assertion flatly. I say that the classical style was handed down from the days when Latin was still a living language, through Muretus and Casimir, Milton and Buchanan, to Rapin, Addison, and Gray, and from them to Wellesley, Grenville, Canning, and the scholars of thirty years ago. In proof of this assertion I need only ask my readers to refer to the Latin verses of Lord Selborne and Mr. Goldwin Smith, and to ask themselves whether these do not still retain something of the antique flavour, and whether they are not such as a Roman of the silver age might easily have attributed at least to some provincial contemporary. We are certain at all events that among the short epigrammatic pieces which it was the fashion to compose at Christ Church a hundred years ago verses may be found which modern scholars might easily mistake for Martial. The same may be said of some of the Latin verses which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin;* and also of some beautiful poems in the *Museum Criticum* at Cambridge. We have singled these out at random, but surely what was done so recently by English scholars cannot be beyond the reach of the present generation. And if it is said that this particular kind of excellence can only be attained in original verses, and is almost impossible in translations, I only say so much the worse for translations. But I don't believe that it is so. Take Lord Selborne's translation of Wordsworth's "'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy," or Wellesley's translation of the passage in Milton's *Arcades*, beginning "I am the spirit of this wood;" or take a still better instance, Professor Conington's own translation of the "Swallow" in the Horæ Tennysonianæ, and they sufficiently disprove the assertion that translation cannot be reasonably literal, and yet retain the grace, vivacity and classic spirit which may be found in original composition.

The purpose of this article then is to ask a question of the classical public, in hopes of receiving from some quarter or another a decisive answer, and to ascertain whether scholars in general, when their attention has once been called to the subject, will endorse the praises which have been bestowed on Professor Munro's translation of Gray's *Elegy*, Mr. Paley's *Lycidas*, Mr. Evans's and Lord Lyttelton's *Œnone*, Mr. Justice Denman's translation of the first book of Pope's *Iliad*, and others of a kindred kind, which, however, I have neither space nor time to enumerate, much less to criticise; or whether, on the other hand, my own instincts are correct, and it is really true that the great Latin verse writers of the present day have got into a wrong groove and are travelling in a wrong direction.

I notice three faults in these writers, namely, a disregard of the rhythm which the all but universal usage of classical antiquity seems to render imperative on us: a straining after literal exactness at the expense alike of elegance, clearness, and vigour: and, generally speaking, the pursuit of correctness carried to such excess that the spirit of the original, and the proper tune, so to speak, of Latin poetry evaporate together. Among modern translators of the *Lycidas* I must make an honourable exception in favour of Mr. Calverly, whom I ought to have mentioned before as a living illustration of what can still be done with the Virgilian hexameter, and an example of a versifier who is neither cramped, like some of his contemporaries, nor unmusically licentious, like others.

It has been said that the old question

of whether Gray's Elegy *could* be translated into Latin verse has now been solved, and that the task has been performed once for ever. Now I want to know whether this is the real opinion of the majority of English scholars; for if I found that it was, I should certainly believe myself mistaken, and retire from the sphere of classical criticism as one who was ignorant of the subject. Take the first four lines of the Elegy:—

"Clangor ab æde diem mæret sollennis ademptam:
Mugit, ut arva boum segniter agmen obit,
Dumque domum repetens it iter grave lassus arator
Linquimus hic una nos duo, nox et ego."

Now what peculiar merit does this version possess over hundreds that have gone before, all equally inadequate? I don't like the second line at all. The rhythm of the first penthimemer is faulty, and quite an exception with Ovid, Propertius, or Tibullus, and I cannot say that I much like the word *obit*, which at all events does not convey the characteristic touch of the original in the word "wind." Nor was there any difficulty in expressing it. Why not

"Serpit iter reboans segne per arva pecus"?

or

"Mugit iter serpens segne per arva pecus"?

The line

"Or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,"

is translated

"Voxve ea longinquas tinnula sopit oves,"

where the harshness of the first two syllables must strike every one. Nobody can say that *nubilus bubo* is a good translation of "the moping owl;" or that the legal phrase *justicitatis agit* for "complains of incivility," is not a piece of pedantry which the Roman elegy would hardly have tolerated. For

"Beneath that rugged elm, that yew tree's shade,"

we have

"Nodosa ulmus ubi cum taxo copulat umbras."

As if the translator had gone out of his way to perpetrate a harshness which no metrical exigency required of him.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

"Ne bonus iste labor, neu rustica gaudia, neve
Fors obscura sit hæc, ambitiose, jocus:
Neu plebeia tibi risu, trabeate, superbo
Acta breve et simplex excipiantur opus.'

Compare with this the version of Gilbert Wakefield, an eighteenth century scholar, who candidly declares that no Latin verse can do justice to the original:—

"Nec temnat pulchros indignabunda labores
Ambitio et lusus, et sine laude vicem.
Nec gens excipiat risu trabeata maligno
Annales nudos historiamque brevem."

Can there be any doubt which carries off the palm here for either simplicity, purity, or melody? Or take the single line:—

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

Mr. Munro says—

"Metaque mors, quoquo gloria flectit iter."

Gilbert Wakefield has the exquisitely smooth and literal—

"In tumuli fauces ducit honoris iter."

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

"Cælata historiis, animam revocare fugacem
Urna domum, facies marmore viva potest?"

Here again Wakefield is surely more vigorous and sonorous:—

"Num fugientem animam vivus de marmore vultus
Adsolitam revocat, num memor urna domum?"

But I have quoted enough to show that in Mr. Munro's version there are at least some perfectly commonplace lines: and that as for saying it has been reserved for him to show the world how to translate Gray's Elegy, such an opinion cannot have been expressed by any competent judge who was acquainted with Wakefield's version, something like a hundred years older.

But I have more serious objections to take than those we have already

urged, which only go so far as to show that the version has been unduly lauded. We have now to point out some examples of those vices to which we have already called attention. The first specimen we shall call attention to is the following:—

"Where thro' the long drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

Here is the translation:—

"Ductus ubi alæ ingens et crustis fornicis apti
'Laudamus' retonans undat ubique sono."

Now, then, let us fairly have it out with Mr. Munro. Is this what any Roman poet would have written? In some respects the version is a very happy one. The *ductus alæ*, and the *crustis fornicis apti*, belong to those triumphs of literal translation to which we have referred. But do they read like Latin poetry? And what is there in the Latin context to connect them with the idea of a church? If we had not Gray's lines before us, should we have the most remote conception of their meaning? Likewise I cannot think that the introduction of the *Laudamus*, like the *Eheu* and the *Ity* elsewhere, is at all comformable to the genius of elegiac poetry; while the *undat ubique sono* is surely a most bald and frigid ending for so very ambitious a beginning. I infinitely prefer Wakefield's—

"Qua longos per templi aditus laqueataque tecta
Æerium ingeminant organa pulsa melos."

Here we have not the literal felicity of Mr. Munro; but we have, what is more to the purpose, something which a Roman might have written, and an Englishman can understand.

I will take another instance:—

"For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Their pleasing anxious being ere resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

'Nam mutæ quis omisit eum se victima Lethes
Qui tot amaritie miscet amæna sua.
Destituit læti geniales luminis oras,
Nec flexit tamen os expetiitque moram."

Now, what do these first two lines *mean?* What is *eum se*, and who is *qui?* The *eum se*, I suppose, is to be construed, "that self of his," *i.e.* his "being." But if this is Latin verse, or if this is elegiac poetry, I don't know what either of them are, and I don't want to know. The position of the word *qui*, moreover, seems rather awkward, suggesting a dependency on *Lethes* instead of *se;* while the whole construction of *eum se qui miscet*, &c. strikes me as of doubtful propriety; for though "this being" may combine both pleasure and anxiety, I don't think it was in Gray's mind at the moment that it mixed them for itself, but that they were due to external circumstances.

I must now take another passage which has been singled out for special praise by critics, whose scholarship it would be idle to doubt, but whose taste, I think, must have been for the moment napping, or else affected by personal considerations. The passage is as follows:—

"Perchance in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

"But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of Ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The Latin runs thus:—

"Forsan in hoc squalente loco neglecta quiescat
Mens olim ætheriæ fœta calore facis;
Sceptrum habiles tenuisse manus, vitave deoque
Expergefactam participasse lyram.
Sed spoliis ævi large doctrina refertum
Noluit ante oculos evoluisse librum:
Algida sublimes æstus compressit egestas,
Adstrinxitque suo vivida corda gelu.
Sæpe renidentes præclara luce lapillos
Antra maris, cæca nocte profunda, gerunt:
Sæpe rubor florum natus moriensque fefellit,
Aeraque in vacuum perditus exit odor."

Now the first thing that strikes one

here is that by "neglected spot," Gray did not mean squalid—overgrown with nettles, and like the garden of the sluggard. He meant neglected by the public, unknown to fame; and *squalente*, therefore, entirely overshoots the mark. In the second place, I don't like *mens* for "heart." A man's mind is not deposited in his grave, though his heart is. By an allowable license we speak of the heart in both a bodily and a spiritual sense, as both a mortal and an immortal part of the human being. And this recognized ambiguity justifies the language of Grav. But neither mind in English, nor *mens* in Latin, enjoys the same privilege; and I am surprised therefore to see it used in the present instance. *Fœta*, again, I think, when used in a metaphorical, is generally used also in a bad, sense. And I cannot help thinking that by *fax ætheria* a Roman would have understood either the sun, the moon, or the stars. When I come on to the next couplet I am still more staggered—

> "Vitave deoque
> Expergefactam participasse lyram."

This seems to be an attempt at some subtle and transcendental reproduction of the original idea, to outshine all the commonplace ones which have hitherto been published. The literal translation of it is to make the awakened lyre a partaker of life and God. But I cannot believe that had a Roman elegist wished to say what Gray has said he would have said it as Mr. Munro says it. Would he not rather have said something like the following—

> "vel dulce furentem
> In vitam Æoliæ fila vocasse lyræ"?

The seventh line is extremely good. But of the rest I can only say that I do not think they rise above mediocrity: that *natus moriensque* is a conceit lugged in by the head and shoulders; and that *exit* seems to me to mean "end in," or as Mr. Tennyson has it of a broken purpose, "waste in" air. But this last, perhaps, is a hypercritical objection. As Gilbert Wakefield has not translated the whole of this passage, I shall venture on a version of my own of the four last lines, which at all events will help to make clearer the principles on which I think such translations should be made—

> Tethyos in tenebris fundoque carentibus antris,
> Plurima sincero gemma nitore latet.
> Plurimus in ventos flos effusurus odores
> Nascitur ingratos, et sine teste rubet."

I venture to think this is nearer the terms in which a Roman poet would have expressed the idea; and also perhaps more easily intelligible.

It must be remembered that in these short pieces we look for perfection of style, and that licenses tolerable in a poem of ten thousand lines are not so in one of two hundred; yet we find, both in Mr. Evans's *Œnone* and in Mr. Paley's *Lycidas*, a looseness of versification to which Ovid and Virgil are comparatively strangers, and for which Lucretius can no more be pleaded in justification than could Horace or Juvenal. Such lines as—

> "Afflavere; supraque hederæ errabundaque vitis,"
> "Incidit arboribus summis pavo cristatus,"
> "Hærebat dubitans; clamavique, 'Oh, Pari, palma,'"
> "Aera matutinum Œnone sola videbit,"
> "Ultro, confecitque rotundum epulantibus aurum,"
> "Tarda pedem, horrida veste, ulvaque intecta recenti—"

show either a want of ear, or a contempt for the laws of rhythm, which I cannot think venial errors in compositions which are intended to be models. I have before me a translation of the *Lycidas*, published in 1694, with which it is interesting to compare our more modern versions. It has no very extraordinary merit; but it has not one single such line as the harsh and halting ones above quoted. It possesses, moreover, the virtues of ease and clearness, in which contemporary Latin verse is often so strikingly deficient, so that one sees the writer's meaning in a moment, and can follow his constructions as fast as the eye travels over the paper. With more recent performances, on the contrary, we have often to use the English

as a translation for the Latin, which we should never understand without it.

I had intended to say something both of Mr. Justice Denman's translation of Pope's *Iliad*, and of Lord Lyttelton's *Œnone*. But time and space forbid; and I can only add that I cannot join in the praises which have been bestowed on the former, as I think him a great offender in the matter of rhythm and metre, and that his pentameters in particular are constant violations of the rules to which one has been accustomed from infancy, and which, beyond all question, are founded on the almost universal practice of the Roman elegists. I have not his translation before me, but I can easily manufacture a specimen of what I mean. Say, for instance—

"Compuleratque vagos in sua tecta boves."

Now I say that the first half of this line violates the usual rhythm of the elegiac poets. Two dactyls in the first penthimemer they of course constantly employ. But not two which produce this particular movement; and I appeal confidently to all impartial scholars to say if I am not right. I observe with pain that the movement is becoming only too common among those whom we look up to as our guides in this delightful art, and if any words of mine could arrest the growth of this evil I should not have lived for nothing. Porson used to say he should be satisfied to have it stated on his tomb that here lay one who had done something for the Greek Iambic. Similarly, could it be inscribed on mine that I had done anything for the Latin pentameter, I should die contented.

I must now again return to the language with which I began, and again protest that I do not really mean to set up my own opinion against such distinguished scholars as Messrs. Paley and Munro, or the school which they represent; and that if they are prepared to abide by their own implied theories of Latin versification I have no more to say. Their simple assertion to that effect would quite convince me I was wrong. I merely think it possible that in the reaction against the looser and less accurate style of translation which doubtless did prevail formerly, they may have drifted unconsciously too far in the opposite direction, and that when their attention is called to it they may perhaps acknowledge it themselves. I must likewise apologise for any expressions in this article which may seem too positive or abrupt, since, owing to unforeseen circumstances, I have been compelled to write it with more haste than I had intended, and have not had time to weigh every word with as much care as I could have wished.

As a lover of Latin verse, and one who knows from sad experience how easy it is in striving to be literal to become prosaic and obscure, I have written this brief protest against what I think a growing error. If the translation of English verse into Latin is to be a successful means of education, it must of course be kept as close to the original as possible without violating other necessary conditions. Without grinding the two tongues against each other, the value of translation as a teaching medium is lost. But unless the pupil catches something of the tone and spirit of his adopted language, I very much question if the process is worth the trouble bestowed on it. Besides, modern Latin poetry has, I contend, an independent value of its own, irrespective of its use in education; and I should be sorry to see the day when it came to be regarded only as an exercise for school and college. Finally, I must not be understood to mean that I do not recognise in all the translations I have mentioned many very beautiful lines, and also the frequent presence of the true classical spirit. But I see, or imagine that I see, certain objectionable tendencies creeping into modern Latin verse, and it is against these and these only that I seek to record my feeble protest.

T. E. Kebbel.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

LA SPEZIA, *December* 10, 1874.

SIR,—The postscript to an article on "Prussia and the Vatican," in your December number, needs an answer, and it shall be given. For a writer who affirms that the Head of the Catholic Church claims to be "the Incarnate and Visible Word of God" I have really compassion. Either he sincerely knows no better, and for such exceptional want of knowledge is worthy of all pity; or, knowing better, he is an object of compassion for graver reasons.

I will counsel this gentleman to draw his knowledge from purer and more authentic sources than "Janus," "Quirinus," and the "Old Catholics" of Munich. They will only mislead him. It is profusely evident that he has not yet learned the first principles of the matter he treats with such confidence in himself, and such contempt of "Vatican Clerics." A writer who believes that the Vicar of our Lord claims to be "the Incarnate Word," has given to the world the measure of his knowledge, or of his fairness, or of both.

It will be time to discuss the Constitution "Unam Sanctam" with him when he has not only read, but mastered, Hergenröther's *Katholische Kirche und Christlicher Staat:* in which the accusations of the Munich Old Catholics are fully refuted.

The writer disclaims in his article, p. 172, all intention of impugning my "personal good faith." I am glad to hear it: because he did so in his last article; and he has repeated it in the postscript before me. He there clearly implies a charge of duplicity in the use of "the Queen's English." Let me for the last time advise this gentleman to use only the Queen's English; in which he will find none of the nicknames and none of the discourtesies which stain his writings. And also for the last time I will say that an adversary who cannot believe in the honour of those who are opposed to him, not only always strikes wide, but deserves to have his spurs hacked off, and to be led out of the lists of honourable controversy.

What I have publicly affirmed I shall publicly justify: not before your nameless correspondent; but before a tribunal in which I gladly recognize a right to know what I believe and what I teach.

I will now turn to the postscript. In it I find an interrogatory of five questions, followed by these peremptory words—in imitation, it would seem, of a late Prime Minister—not a little comic:

"I require plain answers in plain English."

I will give them: but not to the interrogator, whose competence I reject. They shall be given plainly and promptly to all into whose hands his interrogative false witness may fall, lest they should be misled by it.

The writer asks:

1. "Did Dr. Manning himself, and the bulk of his clergy, consider themselves before the Vatican Decrees as absolved from their allegiance to the British Crown?"

Answer. No.

2. "If Dr. Manning and his clergy did not" so consider themselves absolved, "is it, or is it not, a fact that since the Vatican Decrees they are dogmatically bound, at the peril of their salvation, to consider themselves absolved from that allegiance?"

Answer. It is not a fact. Neither I nor they consider ourselves to be absolved from our allegiance; and the Vatican Decrees have not so much as touched our allegiance.

3. "Is it not certain that the Irish Bishops and the English Vicars Apostolic" "did not consider themselves as absolved from their British allegiance?"

Answer. Most certain; and equally certain that we hold ourselves to be equally bound by that allegiance.

4. "Is there not a risk that a body of officials, not so bound by the ties of allegiance to the Crown of the country in which they are actively employed, and having to obey a code of laws radically different from those of that country, may come into collision with the latter?"

Answer. Every sentence in this question is either absurd or false.

I and my clergy are bound by the ties of allegiance. *Cadit quæstio.*

If by "code of laws" be meant civil laws, we have no such code.

If by "code of laws" be meant spiritual and religious discipline, there can be no collision, unless Falk laws be introduced into England.

5. "Is Dr. Manning perfectly certain that cases have not already arisen within his own jurisdiction in which clerical persons have been brought into a conflict of jurisdiction," or "have decided (*sic*) since 1870 in favour of the Curial jurisdiction?"

Answer. I have no knowledge whatsoever of any such cases.

If any such have arisen, they who dealt with them since 1870 otherwise than they would have dealt with them before 1870 have gone astray. The Vatican Council has not so much as touched any such possible question of civil jurisdiction.

Here we return to the sole point in contest.

Before the Council met, a party at Munich prophesied to the world that its decrees would clash with civil allegiances. During the Council they strove in every way to bring down the pressure of the Civil Governments of Europe, to hinder the freedom of the Council. The Council steadfastly did its duty, and defined the *purely spiritual doctrine* of the Authority and the Infallibility of the Head of the Church. It was this they really feared. It is a doctrine they had denied; and its definition was fatal to their literary authority, and to their personal importance.

From that hour their efforts have been redoubled to bring down the Civil Powers upon the Catholic Church. They have succeeded in setting the German Empire on fire. They are now endeavouring to set fire to the civil and religious peace of our Three Kingdoms. The whole network of this mischief, the methods and the men, are well known. But it will not succeed. The momentary stir and suspicion, unhappily raised by a great name, will in a little while pass away; and the English people will not only know that the Vatican Decrees have not changed so much as a jot or tittle of our civil allegiance, but that Catholics are better evidence as to their own religion than those who are now teaching us the meaning of our Councils, and catechising us about our loyalty.—I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

+ Henry Edward,
Archbishop of Westminster.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

IV.—THE PRUSSIAN AND GERMAN LEGISLATION TO WHICH THE VATICAN DECREES GAVE RISE.

We resume the main subject interrupted by the "letter" in the December No.

The thunders and lightnings which accompanied the proclamation of the Decrees, whether supernatural or not, were lost in the crash of the other great storm which then broke over Europe—the war between Germany and France.

Of the many and far-reaching results of that war we have to deal with only two. 1. The resuscitation of the Imperial dignity in Germany; 2. The annihilation of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. The triumph of the Ghibelline, the overthrow of the Guelph.

To gain a clear insight into the present conflict, we cannot do better than strive to realize the different angles at which these two events necessarily struck the vision of Germans, according as they were Protestants or Catholics.

In the eyes of the German Protestant the overthrow of France, the triumph of the Fatherland, the attainment of the long-wished-for unity, were the all in all, and he could give himself up to a sense of triumph and to the enjoyment of realized hopes in a way that rarely happens more than once even in the life of the most prosperous nations; and Germany till then had, politically speaking, not been a prosperous nation.

In the eyes of the German Catholic, on the other hand, the successful issue of the war and the unification of his country had all the interest of political events of first-rate magnitude, but nevertheless could not throw into the background the terrible catastrophe which had befallen the patrimony of his Church. It is easy for Protestants to jeer at Roman Catholics for their feelings towards the city of the seven hills; but to do so only proves the kind of ignorance in which one half of the religious world lives respecting the spiritual landscape present to the inner vision of the other half. With the history of his Church, identified as it is with the history of Rome, it is absurd to expect that a Roman Catholic should look at the latter as an Italian city. To him it is not the capital of a nation but of a world. It is as much the *Urbs* of the Christian *orbis* as ancient Rome was the *Urbs* of the pagan *orbis*, and in this holy city he feels he has a share and an inheritance. He is born a *Civis Romanus*, and those who despoiled the Pope of his city despoiled him of his birthright. Is it to be wondered at that the German Roman Catholics were torn by contending emotions when they reflected that it was the triumph of the German arms which brought about this sacrilege, and that it was in part the work of their own sons, than whom none shed their blood more freely on the hard-won battle-fields of France? Is it so difficult to understand, that when their Protestant fellow-citizens were giving themselves up to the noise and revelry of victory they should have felt unable to join the revellers, and should have turned aside and have refused to be comforted? Are we not tempted, in registering this note of discord between the two great religious bodies which divide Germany, struck at the moment when the nervous system of the nation was at its highest tension, to call to mind the episode in the battle between the Horatii and the Curiatii? The surviving Horatian brother, amidst the great joy that filled the people (*tanto gaudio publico*), with the panoplies of his three fallen foes borne in triumph before him, is met at the gates of the city by the wailing of his sister mourning over her slain lover. "The fierce spirit of the youth," says the Roman historian, "was stirred within him as he beheld the tears shed by the virgin over his victory, and he transfixed her with his

sword."[1] Now putting aside the lengths to which the brother allowed his passion to carry him, his irritation was perfectly natural, though not more natural than the grief of the sister; and so with the "German nation in arms" returning home in triumph, and the wailing of the Catholics amidst the great joy that filled the people, the flying flags and the bunting, the fireworks, and the colossal plaster Germanias which bristled over the face of the Fatherland. It was a situation, according to the true conception of ancient tragic art, in which the actors, close knit by the bonds of blood, are driven, through no fault of their own, and by the impulse of a blind necessity, into a position of irreconcilable antagonism.

But, besides this connexion, indirect, it is true, but not the less essential, between the loss of St. Peter's patrimony and the German victories in France, there are yet two other reasons to account for the conflict provoked by the Vatican Decrees having burst out with such exceptional violence upon German soil. The one, the death-blow given to the long-cherished hopes of the Ultramontane party that the revival of the Empire, which all parties in Germany looked forward to in some shape or another, would be effected under the Catholic dynasty of Hapsburgh, and not under the Protestant house of Hohenzollern. The other, the protest within the Catholic Church itself of German theological science against the theological conclusions of the Council. To relate how the bracing atmosphere of free scientific criticism and discussion in the German University, that Promised Land conquered by the Reformation, had called into life and nurtured to robust maturity a school of Catholic heology whose profound historical learning, combined with its large humanitarianism, bid fair to rescue the Catholicity of the Roman Church from the dismal swamps of Papal mythology—to trace how the accumulated labours of this school had succeeded in recovering, as it were from an ancient palimpsest, the true text of Catholic tradition from the superimposed layers of legend by which it had been obliterated, and in laying bare the tissue of falsehoods, forgeries, and systematic fraud by which for three centuries the Church of S. Ignatius had sought to substitute itself for the Church of St. Peter—in a word, to show how, mindful of the example of the wise virgins, the theological "*Academia docens*" had trimmed its lamp from the ever-filling reservoirs of human knowledge, and kindled a beacon-light which alone could have shown the Church the path which she could with safety tread, whilst the "*Ecclesia docens*" vainly tried to fan into a flame the charred wicks of fables long since dead—would require a separate treatise.

We can do no more than commend the subject to the consideration of our readers, and bid them bear in mind that that which goes by the name of Old Catholicism, and which, in its religious aspect at least, may be described as the outspoken utterance of the Roman Catholic conscience appealing "a papâ male informato ad papam melius informandum," is an essentially German product, owing its birth to German University culture.

We would also, in connection with this same question of Old Catholicism, impress upon their minds that it presents two very different aspects which must be kept carefully asunder: one wholly religious and theological, the other partly religious, partly political; the one conservative, and with countless affinities amongst zealous Catholics who have submitted to, or at least have not openly protested against, the decrees, but who feel their galling yoke: the other tending towards radicalism, and with its affinities rather amongst the Protestants beyond them than the Catholics behind them.[1] Above all,

[1] The words put into the mouth of Horatius by Livy are singularly apposite to the situation we are describing, and accurately tally with the reproach of want of patriotism and deficient sympathy for national joys and national sorrows which German Protestants make to German Catholics. *Abi hinc cum immaturo amore ad sponsum, oblita fratrum mortuorum vivique, oblita patriæ. Sic eat, quæcumque Romana lugebit hostem.*

[1] In this diagnosis of Old Catholicism, we refer to the Swiss and French Old Catholics no less than to the Germans.

we would wish them to fix their attention upon the relation borne towards the Old Catholic Movement by the last great theologian produced by the Roman Church in its pre-Vatican days, and when it could still lay claim to holiness and Catholicity.

We say the relation borne towards the Old Catholic Movement, because it would be a radical mistake to consider Dr. Döllinger as the leader of a movement in the ordinary sense of the term. As a movement, Old Catholicism is made up of very complicated and diverse elements, partly religious, partly political, with definite present objects and aims. With these Dr. Döllinger is in no wise directly concerned. He furnished Old Catholicism with its dogmatic basis, but this not in the shape of a party manifesto, but as the result of forty years of academic teaching within the Roman Church; and, since the plunge made by the Vatican Council into the abyss of Infallibility, he has continued to mark out the lines within which the Catholic Church—be it composed of few or many, of those whom Rome has excommunicated, or of those who, not accepting the conclusions of the Council, have yet remained in communion with her—must keep, in order to maintain its Catholicity. But in all this his action has been like that of the conscience—judicial, not executive. He has raised no standard; he has given no signal; he has proclaimed no new doctrine. He has only held fast by that which he believed to be demonstrably true. He was called upon to tell a lie, and he refused to tell it. Like Galileo, he was commanded by an authority which claims to hold in its hands the keys of heaven and of hell, to deny the truth of that which he had spent his life in placing beyond the reach of cavil, on the immovable basis of historical demonstration; but, unlike Galileo, he said "No!" In a voice never raised by passion or lowered by fear, and which, like church bells tolled in warning over a burning city, never lost its silver sweetness amidst the raging strife, he pointed out the dangers into which the deep designs of the few and the fatuous ignorance of the many were hurrying on the Church, and the only road which led to safety. But his warning remained unheeded.

Of all those who have been forced, whether they would or no, to act a prominent part in the odious revival of theological passion which is the disgrace of our age, Dr. Döllinger will remain, when the sacerdotal cyclone now raging over Europe shall have spent its wrath, one of the very few whom mankind will adjudge to have served the higher interests of humanity, and for whom they will preserve an affectionate remembrance.

For the present it is necessary to note that in one sense he represents something much more than Old Catholicism, whilst in another, as far as the movement is one actively connected with the political aspects of the present conflict, he represents much less.

As long as the war lasted all other questions sank into insignificance, but no sooner had Paris surrendered, and writs been issued for the election of the first Imperial German Parliament, than it became apparent that politico-religious subjects would largely occupy the attention of the impending session.

The elections in the Catholic portions of Prussia, more especially on the Rhine and in Westphalia, presented an altogether new feature. Instead of the old union between Catholics and Conservatives, a clerical party, pure and simple, was formed with the most stringent *mot d'ordre* to exclude any and every candidate who would not solemnly engage to subscribe a programme of the most uncompromising kind; whilst, on the other hand, every candidate who in Church matters would accept the *mandat impératif* of the clerical wire-pullers —no matter what his political opinions might be—was to be supported by the powerful clerical machinery which we described in our last article. The results obtained were great beyond all expectation, and when the session was opened, on the 21st of March, a compact clerical party, numbering sixty-three votes, took their seats on the central, or, as we should say, the cross-benches, to indi-

cate their determination to throw their weight on whichever side promised to further their specific objects. They lost no time in marking their position; and the first note of discord struck in the first parliament of Barbarossa's resuscitated Empire was on a clerical question. It was on the occasion of the Address, to which an amendment was moved with the object of insinuating that the help of Germany should not be refused to the prisoner of the Vatican. From that moment Church and State stood face to face, and it was easy to foresee that the expected conflict was at hand.

And yet, if, as impartial critics, we examine the situation, the hope then expressed by the Catholic party seems neither altogether unnatural nor altogether extravagant. During the preceding twenty years the Ultramontanes had been the spoilt children of the Prussian Government. The Protestant Emperor had, as Protestant king, left to the Catholic Church a degree of liberty and immunity unknown in Catholic countries; why should he suddenly break with so clearly-defined a policy? His preponderating position would render it easy for him to exercise an influence in favour of the Curia far greater than any which could be expected either from prostrate France or invalided Austria, but which would yet have the advantage of being cordially approved by these natural protectors of St. Peter's patrimony. Italy, the ally of 1866, had given the deepest umbrage to Germany during the war, by the open sympathy she had expressed for France, and by her real or pretended inability to prevent the Garibaldian bands from joining the French *levée de boucliers.* What more easy than to pay back this affront by the kind of pressure, not necessarily amounting to actual hostilities, which the strong can put upon the weak, exercised in favour of the Pope? In a word, we see no reason to doubt that the overtures made by the Catholic party and, as there is no doubt, at the direct instigation of the Pope,[1] for material assistance to the latter were made in good faith and in the belief that they might be favourably entertained. Had Horatia's lover, instead of being killed outright, been only wounded, it would have been no extravagant demand on her part that he should be tended and cared for at the public expense, and that when restored her nuptials should be celebrated in a manner worthy of her brother's fame. It was clear, however, that the temper prevalent, from the first day of its meeting, in the German Parliament was fatal to all such schemes of accommodation, if any such were entertained, and this apparently before the German Government had yet decided upon the attitude which they intended that the new Empire should take up towards the new Papacy. We can only briefly review some of the causes of this phenomenon, referring to the three already given as those mainly influencing the temper of the Catholic population.

1. The clerical party, or party of the Centre, as it was called, became the rallying point of all the disaffected elements in the empire. The so-called Particularists, that is, the men who on dynastic principles were opposed to the unity of Germany, the Poles who, on national principles, equally opposed it, found that the religious question afforded a neutral basis on which they could combine operations, and, above all, that the clerical organization gave a unity to their electioneering tactics which they had missed before.

2. The old feud between Liberals

[1] As early as November 1870, Archbishop Ledochowski had gone to Versailles to present to the King of Prussia an address of the Bishops and Chapters of Posen and Culm, imploring his aid for the restoration of the Temporal Power. "The patrimony of St. Peter," says the address, "is the patrimony of the whole Church . . . . It has pleased Providence to give Your Majesty such power that the whole world wonders at the might of your arm and the weight of your words. Use these to force the Italians to give up what is not Italian property but that of the Catholics throughout the world," &c. &c.

The Archbishop left Versailles without gaining his point, but nevertheless, it is said, in very good spirits.

On the 18th of February, 1871, the Ultramontane party in the Prussian Landtag, 56 strong, forwarded a similar petition to the king.

and Reactionists, described in our last article, burst out afresh. The Liberal black sheep, now whitewashed by their enthusiastic adherence to Prince Bismarck's national policy, were masters of the situation, and, under the name of National Liberals, held the balance of Parliamentary power in their hands. But the royal standard had still the Conservative colours pinned on to it; and though Prince Bismarck had himself drifted further and further from his Conservative adherents, he had not yet formally broken with them, and his cabinet was still composed of the men who had fought the great battles for the king against the constitution. Consequently the National Liberals could not attack the Conservative positions in front, and were only too glad to concentrate their forces against the former allies of their opponents.

3. There were the strange ghosts of the past which seemed once more clothed in flesh and blood, and were heard gibbering the language of bygone days in the phraseology of the nineteenth century. Pope and Emperor, Guelph and Ghibelline, seemed once more to start up from their graves and to animate the orators in gas-lit town-halls and the politicians in *cafés* and beer saloons. The strong influence of these past associations is a very curious element in the conflict, and one by no means to be underrated. It is symptomatic of that strange feature of the present age, the want of originality in the ideal forces which move society, as compared with the galvanic intensity of every form of revival.

4. Last, but not least, the friction between the civil and ecclesiastical powers directly caused by the Decrees of the Vatican Council, and which was now beginning everywhere to be felt.

We have thus reached the point at which the two great parties, between whom the internecine conflict now raging in Germany is being fought out, finally grouped themselves into opposing camps. The Imperial Government, that is, the Prince Chancellor, has not yet shown his cards, or indicated in which direction he will make his all-powerful influence felt. That he should without more ado side, as heretofore, with the Ultramontanes, after the distinctly hostile attitude which these had taken up in regard to the Empire, was no longer possible. To win his support it would have been necessary for the Curia and the Curial Prefects to make advances incompatible with their whole position. They would, as Guelphs, have had to disguise themselves as, and play the part of, Ghibellines. No one could fairly ask them to do this; but, on the other hand, the least that could be expected of them, considering the dangerous temper which the Vatican Decrees had called forth throughout civil society, was, that they should abstain from giving provocation, and not ostentatiously select for their leaders the sworn foes, on political grounds, of the new state of things. Instead of this, every step on their part was from the first marked by blind and unreasoning passion. Everywhere conflicts were sought with the civil power, and the Protestant feeling of the country was outraged by a virulent and wholesale application of excommunication to all those who refused directly or indirectly to subscribe to the Vatican decrees. The "brand-new Church" from the moment of its birth showed itself animated by the old spirit of the Inquisition, and its first articulate cries were those of persecution.

There were, however, still two courses open to Prince Bismarck. He might exercise a moderating influence between the contending parties, seek to disintegrate the religious from the political question, and above all endeavour to separate the active and virulent Vaticanists from the great bulk of the Catholics; or he might place himself at the head of the Anti-Catholics, and endeavour by sheer force to crush the opposite party out of existence. In either case laws would have been necessary to adapt the State mechanism to the new requirements caused by the Decrees, and by the attitude of the Curia, and the general principles of those laws must have remained the same. But in the first case the laws would have been made for their

own sake; in the second case there was the obvious danger that they would be made the instruments of party warfare.

It was not till July that the definitive resolution of the Prussian Cabinet became known to the public by the announcement of the suppression of the Catholic Department in the Ministry of Public Worship and Education, the pensioning of Dr. Kräzig, and the radical rearrangement of the administrative machinery in its relations to the Church and the School. This was a change that required no legislative sanction, but it implied principles necessarily involving an entirely new set of laws, and it is these laws which we propose to examine.

Much as we would wish to do so, we have no space to discuss the various conflicts which preceded those laws. The principal one, that respecting the Professor of Theology at the Gymnasium at Braunsberg, has been frequently described to the British public, and may be assumed as known. We will only remark in regard to it that it brought out into strong relief what appears to us the radically false position in which the Prussian State, and with it every other modern State, is placed in conflicts with spiritual bodies by that so-called cardinal principle of modern Liberalism, that the State as such has not got to concern itself with religious dogmas. The absurdity of the doctrine is at once apparent when we consider such extreme cases as Thuggism and Mormonism, both of them religious dogmas, and the attempt at teaching or enforcing either of which would, in a civilized society, necessarily lead to criminal prosecution and repressive measures of the most stringent kind. We cannot see how the fact that a dogma, incompatible with the existence of the State, is taught by an old established religion instead of by a new fanatical sect, in any way affects the principle involved. The *Jus Cavendi* is inherent in the State, and inalienable. The right to be dangerous cannot be acquired by prescription. In our common-sense, practical kind of way, we recognized this truth when, before proceeding to Catholic emancipation the British Government and Parliament cross-examined the Irish Bishops and the English Vicars-Apostolic as to the dogmas which affected the relations between Church and State, and obtained from them declarations, which honest men would have acted up to, to the effect that the doctrines by them held in no way interfered with their perfect allegiance to the civil government.

The Prussian Government, on the contrary, refused to take cognizance of the Vatican Decrees, or to interfere with the teaching of the doctrines dangerous to civil government which flow therefrom, but instead thereof began a bureaucratic *querelle d'Allemands*, on the point whether or not a particular bishop had the right to excommunicate a particular teacher of theology, and forbid him to lecture because he had refused to subscribe to the Vatican Decrees. Herr von Muhler denied the bishop's right to do so, and in the name of religious liberty and equality laid down a rule of conduct, which, logically carried out, might have resulted in all the infallibilist youth of Prussia being compulsorily taught by anti-infallibilist teachers, and all the anti-infallibilist youth being brought up in the doctrines of the *Unam Sanctam!*[1]

And so in regard to the "reception" of the Old Catholics, not as a separate Church, but as an integral portion of the established Roman Church.

Before any one of these steps could be taken, it was necessary that the State should, in the teeth of its theory, sit in judgment on the Vatican dogmas, and decide for or against them. If dangerous, it was logically bound to prevent their being taught and enforced; if not dangerous, it had no right to interfere with

[1] It is true that in February 1872 the rescript of June 1871, which compelled the Vatican boys at the Braunsberg Gymnasium to receive their religious instruction from the excommunicated Old Catholic Professor, was rescinded; but that it should have remained in force for nearly a year is bad enough, and shows the hopeless confusion of ideas adverted to in the text. It is not creditable to the liberal majority of the Prussian Landtag that a resolution to the effect of cancelling this rescript was rejected by it because it emanated from the clerical minority

bishops for acting in conformity with them.

This dilemma applies with especial force to the "reception" of the Old Catholics. Either Vaticanism or Old Catholicism represents the Catholic Church which the State established in Prussia, and with which it has entered into solemn contract. They cannot possibly both fulfil these conditions.

Now no man "who has retained the coherence of his reason" can doubt that Old Catholicism does fulfil them, and that Vaticanism does not; but in that case, to be logical, the Prussian State ought to have recognized the rights of the Old Catholics, as *exclusive* of those of the Vaticanists, not as *co-ordinate* with them. We do not say that this was possible after the Vatican Council. It would only have been practicable before. All we wish to do is to point out the hopeless confusion into which the relations between Church and State are thrown, by the superstition that the State cannot concern itself with doctrines.

We shall now proceed to examine the laws, both German and Prussian, which owe their immediate origin to the conflict, and we shall do so in chronological order.

1871.

I. The first law on our list is a German law.[1] Its object is to prevent the abuse of the pulpit for political purposes, and it is thus worded—"A minister of religion or any other spiritual person who shall in the exercise of his office publicly, and before a numerous assemblage of persons, or in a church or other place of religious worship, in presence of many people, treat of matters of state in a manner calculated (*geeignet*) to bring about a breach of the peace, shall be punished by imprisonment up to two years."

The elasticity of the phrase "calculated to bring about a breach of the peace" is not commendable, but the principle of the law cannot be impugned. The state is responsible for the maintenance of public order. It surrounds churches and places of public worship, and ministers of religion exercising their functions in such places of worship, with special and exceptional protection, and under the name of sacrilege visits with special penalties offences committed within churches. It has, therefore, a perfect right to take special measures to prevent the special privilege from being abused. This law applies of course equally to all churches and to religious bodies of every kind.

1872.

II. The next law on our list is a Prussian law, and one of very considerable importance, but rather in regard to the principle which it involves than as a matter of practice. The object it has in view is to assert the supremacy of the state over the entire province of national education. Until this law was passed, although the state had occupied itself with national education more in Prussia than in any other great European country, the old principle, that the education of the people is a *jus internum* of the Church, had continued in many parts of Prussia to be practically acted upon, at least as regards the elementary schools. The inspector—or, as we should say, the manager—of the elementary school was *ex officio* the Protestant minister or the priest of the parish, according as the parish lay in a Protestant or a Catholic district. The inspection or superior management of the entire district was equally *ex officio* in the hands of the Evangelical superintendent or the Catholic dean. The threads of inspection were then taken up by the denominational Schulrath, also an ecclesiastic in the government of the *kreis*, or county as we should say: thence again by the corresponding officials in the government of the province, until they were at last ingathered into the hands of the corresponding denominational departments in the Ministry for Public Worship and Education at Berlin. The reader who remembers the account we gave in our last article of the Catholic department will at once see what a complete *imperium in imperio* was thus created for Catholic education, for the Catholic department

[1] By German laws and Prussian laws the reader must remember that we mean laws passed respectively by the German Parliament for the whole of Germany and laws passed by the Prussian Parliament for Prussia only.

had *carte blanche* to act as it liked, and the result was that in practice it received its instructions from the Bishops, who received theirs from Rome. The local school managers, on the other hand—*i.e.*, the parish priests—were on their side under the direct control of the same Bishops. Thus Catholic elementary education, both in its general principles, as elaborated in the Catholic department, and in the practical application of those principles by the ecclesiastical managers, remained under the immediate and constant control of the Curia. No wonder that for years before the Vatican catastrophe the school-books in use in Prussia had been judiciously doctored so as to lead up to that catastrophe.

The law of the 12th of March fundamentally changes the principle hitherto in force by declaring that every school manager and inspector shall henceforth hold his commission directly from the state, and that no minister of religion shall exercise these functions *ex officio*. Here is the text of the law:—§ 1. The supervision of all public and private educational institutions belongs exclusively to the state. § 2. The appointment of local inspectors (*i.e.* school managers) and inspectors of the circle (*Anglice* county), and the demarcation of the districts of inspection, are solely the business of the state. § 3. This law leaves untouched the existing participation of the commune and its organs in the business of school supervision, and does not alter the provisions of § 24 of the Constitution, which places the religious instruction in the hands of the ministers of religion.

To the principles contained in this law we must again give our full assent. If education is a matter which directly concerns the state (and who will deny this truism now?), the state must undertake the responsibility connected with it, and this responsibility it cannot undertake except in its sovereign capacity. It cannot admit, therefore, of a rival and independent authority.

This is the general principle which it seems to us rules the case. But in addition to this the circumstances created by the Vatican Decrees rendered the marked assertion and the application of the principle imperative. As matters stood, previously to the law, the *ex-officio* manager of the elementary school was in Catholic districts the mere executive officer of a foreign potentate, and that potentate the author of the Syllabus. To leave a concurrent jurisdiction in such hands would have been simply suicide on the part of the state.

By the law of the 12th of March, the only matter that remained *ex officio* in the hands of the priest was the religious teaching. The general management of the school in its relation to the community at large passed over into the hands of an agent of the state. If the priest continued to be the manager he did so not *quâ* he was priest, but *quâ* he was a nominee of the state.

Nevertheless, except in the Polish portions of the monarchy, where the clergy in their character of school managers had used their influence in a national and anti-German sense, the law was not so applied as to cause any great changes in the existing *personnel* of school managers and inspectors. *Exceptis excipiendis* these remained the same as before, only by the mere publication of the law they became servants of the state, removable at pleasure:[1] but, as part of a secular, no longer of an ecclesiastical, hierarchy, now culminating in the undenominationalized Ministry of Public Instruction, their entire *status* and *raison d'être* were changed.

The debates on this law are a turning-point in the history of the conflict. The whole Conservative party joined with the Centre in opposing the bill, on the plea that it aimed at secularizing education, and thus drove a coach and four no less through the programme of the High Church Lutheran Tories than through that of the adherents of St. Peter's chair. It was only with the greatest difficulty, and under the threat of a wholesale creation of peers, that the measure passed the Upper House, and though finally carried, the rupture between Prince Bismarck and the Conservative party was no less final and complete.

This debate is also memorable as being the first occasion on which the Chancellor personally entered the lists: and

[1] *Vide* circular of Minister Falk of the 12th March, 1871.

his fierce encounter with M. de Windthorst, the ex-Hanoverian minister, and leader of the Centre, will long remain an event of first-rate magnitude in the annals of Prussian parliamentary warfare.

None can regret more than we do the passions evoked by this debate, and the personal character and angry feelings which have ever since marked the conflict on both sides; but as impartial historians, we are forced to ask whether it could well be otherwise. Let us suppose analogous circumstances in the United Kingdom, as, *e.g.*, Ireland only conquered a few years back; Mr. O'Connell, the Parliamentary leader of the disaffected Irish; England flushed with great continental victories, but with the sense of insecurity necessarily attendant on the creation of an entirely new state of things; one-third of the English population Catholic, and the whole of this population, except some Catholic analogon to Dean Stanley, and a few highly educated laymen, placing themselves under the political leadership of O'Connell, and openly making common cause with the Ultramontane element, not in Ireland merely, but in the two great continental countries with which we had lately been engaged in deadly warfare. Should we in such a conflict keep our temper, and consistently maintain an attitude of judicial impartiality?

III The next law is a German law, and is directed against the Order of the Jesuits. Its text is as follows:—

§ 1. The Order of the Society of Jesus, as well as the orders and congregations akin to it, are excluded from the territory of the German empire. They are prohibited from establishing settlements on the said territory, and such settlements as already exist must be dissolved within six months.

§ 2. The members of such orders, if foreigners, may be expelled from German territory. If Germans, they may be interned in a given locality, or prohibited from inhabiting a given locality.

§ 3. The directions and regulations necessary to carry out this law are left in the hands of the Federal Council.

We assent fully to the objects this law had in view, in so far as these were to deprive the Jesuits of corporate rights, to disperse their settlements, and to prevent them individually from public teaching and public preaching. It must never be forgotten that the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia is an *established* Church, and that the *Jus Cavendi* which applies to all religious societies, applies with double force to an establishment. If the British Parliament—an undenominational body—is justified in passing laws in restraint of Ritualists, the German Parliament, likewise an undenominational body, is surely justified in passing laws in restraint of Jesuits, a body far otherwise organized than the Ritualists.

Moreover, the Jesuits are the last persons who have a right to complain. They are the forlorn hope of an army which for three centuries has ostentatiously pursued the task of submitting civil society to the absolute rule of the Roman pontiff; and they have about as much right to complain of the defensive measures taken against them by society, as a forlorn hope would have of complaining of the shells and grape-shot fired by the besieged, whose walls they were attempting to escalade.

Nevertheless, we cannot approve of that portion of the law which places the liberties of *individual* Jesuits at the arbitrary disposal of the several governments, and leaves the latter free to disinfect one district and infect another, as may seem good to them. The principle is of course in flagrant contradiction to the rudimentary laws of civilized society; and we altogether doubt whether, practically, any good can be got out of its application. Police surveillance will go a very little way in rendering Jesuits innocuous; and the notion of teazing them into inactivity is simply ludicrous.

1873.

We now come to the laws to which the term "Falk Laws" has been applied in England, but which in Germany are known as the May laws, having been published on the 11th of May, 1873.

They are of cardinal importance, because in them the attempt is made to establish as a system the modalities under which the "new Church" and the modern State shall henceforth comport themselves towards each other.

The laws, four in number, were introduced into the Prussian Lower Chamber on the 9th of January, but the committee charged with reporting upon them declared that before they could be submitted to the House, it would be necessary that the text of § § 15 and 18 of the Constitution[1] should be revised.

IV. Accordingly, a first series of debates was occupied with a preparatory law published on the 5th of April, cancelling the paragraphs in question and substituting for them the following. The old text, it will be seen, remains entire, and is only added to. The words added are given in italics :—

§ 15. "The Evangelical and the Roman Catholic Church, as well as every other religious society, orders and administers its affairs independently, *but remains subject to the laws of the state, and to the supervision of the state as defined by law.*

"*Under the same conditions* (*i.e.* subject to the laws and to legal state supervision), every religious society remains in the possession and enjoyment of the establishments required for its public worship, for education, and for charity, and of its endowments and funds.

§ 18. "The right of nomination, presentation, election, or confirmation in connection with the filling up of ecclesiastical offices, in so far as it appertains to the state as such, and does not rest upon patronage or special legal titles, is abolished.

"The above, however, does not apply to the appointments of military chaplains or of spiritual persons in public institutions.

"*For the rest, the competence of the state in regard to the preparatory education, to the appointment and to the dismissal of clerical persons, and servants of religion, will be determined by laws which will likewise fix the limits of ecclesiastical discipline.*"

In this modified version of paragraphs 15 and 18 of the Constitution are contained the principles of the new legislation.

The independence and autonomy of the established Churches are reasserted, only what was before merely understood tacitly—viz., that this independence and autonomy did not withdraw the ecclesiastical establishments to which they were accorded from the control of the general laws of the state—is expressly stated. In the revised paragraph 18, the points on which this control of the laws of the state will be exercised are indicated, viz., the preparatory education on to which the specific ecclesiastical education is to be engrafted, the condition under which the state will require appointments to be made to ecclesiastical offices, and the limits within which the churches are to be allowed the right of exercising discipline over the persons subject to their jurisdiction.

A point of great importance to note is the assertion of the principle that the character and extent of the control to be exercised by the state is to be determined by definite laws. Before the emancipation of the churches by the Constitution of 1850, the control of the state was not less stringent than that now established, but it was altogether arbitrary, being left in the hands of the executive government, and therefore in most cases withdrawn from the eyes of the public.

We now come to the laws themselves.

V. The first is of no importance to the present inquiry, being only concerned with reducing to order various contradictions of the existing laws respecting withdrawal from membership of a church community.

VI. The second has reference to ecclesiastical censures and punishments, and is entitled—"Law respecting the limits of the right of employing means of ecclesiastical punishments and corrections."

Here is the text of the more important paragraphs :—

§ 1. No church or religious society is competent to threaten, ordain, or publish other modes of punishment or correction (*Straf und Zucht-mittel*) than such as belong to the purely spiritual sphere, *i.e.*, whose effect is to withdraw a right exercised within such church and religious society, or to exclude the person banished or corrected from communion with the church or society.

Modes of punishment or correction of a corporal kind, or directed against per-

[1] For the text of these paragraphs see note to p. 74 of *Macmillan's Magazine* for November.

sonal liberty, property, or civil honour, are inadmissible.

§ 2. Punishments and corrections of the kind determined by § 1 to be admissible (*i.e.*, of a purely religious character, such as exclusion from the sacraments, &c.), cannot be inflicted or any member of a church society on account of acts done by him in obedience to the laws of the state, or to commands lawfully issued by the officials of the state, nor on account of votes given by such member in the exercise of a public franchise.

§ 3. Nor can the threat of such punishments be employed to deter members of a church society from acts described in the foregoing paragraph.

§ 4. Even when a punishment or censure admissible by the present law is decreed against a member of a church society, it shall not be publicly proclaimed, though this does not preclude due intimation thereof being made exclusively to the members of such society. Neither the enforcing of such sentence, nor its enunciation may be attended with insulting circumstances.

Clerics or other *employés* in the church who act in contravention to this law shall be punished by fines up to 500 thalers or two years' imprisonment.

§ 6. The special discipline exercised by the churches over their own servants and *employés*, and the rights of the state in connection with this discipline, are left untouched by this law.

This law is chiefly remarkable for the extreme ingenuity with which it endeavours to give to the Church the things that be the Church's and to the State the things that be the State's, and that in such wise that the two shall remain perfectly distinct and all co-operation be excluded—differing therein from the Landrecht, which, it will be remembered, allowed of pains and penalties affecting the civil *status* of the citizen, but only with the previous approbation of the state.

It virtually prohibits the *excommunicatio maior*, because this form of anathema inflicts injury on the "civil honour" of the citizen, which is in the keeping of the state. It does not interfere with the *excommunicatio minor*, so far as this is inflicted solely in connection with matters within the spiritual sphere, as it will be remembered the old Landrecht did when it refused to allow of persons being excommunicated on the ground of heresy, and only allowed the measure as a police regulation against public scandals. But then, on the other hand, it forbids the use of these spiritual thunders when they in any way trespass on the secular sphere, as in the case of an excommunication inflicted on *employés* for their official acts, or on electors for their public votes.

Paragraph 4 breathes the old spirit of the Landrecht, which, it will be remembered, would never allow the serene surface of society to be ruffled by spiritual *fracas.*

In estimating this law we must once more beg our readers to remember that in Prussia it is an established Church with which the State has to deal. We have such an inveterate habit of imagining that in a Protestant country the Catholic religion can only be regarded as a kind of fancy creed like Quakerism, or Jumperism, and the like, and therefore not to be taken *au sérieux*, that we entirely forget that where it is *established* the canon law and the civil law are inextricably dove-tailed into each other, and that some authority must be found to draw the limits between them. For instance, we have no doubt that many Englishmen, and that well-informed Englishmen, will consider it a preposterous notion that the state should trouble itself as to whether its *employés* are excommunicated or not, because in the fulfilment of their public duties they may have come into collision with Papal laws. But if we look at the matter a little more closely we shall see what this means in a country where the Roman Catholic Church is established. At the time the law was made, for instance, in all the provinces of Prussia except the Rhine Provinces, civil marriage had not been introduced. The only way a Roman Catholic could get married, therefore, was canonically; but by the *excommunicatio minor* he was shut out from all the sacraments. Consequently for the simple discharge of his public duties an *employé* might be condemned to celibacy unless he chose to change his religion. Again, it is a well-known crime of *lèse Papauté* for a spiritual

person to cite his superior before a civil or criminal court. A Catholic judge and jury trying such a suit would become *participes criminis* and be excommunicated, and all of them, supposing they were marrying men, condemned to celibacy! so that whole districts might thus be depopulated. But apart from these extreme cases, it is clear that the state not only has the right but is bound in duty to protect its citizens from intimidation in the discharge of their public duties and functions. The only question to be decided is whether the intimidation is a real one. In Italy, amongst the middle classes at least, excommunication has long ceased to be a bugbear. Almost everybody is either consciously or unconsciously excommunicated, and nobody cares. In Germany this is not the case, and the fear that such or such an action may put a man under the ban of the Church does exercise a considerable influence on a large majority of the Catholic population. To allow a body organized like the Roman Church to use such a weapon for political purposes, on the plea of liberty of conscience, appears to us the mere raving of political superstition. If it is right to make piqueting an indictable offence it is a thousand times more right to make the intimidation of public servants and electors by excommunication an indictable offence. We, therefore, heartily approve of the law.

VII. The next law has reference to the discipline exercised by the Church over its clerical members and other *employés*, and to the conflicts which may arise between the temporal and spiritual powers. It is entitled—"A law respecting ecclesiastical discipline and the creation of a tribunal for ecclesiastical affairs."

The last law treated of the disciplinary competence of the Church over the sheep. The present law, in so far as discipline is concerned, has exclusive reference to the shepherds and their dogs.

It is divided into four principal sections, as follows:—

(1.) *General Dispositions.*

This section lays down in nine paragraphs the general rules which limit the exercise of the disciplinary powers of the Church. 1. It can be exercised only by the competent German ecclesiastical authorities. 2. Where punishment involves privation of liberty or money fines the accused must be first heard. Dismissal from office, suspension, &c., cannot be enforced without a regular process. 3. Corporal punishment is interdicted. 4. Money fines may not exceed thirty thalers. 5. Punishments involving loss of liberty can only be undergone in regular houses of ecclesiastical correction (*demeriten Anstalten*), and these must be situated in Germany—the term of imprisonment is not to exceed three months, and the free consent of the culprit is a *conditio sine quâ non.* 6. The houses of correction are placed under the surveillance of the state, and are liable to inspection. 7. Notice of every sentence exceeding twenty thalers or imprisonment for a term of more than fourteen days must be given to the governor of the province. 8. The governor of the province can enforce obedience to §§ 5—7 by fines up to 1000 thalers, and can also close a house of correction. 9. The enforcement of a measure of ecclesiastical discipline by the executive organs of the state (the *brachium seculare*) can only take place after the case has been examined by the governor of the province.

(2.) *Of the Right of Appeal to the State.*

This section embodies the provisions of the law in regard to that secular bugbear of the Roman Curia, the *recursus ab abusu*, or *recours comme d'abus* of Gallican memory. The principle involved in the *recours comme d'abus* is so elementary, and flows so necessarily from the relations between Church and State the moment the former claims rights other than mere individual liberty of conscience, that in some form or other it has had to be put into practice wherever the Roman Catholic religion has been given a *locus standi.*

A few words will suffice to explain the principle at stake.

The organization of the Roman Church is an essentially political one. It has a legislature, an executive, a body of law the oldest and the biggest in the world, and a carefully-elaborated system of law courts. When this system is once recognized within a political society owing allegiance to a secular prince, there is necessarily established a concurrent jurisdiction,

and a concurrent jurisdiction necessarily implies the possibility of collision and of a conflict of laws. The claim of Rome has for centuries been that where a conflict of this kind arises the appeal is to the Curia, and not to the temporal lord; and the most subtle forms of eternal damnation have been specially invented for clerics who should appeal to the secular power. On the other hand, the secular power has everywhere maintained its right to be the ultimate judge.

The provisions of the third section of the law under consideration only puts into a more definite form a right always claimed and always exercised, not by Prussia only, but by every state in which there are Roman Catholics. Even in our long-suffering islands the O'Keefe case amply showed that her Majesty's judges considered that the municipal laws of Great Britain took precedence of the canon laws, in spite of the contrary opinion of the Irish episcopate.

The *principle* of the law being the only really important point, we need not enter into the details of its application.

(3.) *Intervention of the State without being appealed to.*

This section is far more important than the last, for it exchanges the merely defensive attitude of the state for one of offence—*le cas échéant*. It no longer confines itself to receiving appeals from those injured, but steps forward and declares itself the injured party. It decrees in a word that where the executive Government considers " that a priest or other servant of a church society shall so seriously contravene the laws of the state, or the ordinances of the lawful authorities in matters that come within his office, or in the exercise of his spiritual functions, as to make his continuance in office incompatible with public order, he may at the instance of the state be removed by a judicial sentence." The eight paragraphs of the section lay down the forms of procedure to be observed on such occasions. Complaint is to be first made to the ecclesiastical superiors, and they are to be called upon to dispossess the obnoxious individual, and only in case of their refusal is he to be cited before the tribunal for ecclesiastical affairs. Where the said individual has no ecclesiastical superior in Germany, *i.e.*, in the case of bishops, the state brings its charges directly before the tribunal.

There can be no doubt as to the stringent character of this law, and as to the incisive manner in which it cuts into the canon law. There is also a *primâ facie* illogical look about it, for the state discards the pretension to appoint clerics, but here claims the right by a process of law to remove them. A door is also opened much more widely than we could wish to see to conflicts between the spiritual and temporal, by including contravention to the ordinances of the authorities in the same category as contravention of the laws of the state. In a country with the traditions of an absolute bureaucracy still so deep-rooted in the political life of the people as is the case in Prussia, the placing the *ordinances* of the authorities on the same footing as the *laws* is certain to result in a maximum amount of arbitrariness. Whether a suspension from office, with a withdrawal of the state salary, would not have sufficed without so violent a shock to Catholic consciences as the assumption of the right to depose a spiritual person from his spiritual office is a question which we think may fairly be asked.[1] Nevertheless, we still maintain that in an established Church the State must find the means of restraining persons exercising functions which, though of a spiritual, are yet of a public kind, from so exercising them as to inflict injury on the community, and the best means for such a purpose is clearly a process of law before a proper tribunal.

To refer once more to British precedents, the principle at stake is exactly the same as that which Parliament asserted last session in creating a court against Ritualistic abuses with the apparent intention of enlarging it next session to a tribunal competent to judge ecclesiastical offences generally. Only the Prussian

[1] The assumption of the right to depose Bishops from their Bishoprics by the sentence of a secular tribunal is clearly an indefensible and unjustifiable inroad into the province of the spiritual authority. We shall refer to the question more in detail in connection with the laws of 1874.

Parliament and tribunal keep their hands off dogma.

The section we have here treated of reads like a parody of the *Unam Sanctam*:—"The state is one body, with one head, not two heads, which would be a monstrosity, and that head the king. But in this body there be two powers, the temporal and the spiritual, and if the spiritual power err it shall be judged by the temporal, for in very truth it is the function of the temporal power to direct the spiritual, and to judge it if it be not good"!

(4.) *Royal Tribunal for Ecclesiastical Affairs.*

The fourth section constitutes the tribunal for ecclesiastical affairs, before which cases coming under Sections (2) and (3) are to be tried. It is composed of eleven members, six of whom, including the president, must be judges of the realm. Seven form a quorum.

VIII. We now come to the last, and by far the most important of the Falk Laws, entitled, "An Act regarding the preliminary education (*Vorbildung*), and the appointment of spiritual persons."

The *first section* lays down the general outlines of the intended legislation in the following terms:—

"A spiritual office can in the Christian churches only be conferred on a *German* who has received his preliminary scientific[1] education in accordance with the provisions of the present law, and against whom the government has raised no objection."

We must carefully examine the principles here enunciated.

1. Spiritual persons shall be Germans, not foreigners. The churches, whether Evangelical or Catholic, shall be thoroughly *national* establishments, officered by natives of the empire. 2. These native officers shall, as regards their scientific education, *i.e.*, the systematic thoroughness of their secular knowledge and their acquisition of what is *knowable* about theology, have attained a standard determined by the state, which standard shall be that of the great universities. 3. The state claims the right to veto appointments which may be dangerous to the interests of the community at large, but this not arbitrarily, but on certain definite grounds, subject to the judicial decisions of an ecclesiastical court.

The *second section* determines the conditions required by the state in regard to preliminary education.

1. The candidate shall have been educated at a German gymnasium, *i.e.*, at a public classical school, and shall have passed the *Abiturienten Examen*, *i.e.*, the final examination at such school. This final examination is so far a state examination, that it is carried on under the immediate supervision of the state, which jealously watches whether the standard is

[1] The English word "scientific," which must be used in want of a better one, does not give the equivalent of the German word *wissenschaftlich*, by which is meant not science in the sense of the exact or positive sciences, but only thorough and systematic *knowledge* (*wissen*) on any subject. The standard of this thorough and systematic knowledge is not arbitrarily set by the state, but is the outcome of university culture; and a scientific knowledge of history, or philosophy, or German literature, or theology, would therefore be the knowledge approved as such by the faculties of philosophy or theology at the great universities. In regard to theology the reader will at once seize the difference between the scientific knowledge which the state requires candidates for orders to acquire, and the dogmatic teaching which it leaves untouched in the hands of the bishops. The former is concerned with exact information respecting the dogmas believed by mankind in general and Christians in particular, the latter with teaching what particular doctrine A and B are to believe. Dr. Manning would try and make Englishmen believe that the Prussian state, like Henry VIII., has turned doctor of theology, and lays down what are the theological doctrines which Catholic candidates are to learn; but nothing could be more incorrect. The state examinations have nothing to do with the theological studies of the candidates. All the state requires is that these shall have learnt all that is *knowable* about theology as taught by the *Catholic theological faculties* at the universities, *i.e.*, by bodies of Catholic professors appointed by the state with the approval and consent of the bishops. We do not deny that for the future these appointments may prove difficult on account of the anathemas launched by the Vatican Church against all forms of scientific teaching, and more especially scientific history and scientific theology, but for the present the difficulty has not yet arisen, as at every one of the great universities there is still a sufficient stock of Vaticanist professors left to make up the faculties.

kept up to its normal height, and equally throughout the land. It is bound to do this, as a great many public functions are dependent upon it, *e.g.*, the one year in lieu of the three years' military service. It is also the portal through which a man has access to university education, answering in this respect to our matriculation examination.

2. After having at the age of eighteen or nineteen passed the *Abiturienten Examen*, the candidate must proceed to a German university[1] for a three years' course of theology and humanities (§ 4). The State examination respecting which there has been so great an outcry in the Vatican camp, has reference solely to the latter, and comprises mainly philosophy, history, and German literature (§ 8). The special theological studies are an affair to be settled between the candidate and the faculty of theology, just as special medical studies and the qualification of the candidates are an affair between the medical faculty and the medical students. When the candidate has absolved his three years' course of theology, and has had his secular knowledge tested by a state examination, he is handed over to the spiritual "arm," and, if a Catholic, can, in the episcopal seminary, be Vaticanized and infallibilized to his, or rather the Bishop's, heart's content. With the examination for Holy Orders to be passed by him at the close of this course the state has nothing to do.

There are still two provisions of the law to be noticed, which refer exclusively to Catholic candidates.

The boys studying at the gymnasia, and the theological students at the universities, are no longer to be collected into seminaries in the former case, and into colleges (*convicte*) in the latter. The existing seminaries and colleges are placed under very strict state *surveillance*, all manner of conditions being imposed upon them, which, considering that they are not allowed to take in new inmates, and must, in the natural course of things, very shortly die out, appears to us a very useless kind of bureaucratic *tracasserie*.

This measure certainly seems a harsh one to our English eyes, and we should be sorry to pass a verdict of approval without going more into the evidence than we have yet been able to do. The *primâ facie* case against these seminaries and colleges is, however, a very strong one. It is certain that they are looked upon by Ultramontanes as the key of their position, or rather as their base of operations, and that all their hopes of future empire are wrapped up in them. If, they say, the tender seed cannot be sheltered in the bosom of Mother Church from the angry blasts of the *seculum*, how can it grow up into the mighty tree that is to overshadow the *seculum?* On the other hand, if Ultramontanism, St. Ignatianism, and Vaticanism, as distinct from Roman Catholicism, are recognized as dangers to society, it may be plausibly argued that what Ultramontanes, St. Ignatianists, and Vaticanists affirm to be the great instrument of their power may very fairly be attacked by society.

The practical argument against the seminaries is that no amount of intellectual training given individually in the public school, or the public university, is proof against the adverse influences exercised upon the *alumni* in their corporate capacity by the Ignatian discipline of the houses where they are boarded and lodged. It is a case of Obscurantism *versus* Humanitarianism, and experts say that the latter having only the school hours, and the former all the hours of the day and night which are not school hours, the advantage is all in favour of the former. The Scythians, Herodotus tells us, blinded their slaves lest they should become conscious of their united strength, and turn and rend their masters. They could go on grinding corn as well as before, but we presume were unable to make themselves generally useful. The seminaries, so the experts say, are institutions in which cecity is pro-

[1] There are exceptions to all these rules, such, *e.g.*, that in a diocese where there is no university, candidates for orders in the diocese may receive their *scientific* training in the episcopal training establishments when these have been approved by the state, &c.; but the exceptions do not affect the principles sought to be established by the Falk Laws, and we need not therefore concern ourselves with them. They fill up a large number of the paragraphs of the law.

duced by artificial means, and this blindness, though impairing the general usefulness of the blinded as members of society, is not found to interfere with their aptitude for grinding the grist that comes to the Vatican mill.

In judging of the measure, however, there are other considerations of no small weight. The first is that it is only a return to the former state of things, and that the abuses to be remedied are of a comparatively recent date. The gymnasial seminaries in Prussia only go back to 1850. It was the emancipation of the Church at that date which called them into life, and since then the utmost efforts have been made to generalize them in obedience to the decrees of the Council of Trent, which lay down that candidates for the priesthood shall from their twelfth year be shut up from the light of day, and their humanity kneaded out of them. Before that date the boys destined for the priesthood, and who are largely recruited from the peasant and humbler *bourgeois* class, were lodged in private houses in the country town where the gymnasium was situated, and boarded turn about with charitable citizens, under the general supervision of the parish priesthood. By this means they grew up into manhood as integral portions of civil society, and with the feelings of citizens, and they entered the priesthood with their eyes open and knowing the world in which they were to be called upon to work. Very sincere Roman Catholics affirm that this system had great advantages, that the knowledge of human life thus obtained in the concrete, with its real human lights and real human shadows, was in many ways truer than that obtained within the spiked walls of clerical cadet houses, and that for the practical work of a parish priest the experience gathered in youth from daily intercourse with the members of humble but carefully-selected households, was superior to that derived exclusively from the legendary lives of fantastic saints instilled into imaginations rendered morbid by seclusion; also that the kindly feelings generated between the families in the middle and even humbler classes, by whom the boys were boarded and lodged, and their future priests, tended greatly to parochial peace and goodwill, and to the softening down of professional and hierarchical exclusiveness.

It is further said, that had the system continued and not been superseded by that of the seminary, the episcopacy would not have disposed, as they do now, of a *jeune garde* severed and separated from the great body of the people, and ready to follow them to the death, or, at all events, to well-warmed prisons, in the cause of the Curia and the Syllabus.

One thing is certain, that it is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast between two varieties of the same species than that presented by the average priest of sixty and the average priest of thirty as they are to be met with at the present day in Germany.

We have given the argument against the seminaries, which seems a strong one. We need hardly advert to the Vaticanist argument in favour of them, as it is of the well-known kind: Whoever objects to them is *ipso facto* . . . well, it is perhaps better to use the Greek expression—anathematized.

There only remains the English argument that such a measure is in restraint of those natural liberties which should be secured to all citizens, and the only answer to this would be the *vis major* of an overpowering public necessity.

In the above sketch we have placed before our readers the great Falk Law in regard to the preliminary education of spiritual persons. And now the strange thing, considering the outcry it has caused, is that, apart from the matter of seminaries it introduces no new principle whatever into the Prussian legislation. What it does is to define and sharpen the provisions of the old law. "Rome having furbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused," Prussia has looked to her needle-guns, and finding a good store of them on hand, has merely improved their locks and seen that her powder was dry.

The right of the state to fix a standard of preliminary education for candidates for holy orders had always been proclaimed and always been acted upon. The final gymnasial state examination had always

been compulsory, the education in the gymnasium equally so, the seminaries—with a few perfectly exceptional cases—having been merely clerical boarding-houses *for the boys being educated at the gymnasium* with the rest of the citizens; and so likewise the three years' university theological course or its equivalent. The only new feature is the state examination in humanities at the end of the university career, a repetition on a larger scale of the *Abiturienten Examen*, the object of which is merely to make sure that the candidate has not had all his secular knowledge infallibilized out of him during his theological course.

We are therefore in a position to judge of the kind of knowledge which Dr. Manning brings to bear on the subject when, after using language of the very strongest Vatican sort about the Falk Laws, he states in his essay on "Cæsarism and Ultramontanism," as one of the worst things that can be said of them, that they "give to the State the office of forming and educating the clergy by compulsory education in the gymnasiums and universities of the State," *i.e.*, a right which had existed and been continuously exercised during the whole period which Dr. Manning, on another occasion, describes as having been one "in which the liberties of the Church had been carefully respected and secured."

Such then is the preparatory training which the Falk Laws require that men charged with such important public functions as those imposed on Catholic and Protestant ministers of religion should undergo, before they can be considered fit for the duties to be by them performed—men who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, are the local managers of the national schools which constitute the *rocher de bronze* on which the Prussian State is built up.

We can only say that we heartily wish we could hope to see the day when our own Anglican, Romanist, and Nonconformist pastors and masters would be compelled by "Forster" laws to go forth to their work thus equipped.

The *third section* of the law has reference to the appointment of spiritual persons, with reference to which the state claims a right of veto. There is nothing new in this principle. This right of veto had, as regards the nomination of Bishops, been conceded by Rome in the negotiations for the Bull *De salute animarum*, and the present law only extends the principle to the inferior clergy.

Against the principle[1] (we are dealing, the reader must never forget, with a State Church paid out of the funds of the state) it seems to us impossible to object. As a mere question of pecuniary investment, the state which pays, has surely the right, if not to insist on a superior article, at least to reject a bad one; and if it is lawful for the state to determine the qualifications of spiritual persons, it must be lawful for it to vet the appointment of non-qualified persons. We have nothing to object to the principle, therefore, though much to the details of the law, and the misfortune is that, with our limited space, it is very difficult to go into details.

The law enacts (§ 15) that every spiritual superior shall duly notify to the government the candidate whom it is his intention to present to a cure. If the government has an objection to make to the applicant, it must be lodged within thirty days of this notification. The objection must be based on one of three grounds, either that the candidate does not possess the qualification required by the law; or that he has undergone a criminal sentence; or that there exist facts which justify the assumption that he will set himself in opposition to the laws of the State, or to the ordinances of the lawfully-constituted authorities, or that he will disturb the public peace.

The first two grounds are clearly valid, the last we can only describe as deplorable. It is true that it is not left to the *libre*

[1] Before 1873 this law had been applied in principle in almost every state of Germany except Prussia, and yet the Prussian bishops, in obedience to orders from Rome, had to go to prison rather than obey it, on the plea that Rome never could submit to this encroachment on her liberties. The *reductio ad absurdum* of the episcopal position was reached when the Bishop of Münster refused to submit to the law as regards that portion of his diocese situated in Prussia, whilst obeying the law without more ado as regards the parishes situated in Oldenburg, where the law had always existed!

arbitre of the executive to determine the facts which justify the assumption that at some future time the candidate may break the laws, as there is an appeal to the ecclesiastical tribunal, which must decide, by a process of law, what the value of those facts may be. Nevertheless, the vagueness, the elasticity, the utter want of tangibility in the principle laid down seem to us truly appalling. It reminds us of nothing so much as of the story of the lady who refused to call upon her neighbour, whom she did not know, because she saw something about her eyes which told her she would not return the visit.

The law respecting the *Intervention of the State without being appealed to* would, we should have thought, have given the State all the necessary guarantees against being troubled by law-breakers *in esse*, without making special laws against law-breakers *in posse*.

The *fourth section* deals with the pains and penalties to be incurred by ecclesiastics for the infraction of the above laws—they consist of fines, with equivalent terms of imprisonment in case of non-payment. Here again there is much in detail to object to, which we have no space to enter into. We must, however, specially animadvert on § 23, the second portion of which appears to us to imply a radically wrong principle — the application of which in practice may be fraught with the most disastrous consequences.

§ 23 enacts that a priest who shall exercise spiritual official functions (*geistliche Amtshandlungen*) in a cure to which he has been illegally presented, shall be fined, &c. (These spiritual official functions clearly include the administration of the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church.) Further, it is enacted that the same penalty shall be incurred by a priest exercising such functions in a parish vacated in consequence of infractions of the law, after such priest has had notice given to him that proceedings have been inaugurated for the compulsory filling up of the vacancy.

If we have rightly seized the meaning of this section, no more fatal blunder could, in our opinion, have been committed: for its practical effect may be to visit the sins of the spiritual superiors —*i.e., en dernière analyse*, the sins of the Pope and his myrmidons of the *Civilta Cattolica*—on the *lay flocks*; and cases may well be imagined in which, by the combined obstinacy of Roman priests and Prussian bureaucrats, perhaps the two most obstinate classes in the world, a parish might be placed in a state of *de facto* interdict. The Bishop refuses to fill up a vacancy, the Herr Oberpresident fines and imprisons priests who undertake clerical functions in the vacated parish: the miserable parishioners can neither be born, married, nor buried according to the rites of their Church. Could any measure be better adapted than this to kindle feelings of disloyalty—to foster the belief that the Government of the Protestant Emperor was really attacking the *religion* of the Catholic lieges, instead of merely trying to break the stiff necks of an intolerably arrogant priesthood, who are quite content that their flocks should go wholesale "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," rather than give up one jot or tittle of their pretensions, or admit that they are beaten?

It seems to us that every *necessary* condition of the conflict would have been fulfilled if, besides the sequestration of temporalities, the *civil* side of clerical functions (*e.g.* in the cases of baptism and marriage) had been judged null and void, whilst absolute liberty in regard to purely spiritual functions had been allowed.

1874.

There now only remain the laws of the current year to be dealt with. Their object is to render the machinery for carrying out those of last year more efficient.

IX. The law of the 20th May treats of the steps to be taken when an ecclesiastical office is vacant. In the case of an episcopal see *vacated* by a sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, we have to deal with what appears to us one of the greatest blots in the whole of the legislation of which we have been treating. For the claim of the State to depose a bishop is clearly one absolutely incompatible with the existence of the Catholic Church, whether Vatican or non-Vatican, and if

exercised on a large scale must necessarily drive the Establishment into a *cul-de-sac* from which no egress is imaginable. The State has clearly the right to punish a bishop if he breaks the laws, to withdraw his salary, and even to suspend him, and we may be told that as this practically comes to the same thing as deposing him, we are only splitting hairs; but we maintain the contrary, and assert that as long as the State gives its formal and material recognition to the Catholic Church it is bound to recognize the fundamental conditions of its existence, and that to claim the deposing power in regard to bishops is as much an inroad into the spiritual sphere as the claim of the Pope to depose kings is an inroad into the temporal sphere.

Thus much for the principle. As regards its application, § 6 provides that when a see has been vacated by a sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, the Chapter shall be called upon at once to elect a vicar. If it fail to do this within ten days the Governor of the Province is to appoint a Commissioner to administer the temporalities of the see. Against the latter provision no objection can be raised, but the summons addressed to the Chapter to elect a vicar is a deplorable blunder, arising either from ignorance or from a haughty disregard of the structural conditions of the ecclesiastical body legislated for. Where a bishop has not himself resigned, or been deposed by a spiritual court on the charge of heresy, a Chapter has as much power to proceed to the election of a vicar as the Guards' mess would have of proceeding to the election of a Lord Mayor. To summon them to do so is, as it were, to call upon them to declare themselves in open revolt, and to incite them to build ecclesiastical barricades.

The remaining provisions of the law have reference to the filling up of vacancies which may occur in cures to which a bishop has refused to appoint properly-qualified persons. In such cases, and others severally specified, the parishioners are to be called upon to elect their priest. The principle here introduced cannot be too highly commended, and will, we believe, in course of time, lead to the most important results.

X. The law of the 21st of May is only a declaratory act, and contains no new principle of importance.

XI. The last law on our list is the German law of the 4th of May, by which deposed bishops and dispossessed priests whose acts lead to the supposition that they may be intending to continue to exercise their functions, may be interned in certain localities and expelled from others, and, in case of their actually exercising such functions, may be deprived of their German citizenship and expelled from the empire.

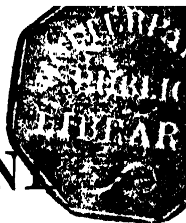
This Draconian law, though required solely for the use of Prussia, had to be passed by the German Parliament and Federal Council, the only competent organs for questions connected with personal rights of citizenship, domicile, &c. The touching docility with which Prussia's allies flocked around her in her hour of need and voted this law almost unanimously is worth noting.

We have thus brought to a close our very imperfect sketch of the Prussian and German laws to which the Vatican Decrees gave rise. Want of space has compelled us to omit much that was important; but we have at least attempted to give a coherent picture of the legislation as a whole.

In passing a general judgment on these laws, we cannot, apart from the grave mistakes to which we have called attention, but express our approval of the principle which underlies them, because in it we recognize the first serious attempt made, from the liberal point of view, to abandon what we consider the great political heresy of the day, viz., the dogma of the isolation from each other of Church and State. Human society, in our eyes—and on this point we heartily agree with the *Unam Sanctam*—is one and indivisible. That which God has joined together it appears to us vain for men to attempt to put asunder. We are old-fashioned enough to maintain that, physiologically constituted as man is, and with his inherited tissues and nerve centres such as they are, the moral and religious organs of the lord of the creation have a congenital trick of acting in unison and sympathy with each other which it will take a great deal of careful breeding and

scientific selection effectually to eliminate; consequently that the State, which must occupy itself with morality, cannot, for the present at least, ignore religion. Very probably this may all be changed some generations hence, when men have fairly seized the saving truth that they are after all not men but automata; but until this automatic millennium sets in we must continue to legislate for human society on the basis of its human, and not of its self-acting, nature. We maintain, therefore, that the State, which is the legislator, is bound to take cognizance of, and to acquaint itself with, every form of religious belief, from Mr. Matthew Arnold's religious protoplasm upwards to that highly complicated vertebrate whose cerebral functions Vaticanists assure us are immediately controlled by the Holy Ghost; and that it can as little afford to ignore these forces in the body politic as the manager of a coal mine can afford to ignore the gases pent up in the bowels of his coal seams. How the relations between the two are in future to be settled we do not pretend to tell; but it will certainly not be by their turning their backs upon each other, and by the one walking to the north and the other to the south. Every step, therefore, taken in the direction of the not ignoring of each other seems to us clear gain. Vaticanism has only been rendered possible by the supercilious contempt with which Statesmen have treated Churchmen; and the Falk Laws have at least the merit of taking the Catholic Church *au sérieux*, and regarding it as an integral and very important portion of the body politic.

In conclusion, we must remind our readers that we have all along examined these laws on their own merits only, and apart from the manner of their application. In regard to the latter, whilst making every allowance for the obstinacy, unreasonableness, and calculated fanaticism which have marked the conduct of the hierarchy, we are yet strongly of opinion that even as a mere question of policy the campaign has on the part of the executive authorities been hopelessly mismanaged. Most of the prosecutions, with all the chicanery of fines, forced sales, and imprisonments, have turned on questions of *form*, which we cannot but think might have been avoided, as indeed they must have been avoided in the dioceses whose bishops have not gone to prison. It was certain that the Curia had a demand for martyrs—every new religion requires them; and the greatest care, therefore, should have been taken to limit the supply to a minimum. "Sir," lately observed that wise old statesman, Déak, in addressing the Speaker of the Hungarian Commons, "beware of martyrs. Your martyr is a most dangerous fellow!" By not following this precept we believe that the Prussian authorities have rendered a very real service to the Vatican, and have, *pro tanto*, strengthened the power and influence of the extreme leaders, and paralysed the reaction against the Vatican Decrees, which was making itself sensibly felt, even beyond the circle of avowed Old Catholics. Uncompromising legislation, with moderation and conciliation in the manner of its application, would, we believe, have had the exactly contrary result, and have shown how considerable is the number of those to whom the Decrees are an intolerable burden. Three years ago to oppose the Decrees was to resist the oppressor and to give proof of courage. To do so now appears like deserting the cause of the weak and the oppressed.



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

THE LAST JOURNALS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.[1]

The last journals of David Livingstone have come before us like a voice from the dead. The fidelity of a small portion of his people has enabled us to bury his withered remains in Westminster Abbey, and has saved to the world the record of his labours. There is no British name more widely known or more universally respected than that of Livingstone. The greatest among African travellers, he has shown a persistence and devotion to his work which has not only upheld the reputation of his country throughout the world, but has infused a new spirit into African exploration; and by his high example he has stimulated others to follow upon the same course, which will eventually result in the opening of that hitherto mysterious region.

The life of Dr. Livingstone is well known, but although his character as an explorer has been established for many years, there are few persons beyond scientific geographers who truly appreciate his enormous labours. When we examine the maps of all his published works, we must be struck with amazement that any one man should have been able to support the bodily fatigue of travelling over the many thousand miles in Africa marked by that thin and wandering line of red which denotes his track. The world knows but little of such fatigues—the toil of body in unhealthy climates; the lack of food; constant exposure to both sun and rain; perpetual anxiety; delays and passive hostility that wear out the brain with overtaxed patience; hopes deferred, followed by that sickness of heart which is a greater strain upon the nervous system than the heaviest physical work. These are the trials that Livingstone sustained throughout his life of exploration; and still he endured until he dropped upon his road worn out in his great work; and in solitude he died upon his knees by his bedside, far from the world, but in communion at the last with Him who had been his guide and protector through a life of difficulties and perils.

In this position—kneeling by his bed, apparently in prayer—Livingstone was found dead by his faithful negro lads.

The journals are now given to the public in the most valuable form by the Rev. Horace Waller, who has wisely presented them in their original integrity; we are thus assured that, as we read, we are still in the companionship of the great traveller—Livingstone is speaking to us, and we share his hopes and anxieties, and follow, sometimes wearied like himself, but always truly sympathizing with his sufferings to the end.

At the same time that the greatest praise is due to Mr. Waller as the editor of these journals, the reading public will complain bitterly of an omission that in such a work is more than usually important—an index is wanting. This diary of African travel will always remain as a valuable book of reference, but the

[1] "The Last Journals of David Livingstone; including His Wanderings and Discoveries in Eastern Africa, from 1865 to within a Few Days of His Death." Edited by Rev. Horace Waller. Two vols. 8vo. London: John Murray.

difficulty will be to refer to any particular point without the necessity of wading through the headings of chapters.

It would also have been satisfactory to geographical readers to have received some explanation of the system adopted in editing. In printing the facsimile page of the journal, the spelling of some of the names of places is different from those upon the map. Thus we find Muanza-bamba in the original is printed on the chart *Muanozambamba;* Lukolo in the journal is Molikolu on the map; Molilamo in the journal is printed Lilimala. These are important errors, which might perplex future explorers who depend upon Livingstone's map for their guide.

The search for the sources of the Nile has allured many travellers to a grave in Africa, and there can be no doubt that Livingstone was naturally ambitious to close a long life of exploration by the brilliant discovery of the most southern limit of the Nile basin. With this object he arrived in Zanzibar on the 28th of January, 1866. He died on the 1st of May, 1873. Thus he passed seven years and three months in the most persevering attempt to solve the problem.

In commencing such an exploration it was necessary to work from the south, in order to embrace the entire watershed of the most remote limit of the Nile basin. Livingstone accordingly directed his first attention to the Lake N'yassa of his former voyage. He has been criticized for having lost time by this wearisome journey, as he might have gone direct to the Tanganyika by the usual caravan route; but it must be remembered that he sought for the Nile sources from the southern watershed. There can be no doubt that Livingstone had determined in his own mind that nothing should be left undone; therefore, in spite of the great extra distance, he would first cross the N'yassa, and subsequently examine the northern lakes in rotation.

The vast experience gained in his former journeys induced him to make arrangements for transport that would render him independent of native carriers; he accordingly provided himself with camels, buffaloes, and donkeys, in the hope that these animals would resist the t'setsé fly, the bites of which are fatal to horses and ordinary cattle.

The great secret of success in African exploration is the possession of means of transport without native assistance. Livingstone had accordingly provided himself with transport animals; he had also engaged a guard of sepoys, a gang of Johanna men, and a body of Nassick boys, wisely considering that a diversity of races would prevent conspiracies and general desertion. The greatest care was taken in the organization of the expedition, and Livingstone started *viâ* the Rovuma river towards the Lake N'yassa.

We now see the veteran traveller at his actual work, and like an old hunter with the hounds in view, the spirit rises within him. Page 14, vol. i., he writes:—"The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is that the mind is made more self-reliant; it becomes more confident of its own resources—there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well knit; the muscles of the limbs grow hard as a board, and seem to have no fat; the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. Africa is a most wonderful country for appetite," &c. &c.

This was written at the start, in the exuberance of spirits, and the last sentence is strikingly but unfortunately true—the "appetite" is wonderful, but the food is the difficulty throughout the arduous journey. Nothing is more trying to the African explorer than the scarcity of supplies. In many places, although food may be abundant, the natives will not sell. Suspicion or natural ill-will prompts them, if warlike, to resist; or if timid, they will abandon their villages upon the arrival of the traveller's party. Men must be fed, and if the natives will neither sell nor give provisions, the explorer's men must either forage or starve. Foraging may lead to a conflict with the natives, but starvation or short rations must certainly lead to discontent, mutiny, and desertion. In either case, the difficulty of supplies is one of the greatest troubles to the African explorer.

Livingstone, the experienced traveller, with his well-organized expedition, quickly

entered upon the customary trials of the country. His sepoys, on whom he had relied, behaved disgracefully; they purposely maltreated the invaluable beasts of burden; they belaboured the donkeys to death with the butt-end of their muskets; they overloaded and maimed the camels, and the unfortunate beasts quickly succumbed to neglect and cruelty. The Johanna men were as bad, or worse. The t'setsé flies were worse than all, and no animal was proof against their attacks. Livingstone does not appear to have had any more authority or control over his miserable people than he possessed over the t'setsé flies; all were as bad as they could be, and they did their worst.

There are inexperienced people in Europe who imagine that an individual explorer should be able to assert a superiority over his people that will give him the necessary control. This is a theoretical idea. Without a resort to force it is frequently impossible to prove a superiority to savage people. Livingstone was not in a position to use this argument.

Throughout these pages the reader will observe that the negro is painted in his true character. Although Livingstone never loses an opportunity of doing justice to the race when praise is due, he produces so many pictures of their brutality and natural love of homicide and savagedom, that the greatest friend of the black must stand aghast. In page 32, vol. i., he writes—"Before reaching Ntandé we passed the ruins of two villages. The owners were the attacking party when we ascended the Rovuma in 1862. I have still the old sail with four bullet-holes through it made by the shots which they fired after we had given cloth and got assurances of friendship. The father and son of this village were the two men seen by the second boat preparing to shoot; the fire of her crew struck the father on the chin and the son on the head. It may have been for the best that the English are thus known as people who can hit hard when unjustly attacked, as we on this occasion most certainly were. Never was a more murderous assault more unjustly made or less provoked."

Such evidence from Livingstone, who was eminently a man of peace, must open the eyes of those who imagine that African exploration is free from danger if the traveller behaves kindly towards the natives.

On the 11th of June, 1866, Livingstone writes—"Our carriers refuse to go further, because they say that they fear being captured here on their return." On the 14th of June he writes—"I am now as much dependent upon carriers as if I had never bought a beast of burden."

In spite of his care in providing animals of transport, we already find him in the midst of the usual African troubles—his cattle dead, his men mutinous, and a general scarcity of provisions.

He now arrives upon the horrible track of the slave-traders. "Matumora admits that his people sell each other." Thus the natives traffic in their own people, while the Arabs kidnap slaves in all directions. "On the 19th of June, 1866, we passed a woman tied by the neck to a tree, and dead. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not become the property of any one else if she recovered after resting for a time. I may mention here that we saw others tied up in a similar manner, and one lying in the path shot, or stabbed, for she was in a pool of blood. The explanation we invariably got was that the Arab who owned these victims was enraged at losing his money by the slaves being unable to march, and vented his spleen by murdering them."

At page 62, vol. i., Livingstone writes—"We passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body, and lying on the path."

In the same page, 27th of June—"To-day we came upon a man dead from starvation, as he was very thin. One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food; they were too weak to be able to speak or say where they had come from; some were quite young."

A terrible illustration is given (page 62) of these poor wretches thus abandoned to die of starvation.

Among such scenes of horror, the usual accompaniments of slave-hunting, Livingstone plods forward. He reaches the Lake N'yassa; he is deserted by his faithless Johanna men, who return to Zanzibar with the false report of his death, with such circumstantial evidence that it was generally accepted in Europe, until the return of the Livingstone Search Expedition so admirably conducted by Mr. Young, R.N.

Native carriers are hired with difficulty. These, as usual, desert, and abscond with their loads, including valuable merchandise, gunpowder, and, worse than all, Livingstone's only *medicine chest!*

We now find the unfortunate traveller nearly starving, both he and his people living upon mushrooms, in a country that has been harried by the Mazitu tribe; he is sick, and faint from want of food, deserted by his followers, and totally without quinine or other medicine. In page 177 he writes, at the moment of this dreadful loss—"I felt as if I had now received sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie." Nevertheless, Livingstone, with a dogged determination, added to a firm trust in Providence, moves slowly but steadily forward.

On the 20th of May, 1867, Livingstone arrives at an Arab station, and is well received by the headman. "Hamees has been particularly kind to me in presenting food, beads, cloth, and getting information." Although Livingstone is now the guest of the slave-traders, he finds them far more hospitable than the natives. He writes—"Hamees is certainly very anxious to secure my safety."

This man assists Livingstone materially in his journey. Having crossed the Chambézé, which flows into the great Lake Bangweolo, he arrives at the most southern point of the Tanganyika lake, known locally as Liemba. The entire drainage from the high lands of the neighbourhood is towards this lake, therefore, should a connection be discovered between Tanganyika and the Albert N'yanza, the sources of the Nile will be upon the watershed which Livingstone descended to Lake Liemba.

To follow the extraordinary zigzag wanderings would be quite impossible in the short space of a review. The main geographical fact of his seven years' exploration is the discovery of the Lake Bangweolo, which Livingstone has proved to receive the river Chambézé, and to give birth to the Luapula. This latter river passes through the smaller Lake Moero Okata, from which it emerges as the Lualaba.

There can be no doubt that Livingstone has thus discovered the sources of one of the great African rivers at present unknown. As the veteran traveller was occupied in a search for the Nile sources, it was natural that he should be predisposed to the belief that any grand stream with a northerly course should be the headwater of the White Nile. At the same time we see that his mind was perplexed by contradictory accounts received, both from Arab traders and from natives of the country, until he fairly doubted all reports, and hesitated whether he was upon the sources of the Nile or upon the Congo. In this state of bewilderment he writes, in page 270, vol. i.—"A man from the upper part of Tanganyika gives the same account of the river from Rusisi that Burton and Speke received when they went to its mouth. He says that the water of the lake goes up some distance, but is met by Rusisi water and driven back thereby. The lake water, he adds, finds an exit northwards and eastwards by several small rivers which would admit small canoes only. They pour into Lake Chowambé—probably that discovered by Mr. Baker. This Chowambé is in Hundi, the country of cannibals; but the most enlightened informants leave the impression on the mind of groping in the dark: it may be all different when we come to see it."

Although Livingstone is perfectly right in thus suspiciously receiving geographical information from the natives, the curious fact should not be overlooked that the Egyptian expedition received evidence from the envoys of M'tésé. the king of Uganda, that the M'wootan N'zigé (Albert N'yanza) was connected with the Tanganyika by an intricate channel; that the lake waters passed through the country of Barundi (evidently a prefix of "Bar"

to "Hundi") and that a cannibal tribe occupied the western coast of Boamba—marked on Livingstone's map "Babembé."

In page 281, vol. i., Livingstone writes—"The native name for the people of Ujiji is Wayeiyé." M'tésé's envoys informed the Egyptian expedition that Ujiji on the M'wootan N'zigé was known by them as "Uyéiyé."

In page 285, vol. i., we find—"Tanganyika is declared to send its water through the north into Lake Chowambé, or Baker's Lake; if this does not prove false, then Tanganyika is an expansion of the Nile and so is Lake Chowambé, the two lakes being connected by the river Loanda."

The varying names of the same lake are shown to be dependent upon local terms, as the south end of Tanganyika is known by the natives as "Liemba;" thus in like manner the southern portion of the Albert N'yanza may be known as Chowambé.

In reviewing Livingstone's journals it is absolutely necessary for the geographer to watch carefully the varying information given to him by the natives from time to time, as he forms his opinion upon the Nile sources entirely from hearsay; thus the reader will have the opportunity of exercising his judgment upon the same basis.

It is painful to observe the varying alternations of hope and despair in this solitary man, who has thus sacrificed himself to work out a grand idea. At times, when debilitated by sickness, his spirits sink, but when renewed strength brings a healthy reaction, he again brightens, and even becomes sanguine and positive.

In page 327, vol. i., he writes—"Burns are literally innumerable; rising on the ridges, or, as I formerly termed them, mounds, they are undoubtedly the primary or ultimate sources of the Zambesi, Congo, and Nile; by their union are formed streams of from thirty to eighty or 100 yards broad, and always deep enough to require either canoes or bridges. These I propose to call the secondary sources, and as in the case of the Nile they are drawn off by three lines of drainage, they become the head-waters (the caput Nili) of the river of Egypt."

After long and wearying delays we find from the following editorial note that Livingstone unites as a last resource with the traders, page 355, vol. i.:—"At last he makes a start on the 11th of December, 1868, with the Arabs who are bound eastwards for Ujiji. It is a motley group, composed of Mohammed and his friends, a gang of Unyamwezi hangers-on, and strings of wretched slaves yoked together in their heavy slave-sticks." We thus see that Livingstone was utterly powerless to prevent the slave trade; he saw, what he had formerly witnessed in Africa, every conceivable horror, but he was alone; he had for years past represented the atrocities of the slave trade, but no forcible steps had been taken to suppress it. Livingstone had simply been made an African Consul, as though the name of a consul could produce the panic among the traders that is occasioned by a garden-scarecrow among the sparrows.

Thus the consul was not only powerless to suppress the infamous traffic, but he was actually compelled by circumstances to join the *cortége* of slave-hunters and to travel in company with them and their "slaves yoked together in heavy slave-sticks." This was a trying position for a British Consul, more especially for a man like Livingstone, whose heart burned within him at the abominations that he witnessed. He could do nothing; "the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." In the companionship of the Arabs he at length arrives, frightfully ill, at the Tanganyika Lake, and crossing in canoes, he reaches Ujiji on the 14th of March, 1869.

The editor remarks, "It was his first visit, but he had arranged that supplies should be forwarded thither by caravans bound inland from Zanzibar. Most unfortunately his goods were made away with in all directions—not only on this, but on several other occasions. The disappointment to a man shattered in health, and craving for letters and stores, must have been severe indeed."

"Severe indeed" will be echoed by every reader who sympathises with Livingstone's forlorn condition.

At Ujiji Livingstone rests to recruit his strength. He writes—"This is a den

of the worst kind of slave-traders; those whom I met in Urungu and Itawa were gentlemen slavers: the Ujiji slavers, like the Kilwa and Portuguese, are the vilest of the vile. It is not a trade, but a system of consecutive murders; they go to plunder and kidnap, and every trading trip is nothing but a foray."

It thus appears that the slave-hunting of the Arabs was conducted at Ujiji upon the same principles as by the Egyptian Arabs north of the equator. The latter were forcibly expelled by the Khedive's expedition in 1872, and there can be little doubt that, until the same physical persuasion shall be used, the Arabs of Ujiji will continue their atrocities.

During his stay at Ujiji, Livingstone directs his attention to the various phenomena of the Tanganyika. He finds that a steady current sets to the north. In page 16, vol. ii., he writes—"The current in Tanganyika is well marked when the lighter coloured water of a river flows in and does not at once mix—the Luishe at Ujiji is a good example, and it shows by large light greenish patches on the surface a current of nearly a mile an hour north. It begins to flow about February, and continues running north till November or December. Evaporation on 300 miles of the south is then at its strongest, and water begins to flow gently south till arrested by the flood of the great rains there, which takes place in February and March. There is it seems a reflux for about three months in each year. flow and reflow being the effect of the rains and evaporation on a lacustrine river 300 miles in length lying south of the equator. The flow northwards I have myself observed; that again southwards rests on native testimony, and it was elicited from the Arabs by pointing out the northern current; they attributed the southern current to the effect of the wind, which they say there blows south."

This theory can hardly hold good in the face of the following extracts from the journals:—"On the 12th July, 1869, Livingstone starts across the lake to commence explorations in the unknown west. He writes—"Left at 1.30 A.M., and pulled seven and a half hours to the left bank of the Malagarasi river. We cannot go by day, because about 11 A.M. a south-west wind commences to blow, which the heavy canoes cannot face; it often begins earlier or later, according to the phases of the moon. An east wind blows from sunrise till 10 or 11 A.M., and then the south-west begins."

This account of the changeable character of the winds would completely upset the Arabs' theory that the steady current of one mile per hour in the vast body of water thirty miles across and upwards of 300 fathoms deep should be the result of a steady monsoon.

Livingstone continues, at page 19, vol. ii.—"Were it not for the current, Tanganyika would be covered with green scum, now rolling away in miles of length and breadth to the north. . . . Prodigious quantities of confervæ pass us day and night in slow, majestic flow."

Here we have a distinct observation that the "confervæ pass us day and night," which, as the wind blows from different quarters during that time, is at once a demolition of the Arabs' theory that the current of the Tanganyika is due to the action of winds.

This extraordinary current of one mile per hour is a peculiar phenomenon in so large a lake. The Albert N'yanza has no perceptible current, although the entire Nile issues from its northern extremity; it is therefore natural to suppose that a river of great size must issue from the Tanganyika with considerable velocity. The report of the recent discovery of a large effluent by that energetic young officer Lieutenant Cameron will most likely prove to be the great outlet of the lake.

At page 20, vol. ii., Livingstone writes—"A strong wind from the east to-day. A current sweeps round this islet, Kiséngé, from north-east to south-east, and carries trees and duckweed at more than a mile an hour, in spite of the breeze blowing across it to the west." The current is here described as setting against the strong wind.

Livingstone's journey to the Manyuema tribe in company with Mohammed's Arab party is most interesting. This country

was new ground, and had only lately been opened up by the traders. Unfortunately for the explorer, the Arabs had at once commenced slave-hunting, and the natives were rendered hostile, and suspicious of strangers.

The rainy season was at its height, and Livingstone once more is a victim to malaria and constant drenchings. Now and then we gather from his journal stray bits of geography as he received the information from the natives—"13th of February, 1870—Falls between Vira and Baker's water seen by Wanyamwezé."

Livingstone gains intelligence concerning the Lualaba, but he is forced to turn back from Bambarré. He is afflicted with malignant ulcers on the legs, a terrible disease of the country, which is often fatal. This same complaint destroyed many troops of the Khedive of Egypt's expedition. The Arabs cause disturbance among the tribes, and Livingstone's own men become demoralized by their association with the traders; sick and disheartened, the explorer is obliged to turn back. The Bambarré are said to be cannibals: "a quarrel with a wife often ends in the husband killing her and eating her heart."

During the vexatious delays in that country, Livingstone amused himself with geographical theories. In these we see traces of the wear and tear of mind occasioned by constant sickness and by four years' absence from civilized associates. The remarks upon Speke and Grant's discoveries require correction. Livingstone was never near the Victoria N'yanza which Speke actually discovered; therefore it is hardly fair to assert theories which are at variance with facts firmly established by eye-witnesses of so high a reputation as Speke and Grant. At page 51, vol. ii., in comparing the value of the Nile of Speke's Victoria N'yanza, Livingstone writes—"Taking their White Nile at eighty or ninety yards, or say one hundred yards broad," &c. In N. lat. 1° 37′, at M'rooli, Speke's Nile is at least one thousand yards broad and very deep. As the current increases, it narrows to a mean of about five hundred yards, and continues this width with slight variation until the Karuma Falls, in N. Lat. 2°15′. From that point the river is a series of frightful rapids and falls until it reaches the northern end of the Albert N'yanza. No person who has seen Speke's "Victoria Nile" can hesitate in accepting the Victoria N'yanza as a mighty source.

On the 1st of January, 1871, we find Livingstone still detained at Bambarré. His accounts of the natives among whom he had been residing for nearly a year do not raise the "man and the brother" to that pitch of excellence which is claimed for him by optimists. He writes (page 95, vol. ii.)—"The Manyuema are the most bloody, callous savages I know. One puts a scarlet feather from a parrot's tail on the ground, and challenges those near to stick it in the hair; he who does so must kill a man or woman!"

"Another custom is, that none dare wear the skin of the musk-cat, Ngawa, unless he has murdered somebody: guns alone prevent them from killing us all, and for no reason either."

Towards the end of January the cholera, having spread from Zanzibar, attacked these charming people, and Livingstone writes—"How many Manyuema died we do not know; the survivors became afraid of eating the dead."

On the 20th of March, 1871, Livingstone writes these few words only in his diary—"I am heartsore and sick of human blood."

No position can be more pitiable than that of our unfortunate countryman. He who had been a missionary, but who was now an explorer and a British Consul, had still the warm philanthropic feelings of his original calling combined with the judicial character of his official position, but he was a Daniel in the lion's den. He was utterly without power or control. His own few followers did what they chose; the Arabs plundered and enslaved, scorning alike his advice or interference; the natives were, if possible, worse than the slave-hunters; and in this hell the great man Livingstone is forced to pass a miserable existence without a hope of release.

At the same time that we condemn the slave-traders, it must be acknowledged that the brutal Manyuema deserve no

better fate than that of slavery; it appears impossible to transact legitimate business with such savage people. Here is Livingstone's testimony:—"24th of April, 1871.—Old feuds lead the Manyuema to entrap the traders to fight; they invite them to go to trade, and tell them that at such a village plenty of ivory lies; then, when the trader goes with his people, word is sent that he is coming to fight, and he is met by enemies who compel him to defend himself by their onslaught. We were nearly entrapped in this way by a chief pretending to guide us through the country near Basitangé; he would have landed us in a fight, but we detected his drift, changed our course so as to mislead any messengers he might have sent, and dismissed him with some sharp words."

How is it possible to improve such people, or to establish commercial relations with a tribe so hopelessly barbarous? At page 127 we find:—"A stranger in the market had ten human under-jawbones hung by a string over his shoulder; on inquiry, he professed to have killed and eaten the owners, and showed with his knife how he cut up his victims. When I expressed disgust, he and others laughed."

No one would dream of accusing Livingstone of exaggeration, and the great value of his journals consists in the absolute certainty of their integrity; but the whole story of seven years' travel is a repetition of barbarity such as should dispel for ever the idea that the African race is naturally docile and ready to welcome the pioneers of civilization.

Notwithstanding the savage customs of the Manyuema (who killed and ate one of Livingstone's boys), they hold public markets, at which Livingstone finds exposed for sale "earthen pots, cassava, grass cloth, fishes, and fowls." Having at length reached the great Lualaba river, in company with the Arabs, he finds it at a considerably lower level than the Tanganyika Lake. An Arab party under their leader, Hassani, starts to explore the new river Lualaba, in hopes of discovering a rich ivory country. Livingstone is now left in company with other Arabs, almost alone, as his followers have all deserted him, with the exception of his few Nassick boys.

Several rival parties of Arab traders had followed upon the new path taken by Livingstone's companions, trusting to share in the profits of the newly-discovered country. The result of competition quickly showed a jealousy among the Arabs, one of whose parties vented their rage upon the natives with whom Livingstone was residing. This is the most horrible incident of his long journey. Without the slightest cause or provocation, the Arabs deliberately open fire upon the crowds of unfortunate women assembled in the market-place. A wholesale massacre takes place; the helpless creatures are driven into the river and drowned, or butchered upon the shore, until between three and four hundred have been killed before Livingstone's eyes.

He writes—"I proposed to Dugumbé to catch the murderers, and hang them up in the market-place as our protest against the bloody deeds, before the Manyuema." This was impossible, and we now find Livingstone driven desperate, and determined at all risks to separate himself from the forced companionship of the bloodthirsty Arabs, and to return to Ujiji, there to wait until he could obtain fresh men and supplies from distant Zanzibar. He writes—"I tried to go down Lualaba, then up it, and west, but with blood-hounds it is out of the question. I see nothing for it but to go back to Ujiji for other men, though it will throw me out of the chance of discovering the fourth great lake in the Lualaba line of drainage, and other things of great value."

He marches towards Ujiji, and is attacked by the natives in ambuscade within a forest. Here he narrowly escapes from two spears, and loses two of his followers, killed, together with all his remaining merchandise. He again falls sick, and moves forward with difficulty, and in great dejection of spirits. On the 20th of September, 1871, he fortunately meets an Arab company of 200 guns, under the command of Nassur Masudi. These Arabs received him kindly, and gave him food, which he sorely needed; they were

returning to Ujiji from a successful journey, and poor Livingstone, although rejoiced to find protectors for his little party, exclaims, in the bitterness of disappointment—"All the traders were returning successful. I alone had failed, and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained."

On the 23rd of October, Livingstone, full of hope, arrives at Ujiji, where he had a supply of stores. He quickly discovers that they have been all stolen! Plunged once more into anguish, he writes—"I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."

In this extremity, it is necessary to quote at some length from his journal. The 28th of October, 1871, found Livingstone at zero. He writes—"But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed, and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' And off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, &c., made one think, 'This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end like me.' It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than 4,000*l.*, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and, if dead, to bring home my bones."

". . . . I am not of a demonstrative turn; as cold, indeed, as we islanders are reputed to be, but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and, at the same time, I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy—good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles."

Not only Englishmen, but the whole civilized world, must be grateful to Mr. Bennett and to his energetic representative, Mr. Stanley, for this charitable expedition. To Mr. Stanley the highest praise is due, and his exertions in bringing relief to so distant a point as Ujiji, and thus supporting Livingstone, must be deeply appreciated by all African explorers, who know the difficulties that he overcame far better than the applauding public.

Livingstone was now well furnished with supplies through the generosity of Mr. Bennett. He improves in health from the exhilarating effects of good food and civilized companionship; he is no longer a speck of civilization in the dark mass of savagedom, but he has a friend in a land where true friendship appears to be unknown. The reaction at once recalls his natural spirit. An expedition is organized by boat to the northern extremity of Tanganyika Lake.

Accompanied by Stanley, he visits the extreme corner, and finds the River Lusizé an affluent instead of an effluent.

This was simply a confirmation of Captain Burton's report, in his "Lake Regions of Central Africa," when he and Speke first visited the Tanganyika.

This seems to prove that there is no connection between the Albert N'yanza and the Tanganyika, although Livingstone had always heard that they were one water; and it appears to upset the assertions of M'tésé's envoys and the merchants from Karagwé, who gave decided information to the Egyptian expedition that a communication actually existed between the two lakes—in fact, that they were one water.

Livingstone and Stanley return to Ujiji, the latter having suffered severely from fever.

On the 14th of March, 1871, Mr. Stanley leaves Ujiji for home, whether America or England is not mentioned. On the 29th of November, in Livingstone's diary, three months before Stanley's departure, and one month after his first arrival at Ujiji, we find this entry, page 159, vol. ii. :—

"The outlet of the lake is probably by the Lōngumba River into Lualaba as the Luamo, but this as yet must be set down as a 'theoretical discovery.'"

This is extremely puzzling, as it would be natural to suppose that if Livingstone entertained this idea on the 29th of November, when he was actually exploring the Tanganyika in canoes, accompanied by his friend Stanley, and fully supplied with stores, he would have directed his course to the Lŏngumba River, and have at once proved to the satisfaction of himself and of Stanley whether the "theoretical discovery" was simply theory or fact. It is quite incomprehensible why this was neglected, and why, after Stanley's departure homewards, Livingstone should have started for the fabulous fountains of Herodotus, instead of working out the important idea noted in his diary on the 29th of November, that "the outlet of the lake is probably by the Lŏngumba River into Lualaba as the Luamo." This would have been the most important geographical discovery of his long and wearisome expedition—one that would have settled a vexed question, and would have fully repaid him for the many years of dangers, privations, and fearful difficulties that he had so patiently undergone.

It appears as though his mind was attracted by the native reports of certain fountains or springs, and he had become so completely possessed by this one idea that he preferred it to all other researches. Although he had throughout his long life of wandering and exploration been accustomed to the utter fallacy of native reports on geographical questions, he seems to have thrown over this invaluable experience, and to have become simply infatuated in following this *ignis fatuus*—"the fountains of Herodotus!" At page 179 vol. ii. he writes:—"I pray the good Lord of all to favour me so as to allow me to discover the ancient fountains of Herodotus."

From the date of Mr. Stanley's departure till the 15th of August, Livingstone remains at Ujiji, waiting for the promised carriers from Zanzibar. During this wearying delay he occupies himself in various ways, and notes down many original ideas in his diary. Among others the following extract deserves remark, as it emanates from so high an authority as Livingstone. Alluding to future plans for Missionary enterprise, he writes (page 210):—"Educated free blacks from a distance are to be avoided: they are expensive, and are too much of gentlemen for your work."

This is a serious warning, and must cause the reflection that if the black when freed and educated is useless, and "too much of a gentleman" to perform his part as Missionary to his ignorant brethren in Africa, from whence he himself was liberated, he must be decidedly useless in any other position. It would be natural to suppose that a native black who had received the advantages of education in a civilized country would, beyond all others, be adapted to impart the same benefits to those of his own race. Upon such a question Livingstone is the highest authority, and his unfavourable opinion throws a dark shade upon the prospects of native improvement.

In the middle of August Livingstone is encouraged by a change in his affairs, which must be described in the words of Mr. Waller, the editor:—

"At last this trying suspense was put an end to by the arrival of a troop of fifty-seven men and boys, made up of porters hired by Mr. Stanley on the coast, and some more Nassick pupils sent from Bombay to join Lieutenant Dawson. We find the names of John and Jacob Wainwright amongst the latter on Mr. Stanley's list."

1872. On the 23rd of August Livingstone starts, the object of this new expedition being the "fountains of Herodotus."

He marches until the 8th of January, 1873, through a beautiful country, abounding with large game, along the eastern borders of the lake Tanganyika. There is no important incident during the journey, but Livingstone is always suffering, more or less, from a chronic complaint. Although he is weak from ill health, it is delightful to notice the fire that sometimes flashes within him. He writes—"The pugnacious spirit is one of the necessities of life. When people have little or none of it, they are subjected to indignity and loss. My own men walk into houses where we pass the nights without asking any leave, and steal cassava

without shame. I have to threaten and thrash to keep them honest, while if we are at a village where the natives are a little pugnacious, they are as meek as sucking doves. The peace plan involves indignity and wrong. I give presents to the headmen, and to some extent heal their hurt sensibilities."

This paragraph is a valuable hint to African travellers; a combination of force and liberality, which ensures justice to all parties, is the only rule that will carry the explorer forward—but he must possess the force.

When the Bangweolo Lake was approached, the character of the country at once changed, and Livingstone descended into a chaos of swamps intersected by innumerable streams. The party were rarely upon dry land throughout the marching hours, but the advance was made slowly, and with extreme difficulty, by wading. Added to the misery of the journey was heavy rain, alternating with thick mists. Livingstone's complaint was chronic dysentery, and it may well be imagined that in his weak state there was the greatest danger of an access of the disease.

On the 21st of April, 1873, he writes—"Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted."

On the 27th of April he writes—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

The editor adds beneath this extract—"They are the last words that David Livingstone wrote."

On the 1st of May he died.

In referring to his journal of the 25th of June, 1868, the following words are extracted:—

"This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary [his wife] lies on Sheepanga brae."

The modest wish for quiet and humble repose thus uttered by this great man was never to be fulfilled. The devoted wife still lies in the soil of Africa, but Livingstone rests in Westminster Abbey.

In closing the journals after reading his last unfinished entry, the painful impression is felt that we have just parted for ever with a loved and respected friend, and it seems hard to believe that Livingstone, whose name has been a household word for so many years, is actually gone from among us. Having carefully read every word of his long diary, we feel that we have been his companion throughout his seven years of difficulty; we have shared his emotions, his troubles, disappointments, and the short joys that so seldom came, until we almost see him die. Closing the book in sorrow, it becomes impossible to criticize now that he is dead. His geographical opinions may or may not be accepted upon all points, but there can be only one opinion concerning the man: he was the greatest of all explorers of this century; he was one of a noble army of martyrs who have devoted their lives to the holy cause of freedom; and he has laid down his life as a sacrifice upon a wild and unknown path, upon which he has printed the first footsteps of civilization.

Livingstone has given the grand impulse to African exploration; it was he who first directed public attention to the miseries and horrors of the East African slave trade, which he has persistently exposed throughout his life. Had he lived for another ten years he would have witnessed some fruits as the result of his example.

That vast continent must cease to be a mystery, and the slave trade can only expire when the country shall become known, and governments shall be firmly established over tribes that, if left to themselves, will simply revel in brutality.

The axe is hard at work. A goodly portion of Southern Africa has been lopped off and annexed to the British government. The Gold Coast on the west, and Natal upon the east, are points of departure that must eventually lead to extension. The French hold Algeria, and Egypt will form a vast African empire by

the annexation of the entire Nile basin. Darfur has already been added to the recent conquests of the Khedive; that country was the nucleus of the Central African slave trade, and the barrier through which no explorer was allowed to pass. The conquest of Darfur must be followed by that of Wadai and Bornu, which will at once open the road to the very heart of Africa.

Oriental governments may not be immaculate, but they are far superior to that of petty negro chiefs, whose only aim in life is to war against and enslave their neighbours. The Sultan of Zanzibar is too weak to follow the example of the Khedive of Egypt, and annex the country south of the equator to the territory of Uganda (M'tésé), but should an arrangement be made with a greater power, he might with assistance effect this object, and become responsible to his supporter for the good government of his territory and the total suppression of the slave trade.

By such means only can legitimate commerce be established and the slave trade be totally suppressed. It is simply necessary to read with attention the journals of the lamented Livingstone to be convinced of the utter impossibility of improving the savage tribes of Central Africa by other means than the strong hand of a paternal government. Humanitarians of a fanatical school, who are not true philanthropists, may object to the blood that must of necessity be shed in a war of annexation; that blood is but as a drop in the ocean to the torrents that annually flow in the internecine wars that accompany the slave trade of Central Africa. By annexation those torrents must cease, and when the government is established there will be a foundation for future progress; but without that government it is idle to preach against the slave trade, or to hope for permanent improvement.

Livingstone is now followed by a young officer of the navy, Lieutenant Cameron, who is exerting his best energies on the path of his precursor. Already we have information of his discovery of a great outlet of the Tanganyika; and his youth and strength directed to the object for which the veteran traveller sacrificed his life will, we trust, terminate in a success that, had Livingstone lived, would have rewarded him for the difficulties which he, as the first pioneer, had the honour but the misfortune to encounter.

In concluding this review, which has been a task of mingled pleasure and regret, I can only thank Mr. Horace Waller for the able manner in which he, as the friend of Livingstone, has performed the great labour of love in editing and publishing the last journals of our great explorer; and I feel sure that all African travellers will unite in the admission, that whatever their individual energies may have accomplished in the arduous task of African research, they are only as the sheep compared to the shepherd in comparison with the great chief whose loss they still lament.

SAM. W. BAKER.

CASTLE DALY:

THE STORY OF AN IRISH HOME THIRTY YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XXX.

"I WONDER whether Ugolino's famine-tower had any windows in it," Ellen observed to Connor one morning, some months after these events, as they stood at the open door of the house at Eagle's Edge, once more watching Pelham's progress down the road on his daily ride.

"It was a very poor invention for a place of torture if it had not," Connor answered quickly. "Lord Clarendon and the English Government know much better how to build up a famine-tower for the nation of Ugolinos they are starving; to be walled in away from food, and famish, was just nothing; the real torture is, to stand out in the open, and see fields waving with corn, and cattle on all the hills, and to die in face of them, divided from them by invisible law-walls skilfully built up, which let sight and sound and smell through."

"I was thinking of windows with a more distant outlook." Ellen went on rather wearily, for during the two days that Connor had been home from Dublin she had discovered that listening to political harangues from him, whether she assented to or disagreed from the opinions he enunciated, equally fretted the sore wounds in her heart. "I wish, dear Connor," she said, "that you would not always force me to turn my thoughts towards blaming other people, and longing for fierce remedies. You mesmerise me, while you talk, into feeling with you, and it is very terrible. I think the misery would be easier to bear if we laid some of the blame of it on ourselves, or called it, as the poor patient victims do, while they die under it, 'the hand of God.'"

"Some one said something like that to D'Arcy one day. I wonder what you would have thought if you had seen how angry he was. He called it blasphemy—speaking ill of God's name—attributing to Him unrighteousness and wrong."

"I know there is unrighteousness and wrong-doing of men mixed up with the calamity, and that it need not have been so hopeless if it had been rightly met; but still I think the dying people see the furthest when they call it the hand of God, and feel no bitterness in lying under it. It is *that* to each one of them—the hand opening the way of escape from their fever beds—or if they are not to die bringing other good to them, if we could only see it."

"So long as such a doctrine does not induce people to sit still and be content to be crushed, I have no objection to it. After all, it is only what D'Arcy himself says sometimes. He thinks that the stress of this misery, the horror bred by these last cruelties, which have left half the nation to perish through neglect and misgovernment, will draw our people together, and make us resolute in claiming the management of our own land for ourselves at least. 'Then,' he says, 'these three millions who have died already in the famine will, in after days, be as certainly counted martyrs for the country as those others who have got to die yet in the battle-field for our independence, before it is won.' Looking at events in that light, I can see how good may come even out of the famine."

"But that is not my view—quite the contrary. I understand why King David chose the pestilence, of the three evils offered to him, rather than that his army should flee before the enemy. I think with him, that anything is better than

falling into the hands of man. Your hope is my terriblest fear, Connor, dear."

"Ah! you are getting corrupted. It is the abominable journal that comes to you from England, with blue marks along the pages, to draw your attention to essays on Irish questions, full of counsels of cowardice and baseness, that is turning your sympathies the wrong way. You should stick to reading the *Nation*, and then you'd know the truth."

"I have not had an English paper with blue marks since the one I sent on to you to Dublin three weeks ago: the sender has forgotten me, or left off writing essays on Irish questions. The paper I received this morning came from Pelham Court, and the scored column contained an account of a public meeting at Fakenham, with Uncle Charles in the chair, whence a petition was sent up to Parliament for the repeal of the Maynooth Grant, as the most likely remedy for the Irish famine."

"Eh! kick the lion in the face, now that he is supposed to be dying, hard enough, and perhaps he will awake. I hope you mean to send the paper back with comments. Let me write them between the lines."

"No, no; there was a letter posted at the same time as the newspaper, with twenty pounds in it for my starving people. I can't send that back or insult the givers, Connor. Marmaduke has been sending me money all through the summer, ever since people in England began to realize what it was that was happening here. I do believe he must have done without some few comforts himself to help us—kid gloves, perhaps, or scent, or some luxury from one of his five meals a day."

"That is a great deal for an English Guardsman to sacrifice for Irish savages, whom he rather hopes to have a chance of knocking on the head some day soon; but don't believe in the disinterestedness of his conduct, Eileen bawn. By and by he'll come to you and say, 'Look here, to please you I saved a hundred Irish paupers from dying of starvation, whom in my conscience I think had better have died, and now I expect you to pay me by giving me yourself for life. One hundred for one is generous measure.' He may not put it in those words—he would not know how to express himself so well—but you'll find that is about the gist of the matter with him."

"No, I shall not—he understands me better; and, as far as he knows how, he has been generous. I can't be as bitter as you are, Con, for I know that there is real generosity and real help given to us, though it does not all reach those who want it most."

"Is it these generous acts that make the windows of your famine-tower, then?"

"I was not thinking of them when I spoke; I was imagining ourselves living in a great famine-tower, as indeed we are, seeing the dying faces in it, and hearing the groans that fill it all day, and every now and then being obliged to climb up into a turret and look through a window, out on to a world where people are eating and drinking, and gossiping, and dancing, and where our famine-tower is only one little dark spot on their distant horizon, that they can see when they try to look at it, but generally forget. The turret windows from which I am obliged to look out on such a world are letters like those that came for me this morning."

"Ah, I was intending to tell you I expected my share of one of them, unless I am mistaken in the handwriting."

"You had better let me come to that one by degrees, for I doubt whether its contents will put you into a good humour for hearing the others."

"I am in no violent hurry. You had three letters this morning, had you not?"

"One was only from Cynthea O'Roone to ask me to send her an embroidery pattern I promised her long ago. The O'Roones are living near Westport now, and Cynthea says she and her sisters can never leave their own garden because of the state of the country, and that they generally sit at

breakfast with their blinds down, not to see on the doorstep the dead bodies of the people who have crawled there in the night to die."

"So they want embroidery patterns to amuse them in the house? I wonder they don't go to Dublin or England to be further off."

"Their father has got one of the government relief appointments."

"Just the man for it. How I wish Pelham had not put himself into the category of intercepters of public bounty. I would rather starve."

"My dear, if Pelham did not work for us, and the Thornleys pay us rent for a house they don't care now to live in, we should all have starved long before this. Pelham does the work as well as such work can be done."

"And you don't shut yourself up and work worsted like Cynthea O'Roone. After all, I don't know what else *she* could do. Dublin is full of such people shutting themselves up, in one fashion or another, from the sight of the dead bodies. It all comes of the demoralization of the Union. If we were a true nation governing ourselves, feeling we could help ourselves, one half of us would not have to shut ourselves up in order not to see the other half die under the clever management of a foreign government, whose chiefs secretly think that the land is well rid of us, and that the underground roads are the safest to banish by. Exiles can come back, but not dead men."

"I don't believe it has anything to do with governments. People show their true characters in times like these, and we have plenty of the nobler sort. Did you hear, by the way, that Father Peter is dead? Biddy O'Rea brought the news this morning. He gave away the last morsel of food he had in the house yesterday evening, and then lay down on his bed too tired to go to the public stores for more, and having no one to send, for his servant died last week of fever. When they came to him this morning he was dying—of a broken heart, he told them, that he could do no more for his people."

"That's what I complain of—that the best of us are dying of broken hearts instead of drawing together and finding something better to do. If the clergy were heart and soul with us against the Union; if they were more Irish than anything else——"

"They have got to be more Christian than anything else, and how can they counsel such bloodshed as must come before the revolution you are dreaming of can be brought about? I did not mean to excite you to so much anger, Connor dear, by making you look through one of my windows into Cynthea O'Roone's miserable little worsted-working world. My other windows at least look out towards fresh air and sunshine, and real mirth and forgetfulness."

"English letters, of course."

"Yes; I have been hesitating whether to keep them to myself or not, and I have decided on trying their effect on you first, knowing you have a power of getting out of mortifications that Pelham lacks."

"Hum, I suppose *she* has written to tell you she is engaged. I suspected something of the kind when I saw the thick letter. What fool has she taken up with? One of the Pelham Court fools, I'll engage. Joy go with them. I've other things than love-making to occupy me this year."

"I am glad you can take it so. I am afraid it will go much harder with Pelham; but, Connor, your imagination has jumped too far. It does not amount to an announcement of an engagement. I have only hints, and the most significant don't come from Lesbia herself, but from the gentleman's family. It seems to be Marmaduke; so you see his charity at least is genuine, not a bribe, as you supposed. You must acquit him there."

"Marmaduke! Well, I used to think he was a mule, obstinate enough to get what he wanted; henceforth I write him down an ass."

"An ass for taking what you were dying to get a very little while ago?"

"I did not begin by being in love with Ellen Daly."

"Oh, Con, what a flatterer you are, making believe that you value me above Lesbia and her great fortune."

"Cupid has not a bandage thick enough to hide from me how you two compare together."

"I am glad you are so free of Cupid. If Pelham were the same I should say it was a very good arrangement. Lesbia is kindly welcome to Marmaduke, though the Pelham Court people will never believe I am not secretly mortified."

"The news comes from Pelham Court, then."

"Yes, it has been growing in Mary's and Louisa's letters all the summer, and now it is full blown. The Pelhams spent the spring in London, and began to make much of Lesbia as soon as she arrived there. Lady Pelham presented her at the last drawing-room. She had some difficulty in persuading Mr. Thornley to think it necessary, but at last he consented, and the letter I had from Lesbia on the occasion was a window into another world indeed. It reached me just when cousin Anne was in the worst of the fever. I carried it about in my pocket for days, thinking I would administer it to Pelham as an anti-love potion, but I never had the heart. There is a dreadful ache in his face always, now. He is different from you, Connor. He feels the misery he sees round him horribly, but he does not believe in the possibility of washing it out in blood. I could not give him a side blow just then. After all, there was nothing really heartless in Lesbia's being pleased with her pearls and her conquests, only it was perhaps a bad time to write about them to us."

"Other conquests besides Marmaduke?"

"Yes, there was a baronet refused."

"I should have thought he would have done better than Marmaduke, having a title to begin with."

"She did not take him, however; and it is possible the Pelhams may be deceiving themselves. Lesbia's letter is certainly very full of 'your cousin Marmaduke,' but there is a sentence at the end about Whitecliffe that I cannot fancy a new lover greatly liking to read."

"Where is she now?"

"On a visit to Pelham Court with her brother and sister. Both my letters of this morning date from Pelham Court, and are full of descriptions of picnics and shooting parties. I won't inflict it all on you, but you must hear one sentence from Mary Pelham's epistle, it is so characteristic—listen. 'I don't know, dearest Ellen, when we have had such a jolly autumn as we are having this year. Since our cousins John Thornley and Lesbia Maynard came to us, it has been quite delightful. Duke said the other day it put him in mind of the time when you all came from Ireland and spent an autumn with us, for we are making just the same excursions to show the country to Lesbia that we made then for your benefit. Lesbia is a dear little thing, and we are all immensely taken with her. I think I told you in my last letter how well she and Duke get on together; it is quite a joke, in all our little excursions, how those two are invariably found side by side, and how they forget to look at the landscapes we have come to see, they are so absorbed in each other's conversation. I am sure, dear Ellen, that you will not feel hurt at my saying that we sisters think all the better of her for being able to appreciate dear Duke. She never complains of being dull in his company—indeed, she could not well do so, for he is in delightful spirits again now; and we all so enjoy seeing him happy. Mamma and I often say to each other that the events of this year ought to teach us how wrong it is to grieve when disappointments come to good people like Marmaduke; one may be always sure that something much better than what they had wished for is in store for them.' There now, is not that well put? Should you have given Mary Pelham credit for being able to concoct such a pointed sentence?"

"The nasty little spiteful cat! I am right glad to remember that I never

lost an opportunity of aggravating her when I was with her. It was time well spent."

"All the letter is not as bad as that sentence; there is a good deal of sympathy squeezed into the crossing, and, as I told you, twenty pounds from Uncle Charles. It will go a great way in buying comforts for the fever-stricken."

"We should not need to be fed by charity if we could keep what belongs to us—keep our corn and cattle from being carried off to England to pay absentee rents."

"Don't look at them. As you said yourself, we are divided from that food by law-walls. I think you had better draw down the blinds of your famine-tower, and never look from its windows. I can't believe that stealing would be less degrading than begging."

"Call it seizing by right of the sword; and you are a false O'Flaherty if you flinch from it."

"I will tell you a thought I do flinch from, Connor. It is this, that you and I have no right to complain if our friends are 'piping while we are mourning.' It is our own doing; we just drove those away from us who could best have helped us."

"You want to whistle old Duke back, eh? I believe he'd come, and leave Lesbia for Pelham and me to fight for, if you were but to lift your little finger."

"No, no. I was not thinking of anything so personal, but I do often contrast in my mind our present solitude with the help we had last winter. It is not want of money that troubles me most; it is forethought and energy to meet emergencies we fail in, and Bride Thornley's brains were worth ten relief committees. Pelham and I grieve over the mismanagement we see, but single-handed we are not strong enough to set it right. People round us are dying, as Father Peter died this morning, wearied out with the sheer difficulty of getting help, while all the time help is near. I don't believe his heart would have broken if the Thornleys had been at the Castle still, and I can't bear to think that we drove them away."

"Say that I drove them away and you'll speak truth. *You* have nothing to blame yourself for."

"Do you never think that secrets are a burden, Con? Have you no compassion in laying them on me?"

"Not an inch. It is the women's part in a rising. Don't you suppose there are always millions of women's hearts burdened before any great outbreak of patriotism in a prostrate nation can arise? You'll be proud of the trust one day."

"I doubt it. Nothing but harm has come of your secrets and mine hitherto. Connor, I dread telling Pelham about Lesbia, because I know he cannot help feeling that but for us she would have remained in Ireland, and perhaps never fallen in with Duke at all. We seem fated to separate Pelham from all he cares for."

"He had his chance in the winter, and has not half so much to complain of as I, who really was in great favour with that little flirt once upon a time. No, I don't pity him, and I don't regret my own work. Let the consequences be what they may, I shall always plume myself on my presence of mind in tearing up those papers that night. You must acknowledge yourself that the lesson I gave John Thornley was effectual. There were no sneers or ridicule of D'Arcy in his essay on Young Ireland's poetry, when it came out at last. I took the *Quarterly* you sent straight to D'Arcy, and we read the review together; and he pronounced it the most generous appreciation of our powers that a non-sympathiser could possibly give. I felt proud that my promptitude had borne such fruit."

"Did you? but it might have been the other way; now I read on and on in wonder. I certainly did not expect such a generous return to our insult; it weighs me down. I don't know how to bear it. He did not even withdraw his favourable opinion of your poems. He expressed it more fully and respectfully than he had done in his first essay; and the warning words at the end, where the reviewer entreats

the gifted young men whose writings he has been analyzing, not to throw away their lives—I thought they seemed to come from his heart—as if a brother had written them to brothers."

"Ah, he looks a little further ahead than most people, that's all. He sees there's danger in us, and acts on Dan O'Connell's maxim—that a spoonful of treacle draws more flies than a barrel of vinegar. I daresay they make a great deal of John Thornley now at Pelham Court. He is getting a great reputation as a writer, and it must be a new sensation to the Pelhams to count a literary lion among their kindred."

"He was always a favourite with Uncle Charles. He took his sisters down to Norfolk, but I don't gather from Lesbia's letter that he is staying there still. Would you like to read her letter while I go in to mamma?"

"No, thank you; I'm in no need of an anti-love potion from the future Mrs. Marmaduke—keep it for Pelham."

Ellen left Connor with his arms folded across the top of the gate, to smoke his cigar, and stare across the bog into the dancing heat mist of the glowing August day, while she returned to the house. There was a great deal for her to do there, but her mother was no longer the anxious charge she had been during the past winter and early spring. Mrs. Daly belonged to that class of sufferers—"eaters of their own hearts"—on whom a great and general calamity acts as a sort of tonic, strengthening them and even giving them a fresh hold on life, by drawing them out of themselves, and making them conscious of greater powers of usefulness than they had credited themselves with previously. While the whole air was full of evil tidings, and news of sickness and death came with every hour, Mrs. Daly had left off listening exclusively for an anticipated note of woe to herself. She could let Pelham go forth now into more real danger than had ever been around him before without counting the minutes till his return. She said to herself that she had given him up, and that act of surrender of the object of her idolatry had opened her heart towards her other children. A few weeks ago Ellen would have dreaded the effect on her mother of such letters as had arrived that morning: now she could count on her feeling no more than a reasonable disappointment at news that removed a possible chance of prosperity from Pelham's horizon.

Mrs. Daly had had the first perusal of Mary Pelham's letter, and had been pondering over its contents during her task of weighing out pounds of rice for distribution, and Ellen guessed where her thoughts had been by the flush on her cheek, and the unusual sparkle of indignation in her eyes. She was angry at what she looked upon as a slight to her children, but she was not utterly overwhelmed, as would have been the case formerly.

"Dear mamma, I have left you too long to this weary work. You are tired," Ellen said.

"No, I am glad to spare you, and for you to be out of doors talking to Connor. What does he say to the Pelham Court news?"

Ellen smiled. "Well, do you know, I am afraid I now believe, as I never did before, in there being a grain of reality in his love for Lesbia. He protests that he does not care, and is braving it out. If he had lamented and been sentimental, I should not have minded. I should have known his sorrow was not sincere."

"Poor Connor! You think he is disappointed then, Ellen? I must have been very blind that time at Whitecliffe never to have suspected in the least that both my sons were falling in love with a girl whose name I scarcely took the trouble to learn. When I look back to what she was then, and what I then felt about her, I find it hard to realize that she has had the happiness of all my children in her keeping."

"Only for a time. This morning's news takes her and all the Thornleys quite out of our lives—don't you think so? They will never return to Ireland after Lesbia has married

Marmaduke Pelham—Uncle Charles would not allow it. They will settle at Abbot's Thornley, and the Castle will have to be let or sold to some one else."

"Who would dream of buying or renting it, Ellen?"

"Then, mamma, we will all go back and starve there; we will make it a real Ugolino tower."

"Ellen, I can't smile at such a ghastly joke. You must not be surprised that this morning's news is a blow to me; it kills some of my dearest hopes. I daresay you don't give me credit for caring, and thinking, and planning for you all as much as I do; but, Ellen, I have cherished for years in my heart one dream for your future, and till this morning I always thought it would be realized in the end. The hope arose as long ago as our first visit to Pelham Court on leaving Ireland, when I observed the notice Duke took of you, and thought I saw that you tried to please him."

"My fault, my fault," said Ellen, kneeling down by her mother's side, and hiding her face on her shoulder. "Mother dear, shall I tell you how it was?—it was *your* heart, not *his*, I was trying to win. I wanted to make you think well of me, and I fancied that if sensible, solid Duke Pelham fell in love with me, it would be as good as a certificate of merit, and would make you believe that your 'feckless, wild, Irish colleen was worth something after all."

Mrs. Daly did not answer immediately; she was trying to understand how it could have come about that, loving her child as she did, she should yet have driven her to such a strange expedient for making herself valued. A sense of her own incapacity to deal with this impulsive, love-craving nature made her exclaim at last, almost passionately—

"Ellen, how I wish I had been right, and that you could have loved and married your cousin Marmaduke; it would have been such a safe, sheltered, honourable lot for you. How is such a one as you to struggle with the world? What can you do?"

"Something better than live in a grand house, and all the time secretly look down on my husband," said Ellen, raising her head. "Mamma, it would not have been a safe or honourable lot; it would have been death to me to have lived in closest relationship with a person whom at every moment I was despising a little."

"But Ellen, how could you despise Marmaduke, a sensible, honourable English gentleman, whom everybody looks up to?"

"But I should not have been one of the 'everybody,' if I had been his wife. I should have despised him for not being able to feel and see what I can feel and see; for having such a small, dull, colourless soul in the great, strong, cultivated body his friends admire so much. I know it would have been mean in me, almost as mean as if he were to despise me for not being able to walk ten miles in an hour; but if I had put myself into the temptation of being his wife, I am afraid I should have felt so."

"Yes," Mrs. Daly answered slowly, "you are right; there is temptation to mutual contempt when two people closely bound together are so unlike that they cannot appreciate each other's best qualities, but are always requiring, each of the other, something that cannot be given. Even when there is true love to begin with, the constant criticism (if it is only about trifles) builds up a wall of division that only death throws down. I am glad you will never be Marmaduke's wife."

"And since I disappointed him, I should like to be glad that he has got Lesbia."

"I can only think of Pelham's disappointment."

"I think of Pelham too; but, mamma, had you not rather have him as he is to-day, than as he would have been if he had given up his honest pride, and courted and won Lesbia as you and I think he might have done last spring? He would never have been anything all his life but a dependent on the Thornleys if he had done that. Now he has been thrown on his own resources,

and shown through this dark time the courage and power there is in him, and he has won respect from all the neighbourhood that can never be withdrawn again. The poor people who used to be prejudiced against him say that he is a true Daly now."

"Perhaps I don't value that praise as much as you do, Ellen. The prospect of there never being anything for Pelham but a life of struggle and scramble down here is a hard one for me to reconcile myself to."

"I wish there was nothing worse before us, mother. I wish our horizon was clear towards a life of work anywhere, with only everyday anxieties and privations to meet."

"Don't let me teach you to fear, Ellen; it has been the bane of my life—so great a torment that I sometimes think I suffer least at the moments when my worst fears are realized. In this dark hour let us take the rest of knowing that the darkness is *here*, that we have not to look for it."

"Or let us look to the dawn. Mamma, did you hear the news about Father Peter?"

"That he is dead, do you mean?"

"Yes, indeed; Biddy O'Rea came early this morning to tell us. The poor old man was feeling very ill on Sunday, it seems. Instead of preaching, as he generally does, before mass, he came and stood by the altar, and said three times over a sentence out of the epistle for the day, 'The fashion of this world passeth away,' and then he sat down and buried his face in one of those old cotton pocket-handkerchiefs of his, and cried, and all the people in the little chapel cried with him; but Biddy assured me there was a power of comfort in the tears, for had not Father Peter given the best news he could to them that found the world such a hard place to live in? The misery and the suffering, and the dying of it were only passing fashions; and the true life was to come. He has gone to find it now."

"Cousin Anne loses an affectionate old friend in him. I hope the news won't throw her back in her recovery. Would it not be well for you to go and stay with her to-night, and see how she is?"

"Oh, if I might; if I thought you would not miss me. Pelham promised to be home early, and I would make Connor promise not to stir from the house in case of your wanting him."

"But how would you go to the Hollow?—who would drive you?"

"I could walk; the short cut across the mountains is not too far for me on a calm day like this, and I want to call at a cabin on my way. It's three days since any of the Malachy family have been here, and I fear they may be in great straits for food. The neighbours would not go near them I know, even if they were in the last extremity."

"And I can't bear to think of your visiting them alone in that solitary place among the hills. What could you do for them if you found them dying of fever?"

"I should not be far from help. I could go on to Father Peter's house in the next valley, which is sure to be crowded with visitors to-day. I will set out early and get to Good People's Hollow long before sunset."

Half-an-hour later, Ellen, with a small basket of provisions on her arm, was climbing a steep sheep-walk, that, winding up the side of a grassy mountain, rounded its edge, and sloped in more or less precipitous descents to the broad valley that divided the green range of the Joyce hills from the barren Maam Turk mountains.

The cabin, that was the first object of her walk, lay beyond the fertile valley, in a stony ravine, carved by a long dried-up water-course in one of the dark sides of the bare lime-stone hills. It was the rudest possible shelter, built of loose stones, and so crouched amid projections of rock, as to be invisible at a little distance. It was hardly better than a den such as a wild animal might have sought, but it served the purpose of the banned man, hunted out of fellowship by his old comrades, not so much for his crime as for the

consequences supposed to have followed upon it. Ellen had sought him out in his horrible solitude once or twice before during this summer on errands of mercy, and she had no fear whatever in venturing herself in a place where hardly any one else in the neighbourhood would have put their feet. There might be sad sights awaiting her there, but she was growing accustomed to these, and had indeed become so far hardened to them, that when she had climbed the steepest bit of the path, and found it necessary to sit down on a stump of dry moss to rest, she could so far put anticipation away, as to be able to rest her eyes and heart, wearied with sad sights, by full enjoyment of the beauty and peace round her.

It was one of the bright, warm, still days of which they had had so few through the summer, that in looking back Ellen thought she could count them all on her fingers. The fine days had made up for their rarity, however, she thought, by having a peculiar beauty of their own such as the fine days of other summers had never hitherto attained to. It was as if the blue sky and the sun, so seldom seen, rained down a tenderer love and beauty upon the earth to make up for their constant veiling, doing their best to show forth the glory that ever follows on the trace of tears—"the clear shining after rain."

Was it the atmosphere, heavy with moisture, or the rain-drenched earth, spreading its wet bosom to the comforting of the sun, that had the largest share in producing the magic gradations of lovely hues that blended near view and distant horizon into such a wondrous harmony? From her elevated seat, Ellen looked down on a wide-spread landscape of valley, mountain, and lake. Miniature mountains and valleys an eye accustomed to grander scenes might have called them, but all borrowed majesty of form and endless variety of hue from the many-tinted air-veil that draped them round, and harmonized the whole into a scene of almost unearthly loveliness. On the heights were still blue tarns held in the hollows of emerald hills; further down lay shimmering sheets of opal-coloured water, shadowed by dark rocks. Sparkling green valleys ran up between the sides of the grey hills, gaining a foothold on their slopes here and there, and climbing up to hang verdant moss-wreaths and flame-coloured lichens round the wild, rough crags. At rare intervals a clump of trees might be discovered springing in a sheltered hollow, with a farm-house roof, or the white walls of a group of cabins, peeping out between their boughs. On every side countless falls wound their devious ways, bubbling slowly and almost silently through rich moss, or hurrying with much clatter down rocky steeps to their rest in the lakes below. Here was another window opening out from the famine-tower, which Ellen thought it was well to stand at, for a few minutes now and then, and look through.

Through—yes, that was the word—it was there for her to look through. But at what was she to look? How did the mid-day glory on the hills fit in with her day's work? how was it to strengthen her for the sights that would meet her in the valleys below?

As she sat questioning her sad heart, another light than the light of the August sun seemed all at once to be shown to her—a light from a hill in a far-off land, gleaming from garments made "whiter than fuller could white them," from a face that, from being marred with sorrow beyond any man's, became transfigured with glory beyond the glory of the sun. Ah, this was the link she wanted. Here she was having a glimpse of the transfigured face displayed for a moment to give strength and hope; but the sorrowful, marred countenance would look upon her as divinely, in the suffering He had shared and sanctified, in the death over which He was victor, and which He had made now a triumphant gateway to Himself.

A little stream that was slowly welling through the thick moss by her side seemed to take up the refrain of her thoughts and murmur it in low music: "The fashion of this world passeth away." The glory and the beauty of it, the sorrow and the dying of it, passing

shows through which His face may be seen summing up all in victory and peace.

It was deep rest to sit on the hill and listen to the rivulet's song, but it must not be indulged in too long. From one of the little ravines into which Ellen looked from her height, came every now and then, as the wind brought it, the sound of a bell tolling. It was being rung in Father Peter's little chapel, among the cluster of low cabins clinging to the foot of that green hill in the far distance; and Ellen could descry little dark spots coming towards the village along different mountain and valley roads. Some service was going on in the chapel to which the country people were flocking; she need not fear a too lonely walk to-day. More directly below her lay the black hollow between the frowning mountain peaks to which she was bound. Its upper slope, in which was built Malachy's cabin of stones, lay in dark shadow even at mid-day, and under a cloudless sky. There was no chance that he or any one belonging to him would venture himself among the worshippers in the neighbouring valley. The wretched man living there had lost the only other friend beside herself who shared the secret of his retreat, and who compassionated the misery of remorse mingled with baffled longings for vengeance, with which his wild heart had been torn for months past.

The thought of his despair at the news of Father Peter's death, and of his probable great need of help, roused Ellen at last to take up her basket and begin the descent of the hill. There was some difficult scrambling among slippery, moss-grown crags, and then a long, smooth slope of short thymy grass, fragrant at every step, where sheep and goats were feeding. When she was about half-way down this slope, her eye fell on a figure approaching along the road that wound through the valley she was about to cross. At first her thoughts were idly occupied in wondering whether the black speck were lessening or nearing. Was it some one going to or returning from Father Peter's wake? Then, as the distance visibly lessened, a keener interest was awakened. It was not a countryman in a frieze-coat, she was now certain. Neither was the figure Connor's; it was shorter than Connor. It was not Pelham's walk either, yet it was one she recognised. Then Ellen stood quite still for a minute, and knew that her heart was beating more quickly than when she had climbed the steepest part of the hill. The contour of the figure, and even the face, was recognizable now. It was John Thornley, whom she had not seen since their departure from Castle Daly in the early summer, when he had taken leave of her with an expression of pained surprise on his face, which told her how much her hasty retreat, and refusal to give the explanation Bride sought, had lowered her in his estimation. She had often said to herself since then that she hoped she should not see him again till some very distant day when their present troubles were all but forgotten, and when the misunderstanding between them could be calmly discussed, and explained without effort. There was no help for it, however, now; he had recognized her, and was hurrying on. They met and shook hands at the foot of the hill. It was just a commonplace "how do you do," as if they had seen each other yesterday, followed by inquiries, on John's side, after the health of the other inmates of Eagle's Edge, and then they turned and walked along the road together; but Ellen had seen that it was no recollection of the painful circumstances of their last interview that was in John's face now, but a tremulous, overpowering joy at meeting again, which yearning eyes and trembling lips betrayed, in spite of the carefully-composed manner that would have denied all emotion. A long, awkward silence followed. Ellen had nearly reached the head of the ravine where Malachy lived before she could think of a sentence with which to break it. Yet she felt she must talk, and find some excuse for dismissing her unexpected companion, before she could perform her errand.

"We did not expect to see you here

again this year, or at least not so soon," she concluded, vexed with herself to perceive that what she had intended for a commonplace remark had brought a change of countenance, and called up the very look of pained reproach she had been relieved not to see at first.

"I came back," he answered, "because I could not stay away any longer; but I believe it was a letter of Miss O'Flaherty's that gave the final impulse to my movements, and fixed my journey for this particular week."

"She did not ask you to come back?"

"Oh no, the letter was not even addressed to me. Bride had it while we were staying at Pelham Court, and gave it me to read one morning when we rode to the county town to attend a public meeting where your uncle was to speak."

"Lesbia told me of it."

"She would describe the meeting better than I, for I heard very little of the speeches, or rather I should say I listened to them with very unsympathetic ears. I had read Miss O'Flaherty's letter just before I entered the room, and all through the proceedings I imagined myself listening to you contradicting and pleading against the statements the speakers urged. By the time the meeting came to an end I had grown so restless that on reaching Pelham Court I could do nothing else but pack up my clothes and set forth to ascertain what was happening here for myself." The eyes raised to Ellen's face during the concluding sentence of this speech scanned it with keen anxiety, as if the expression written there was what he had come expressly to scrutinise.

"So many people were said to be ill, I feared what I might find," he added slowly, after a pause.

"You know, I suppose, that Cousin Anne has been very ill, and that Father Peter M'Guire died this morning?"

"Yes, I went to the 'Hollow' early, having arrived at Castle Daly late last night. I was on my way to Eagle's Edge with a message from Miss O'Flaherty to you to beg you to come to her."

They had reached the head of the stony ravine now, and Ellen stood still. "I am actually on my way to the Hollow," she said, "but I have to call at a cabin near here first. I may be detained half-an-hour. Will not you turn back now, and go on to Eagle's Edge? Mamma and Connor are at home, and will be delighted to see you."

"You send me away! you want to get rid of me when we have only this instant met," John exclaimed in a tone of vexation.

"No, I don't," Ellen answered. "I want to ask you a great many more questions about Lesbia and my cousins, but I must go into that cabin alone."

"We will walk down the ravine together at all events, and I will wait outside while you go in. But where is there a cabin? I see nothing but a heap of loose stones. Surely no one lives in such a desolate place. Are you going to scramble up there?"

"Yes, it is a cabin; the door faces the rock, and there are rude steps cut in the steepest part of the hill. Please don't come any further; there is a sick person inside, who will be distressed at the sight of a stranger."

When Ellen had climbed the steep head of the ravine, and rounded the jutting-out ledge of rock that partly concealed Malachy's rude shieling, she paused to rest for an instant, and looking across the craggy wall into the hollow beneath was relieved to find that her companion had not attempted to follow her even with his eyes. He was standing sentinel at the foot of the rock-stairs she had clambered up, with his face towards the opening of the ravine.

His figure was diminished in size by the distance, but Ellen wished him still further away, when she remembered the sight that would meet her eyes as soon as she pushed open the rough door at the end of the path she had entered on. From some dark corner of the rude shed, the gaunt shape of a man would start up at the sound of her footstep, and lift eyes full of a terrible hunger to her face.

It was now nearly a year since these two—the man she had left below, and him she was about to visit—had been

hunting each other, one with the hope and purpose in his mind of bringing the actors in a great crime to just punishment, the other with a deadly hunger for vengeance in his heart that the pangs of bodily hunger had scarcely had power to tame. Ellen's heart sank in fear at the thought of their discovering each other's neighbourhood, even now; but she thought it better to run this risk than to leave her errand unaccomplished. Malachy's wife and children and old mother shared the shelter of the shieling with him, and had become since the famine objects of almost equal dislike to the neighbours, who believed that a curse rested on the family, and who were capable of leaving them to starve unthought of—though they would not on any temptation have delivered up the man to justice.

The cabin door stood open, and there was no smoke issuing from the aperture; but Ellen was not surprised. The weather was warm, and as it was three days since any member of the household had been to Eagle's Edge to beg for food, it was only too probable that there was nothing in the cabin to cook. She pushed the door a little; it seemed to resist the pressure as if something lay across the threshold, and it was not without considerable effort, and with a dull thud as of some heavy body thrust aside, that it yielded so far as to allow her to squeeze herself inside.

It was almost dark in the inclosure, for though the loosely-fitted stones let air and light through, the upper end of the ravine lay in deep shadow just then, and the eye had to grow accustomed to the dim light for anything to be seen distinctly.

"Molly," Ellen said, softly, "it is I come to bring you food at last. Are you all asleep? Molly! Dennis!" She called twice, and then her eyes beginning to see what was around her, grew large with horror, and a fit of cold shuddering seized her. The place was not empty, but it was very still. Just opposite to her was a figure half-seated on the ground with its back to the wall. A child's form lay motionless across its knees, the head rested on a stone in the wall, and there was light enough through a crevice above to show Ellen that the death-pale, hollow face, with dropped jaw, and half-closed eyes that looked so strangely without seeing, were those of Malachy's young wife. "Nora," she tried to say, but the word would not come, only a hoarse sob in her throat; then she turned and looked into the dense darkness at the end of the shed where it sloped up towards the mountain side. A heap of dead fern-leaves and moss lay along the floor there, and on it were stretched two other motionless bodies of an old woman and a child.

Ellen forced herself to stoop over them, and in desperation dragged away the tattered shawl that half hid the old woman's face, and putting her hand on her shoulder, shook her gently. "Molly, Molly, wake; I have brought you help." The figure fell back into its settled position again as soon as her hand left it, and Ellen started up horrorstruck again. Her hand had come in contact with the withered cheek, and its touch stung her with cold. She felt she must struggle out into the open air before she fainted, and then, preparing to move, she perceived what the object was that had impeded the opening of the door. It lay almost over her feet; she had stepped on it in entering; the prostrate body of Dennis Malachy, who seemed to have fallen down beside the threshold as he was attempting to leave the shieling, perhaps to seek help in the last extremity of his wife and children, perhaps to escape from the chamber of death. There was something in his attitude less lifeless than in that of the others. Sick and trembling as she was, Ellen could not step over him again without ascertaining whether there might not be a spark of life left. She turned the face, which was towards the floor, upwards, drew it to the opening, and rested the head on the door sill, where the air could blow upon it; then, hardly knowing whether she most dreaded to see the eyes remain shut, or that they should open on her with some look of unspeakable pain, such as she could never forget afterwards, she rushed

out of the cabin and tottered down the rocky path, stumbling and dragging herself up again, but never pausing till she had reached the spot where John Thornley stood, and seized him by the arm.

"Come! come! there are people dying up there. There are dead people up there."

Her voice sounded strange and hoarse to herself, and greatly startled him, as did her pale face and horror-stricken looks.

"You must not go there again. I will go," he said. "I will see what is wanted, and fetch help."

"To stay here alone would be worse, much worse," Ellen answered, recovering her voice and calmness in a degree, now that a living fellow-creature's face was near to be looked at. "Let me go back; there is a man in the cabin up there who has some life in him still, I think; if I go back to him with you, and we can do anything for him, I shall not always have such a great horror of what I have seen."

"How near is help to be had?" John asked, as they were climbing the path, "for I cannot let you stay here if the man you speak of recovers and lingers a while. Some one else must be fetched to watch him."

"It would not be so hard as another watch we had," Ellen said, the scene of her father's death flashing on her memory as she spoke, and with it a shuddering wonder that she should be going to minister to the last moments of the man, to whose thirst for revenge he had fallen a victim, and with John Thornley to aid her. She had been forgetting who it was that was dying during the last moment or two.

John could have knelt down and kissed the stone on which her foot rested at the moment, in gratitude for that *we;* but she was not thinking of him except as a strange coadjutor in the strange task. He would not let her enter the cabin till he had gone in first. When he beckoned her to follow, Dennis Malachy had been lifted from the threshold of the door, and placed on a heap of straw near the wall, with a log of wood under his head. John had opened Ellen's basket, and was attempting to put some drops of brandy between the parched lips. "He is not dead," he said, "but I don't think there is a possibility of saving him; he is so terribly wasted, he must die."

Ellen knelt down on the floor, and began to bathe the temples with water. "He breathes still. I wish you would go down into the village and find a priest, and bring him here. The old woman who is lying dead there did that for papa."

"This is Dennis Malachy then, your father's murderer. I did not know him."

"The cause of his death, but not his murderer," said Ellen quickly, withdrawing her hand instinctively at the word from the brow she was bathing. "He told me solemnly it was not his hand that sent the bullet."

"You have known where he was ever since?"

"No, only since hunger drove him to betray himself to me. I remembered then that papa forgave. Only he forgave—no one else could; the others hunted Dennis to his death. But he was not always a bad man; I remember him when he was good and gentle, and used to meet us on our walks, and carry us home on his shoulder when we were tired. I don't know whose fault it was that he came to this, but I don't believe that it was all his own."

With the last words she slipped her arm under his head, and raised it a little. The lids that drooped over the half-closed eyes quivered, the breast heaved, and with a sudden spasm of parting strength, the dying man sat half upright, and stared wildly round him. John Thornley involuntarily put up his hand to shade his eyes from the stare fixed on him.

"An orphan's curse might drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But, oh, more terrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye."

The lines came into John's mind, and stayed there, and could not be exorcised for long afterwards. Then the dying man's eyes were turned on Ellen, and

the hands that had clutched convulsively were spread out imploringly towards her.

"Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, save me; don't let me do it or I'll lose me soul. Why did ye bring *him* here, that I might curse him wid me last breath, and lose me soul?"

"You shall not, Dennis," Ellen said, bending over him so as to hide Mr. Thornley's face from his sight. "Look at me, and remember the words I said to you that night, when I told you my father forgave you, and that the Father in heaven forgives us when we forgive our enemies."

"Shure you bade me spare him, and I did your bidding, and I'm glad. It's all over wid us now, Miss Eileen. Praise be to God and His blessed Mother! the starving's over, and the pain wid all of us, and I'm going. Why would we any of us live any longer—dying's a dale aisier—in peace." The head sank, bent again, the last words were murmured between lips that quivered, and then became convulsed in a strong spasm. There was a long, shuddering gasp, then Mr. Thornley came round and drew Ellen's arm from under the head.

"It is over," he said. "Come away with me, you must not stay here a moment longer, there is nothing more for you to do; I will take care that all is done that is right by these." He glanced round at the corpses. "We shall surely be able to persuade some one from the next village to come up and do what is necessary."

"But are you sure there is nothing more we can do? The children," said Ellen; "the little girl lying by the grandmother in the bed—little Nora—I hardly looked at her."

"But I have looked. Those two must have been dead many hours; it is a terrible sight; you must come away." Almost by force he raised her from her kneeling position on the floor, and lifted her over the threshold into the open air. Then she sat down on a stone by the wayside, and burying her face in her hands, gave way to the tears that had been choking her for so long. He stood by watching the bright drops that trickled through her fingers on to the ground, longing for the right and the power to comfort her, and almost hating himself for the excess of feeling that made it impossible to say a word that would not betray too much; and then again for not having courage even in that moment to say all.

She lifted up her head after a long time, and turned to him with one of the appealing, confiding looks, free from all self-consciousness, that always touched him so deeply—so much more deeply than any consciousness would have done, even if it had given him more hope.

"Do you think," she said humbly, "that this was at all my fault?"

"Your fault! how could it be? I was thinking that there was no one on earth but yourself who, under the circumstances, would have acted towards that man as you have acted."

"But I went away last week to stay with cousin Anne, trusting that Father Peter would look after the Malachys, and you see he was not able."

"In times like these, when there is so much misery around, it will not do to waste strength in regretting what was unavoidable. It must have been a miserable death-in-life they lived up here shunned by every one."

"Cousin Anne offered to take the children, but Nora and Molly would not give them up. They said they would all hold together till the end, and so they have done."

By this time, Ellen had risen from the stone, and they proceeded to descend the hill. When they reached the head of the ravine, John Thornley said,

"Which way shall we turn? Shall I take you home and get help from Eagle's Edge, or will you persevere in going to the Hollow?"

"To the Hollow, I think. We are more than half way there, and about half a mile from this place there is a hamlet where I know a great many people are congregated to-day."

The walk was almost a silent one, for it was impossible to talk on any common topic; and the horror of the scene they had left seemed to grow

instead of lessen in John's mind as they walked through the smiling green valley in the glorious autumn afternoon; the air, fragrant with the thymy scent of the thousand minute flowers that bordered the road, musical with placid country sounds—sheep-bleatings and cattle-lowings from the hill-sides, and with the plover's shrill cry as the bird skimmed across their path and darted away, rising high in the air and dipping again in search of food on the boggy surface of the valley.

"I cannot get the remembrance of that man's face out of my mind," John began abruptly, when they were near enough to the village to hear the stroke of the little chapel bell that was still tolling. "I am afraid the terrible reproach there was in it when he looked his last on me will haunt me in every miserable or weak moment of my life henceforth. Yet, looking back soberly, as I must try to do, I don't think I ought to blame myself for any part of my conduct to him. I only did what I believed to be my duty."

"It did not look like duty to him, you see, because he had grown up with notions of rights and law very different from yours. He appeared to you only a lawless robber holding on to property that did not belong to him; but in his own mind there were stubborn, blind beliefs in rights that had come down to him through centuries of his ancestors, and these were too much a part of him to be thrown off at any bidding of yours. He could not have explained himself to you or any one, but the conviction that you were the robber and injurer, and not he, was strong in his thoughts, and confused all his relations to you. I have often talked over these things with Cousin Anne lately, when we have been trying to account for the terrible crimes this year has witnessed among people whose generosity of nature we believe in, and for the wild projects current now among Connor's friends."

"If I had gone to the appointed meeting that night, and been shot, Dennis would have been looked upon as a hero. These people would not have connected that crime with punishment. Yet I was only acting in your father's interest."

"They did not understand that, because my father was such a careless ruler, and the change was so great and sudden. My dear father blamed himself, you know, and thought that deathshot his due."

After a pause of thought, John took up the conversation again. "I begin to see where the fault lies. A few minutes ago I was saying vehemently to myself that at least I had been guilty of no injustice, yet I felt that the sting of remorse would not strike so deep if I were really blameless. Now I see how it is. I ought never to have come here, knowing so little as I did of the people I had to deal with, having scarcely glanced at the problems that rise up before me now as almost unfathomable. I know what Miss O'Flaherty thought of my presumption. If I had been less self-confident, less contemptuous of other people's doings, less full of system, perhaps—but I dare not look back in that way, the consequences are too terrible. Your father's death, the miserable end of that man and his family—it will not do to look back and trace consequences in cases of such tremendous importance; it would be giving conscience too terrible a power; the burden of life would be too heavy to carry for a day."

"Yes, indeed," said Ellen, "if we had to carry it all by ourselves. We should be tempted to put off seeing our own share of responsibility in all the ill that happens, however much worse the suffering might be in the end, when we had to see the truth."

"Don't speak of yourself as if you had any share in the pain to-day has brought to me."

"But I have. I don't think any great wrong or misery can befall without more or less blame belonging to all the lookers-on. It is a circle that spreads out farther than our dull consciences can trace. Here we are in the hamlet I spoke of. That little cottage among the trees half-way up the hill is the priest's house, where you are sure to find plenty of people to-day. I think

I will go into the chapel down there. Some service or other is going on now, and I shall perhaps see some one I know who will help us if your errand fails; and I shall rest there while you go up the hill."

John despatched his business more speedily than he expected, and turned his steps towards the little whitewashed building that served the villagers for a place of worship. The narrow space was so crowded to-day with people thronging round the different little altars, that he had some difficulty in finding Ellen. He saw her at last among a throng of women kneeling in a circle at the end of the chapel, and he made his way up to her. The women drew apart as he approached, to make room for him at her side, and almost involuntarily he knelt down a little way behind her. There was preaching going on. He had not come in at the beginning, and could not make out whether any text for the sermon had been given out; but the sentence, "Man does not live by bread alone," was repeated several times by the preacher, and each time a groan of acquiescence burst forth from the pale lips of the famine-stricken people kneeling round, who seemed to hang upon the speaker's words as if they were food indeed. Then the preacher went on to describe in glowing words, and with much metaphor and eloquence, the spirit life—nourished by the true bread—into the full enjoyment of which the good priest, who had addressed his flock from that spot two days ago, had now entered. At another time John might have listened critically—questioning the wisdom or the utility of such an exercise under such circumstances; but now, kneeling on the mud floor among that sea of pale faces that were gradually losing their ghastliness under the illumination of hope in the Unseen, thus set forth before eyes that in every other quarter beheld only despair, he could not question. Here were needs—depths and breadths and lengths and heights of suffering—which no science or philosophy of his could reach or touch, but which seemed here, in these words of childlike faith, to find solution, swallowed up in yet more unfathomable heights and depths and lengths and breadths of love. At the end of the sermon something was said about the new light which the dawning of that Eternal Day would cast on the perplexities and sufferings and wrongs of our lives. It would be easy, the preacher said, to forgive all wrongs, fancied or real, when all the links that had bound our lives together and to God were made clear. Ellen turned her face, radiant with a tremulous, tearful smile, towards him at the words, and held out her hand. The moment he held it seemed to John Thornley to open the door for him into a new life. It might not be a life of happy human love, but one tending to higher, nobler, more self-sacrificing ends than he had yet known; he prayed low to himself that it might be. The next moment the blessing was given, there was a movement among the kneelers by the altar, and Ellen rose and they left the place together.

They met Peter Lynch in the throng outside the chapel door, who gave Ellen such a gloomy account of his mistress's state of health, that she was glad to accept his offer of a seat on the three-wheeled car which had brought him to the village, and so hasten her arrival at the Hollow.

John Thornley, after placing her in the car, shook hands with her in silence. It did not seem necessary for him to say, "We shall meet to-morrow." That hand-clasp in the chapel seemed just then to have made him independent of future meetings or partings, and to have given him a spiritual hold on her presence so firm that no distance of space nor spite of circumstance could ever oblige him to let it go again. Far or near, dear to her or indifferent, he believed he should live from henceforth in its light.

To be continued.

THE WALTER PRESS.

I PROPOSE in the following pages to offer some account of the newest and most perfect method of newspaper printing, with such observations as may occur regarding the influence which it is having, and is likely to have, upon the press and the people.

Everybody is agreed that a newspaper —and especially a daily newspaper—is a wonderful thing; that it is a product of modern civilisation of quite unique character and power; but we have grown so accustomed to the wonder that we do not often think of how it has become possible How does it happen, for instance, that day by day the year round without a hitch the *Times* newspaper continues to appear as regularly as day succeeds night? The intellectual labour necessary to get together such a mighty work once a day is great, and the mechanical skill is high, but though these are recognized, few people have formed to themselves any distinct conception of how all the various forces are brought into harmonious play and made to produce at a given hour that wonderful concrete whole the *Times*. It is easy to understand with that as with any other paper, that there are forces at work around it aiding the development of the paper as a news or advertising medium. The spread of education, of rapid and cheap communication, the wealth and multiplied wants of a large community, all act together in facilitating the supply of what might be called the mere raw material out of which the newspaper is made. And its regular literary staff gather up the facts worth recording here and there and over the world by the help of all secondary agencies, the railway, the telegraph wire, and the steamboat, so that in a measure with each new facility to intercourse a newspaper gets a new ally. In this collection, and in securing a constant supply, we may recognize great enterprise, great ability, vast experience and skill, yet when all is done, we have by no means accounted for the appearance of the newspaper. In one sense, up to this stage nothing more has been done than ordinary agencies, such as those a great merchant employs, could accomplish. The difficulties attending the production of a newspaper may be said only to begin when all the material has been collected.

And even then the worst point has not been reached. Supposing all advertisements, correspondence, statistics, facts, and occurrences to be collected, the sorting and arranging of them is not anything absolutely to marvel at, for it is only a kind of work that is done everywhere, and division of labour and careful organization can accomplish it, and so distribute the work that hardly anywhere will there be any undue strain. And although it is an astonishing and almost inconceivable thing that every letter of every line all through a paper must have been put in its place within a few hours by human hands, that spaces and lines must have been supplied to mark portion off from portion, and that all should be finished in perfect order every day, it is not anything to startle us. The work is skilful that accomplishes such a result, but it is only highly organized division of labour. Each man but does his share of this total.

The real difficulty connected with the production of a newspaper arises after all this has been done. When the matter forming the newspaper has been put into type and made up into its columns and pages, there still remains the labour of taking impressions from these pages on paper to be issued to the public. Here division of labour can have but little influence in overcoming the difficulty. By human hands

only a given number of impressions could by any possibility be thrown off a single set of types in an hour. This difficulty has had to be faced by newspaper proprietors from the first, and it has increased enormously since population and wealth have so increased, and since the introduction of rapid means of transit, both of which demand a larger supply in a shorter time. In the early part of the present century it was possible to work on, and in some form meet public wants, with a speed of reproduction of only 300 copies an hour, for then the circulation of all newspapers was very limited. Now, however, when all the kingdom is almost within a day's journey of the capital, when wealth has spread so that a great proportion of a vastly increased population can afford to take a newspaper of some kind daily, and when it has therefore become necessary to print the whole of an issue that in former days would have seemed fabulously large in an hour or two, it is clear that without perfect mechanical aid and steam power in printing the paper all the previous labour of collecting, arranging, and "setting up," will have been undertaken in vain.

From a very early date, therefore, after the introduction of steam as a motive power, attention was directed to removing this obstacle from the path of newspaper publishing, and the readers of this magazine have already been told[1] the history of the early struggles and triumphs of steam as applied to the printing press. The first steam machinery ever used for printing a newspaper was the press erected by Mr. Walter, in 1814, and the first newspaper ever issued from a steam propelled press was the *Times* of Nov. 29th, 1814. It would be a tempting if somewhat speculative subject to discuss how far the *Times* owes its pre-eminence to that step—probably not a little; but what is more satisfactory and certain is that from that day till now the *Times* has been more or less a pioneer in its efforts to bring mechanical appliances for multiplying copies of newspapers with extreme rapidity to perfection, and the result of its efforts has not been insignificant for itself and for the world. The most perfect printing machine which exists—the Walter press—has been invented and elaborated to complete efficiency solely in the office of the *Times*. It is such a machine as we may say could hardly have been brought to perfection anywhere else, for it could never have been made by the most inventive engineer working only with models. Those who worked out its details had to possess the courage to risk much capital, to endure patiently many disappointments, and, above all, to have constantly before them the practical ends to be attained, so as never to rest satisfied with a half-success. And thus it was necessary that at every stage the machinery should be tried on the work it was actually meant to do, its defects remedied, and its construction simplified. The Walter press is therefore the outcome of such expenditure, such patience, such constant testing, and as a result, it, or machines made after its principle, must now rapidly take the place of all the older modes of newspaper printing, however rapid, for no other kind of machine is so simple, can do such perfect work, and at the same time dispense so completely with manual labour. At all other stages in the production of a newspaper the great object is to make the labour of man perfectly efficient and organized, but at this stage the object is to dispense with that labour, if possible, altogether, for not only is it a great element of cost, but it is a great hindrance to speed. The fastest printing machine hitherto in use —the "Hoe ten-feeder"—requires some eighteen people to feed it with paper and attend to it while at work, and even then can only produce some 7,000 or 8,000 copies an hour of perfect newspapers, because it only prints one side at a time. But the Walter press, attended by a man and two boys, none of whom are severely worked, runs off with ease complete newspapers at the rate of 12,500 an hour. How it does so will be best understood

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine* for December 1869, article "Frederic Kœnig."

if I now try to give the reader an idea of the operations as carried through in the newspaper offices where it is at work.

The foundation of this method of printing lies in the power of multiplying metal counterparts of the type "forms" by stereotyping. Type itself could never be made to fit on to a Walter machine with the requisite facility, but if a solid cast of the type can be obtained of the proper shape and cleanness, that difficulty is at an end—the first important step is gained. It is a twofold difficulty. In the first place, the page of type from which the impression is taken on a Walter press must be bent in a semicircular form and made to fit on to a large roller, and no loose type could be readily set up to hold together in that shape. In the second place, without a means of multiplying the metal type-forms from which the paper is printed, even a speed of 12,000 or 13,000 copies an hour would in these days stand a newspaper in small stead. It would take the best part of the night to throw off an impression, and the *Times* does not go to press with its inner sheet till some time past four o'clock in the morning. Stereotyping is therefore absolutely essential, and the process as practised for the Walter press is beautifully simple. The subject-matter is of course first set up by hand in the ordinary way in type, and arranged into columns of exactly the same length. These columns are then made into pages, and placed in a strong metal frame upon a metal table perfectly flat. By means of screw-driven wedges the page of type when ascertained to be in order and perfectly flat, is tightened up so as to form an immovable mass, and when that is satisfactorily accomplished it is conveyed to the stereotyping room, where some layers of damp paper are laid upon it, and it is then driven twice through a machine having powerful rollers which squeeze the paper down on the face of the type. Taken out of that, it is next placed—with its damp paper still on it—below a heavy screw-press, the sole or lower-plate of which is a steam-heated metal chamber. This hot chamber dries the paper rapidly, and at the same time the pressure put upon it prevents any cockling or inequality. In a short space of time the frame or page of type is drawn out from below this press and the dried paper peeled off its surface, when it forms a perfect matrix or counterpart of the type sufficiently deep to enable a casting to be taken from it which shall yield a page of clear-cut lettering ready for printing from. Before the casting is taken, however, this paper matrix is made absolutely dry by being placed on another hot plate. That only occupies a very brief space of time, and when it is satisfactorily finished the paper is trimmed carefully and then placed face upwards inside a semicircular mould, when its edges are fastened down by bands of iron of the thickness that the cast is meant to be. On these bands a counterpart of the mould is then let down from a small crane, and fastened so that a semicircular chamber is formed the size of the page of the newspaper and about three-eighths of an inch deep all round. Into this a pot of molten stereotyping metal is poured by two men, the mould having first been turned on end so as to compel the metal to fill the cavity completely, and after resting for a moment or two till the metal has set, the inner part of the mould is removed by the crane, the paper matrix is peeled off, scarcely browned, and capable of being used again and again, and the solid cast is swung round and deposited, still adhering to the mould, in another cavity exactly the shape of that from which it was taken. Here its edges are trimmed, and the lump of metal which formed the excess at the top of the casting sawn off by a small revolving saw driven by steam. That done the cast may be said to be complete, having merely to be dressed a little along the edges of the outer columns of letters and along the top and between the headings of articles, and to be pared on the back to make it lie perfectly true on the cylinder in the machine; all of which is accomplished in a very few moments.

The page of lettering now presents the appearance of a strong, solid half-cylinder of white metal, ribbed on the inside so as to facilitate the paring off of possible inequalities, and covered on its outer face with crisp, clean, shining letters, ready at once for the press; and the whole of the work is done in much shorter time than it has taken me to describe it. Only ten minutes is allowed for the whole operation of casting the last page of the *Times*, from the time that the type form goes down to the founders till it is put upon the machine, and it could be done in eight.

It will at once be manifest that there is here an enormous saving of labour effected, the results of which are only limited by the number of machines upon which plates may be put, for without this method of multiplying pages of type it would have been impossible to work more than one machine, unless the whole of the pages had been set up in duplicate or triplicate by hand. It would also have been practically impossible to print from the face of a small drum. When the *Times* newspaper consists, as it usually does, of sixteen pages, seventy-two plates are cast in one night in the office. Those for the outer sheet are cast first, four sets being made and placed on four machines, by which the whole impression of that sheet for the following day is run off by about two o'clock in the morning. Of the inner sheet, which must be printed faster, five sets, or forty plates, are cast, and five machines then finish the printing of the paper by six o'clock.

Without these semicircular pages of solid metal, therefore, the Walter machine could not have been brought to perfection in its present form, and without the power of multiplying the type forms first set up by hand, no machine could have satisfied the requirements of these modern days. But still the one part is not complete without the other, and useful as the stereotypes are, they would not have been brought to their highest utility without the machine on which they are placed. Of that machine I shall now proceed to give the reader some idea, although without drawings that is rather a hazardous undertaking. Not that the machine is complicated—far from it, it is exceedingly simple; elaborated into simplicity, in fact, by long and patient thought and persistent experiment.

The first thing which we have to understand regarding this press is, that it does not print sheet by sheet, as all machines hitherto have done, but that it prints from a continuous roll of paper, from which it cuts off the newspapers sheet by sheet as it is passing them out at the other end perfectly printed. This web of paper is therefore the first thing that catches the eye on entering the machine room, and is itself the result of no little effort to adapt means to ends. A web making some 5,500 sheets of the *Times* all wound on one reel is placed behind each machine, and when printing commences, the paper runs continuously through the press, passing first over some wet rollers which damp it, water continually oozing out through folds of cloth from a supply contained inside the rollers and which rapidity of revolution forces outward. From these rollers it goes upward to where the stereotype plates forming the four pages of one side of a sheet of the paper are fastened on a cylinder just large enough to take a sheet to go round it. Against that cylinder there is another, identical in size, possessing a soft surface, which presses lightly against the edge of the type, and between these the sheet passes taking up an impression as it goes. It is then carried downwards round another large cylinder covered with cloth, the "set-off" on which is taken off by another cylinder in contact with it, and that again by a rubber, in a fashion that is both simple and effective. The web of paper, still running on, passes between the second type-covered roller and its counterpart, taking the impression on its other side of the remaining four pages; and that done it runs out between two more rollers of the same circumference, one of which contains a notch and the other a serrated knife with

a spring-pressed bar running along each side of it. The machinery is so adjusted that the knife catches the paper exactly between each sheet, and, the paper being held hard on each side by the spring bar, cuts it in two all but a couple of tags near each end, which are left for the purpose of pulling the sheet on between two sets of running tapes, until it is caught by a pair of small rollers which are driven at a greater speed than the rest of the machine. These immediately tear the sheets apart where they have been all but cut, and the tapes hurry on what is now a completely-printed newspaper up an inclined plane, at the top of which they carry it down an oscillating frame which moves pendulum-wise so exactly that it delivers a paper precisely at each end of its short swing on to the face of another set of running tapes, which carry it downwards on their outer face by the mere force of contact as they run. Between these tapes a frame like a huge comb swings backwards and forwards, catching up one delivered paper at every motion, and flinging it down on a board, behind which a boy sits to watch and adjust the sheets as they fall. The current of air raised by the motion of this frame suffices to hold each succeeding sheet against the tapes along which it moves. Thus two boys and the man who attends the machine are all the manual labour required, and the manner of delivering the papers alternately on to two inclined boards ready to receive them, gives the boys plenty of time to see that they fall properly, to adjust those that may be slightly crumpled, and to inspect the work.

This is a very summary description of the way in which the machine performs its work, and can convey but a very imperfect idea of what its perfections are. One or two further points may, however, help the reader to realize them more fully. The exactness with which part is fitted to part, for instance, is shown when we remember that the revolutions of the machinery are all ordered so that the web of paper will take up the impressions of the type exactly opposite each other on its two sides as it passes on, and that the knife shall always cut exactly between the spaces left by the semi-circular pages of stereotypes at the length of a complete sheet, while the oscillating tapes shall always deliver the cut sheet exactly at the outer limit of their oscillation on to the lower running tapes whence they are taken by the swinging rack without any drag or tear exactly at the right moment. Then again there is a careful adjustment of force against force in the manner by which the reel of paper is kept from running faster than the rest of the machinery. When it is freshly put on especially, the large diameter of a great solid drum of paper makes it, once it is well started, run with the impetus of its own weight faster than it is pulled by the rollers, and unless held back the paper would thus be occasionally either passing slack under the types, or else tugging with a sudden jerk and strain that might tear it asunder. The reel of paper is therefore kept in check by a drag that keeps the paper always taut, and yet does not strain it.

But the most wonderful thing, perhaps, about the machine is the manner in which the stereotypes are kept constantly inked. If you take up a sheet of the *Times*, or of the *Daily News* or *Scotsman*, papers now printed on the Walter Press, you will see that the impression is of wonderfully uniform strength, and the comparison of a number of sheets will show almost as great a regularity as an old "Pickering," or "Aldine" volume. The attainment of such evenness and uniformity, printers will tell you, is a difficult thing at all times, and yet this machine does it at the rate of inking the types for 12,500 copies an hour. It would be impossible for me to describe clearly how this is done without drawings, but it will, perhaps, be sufficient to enable most people to understand something of the efficient simplicity of the arrangement if I state that the ink is pumped up at the requisite speed into two long reservoirs in the machine, an upper and a lower, which supply the inking rollers for the two sets of stereotypes. It is lifted up continuously on to a

roller which runs in these reservoirs and proceeds onwards from roller to roller by the mere contact of surfaces, being ever drawn out finer as it goes by the great speed of these rollers, and being at the same time mixed well, and made into an even coating on their surfaces through a lateral motion which they have, and which draws them backwards and forwards along each others' faces at the same time that they are running rapidly on their axes. A knife or scraper prevents the first roller which lies in the trough from taking up more than a thin coating of ink, and the fineness of the ultimate layer deposited on the types is secured by the great amount of distribution which it gets on the other rollers by their double motion before reaching the last soft or composition one which delivers it. How perfectly the arrangement serves its object is well attested by the work which the machine produces.

Such in very imperfect outline are the principal features of the Walter printing machine, and that its invention and perfecting marks a distinct period in the history of the newspaper press no one can doubt. Until its introduction the mechanical difficulties which beset a daily newspaper were very heavy, and the outlay in men's wages also very great, for admirable as the old Hoe machines were, and distinct as was the advance which they marked over pre-existing machines, they were too complicated and required too great an amount of sheer manual toil, to make them other than both a financial burden and a check to the speed of production requisite for these days.

The first thing, therefore, that calls for notice, and in one respect the most remarkable of all, is the enormous power which the Walter Press has put into the hands of the penny newspapers. Without the stereotyping mode of multiplying printing-plates, and without the perfecting Walter Machine — or some modification thereof—cheap newspapers would have had probably a considerable difficulty in the future in maintaining their position, for all kinds of manual skill and labour tend to grow dearer and dearer. But the Walter press distinctly plays into their hands, and no better illustration could be given, perhaps, of what it enables a penny paper to do in the face of increased cost in all directions than that furnished by the *Scotsman*—most enterprising of provincial papers. That Penny Daily was the first paper outside the *Times* office printed on a perfecting Walter Press, and it was not long in showing what the increased facility given by the new machine would enable it to do through the larger available funds that it put in the proprietors' hands, and through the enormously increased speed at which it allowed the paper to be printed. It will be news to many of my readers I doubt not, but in Scotland it is a familiar enough story now, that the *Scotsman* runs two trains of its own in the early morning, one to Glasgow and the other to Perth, for the purpose, in the one instance, of publishing in Glasgow at the same time as the Glasgow papers themselves, and in the other of having the papers forwarded to Dundee and the North by the first morning train from Perth, so that people may get them on their breakfast tables at the same time as the local sheets. That is pretty well for a penny paper, and apart from the enterprise and "pluck," which in any case characterises the management of the *Scotsman*, it is the result of being able to print the paper on the Walter press, and of the saving in expense and time which that press effects.

In London, although the conditions are rather different, the capacity of production which these machines give, and the speed with which they enable a large issue to be printed in an hour or two, are already beginning to work what amounts to a distinct revolution, and ought, presently, to have a greater effect in enlarging the scope and news-giving power of the cheap daily papers than is perhaps easy to realize. The *Daily News* is now printed on six Walter presses, and the *Standard* and other papers are either now printed from a Hoe machine, constructed on almost identical principles, or will soon be so, the fact being that the labour

and delay, and expense which the best of the old systems entail compared with this must soon become intolerable in the face of these improvements, of high wages, and of other changes, and the paper which neglected to avail itself of the new facility would soon have to see itself beaten in the race. The public, besides, more and more demand *recent* news, and the pressure of that demand has compressed the time in which such news is to be put into shape and issued to the public very much within the last quarter of a century. And not only must the news be very recent, but it must also be more and more rapidly diffused over the whole kingdom. This again entails heavy pressure on the producing power of all papers, except those of merely local standing, and on papers of a metropolitan or national standing the greatest of all, a pressure in fact which few papers could long stand under the old conditions of production. The astonishing thing has hitherto been that a cheap press has managed to bear the strain of this demand as it has done: certainly it has to some considerable extent hindered it from doing its work so fully as it might, for it has been almost an impossibility to start a new Penny Daily in London in recent years, and many of the old have succumbed.

The first and most natural result of the adoption of this system of printing therefore must be, or ought to be, a great development of the cheap press, both as to the extent and celerity of its information. It should be able to spend more in its literary departments, and to work many agencies devoted to informing the public with more effect than heretofore. There are some indications that it is already doing this. Should that be so, then a really efficient and stable cheap press may be said to have been made possible by the *Times*. And it is in any case unquestionable that penny newspapers owe more to the patient working out of this new machinery in the office of the *Times* than to any other event directly concerning them in these modern days.

But there is another side of the subject which forces itself on the attention when this is said, and that is, the consequences to the public of so much reading and news served daily, as it were, hot from the literary cooks. That newspapers are slowly killing books and learning too nowadays is a common enough saying. If a man, it is often said, reads his *Times* in the morning with anything like care, and attends to his business, unless prepared to turn hermit, when has he any chance of reading anything else? And if the penny press is to rival the dearer papers in the extent and variety of its literary matter, which at best is only skimmed by its readers; in furnishing the public with a variety of opinions on all kinds of topics—most of them hasty, through necessity of saying something and saying it now—the world will be swamped in the deluge of literary superficiality. Men will cease to have the need or the time, and by and by may lose the capacity, to think.

These opinions are not uncommon, but I hardly think them very sound or rational. There is nothing in reality to alarm us in the spread of the power and influence of the newspaper press—very much that is the reverse. For one thing, the mass of mankind, in this country at least, have much more leisure for reading nowadays than they had even a generation ago. In the abstract it may be arguable whether that be a good thing or not, although it should not be forgotten that it is to a large extent a right to rest from labour earned by the conquests which man has made over the mechanical forces of nature. But there can be no room for doubt that it is a good thing that the leisure which most people have should be to some extent occupied with reading their newspapers. There are very few newspapers in this country unworthy of being in honest men's company, certainly none within the ranks of the daily press, and their presence cannot but have an enormous influence in widening people's ideas, which is a better thing than that (as would otherwise likely be the case with the majority) they should have no ideas at all. It is daily converse with a well-informed

circle of acquaintances, capable, more or less, of throwing light on all manner of subjects; and as such it is good that increased power of instruction and entertainment should come to the press, for there is plenty of work for it in that direction in this country—work which, as education spreads and people become, as may be hoped, more thrifty and thoughtful from its effects, it will tax all resources to accomplish. There is not as yet any danger of the mass of mankind living on nothing but borrowed ideas, and there is considerable chance that even the stimulus of newspaper reading may help to teach many of them in time to possess some original ones of their own.

The subject of the direct effect of so much literature upon the minds of the people who read and of those who produce it, is indeed a very tempting one, but slightly speculative, and beyond the limits which I ought to confine myself to here, and I must, therefore, dismiss it with merely a remark. The press tends to widen men's interests, to level up the knowledge of classes, and to prevent the spread of abuses, and we must not get alarmed at it as a monster threatening to uproot human nature. It can only aid in its development. If a man comes to his daily paper with strong prejudices, he will probably find matter in it to feed them with, just as any sect can find its dogmas in the Bible; or it may well create prejudices in his mind, being itself but the product of a very mixed but still passion-swayed human agency. But supposing it does, the chances are that the man is wiser after all than if he had formed prejudices without any knowledge. In short, we may say that, on the whole, however great the power of the press, mankind will remain mankind still—each individual will have his interests, his likes and dislikes. The diffusion of knowledge must be greater, but it can only be assimilated as readers' powers and tastes dictate; and the busy man who reads his paper now, instead of reading fewer books, or of being less wise than he would have been had there been no daily press, will probably read more, for the chances are that without the education of newspapers most such men, occupied with the work-a-day world, would hardly have read any at all. The student would have been of a separate caste still, as in the days when nobles could not sign their names. There is no more reason why knowledge should be superficial in these days than there was a century ago. But, on the other hand, it will be less musty, and probably less abstract—more the knowledge of the now than of the long-forgotten past—of facts than of theories. Few but the student will have time for antiquity and metaphysics. That may be a bad thing in some respects for individuals, but it is, I think, a good thing for the world.

It is open to question, however, whether the tendency of this new agency to newspaper production will be to multiply newspapers rather than to increase the efficiency of those that exist, and to draw the power and influence of the press more and more towards one or two leading papers in each centre of population. Although the reading of one newspaper a day by almost every person is by no means a burdensome thing, a multiplication of newspapers, such as prevails, for instance, in some parts of the American Union, would only be a source of annoyance. The true function of a newspaper grows less and less that of representing the politics and opinions of a class or a party; it is more the medium of intercommunion between all sections of the community — the channel through which everybody in a sense can hold converse with his fellow; and clearly one great paper in any place is almost enough for such a purpose. Hence, as a newspaper rises into a representative position, it becomes more and more the vehicle of intercommunication between the inhabitants of a city or province, and less the mere organ of a section of society. Now, the possession of increased facilities for reproduction, the reduction of cost and the capacity for giving full news and late news, which the Walter press puts into the hands of cheap newspapers, will materially help some amongst them towards the attainment of this representative

position, but it may not aid much in a mere multiplying of organs of public opinion and intercommunication. Newspapers must still be limited by one great item of cost which no invention has yet enabled them to get over, and cheap newspapers especially, that is, the cost of the paper on which they are printed. This circumscribes their circulation, because beyond a certain number it does not pay to issue copies, and it curtails their news-giving power, because they must reserve a certain space for advertisements, in order to cover the cost of printing and all literary charges. If the circulation is enough to recoup the outlay for paper, the advertisements must be enough to meet all other charges and yield a profit. Should advertising space be encroached upon by news, the profitableness of the paper cannot be compensated by increased circulation, for cost of paper goes up *pari passu*, and if the advertisements swell out so that increased outlay for extra sheets of paper is required, which has to be paid from the income yielded by these advertisements, the margin may still be often hardly enough for this purpose. There is therefore, as it were, a medium beyond which cheap newspapers cannot safely go on either side, and therefore I think the direct consequence of the adoption of the perfecting Walter press will be an accession of local power to certain newspapers which, by the higher qualities of their management, tend to draw to themselves the suffrages and support of communities who want for convenience a handy means of intercourse. Country newspapers will be able to supply as late news as those in London, and with telegraphic facility, such as reduced printing cost should enable them to bear the strain of, ought to supply it as fully. The necessity of having a literary staff in London will not then be so much of a burden, and it should be quite possible for leading local papers, such as one or two each in Liverpool and Manchester, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, to monopolize the circulation of their provinces almost, by giving both the district local colour to their topics, and by supplying at the same time newer details on matters of cosmopolitan or national interest. This need not hurt the metropolitan penny press, for it has at hand a constituency powerful enough to support it; and cannot hurt the paper to which they all owe their expansion, because its position is imperial, it stands for the English race in a measure where provincial papers ought to stand for their communities; but it will be a distinct gain to the provinces in several ways. It will give their local press more commanding influence upon public opinion, and it will tend to prevent the newspapers in the country from becoming a mere echo in politics of London and the London clubs. Not a few country newspapers are now dependent more upon some monetary or commercial interest which they may represent than upon their position as independent leaders of public opinion on questions of morals, politics, and society, and whatever raises them a step must prove a great gain. A powerful local newspaper capable of standing independently, and of representing local interests fully, while lifting them into their true relation with things national, would be one of the most valuable institutions that we could have. Some provincial newspapers are taking up such a position, and under the stimulus which this new mechanical agency will give them, it is not at all improbable that here and there throughout the country, where needed, more will gradually rise to a commanding influence in the same way. By progress of this kind the power of the press will be vastly augmented, but it need not follow that therefore the number of newspapers must be increased as well. In each locality the tendency now is towards centralization, and the Walter press forms unquestionably a powerful agency in aid of that centralization. It does not take away the limits imposed upon all cheap newspapers by cost of paper, but it removes whatever hinders them from being rapid disseminators of news and efficient means of intercourse.

A. J. Wilson.

ORANGE.

There are few foreign cities whose names are oftener, in one way or another, in the mouths of Englishmen than the name of the city of Orange, and yet there is no place about whose geography there are wilder confusions afloat. Orange and England have had one sovereign in common, and the accident of that common sovereign has caused the name of Orange to become so familiar that men constantly utter it without the least thought what it means. Orange gave its name to a line of princes, one of whom was also a King of England; and from that Prince of Orange who was King of England a political party in the British islands and colonies has thought proper to call itself. And the further happy accident by which the name of a fruit reproduces the name of the city has supplied that political party with an appropriate party colour. Orangemen, when they go to an Orange lodge or wear orange ribbons, may possibly think of William the Tenth,[1] Prince of Orange; but we feel sure that they do not think of the city which gave him his princely title. And, if people stop to think where the Orange is of which William was Prince, they almost always put it in the wrong place. The later Princes of Orange were so much more famous in connexion with lands far away from their own principality that in common belief, their principality has been carried away to the lands in which they were most famous. Ask in the Oxford Schools where Orange is, and the answer invariably places it somewhere in the Netherlands. A sect which affects more minute accuracy seems to make it displace Groningen or West-Friesland. Orange is by them defined to lie between Holland and Germany.

It is a strange fate which caused this little scrap of the old kingdom of Arles to live on, side by side with its neighbours of Avignon and Venaissin, so long after the two together, Pope and Prince, were altogether surrounded by the gradual annexations of France. In the later days of the principality the Prince of Orange, in his hill-castle, saw France on every side of him, save where the Papal territory still remained to be devoured even later than his own. Lyons, Vienne, Provence, Bresse, Besançon and the Burgundian County, had all been swallowed up, while Orange still went on, often swallowed up indeed, but as often disgorged again. But it was a stranger fate still which brought the later history of Orange so near to the history of lands with which Orange had no kind of natural connexion. One Prince of Orange, a too loyal vassal of the Empire, appears as the conqueror of Rome, a conqueror not after the manner of Alaric and Totilas, and he meets his reward in one of the last efforts of betrayed and beleaguered Florence. Another prince, of another house, wipes out the stain, and the name of Orange becomes so closely connected with the foundation of free states that we forget that it had ever borne an opposite meaning. We pass by the inglorious career of the eldest son of the Silent one, and we come to four princes of his house who were Stadholders of distant Holland, and the last and greatest of whom became the last chosen King of England, the latest English conqueror of Ireland. It is to William—William the First of Ireland, Second of Scotland, Third of England, and Tenth of Orange—that the old Roman and Burgundian city owes the peculiar meaning

[1] The Williams of Orange are reckoned in different ways, and our William the Third appears in different reckonings as Eighth, Tenth, and Eleventh. I follow the *Art de Vérifier les Dates*.

which its name has borne, ever since orange colours were first worn by his friends and rotten oranges first squeezed by his enemies.

As the geographical position of Orange is thus to most minds so mysterious, it is not wonderful that the city seems not to be much frequented by English travellers. Orange has a station on one of the great highways of Europe, on the railway from Marseilles to Lyons and Paris; but the town itself lies a little off the line. The mighty wall of its theatre may be seen from the railway, but Orange is not actually on the main road, like Arles, Avignon, and Vienne. And, as it does not lie immediately on the railway, neither does it lie immediately on the great river whose course the railway so closely skirts. Arles, Avignon, and Vienne are washed by the mighty Rhone; they stand out at once as sentinels, as bulwarks of the Imperial land against the encroaching power beyond its stream. Orange is less directly on the frontier; it lies away from the great river, by the banks of an almost invisible tributary, a stream whose name seems given to it to remind us where we are, a namesake of the Main which flows by Imperial Frankfurt. Orange therefore does not force itself on the eye in the same way as the other cities of the Rhoneland; the town itself is smaller than its fellows, and, I should imagine, to ordinary tourists less attractive. I read the other day with amazement in one of Captain Burton's papers on Rome that Ancona contained no hotel better than a pothouse. Not being very familiar with pothouses, but having spent in 1873 two days in great comfort at Ancona, I wondered what Captain Burton's standard could be. Certainly a standard which despises the quarters which are to be had at Ancona would look down with scorn indeed on such quarters as are to be had at Orange. Yet the mere European traveller, unaccustomed to the luxuries of the gorgeous East, may find it quite possible to keep soul and body together, without any special degree of discomfort, even in the somewhat homely hotel which is the best that Orange supplies. I do not pretend to rival Captain Burton's wider experience of men and cities, but it has certainly been my lot, both in France and Italy, to have to put up with quarters which came much nearer to the nature of pothouses than the houses to which the traveller will naturally go either at Ancona or at Orange.

That Orange, or any other place, is not greatly infested by the common run of tourists is in truth to be set down as one of its merits. I heard English at Arles, at Nîmes, and at Avignon; I heard none at Orange or at Vienne. But I would recommend every rational traveller, every one who cares for the history, the antiquities, or even the scenery, of the lands through which he passes, by no means to leave unvisited a city which has so long and so remarkable a history, which is so rich in at least one class of antiquities, and whose now vanished castle could look down at once on the city at its feet, on the wide plain around it, on the border-stream of Rhone on the one side, and on snowy Alps on the other. That isolated hill, rising all alone out of the plain and at some distance from the river, gives the key to the history of Orange. At Avignon a single hill overhung the river; at Vienne an amphitheatre of hills offered a well-sheltered site between the heights and the stream. In both these cases the advantages of the hill-fort and those of the settlement by the river could be combined. At Orange this could not be. The isolated hill was a site too precious to be passed by in the perilous times when strength of position was the first requisite in a settlement; but the settlement on the isolated hill was cut off from the advantages of the settlements by the river. In more civilized days the loss of those advantages were fatal. Arles, Avignon, Vienne, though no longer holding their old place, though no longer the seats of Pontiffs, Kings, and sovereign Archbishops, are still essentially cities of men. Orange, which remained the capital of a sovereign state longer than

any of them, cut off from the traffic of the river, has sunk into a mere country town.

The peculiarity of the history of Orange, which it shares with the neighbouring city of Avignon and county of Venaissin, is that they together formed a small region which was surrounded by French territory, but which was not French territory itself. The position of these districts is one of the many things which are puzzling to those who read history with a mind which has not set itself free from bondage to the modern map. People are apt to wonder how a small separate state got into the midst of French territory. This question is something like the more famous question, how the apple got into the dumpling. The question is not how there came to be an independent Orange in the midst of French territory, but how French territory came to surround independent Orange. Of course, given the subjection of its neighbours, it is a fair question why Orange came to escape longer than they did; why, while Lyons was swallowed up under Philip the Fair, Orange was swallowed up only under Lewis the Great. But this is not the common difficulty. As long as people conceive that there must have been from all eternity a France bounded by the Pyrenees, the Alps, and perhaps the Rhine, the position of Orange and Avignon will of course be puzzling. When the facts of history come to be rightly understood, the wonder is how a Parisian King ever came to reign between the Rhone and the Alps. The thing that needs explanation is, not why Orange was so late in becoming French, but why Provence and the Dauphiny ever became French at all.

Orange, in short, is one of the members of the ancient kingdom of Burgundy, which contrived to escape French annexation longer than most of its fellows. The process of swallowing-up, which began with Lyons and which has as yet ended with Savoy, failed to reach Orange till a remarkably late time, just as it has still failed to reach Geneva, Neufchâtel, and the other Burgundian states which now form part of the Swiss Confederation. Orange indeed more than once underwent a temporary annexation; so did Geneva; so did Savoy more than once, before it was finally engulfed in our own days. The point to be borne in mind is that all these annexations, from Lyons to Savoy, from Philip the Fair to the younger Buonaparte, are all parts of one story, all scenes in one long drama. Of that drama each scene, whether laid at Lyons, at Orange, or in Savoy, represents the seizure by France of some territory which had neither in nature nor in history anything to do with France. The special interest of Orange, in this point of view, is that so small a state, so dangerously placed, was spared so long. Savoy found a certain degree of protection in the possessions of its Dukes beyond the Alps. The Romance-speaking cantons of Switzerland find what we may hope is a surer protection in the fact that they are cantons of Switzerland. But Orange stood alone, with no protector, unless we hold that Orange and the Papal territory drew some slight protection from one another. Certainly each hindered the other from being wholly surrounded by the dominions of the encroaching power. Otherwise, no district or city stood more helpless, as the temporary annexations of themselves showed. Yet the final annexation of Orange did not happen till four hundred years after the annexation of Lyons; it happened only a hundred and forty years before the last annexation of Savoy. Measuring by annexations in other parts, Orange remained independent forty years after Strassburg, a hundred and fifty years after Metz. Here then is one great source of the historic interest of Orange. Other sources are found in the great personal eminence of several of the princes who drew from it, not indeed their real importance, but their title and their sovereign rank. This, however, is a kind of artificial interest; it needs an effort, it especially needs it on the spot, thoroughly to take in that William the Silent and William the Deliverer really had anything to do with a place so far

away from the scene of their chief exploits. The best comment on this difficulty is the belief which I have already spoken of, that Orange is in the Netherlands. A more immediate attraction on the spot is to be found in the magnificent remains of Roman antiquity to be seen in the city. These great works are all the more striking for two reasons. Orange plays no important part as a Roman city; it can never have been the peer of Arles, Nîmes, or Vienne. Its arch and theatre show most forcibly the wonderful and lavish enterprise with which the ornament and amusement even of quite unimportant places were looked after in the flourishing days of the Empire. And they are the more striking because the great Roman buildings are the only great buildings in Orange. The surviving works both of the middle ages and of modern times are utterly insignificant. There is nothing to set against the castle of Avignon and the cloister of Arles, against the abbeys and the cathedral of Vienne. It is to be sure no fault of its princes, earlier and later, if in military works Orange does not rank among the proudest of cities. The mighty pile of its castle perished at the bidding of Lewis the Fourteenth. Its remains form an important part of the history of Orange, but they contribute nothing to its architectural wealth. Orange again is or was a Bishop's see, and as such, it has its cathedral church. Most of the cathedral churches of the Rhoneland seem small and mean, if judged by a French or English standard. That of Orange, though it contains one or two points of interest to the professed ecclesiastical antiquary, though scraps of Roman materials may still be seen in its chief doorway, is even smaller and meaner than its fellows. Nor is there anything specially attractive, or specially instructive, in the two or three other churches of the city. It is on its Roman works, and its Roman works only, that the architectural fame of Orange must rest.

But it is not its Roman works that the history of Orange, as written in its existing remains, offers as its first chapter. If not the plain of Orange, at least its hill, must have been a dwelling place of man long before Arausio became a Roman colony or a Roman possession. On that hill I longed for the presence, as on so many kindred sites I have longed for the presence, of the great expounder of the military works both of the older and of the later days of our own island. Till Mr. G. T. Clark tells me otherwise, I shall think that I am only following out his own teaching in holding that the hill of Orange was the site of the original settlement; that the hill-fortress and the Roman city at its foot stood to each other in the same relation as Sinodun and Dorchester, save only that there was no winding Thames to flow between them. We may conceive that the camp from which the Roman army besieged the Celtic hill-fort became, as at Dorchester, the Roman city; while, unlike Dorchester, the near neighbourhood of the hill enabled the fortress on the hill to remain to all ages the citadel of the city, whether to protect or to hold down in bondage. I think Mr. Clark would say that the three deep fosses which cut off the steep heights immediately above the city from the further part of the hill which slopes down more gently into the plain, were not first drawn there by the modern, by the mediæval, or even by the Roman, fortifiers of the hill. They seem to me to be the defences of the primæval fortress, like the kindred fosses at Stinchcombe, at Uleybury, at Worlebury, and on a crowd of insular and peninsular heights in our own island. The only difference is that there arose at Orange, what there did not arise in the other cases, a Roman city at the base. A third chance might have placed the city on the height itself, and the hill of Orange might have rivalled the kingly steep of Laon.

As it is, the city lies at the foot of the hill, or rather its great monuments were so placed as to form part of the hill itself. In the nature of its chief monument Orange stands almost alone. There are a crowd of Roman

cities in which the chief monument of Roman times is the amphitheatre. There are few where, as at Nîmes, the amphitheatre finds a rival in a temple, or where, as at Vienne, a temple claims the first place beyond all rivalry. At Orange there is nothing to rival the amphitheatres of Verona, of Capua, of Arles, and of Nîmes; there is nothing to rival the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, or the temple which bears the name of Augusta and Livia at Vienne. Orange has its arch, which we may compare with those of Aosta and Rimini and Ancona, but even the arch is not the distinctive feature of the city. What stands out in every sense above all the monuments of Orange is the gigantic wall of its theatre. In the general view of the city it soars over every object. Its height and its length alike dwarf every existing object; the amphitheatre may have been its rival, but the amphitheatre has utterly perished; to point out its site is as much as the local antiquary can do. The theatre reigns without rival. It not only reigns without rival over every other building in its own neighbourhood; it reigns none the less without rival over every building of its own class which I have as yet had the good luck to see. In Rome itself there are the mighty arcades of the theatre of Marcellus, but they have yet to be cleared of the base invaders which have quartered themselves within them, and we miss the great feature of Orange, the vast straight wall. At Arles the two perfect columns and the two broken ones by their side give us a more perfect idea of the decorative part of a Roman theatre than Orange itself. But at Arles the straight wall has vanished, and of the curved walls there is hardly so much remaining as at Orange. At Arles it is only at that one point where the arcades had been turned into a tower that the arcades themselves remain in any degree of perfection. As far as I have seen, there is no building of the kind to compare with it as a whole, and it loses nothing of its majesty because so large a part of the curved lines of its seats were actually wrought in the hill that soars above it. The most perfect part, the wall which faces the city, is imposing from its mere bulk. Strictly as a work of architecture, there is perhaps no particular beauty in its four stages, one of which is left blank, while the upper one served merely to support the masts which held up the awning. But the truth is that this vast wall was not designed to stand as we now see it, as a single mass rising from the ground. As it stood when perfect, it must have looked like one side of the nave of a vast minster, with its aisle and clerestory. It is easy to see that there was an arcade in advance of the great wall, and that the plain second stage was in fact covered by a sloping roof. Above this, a long range of smaller round-headed arches forestalls the clerestories of Pisa and Lucca. Wherever we go among Roman buildings, as often as we come upon those among them where the Greek decorative features are either absent or of secondary importance, we see how easy was the change from the classical or transitional Roman to the full development of the round-arched style in the Romanesque. The *Emporium* at Rome, the greatest building preserved to us from the days of the Commonwealth, differs in no essential respect from an English or German or Norman building of the eleventh or twelfth century.

Close by the theatre, forming in fact one architectural mass with it, was the circus, with its semicircular end, like that of the theatre, hewn out of the hill. Its length seems to have spread itself along the whole eastern side of the modern town, stretching as far as the bridge which divides the city itself from the suburb which contains the triumphal arch, and which will most likely also contain the resting-place of the traveller. But of the side walls of the circus the remains are small indeed. At one point an ancient arch spans a narrow street; the wayfarer for a moment fancies that he is going out by some gateway or postern; he is in truth passing under one of the arches of the circus. Nevertheless, more is left

of the circus of Orange than of either the Circus Maximus or the Circus Agonalis of Rome. It is part of the charm of Orange that its remains chiefly consist of monuments of which we find so few equally perfect specimens elsewhere. The small scraps which still survive of the circus of Orange have no parallels at Arles, at Nîmes, or at Vienne.

The other great Roman monument of Orange is again one which has no competitor among the buildings of the Rhoneland, and not many north of the Alps. This is the Roman arch, the so-called triumphal arch, through or around which the traveller will pass if he chances to enter Orange from the north. I spoke just now of the arches of Aosta, Rimini, and Ancona, but the arch of Orange really belongs to another class; it aspires to a place alongside of the arches of Severus and Constantine. That is to say, while the other arches—alike the tall slender arch of Trajan on the harbour of Ancona and the bold arches which span the road or street at Rimini and Aosta—have but a single opening, like the arches of Drusus, of Titus, and of Gallienus, the arch of Orange boasts of the full complement of three. All the buildings of this class have a stateliness which almost disarms criticism, but there are no buildings which bring out more strongly the essential inconsistency of the classical Roman architecture. A temple like those of Nîmes and Vienne, in which the Greek mode of building is consistently followed, is Roman only geographically; it is in truth a Greek building on Roman soil. In the outsides of theatres and amphitheatres the columns or pilasters are of hardly more importance than those decorative columns and pilasters at Classis and Pisa which die away into the horizontal strips of the primitive Romanesque of England and Germany. In the aqueducts, and, as I have just said, in the *Emporium*, the style is really Romanesque; the Greek features have not found a place even in the decorations. But in the triumphal arches the full inconsistency of the classical Roman style comes out. The real constructive feature is the round arch, but the ornament is sought in columns on each side of it, which perhaps support pediments which were not the end of any roof, and which really served no purpose at all. The eye admires the majesty of the whole mass, and the beauty both of sculpture and of architectural detail; but the style will not bear the test of rigid artistic criticism, like a pure Grecian, a Romanesque, or a Gothic building, each of them consistently carrying out the principles of its own style. Yet, perhaps for this very reason, the triumphal arches have an interest of their own; the thing is so purely Roman; there is nothing the least like it among the works either of Greek or of mediæval art. It is therefore perhaps not altogether out of place that such works should display the faults of Roman art as well as its merits. The arch of Orange is a stately work, as are the arches of Severus and Constantine; yet we cannot help asking why the architects stuck a pediment over the main opening, where there is no roof answering to it. The sculptures too which fill up the space between the smaller arches and the horizontal line above them seem stuck in without any particular reason, except to fill up a blank space. The case is different when, as in both the great arches at Rome, a straight line immediately above the arch itself forms a real spandril. At Orange there is no strictly architectural figure; the sculptures are simply thrust into an irregular space formed in a kind of accidental way. This may seem minute criticism; I am afraid that it may not easily be understood, except either on the spot or in presence of such photographs as may easily be had of the arches at Rome, but which are not easy to be had of the arch at Orange. But it makes a real difference in the effect of the arches, and if, as all seem agreed, the arch at Orange is older than the arch of Severus, it shows there must have been a distinct improvement in the art of building these arches. The sculptures in these *quasi* spandrils, and the other sculptures in different parts of the arch, form a very remarkable study.

They are in some sort of a piece with the trophy-capitals to be seen in several of the buildings of Rome; that is to say, they chiefly consist of symbolical representations, which mainly take the form of warlike weapons. But in some parts also sacrificial implements come in; the two together, it may be, symbolize both the military and the religious conquest of a country in which the worship of Jupiter Optimus Maximus had displaced the more fearful rites of the Druids, if indeed Druids were found so far south as Arausio. And, mixed up with these symbolical figures, are several words, some of them proper names, among which the words "Mario" and "Sacrovir" are still to be seen, and it is said that, among those which can be no longer made out, it was once possible to read the name "Teutobocchus." It is no wonder then that the arch has been thought to be of the time of Marius, and to commemorate the victory of Aquæ Sextiæ. Yet all that we know, both of the history of Roman art and of the history of Roman colonization in the Gaulish province, will lead us to the now more generally received belief which places the arch of Orange not earlier than the reign of Augustus. It is therefore the contemporary of the arches of Aosta and Rimini. But its design is so different from theirs that the comparison which naturally suggests itself is with the later and still greater arches of Rome itself.

The arch now stands altogether alone; no other building abuts upon it or stands anywhere near it. It does not span a street, as at Rimini, nor a road, as at Aosta, for the road is now carefully carried round the arch. To stand thus wholly distinct was clearly what was designed from the first with all these buildings, but their very isolation suggests a feeling of unreality. The triumphal arch is not a gateway, but it is so like a gateway that it suggests a comparison with one, and we cannot help reflecting that, while a gateway, under some circumstances at least, serves an useful purpose, a triumphal arch serves none. It is a mere monument; and one may doubt the taste of making a mere monument of a scale and of a shape which at once provokes comparison with buildings which have a practical object. But, if the arch of Orange now again stands isolated and serves no practical use, it is only because it has in modern times been cleared of encumbrances which once made it far from isolated, and, according to the notions of several centuries, far from useless. Like the amphitheatres and theatre of Arles and Nîmes, like the Colosseum itself, and, to come nearer to buildings of its own class, like the arch of Titus at Rome, the arch of Orange was once turned into a fortress. In the days of the Counts and early Princes, while the great castle stood on the hill, the Tower of the Arch formed a secondary stronghold at the other end of the city, and from the Tower of the Arch many documents in the mediæval history of Orange are said to be dated. Such a change is characteristic; the Roman had his works of defence, though from Orange, unlike Aosta and even Arles, they have by bad luck wholly vanished. But his works of defence were simply meant to protect his works of other kinds; they were not the all in all of his building. But in the early middle ages churches and fortresses were the only classes of buildings of which men dreamed, and, when an earlier work could not itself be turned into one or the other, it was most commonly destroyed to supply materials for one or the other. The temples of Nîmes and Vienne were spared, because they were turned into churches; the arch of Orange was spared, because it was turned into a tower of defence. We may be thankful even for the barbarism which, here and elsewhere, has preserved to us so many precious relics.

The triumphal arch changed into a military tower symbolizes the change from Arausio to Orange, from the ancient to the mediæval city, from the Roman colony, a single city of the dominions of the universal ruler, to the capital of a state whose feudal dependence on higher lords did not, in the ideas of

those times, bar the claim of its princes to the rank of sovereigns. But Orange the capital must have sadly sunk from the estate of Arausio the colony. Of the many thoughts which the remains of Orange, above all the mighty theatre, call up in us, one of the foremost is the witness which they supply to the prodigious enterprise, the lavish expenditure, of the imperial days of Rome. It seems inconceivable that such a building as the Orange theatre can have been built simply for the amusement of the people of a provincial town which could never have been of the first or the second order. Arausio was not, like Arelate and Vienna and Lugdunum and Augusta Treverorum, the capital of a province which in after times could be cut up into several powerful kingdoms. It was not, like some of them, the dwelling-place of prefects, and even of Emperors. Buildings for rivals to which we have to look in Rome itself were raised for the entertainment of the people of a town which plays absolutely no part even in local Gaulish history. The place is known simply from the geographers and from its own remains; the date, not only of its buildings, but of its creation as a colony, is mere matter of inference; the historians of the empire have nothing to tell us about it. Nothing makes us better understand the power, the ubiquity of Rome, than the existence of such mighty works in a place which was historically so insignificant. The colony of Arausio might be nothing in itself, but as a colony of Rome it was part of Rome, and entitled to be dealt with as an outlying suburb of the imperial city itself. Arausio, as Arausio, in any other character but that of the Roman colony, has really nothing to say for itself. It does not seem even to have devised for itself any such foundation legends as those which form the mythical history of Avignon and Vienne. The Gaulish history of the spot is a blank; its Roman history is purely monumental; the local legends do not begin till the days of the Saracen inroads; the trustworthy local history does not begin till some centuries later still.

The legendary tale attributes the foundation of the County of Orange to a certain William, surnamed *au Cornet* or *au Court Nez*, two descriptions more akin in sound than in meaning, who is called Duke of Aquitaine in the days of Charles the Great, who performs wonderful deeds against the Saracens, delivers Orange, and at last, after dying a monk in a monastery of his own foundation, is canonized, if not formally, at least by local reverence. This story is one of many signs of the memory which the Saracen invaders left behind them through all southern Gaul and north-western Italy; but it is worth little more. Saint William is said to have made Orange a principality, which he left to his daughter; but history supplies no evidence of any such dynasty, and the title of Prince at least belongs to a much later age. A list of Counts with greater pretensions to historical credibility begins in the middle of the ninth century; but it is not till the end of the eleventh, till the days of the first Crusade, that we come to Counts of Orange who stand out as distinct historical figures. Between these two dates the Burgundian kingdom had arisen out of the falling to pieces of the Carolingian Empire, and it had been again united to the Imperial Crown, along with its fellow-kingdoms of Germany and Italy. This must always be borne in mind, lest any one should mistake Orange for part of France or for a fief of the Crown of France. In those days, and for ages after, Arles no more thought of bowing to Paris than Paris thought of bowing to Arles. Of the kingdom of which Arles was the royal city, and to which it often gave its name, Orange was a member. Its Counts were vassals of the Emperor in his character as King of Burgundy or Arles; but they were not his immediate vassals; the immediate superiority over the county was at least claimed by the Counts of Toulouse, not in that character in which they were nominal vassals of the Parisian Crown, but by virtue of their claims to the Imperial fief of the Marquisate of Provence. The

first of the Counts whose name has made its way into general history is Raimbaud the Second, whom the chroniclers of the first Crusade speak of as one of the most valiant warriors of that expedition. His memory is preserved by a modern statue in the market-place of Orange, raised at the joint cost of a King of the French who bore rule over his dominions, and a King of the Netherlands who had succeeded to his title. Presently we find the county divided between two or more members of the same house, and towards the end of the twelfth century, one half is, by virtue of two distinct bequests, found in the hands of the Knights of Saint John. Yet it is to this time of division that the local writers attribute the elevation of the county to the rank of a principality. During the twelfth century, Orange had its share in the refinement and gaiety which was spread over the south of Gaul. A Count Raimbaud, who succeeded in 1150, appears as a troubádour and a patron of troubadours, a master of the amorous poetry of Provence, a good knight after the fashion of the time, and deeply devoted, also after the fashion of the time, to a Countess of the neighbouring land of Die. As this fantastic Count left no children, his share in the county passed to his brother-in-law, Bertrand des Baux, one of a house famous in Provençal history, and from whom sprang a succession of Counts and Princes who bore rule over Orange. Bertrand himself, so the story goes, was the first to receive the title of Prince by an Imperial grant, bestowed by the hand of Frederick Barbarossa as he passed by Orange on his way to his Burgundian crowning at Arles. Certain it is that, before long, the famous title of Prince of Orange is found commonly in use, and the title is one that should be remarked. The vague title of Prince, as distinguished from the more definite Count, Duke, or Marquess, is exceedingly rare. There was a Prince of Orange, and there was a Prince of Aberffraw; but one may doubt whether a journey from the hill of Orange to Snowdon would have found a third ruler described in exactly the same way. One would be glad to know the cause for the grant of so unusual a title, one which is said to have been accompanied by the right to coin money, not only in the Principlity of Orange, which would be nothing wonderful, but through a region defined as stretching from the Isère to the Mediterranean, and from the Rhone to the Alps. Within the same limits the prince so privileged might also march with banners displayed. The geographical limit is remarkable; it takes in the whole kingdom of the Cis-jurane Burgundy, except Bresse and the County of Vienne. It would be a gain if some scholar who has gone minutely through the documents of Frederick's reign would decide as to the possibility of such a grant being genuine. When we get to Frederick the Second, the local writers make a yet more exalted claim on behalf of Raimbaud's son William, who, they say, received from Frederick, as yet only King, a charter dated at Metz in 1215, which confirms all the privileges granted by his grandfather, and further grants to him the whole kingdom of Arles and Vienne, with the title of King. M. Huillard Bréholles, the editor of the documents of Frederick the Second's reign, inserts the alleged grant, but, as the actual charter is not forthcoming, with some degree of doubt. He suggests that the real grant did not confer the kingdom itself with the royal title, but merely the vicariate of the Empire within its bounds. That something which conveyed rights of some kind within the whole Cis-jurane kingdom was granted by Frederick the Second seems clear from the fact that a later Prince of Orange, Raymond, the son of William, made a formal renunciation of all such rights to Charles of Anjou. Certain it is that, whether as vicars, princes, or kings, the lords of Orange could not escape the superiority of their more powerful neighbours. Throughout the thirteenth century the Princes of Orange continued to do homage to Provence for the greater part of their dominions, and to the Dauphins of the Viennois for some

particular castles. All these details and questions have their interest, as part of the history of a half-forgotten kingdom, and as illustrating the strange collision of rights which was constantly happening in the corner of the Empire where the Imperial power was least felt.

Under the house of Baux the whole principality was reunited; the city was the dwelling-place of the princes; their castle rose on the hill above the theatre, and they kept possession of the tower into which the triumphal arch had been turned. Yet Orange was not untouched by that spirit of municipal freedom which for a moment created commonwealths in Provence no less than in Italy, and which aroused once more the old spirit in the regenerate republic of Massalia, a spirit as bold to withstand the might of Charles of Anjou as it had once been to withstand the might of the first Cæsar. Orange, the capital of a principality, the dwelling-place of a prince, could never become a wholly independent commonwealth, as Avignon, no less than Marseilles, did for a moment. But under an elective Council and elective Syndics—a name afterwards exchanged for the more usual title of Consuls—the city had large municipal privileges. And once, in 1247, we hear of a popular revolt which looks like an attempt at gaining something more than any merely municipal rights. The citizens rose with their syndics at their head; they barricaded streets and fortified houses, but they were presently won over by the eloquence of their Bishop to submit, to receive an absolution from him and an act of oblivion from the Prince, and to engage that an oath of allegiance should be sworn every ten years, and that the keys of the city should be placed in the hands of an officer of the Prince. When we look at Orange now, and see a mere country town with no signs of importance of any kind besides its two great Roman monuments, we are tempted to smile at the notion of the question between princely and republican government having been ever fought out on so narrow a field. Yet the narrower the field, the higher is the real interest. Venice and Genoa and Florence could not fail to be free in any age save one of vast kingdoms and standing armies. It is when we see the same spirit at work in much smaller places that we best learn how deep and living that spirit was through all Western Europe. In what I am now writing I lay no claim to original research; I am simply setting down the impressions of a traveller who has merely turned to a few small local books on the spot and to the ordinary books of reference at home. But I feel sure that a very wide and rich field for historical research of every kind is to be found among these Burgundian cities and principalities. We are attracted to them mainly by their Roman antiquities, but their later history has really a far higher importance. Once get rid of the idea that France had anything to do with these lands in any character but that of a constantly encroaching enemy, and their history stands out in its true light. It stands out as the history of that one among the Imperial kingdoms which was most left to itself, and which therefore had the very fairest opportunities of developement in every direction, till the coming of Charles of Anjou crushed all its rising hopes. The fate of those lands would be very different, if great cities like Lyons and Marseilles had still kept the freedom which, in another corner of the same ancient kingdom, the far smaller cities of Bern and Geneva have known how to keep. Had the Middle Kingdom lived on in any shape, had a greater Switzerland stood interposed as a neutral territory along the whole length of the frontier between France and Italy, the whole destinies of Europe might have been changed for the better.

The steps by which France gradually gained, first influence, then dominion, in Orange and the neighbouring lands are well worth tracing out. The siege of Avignon by Lewis the Eighth in his Albigensian Crusade first showed the Imperial Burgundy how dangerous a neighbour it had growing up to the north-west. The acquisition of

Provence by Charles of Anjou, though it in no way changed the formal relations of the Burgundian states to their Imperial over-lord, put a French prince in possession of the most powerful among them. A path for French influence was thus opened among the Burgundian states, just as, by the later acquisition of the Sicilian crown by the same prince, a like path was opened among the Italian states. Princes of Orange had now to do homage to a brother of the King of the French. In the next century they had to do homage to the heir of the French kingdom. In 1349 Raymond Prince of Orange did homage to Charles of France, the future Charles the Fifth, for the castles which he held within the Dauphiny of Vienne. He had done homage for them to Humbert, the last independent Dauphin, a homage in which the rights of the Emperor were expressly saved. By the sale of the Dauphiny the rights of Humbert had passed to a French purchaser. I know not whether the Imperial over-lordship was reserved in this more dangerous homage, but most likely it was. For the French Dauphins received the Dauphiny as a fief of the Empire, and the Dauphin Charles himself received from his Imperial namesake the vicariate of the kingdom of Arles. But from this time the superiority of the Empire is but a name; the superiority of France is a reality. And it is significant that the homage of Raymond to Charles was done on a spot which was the first fruits of direct French aggression against the imperial lands in this quarter. It was done at Lyons, once a free Imperial city like Köln or Nürnberg, but which now had sunk to be a portion of French soil, the great stealing of Philip the Fair, the forerunner of the stealing of Strassburg by Lewis the Great. Presently, in 1393, Orange passed by female succession to the house of Challon—not *Châlons = Catalauni*, but *Challon* or *Châlon = Cabillo*—in the ducal Burgundy, the place where our Edward the First had to fight so hard for his life in the tournament which grew into a petty battle. John of Challon was a prince without dominions, but in him the principality of Orange passed to a French lord, though the new dynasty does not seem to have been always specially anxious to bend itself to the new yoke. But, under the princes of the house of Challon, John, Lewis, William the Seventh, and another John, the history of Orange practically becomes part of the history of France. The first two amongst these princes appear in French history as zealous partisans of the Burgundian faction, a name which reminds us of changes in the use of language, and that now the primary and obvious meaning of the Burgundian name is no longer an Imperial kingdom but a French duchy. William the Seventh sets up a parliament—a parliament in the French sense—in his principality. His subjects complain of the oppressions of the new tribunal, and seek for the right of appeal to some other quarter. Frederick the First and Frederick the Second had both played a part in the affairs of Orange, but most likely it did not come into the head of any man in the principality that his appeal ought of right to be carried up to the courts of Frederick the Third. The days were past when any cause in the Burgundian realm could be reserved unto the hearing of Augustus. But there was one nearer who was ready to hear anything. Lewis the Eleventh fanned the discontent of the people, seized the Prince, and only let him go when he had done homage in the fullest terms, and had consented that from his new parliament of Orange there should be an appeal to the parliament of Grenoble. Still old forms so far lingered on that it was not to the King of France but to the Dauphin of the Viennois that the homage was paid, and good King René, in his character of Count of Provence, grumbled, reasonably but in vain, at the doings of his mightier kinsman. Presently Provence itself becomes a French possession, and Orange is hemmed in on all sides, save where it has the Papal dominions for a still nominally independent neighbour. With such a state of the map as this, Lewis the Twelfth could afford to undo

the act of Lewis the Eleventh, and to declare John the Second of Orange a sovereign and independent prince. The attempts of Francis the First to undo this concession drove John's successor, Philibert, back to the old allegiance, and a Prince of Orange fought at Rome and at Florence in the cause of Cæsar when the cause of Cæsar was no longer the cause of right. By the will of Philibert the principality passed to the most famous of all its dynasties, but the dynasty which had least to do with the principality and city of Orange, the dynasty which has made the name of Orange glorious in all lands, so glorious that Orange itself has been well nigh forgotten in the glory of its distant sovereigns. In 1531, with René, first and last of his name, begins the connexion of the old Burgundian county with the house of Nassau, and thereby, for a single reign, with the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The geographical confusions of which I spoke at the beginning of this article are proof enough that the position of the Princes of Orange of the House of Nassau is to many minds a sore puzzle. The Princes of Orange play so great a part in the history of the Netherlands that people take for granted that Orange itself must be somewhere in the Netherlands. Their position was certainly a singular one. Here were princes, taking their title from a distant city which some of them never saw, and their possession of which was always not a little precarious, playing the first part in the affairs of a country in which they are private men, or at most elective magistrates. Simply as Princes of Orange, William the Eighth, Maurice, and William the Tenth would hardly have filled the place in history which they do. Their natural powers would hardly have found full scope for their exercise within the narrow field of their own dominions. It was because the Princes of Orange, being in themselves what they were, were also the first nobles in the outlying dominions of the Spanish crown that they were able to do what they did do. But there can be no doubt that their princely rank did very much to help them. It added nothing to their real strength, it added little to their wealth, but it gave them a position which was no small gain. The Prince of Orange was not merely first citizen, first noble, first magistrate, of a great commonwealth; he was technically the peer of any sovereign with whom he had to deal. Within the commonwealth itself the union of the two positions might be a dangerous one. Had the chief magistrates of the great Federal republic not been Princes, they might not have grown into hereditary Stadholders, and at last into Kings. But we may be sure that William the Eighth—William the Silent as he appears elsewhere—drew no small part of his real strength from the fact that he also was William the Eighth, sovereign Prince of Orange. That he was such a sovereign prince, owning in that character only one superior on earth, he never himself forgot, though the words in which he asserted his own dignity as a free prince of the Empire, have been misunderstood in times in which men seem to have forgotten what the Empire was.[1] The position of the Nassau princes of Orange is not without its parallel in our time. Hemmed in between the Swiss cantons of Saint Gallen and Graubünden and the Austrian county of Tyrol, lies the almost invisible principality of Lichtenstein. Since 1866 the Prince of Lichtenstein, no longer a member either of the old German Confederation or of the new German Empire, must be looked on as a prince absolutely sovereign and independent, acknowledging no feudal or federal superior. But the actual importance of the Prince of Lichtenstein is drawn less from the possession of his tiny sovereignty—a sovereignty which I believe numbers about half as many subjects as the smallest Swiss canton numbers citizens—as it is from the great estates which he holds as a subject in the kingdom of Bohemia. If Bohemia should ever see a new *Praguerie* or a

[1] See Froude, "History of England," vol. x. p. 371.

new *Defenestratio*, a Prince of Lichtenstein might play the part of a Prince of Orange, and he might play it all the better for being the sovereign prince of a principality, however small. I shall forbear to prolong this article by carrying on my slight sketch of the history of Orange during the time of its Nassau princes. It comes to little more than a series of revolutions by which France commonly took possession of the principality whenever there was any ground of quarrel, and gave it back again at the next treaty. Under William the Eighth we find, besides religious disturbances, a popular revolt against the absent prince, then but fifteen years of age, which seems a strange beginning for such a career as his. We find too a not altogether inappropriate competitor set up by France against him who was to be the great Protestant champion. For several years the government of Orange was carried on in the name of Mary of Guise as its Princess. If England then had one sovereign in common with Orange, Scotland may be said to have had, if not two sovereigns, at least two princesses. Maurice, so famous in other wars, made the castle of Orange into one of the strongest fortresses of Europe. Lewis the Fourteenth, in one of his seizures during the reign of the last William, swept it away, and its ruins are now not to be distinguished, except by the keen eye of the military antiquary, from the ruins of so many earlier buildings on the same site. When William the Tenth of Orange set forth for the deliverance of England, his own principality was in possession of the enemy. But the old motto of "Je maintiendrai," which his kinsman René had filled up with so small an object as "Challon," was filled up by him with nothing short of the "Protestant religion and the liberties of England." With him Orange, as a separate state, came to an end. His bequest of the principality in favour of a prince of his own house was set aside; so were the claims of Frederick of Prussia, which, if they had been made good, would have made the House of Brandenburg lords of another *enclave* yet further off than Neufchâtel. On the nominal principality of the House of Conti I will not waste a sentence. The absolute incorporation of the principality with the now French province of Dauphiny might be delayed till 1731, but from 1714, by virtue of the treaty of Utrecht, Orange became in every practical sense a part of the French dominions. Since that time, Orange has been a rather insignificant French town, and nothing more. Independent Orange, besides its Prince, its Bishop and its Chapter, had its Parliament, its University, and its Consuls. All that it seems to have now is a Mayor, whose placards, stuck upon the walls at the time of a local election, show by their strength of language that municipal French may go far to dispute the prize of the art of scolding even with papal Latin.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

THE CASE OF LANGALIBALELE.[1]

It has often happened in the history of the world that lawless acts have been committed under the forms of law; but it is not often that they are committed in direct and flagrant violation of all law. When this happens it becomes absolutely necessary that the offender should be held up to reprobation and singled out for punishment; and the necessity is all the greater if the offender is a person in authority. For men in authority have in recent times disclosed so great a desire to slip away from all control of the law; they have obtained through what is called "popular government" such facilities for avoiding all individual responsibility for their acts; and the consequences have been so disastrous; that it is the duty of all who become acquainted with wrong-doing of this kind to bring the wrong-doer before the judgment of his countrymen, as the only tribunal now left open from which a true verdict on the merits of the case can be expected. It is proposed to submit here to that tribunal a terrible tale of cruel oppression and high-handed injustice, not so much for the sake of those who have been the victims, as in order to disclose the manner in which men in authority sometimes use their power, and to show the necessity for keeping a strict watch and restraint upon them in order to secure that they do not abuse it. The facts here adduced are drawn from documents either professedly official or of undoubtedly official origin; and it will be seen that they are of a kind that cannot be safely ignored by any people sufficiently jealous of its liberties to require any kind of account at the hands of its governors.

Some quarter of a century ago one Dhlomo, the chief of the Amahlubi tribe of Zulus, was summoned by the king of Zululand, and on reaching the king was put to death on account of a dispute into which we need not enter. His brother Langalibalele was thereupon installed as the chief of the tribe, who, falling himself, a few years afterwards, into the bad graces of the Zulu king Panda, and wishing to place himself beyond Panda's reach, asked and obtained permission of the English government of Natal to settle in their territory with his tribe—altogether some 7,000 souls—with 8,000 head of cattle which he brought with him in his flight. In the following year the English government ordered the tribe to quit the lands on which they had recently settled, and compelled them, much against their will (for they had to abandon their crops), to take up in their stead others adjoining the passes of the Drakensberg mountains, the object being to interpose them between the ordinary settlers of the colony and the marauding Bushmen who were accustomed to make inroads across its north-western frontier. It is not disputed that Langalibalele and his tribe performed admirably well the duties expected of them; indeed, it is beyond dispute that he protected the Natal colonists so well, that the farmers of the adjoining Weenen county were relieved from all anxiety as to the

[1] "The Kafir Revolt in Natal, in the year 1873: being an Account of the Revolt of the Amahlubi Tribe under the Chief Langalibalele, and the Measures taken to Vindicate the Authority of the Government; together with the Official Record of the Trial of the Chief and some of his Sons and Indunas." Published by Keith & Co., Pietermaritzburg.

Cape of Good Hope. Blue-Book on Native Affairs, compiled in compliance with a resolution of the Honourable the House of Assembly, dated the 16th June, 1873. Capetown: Saul Solomon and Co.

Papers relating to the late Kafir outbreak in Natal. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1874.

"Langalibalele and the Amahlubi Tribe." By the Bishop of Natal. London: Spottiswoode and Co.

security of their crops and flocks. For five-and-twenty years Langalibalele and his tribe continued to render this service, nor was any cause of complaint so much as alleged against them.

In 1869, however, a new code of marriage regulations was promulgated in the colony, when it was alleged, (though no evidence of it is forthcoming, while all the probabilities point the other way,) that Langalibalele was privy to some evasions of the code. Anyhow, Mr. Macfarlane, a resident magistrate, imposed upon the tribe a fine of 10*l.*, the small amount of which suffices to indicate that the offence committed, if any, was not one of great magnitude. Then the Diamond Fields were discovered, and many natives were tempted to them for the sake of the wages to be earned there. The great ambition of a native is to possess himself of a gun; and it was natural that the desire should be strongly developed in the Amahlubi tribe, their very business and the condition of their tenure being that they should defend the passes of the Drakensberg against the crafty Bushmen. The men of the tribe being known as good workers, were much in request at the Diamond Fields, and many of them became possessed of the coveted firearms. In February 1872, however, an ordinance was promulgated, directing that all guns in the possession of natives should be registered by the authorities and returned to them. Now it appears from the published papers, that in many instances guns brought by natives to be registered were not returned to the owners, for the reason, as is alleged, that "it was too much trouble to write a letter, or ticket, and to stamp the gun." Naturally, therefore, a native who, after working hard for a gun had at length acquired one, would feel rather shy of handing it over to the white authorities, who might, as he saw by experience, never return it to him. Indeed, Mr. Macfarlane's view of the ordinance of February 1872 went no farther than this, that "if the holders of the guns were formally reported upon, their guns would be registered, and they receive permission to hold them," which, in effect, would leave an absolute power of taking away a man's gun to the local magistrates, of whom Mr. Macfarlane himself was one. However this may be, it is certain that there was a general indisposition among the natives to bring their guns in for registration, and that evasions of the ordinance were frequent in all the tribes, as well in Langalibalele's as in the rest. But there is nothing whatever to show that Langalibalele's tribe were greater offenders than others in this respect, or that Langalibalele himself was in any way privy to any evasions of the law by his men. On the contrary, when appealed to and called upon to enforce the ordinance, the chief did enforce it so far as he could be expected to do, for on the first occasion he did actually send in eight guns, and on the second occasion only failed to do so because he failed to discover the guns themselves—no easy matter, be it remembered, considering that the tribe was now 10,000 in number, that they were scattered over a considerable territory, that, as already explained, they were indisposed to risk confiscation of their weapons and likely therefore to conceal them, and that Mr. Macfarlane could give him no sufficient information to work upon. Upon this occasion Langalibalele very naturally asked for the names of the men who were alleged to have returned from the Diamond Fields with the eight guns required by the magistrate, saying, "I cannot do anything unless you give me the names;" nevertheless, on receiving a second time this certainly not unreasonable request, Mr. Macfarlane instantly declared that "he could not stand it any longer," and at once reported the chief to Mr. Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs, for contumacy. Among others, five sons of one Sibanda had been discovered to have just returned from the Diamond Fields with guns, and a native policeman was sent to summon the men to bring them in for registration. This policeman, who had an old quarrel with the tribe, instead of doing as he had been directed, attempted to seize the guns and the powder, which, however,

he was unable to do, and the men took to flight, carrying off the weapons, so that they were not heard of till long after. For this affair the man Sibanda was condemned by the magistrate to pay a fine of *5l.* to the government and another of *1l.* to Langalibalele for not having reported the guns to him as his chief; which shows that so far from being an offender in this instance Langalibalele was himself regarded and treated by the magistrate as an offended party. Langalibalele, however, was now summoned to go to Estcourt, Mr. Macfarlane's head-quarters, and, after a delay of a fortnight—caused, as he said, by his illness—he did go thither, the only result being that he learnt from a clerk that Mr. Macfarlane "does not like a man who answers him when he happens to speak." Now Langalibalele, it appears, is a chief of much independence of spirit, and not a little apt to answer, and for this or for some other reason Mr. Macfarlane had conceived a bad opinion of him, had already reported him as contumacious, without, it must be said, any good reason, and had suggested that he "should be sent for to head-quarters." Accordingly, in April 1873, a native messenger was sent to Langalibalele to summon him to appear at Maritzburg. The chief promised to go, but did not do so, remembering probably the fate of his brother in Zululand, and being in fact afraid to trust himself away from his tribe. This fear of his was not unnatural. He knew that chiefs were only thus summoned on very rare occasions, and for grave reasons; he knew that the two last citations of the kind had ended in the "eating up," or ruin and desolation of the tribes whose chiefs had been cited; and as the government messenger could not tell him, in answer to his anxious inquiry, what charge was brought against him, it is not surprising that he should have been very greatly alarmed, and very indisposed to obey so dreadful a summons. So ill (for he certainly was ill then) as to be unable to move, terrified beyond measure at this alarming mystery, yet terrified above all at the notion of being held to be rebellious, he asked piteously, "How he could be taken away from his place and kraal when he was so ill? What was it that was so important? What is the case? Tell me what the charge really is." But he only got for answer that he must come. A second summons still further increased his alarm, and thoroughly convinced him that some mysterious charge was hanging over him which would result in his death or imprisonment and the ruin of his tribe, all the more so that the messenger informed him that if he "persisted in his obstinacy and refused to obey the summons, the tribe would cease to be a tribe, that in fact they would bring themselves to destruction." And now, after some time had elapsed, a third messenger was despatched in the person of one Mahoiza, a very improper man to send on such an embassy, being of low standing and very indifferent character, and, as it proved, a great liar, who, charged with a final summons, set out on his journey on the 11th of October, 1873. This messenger came back and reported that he had been grossly insulted and ill-used, that he and his companions had been "stripped of their clothes and then marched under a strong guard, prodded now and then with the points of assegais, to the hut where the chief was;" that "nothing was given them to eat;" and that Langalibalele had "reviled the authorities and declared that he would 'fight.'" Naturally this story produced great indignation in the colony; indeed, it was this that led to the subsequent violent proceedings by the government; but it is now quite clear that in all its material points the story was entirely false. Mahoiza declared that he had been stripped "naked," and so taken into Langalibalele's presence; but it is proved beyond a doubt that he was merely asked to take off his two coats, which he did himself, and that he went to the chief in the rest of his clothes, that is to say, in waistcoat, shirt, trousers, boots, and gaiters. For divesting him of his coats there was this good reason, that it was feared he

might have a weapon concealed beneath them—an incident which had already occurred at the arrest of one Matyana, when Mr. John Shepstone, while in friendly parley with Matyana, is said and believed by the natives to have suddenly produced a pistol and fired twice at him, killing one of his companions and wounding another. And as for the tale of prodding with assegais, it was a pure invention altogether. But the story did its work; the colonists were amused with accounts of preparations for war supposed to be made by this wretched chief and his tribe, who were simply in so great a fright that they did not know what to do; and the government, devoured by that desire to show energy which is the cause of so much wickedness, began to assemble an armed force within reach of these "rebels," as they were now freely called.

Under these terrible circumstances Langalibalele, so far from thinking of offering any resistance, sought only how he might escape the dire and dreadful fate he saw impending over him and his tribe. As he had run away from Panda, so he resolved to run away from the Supreme Chief of Natal. And this, be it remarked, he had a perfect right to do, so that he did it peaceably and without violence. He had been received by the colonial government with his tribe and his cattle, had had allotted to him a location and done service for it; and there was nothing either in Kafir law or in the law of the colony to prevent him from again peaceably migrating over the border with his tribe and their cattle. The step, indeed, was a desperate one, for it involved the abandonment by these ten thousand of their smiling homes and of all the fruits of their labour during a quarter of a century. But then the occasion was desperate. Some charge, dreadful and serious, nobody knew what, hung over the head of the chief. It must be something very grave indeed, for he had applied to be fined, and had indeed sent to Maritzburg an envoy with a small bag of gold as an earnest of what the tribe could raise. This messenger had returned with the tidings that the Supreme Chief had already set out at the head of a large force to "eat up" the tribe. There was no choice therefore; and, with heavy hearts and miserable forebodings, the tribe and the chief gathered their cattle and drove them up the mountain side, still asking themselves what they had done to be thus inhospitably driven out. There can be no doubt they had a perfect right, if they wished, to take and to carry out this resolution of flight with their cattle; and if there were any doubt, it would be disposed of by the fact that they had originally been received and adopted by the Natal government itself on flying with their cattle in a similar manner from Zululand. The resolution itself is sufficient to show that nothing was further from Langalibalele than any intention to resist or to defy the government, and that he was, on the contrary, moved entirely by the fear of being, in accordance with the threat that had been made to him by the government messenger, "eaten up," and destroyed with his tribe. "We really," says Mbaimbai, one of his sons, "had no fixed plan. Langalibalele's idea was to get out of the way, and subsequently to make terms and return with his family again. We thought the waters of the sea were coming, seeing that the governor was coming, and that nought could escape." The simple truth is, that these poor people were flying in a distraught manner from the force which they had learnt was being sent to destroy them, and that their one only object was to save their lives and as much of their means of subsistence as possible, even at the cost of abandoning their cherished homes.

But Sir Benjamin Pine, the governor of the colony, saw in this panic stricken exodus "something like treason," "deemed it" his "duty to take decisive measures," called out troops and volunteers, and decided to accompany them in person in order to "capture the offenders and bring them to justice." Impressed by the magnitude and danger of the task he had set himself, indeed, he wrote to the Colonial Secretary a valedictory recommendation which modestly

indicates his notion of his own merits in these words:—"I think it my duty, should any misfortune happen to me, to most earnestly pray your lordship not to send to this very difficult government any but a governor of the first class, and of first-rate resolution, talent, and energy." Herewith he issued a proclamation, started for the scene of war, and began those "decisive measures" which he had discovered to be necessary. The first of these was to send a force of thirty-four volunteers and twenty Basutos, armed to the teeth with breech-loaders, to seize the Bushman's Pass, by which Langalibalele himself had already escaped, and by which the remainder of the tribe were still escaping. This was on the 4th of November, 1873, and Major Durnford, the officer in command, found the natives already in the pass, "flying in every direction." Now it so happens that the spot where the volunteers then found themselves, and in which the whole of the subsequent affair took place, is beyond the boundary of the colony of Natal as settled and fixed by the Order in Council taking effect on the 1st of June, 1859. Consequently it would seem that any crime or offence committed there comes under the act which prescribes that crimes or offences committed within "any territory to the southward of the twenty-fifth degree of south latitude, and not being within the jurisdiction of any civilized government" (which was the case here), shall be cognizable "in the courts of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope or of the colony of Natal." This has an important bearing on the subsequent conduct of the government, as will be seen.

This, then, was the situation. A great number of the tribe had escaped over the mountains, most of the rest were "concealed in caves," and a few, amounting to "100 at the outside, half of whom were armed with shooting weapons," were "flying in all directions" in sight of the fifty-five fully-armed men who had occupied the pass. Major Durnford commanded them to "take their cattle and go down," and was answered that they would do so, while some then coming up the pass did in fact obey the order to retire. But now the Major was informed that the Carabineers, a mounted force of white volunteers, "could not be depended upon." He gave therefore the order to retire, when Langalibalele's people began to fire, and killed five of Major Durnford's men. There is evidence that some of his force had far exceeded the spirit of the orders which he himself gave, that they had seized guns and had killed a cow; but this does not of course excuse the firing for those who took part in it. Strictly speaking, however, the natives had a good right to resist this unlawful attempt to stay and to interfere with them, accompanied as it was by a seizure of their property while engaged in a perfectly lawful act, and that beyond the boundary of the colony; but their submission to the first orders given to them shows that they had no intention of doing so, and that the shooting was provoked and brought about entirely by the disgraceful panic of the Carabineers, which caused some of the natives to get too excited to be kept in hand by their elders, who exercised their authority even to the extent of blows to secure obedience to the orders given. But Langalibalele himself was then far away. He had given strict and imperative instructions to his men not to fire or to use any force, not even if the government men got in among the cattle. His guilt therefore, if guilt there were, was of a purely constructive nature.

But the government had too far committed itself to think of law or to listen to reason, and the same cowardice which prompted the needless flight of the volunteers prompted a craving for a swift and bloody revenge. A nonsensical pretence was made on November 4th and 5th of "proclaiming" the country by sending out *two* heralds to "call out among the bushes and gorges" of this immense tract, that "those who intend to adhere to the government must return to-night, as to-morrow an armed force will be sent against those who remain in the bushes and the gorges." Accordingly, on the third day,

the armed force was let loose against the miserable remnant of the tribe; the hiding-places were attacked and in some cases smoked out; the fugitives, including some women, were killed; and even a wounded man brought out of his refuge was then and there shot by order of the officer in command. At least 200 of the tribe are admitted to have been thus killed; the kraals, many of them stored with grain, were burnt to the ground; and on the 22nd of November, 1873, Governor Pine felt himself able to write to the Colonial Secretary that "armed resistance within the colony has been fully suppressed," and to express his "high acknowledgment of the zeal and good conduct of the volunteers and Dutch Burgher force, who have taken so active and important a part in putting down the insurrection;" as though that could be called an insurrection which consisted in hiding away in caves and bushes, and as though immense valour had been displayed by the volunteers in smoking out and killing 200 miserable and desperate fugitives. But this was not all. Before long, Langalibalele was betrayed into Governor Pine's hands by an act of treachery to which it is revolting to think any English authorities should have been parties, as they were; the whole of the cattle of the tribe, amounting to some 8,000 or 10,000 head, were seized and confiscated; and as many as 1,500 women and children were carried off by the government force into slavery, disguised under a euphemism. Meantime, Sir Benjamin Pine, after having been "in the field," as he says, "five weeks," had returned to Government House with the proud consciousness of having shown his "first-rate resolution, talent, and energy." To these great qualities there was the testimony of the devastated homes, of the 200 dead, of the 10,000 subjects of the Queen driven out of her territory, of the women and children led away into slavery, of floggings and confiscations without end, inflicted not only upon the tribe which had "rebelled," but also upon another supposed to be friendly to it.

But this is of slight importance compared with what followed. Langalibalele and his tribe, be it remembered, had committed no one single act of violence in the colony. They had neither killed, injured, nor robbed any man, nor had they committed any act of rebellion against the government. When indeed they had left the colony and were out of it, some of them had resisted an unlawful attempt to oppose their free progress, and to seize their property; but even this had been done in a casual, impulsive manner, which showed that it was the act of a few, goaded at last to desperation by the cruel treatment the tribe had received, and not in any way a matter of concert or the result of any general plan of resistance. Nevertheless, they were solemnly outlawed and branded as rebels and traitors, and when at last Langalibalele was taken, it was resolved to make an example of him. But it was soon discovered that, as we have pointed out, the prisoner had really committed no crime that could, if he were lawfully tried before any of the ordinary courts, draw upon him the punishment which it was already resolved he should suffer. "It may be questioned," we are told in a document drawn up by the legal advisers of the governor, "whether the acts of Langalibalele could have been taken cognizance of by a court whose guide is colonial law, and whose jurisdiction is bounded by territorial limits. It might therefore have happened that the crime of rebellion as charged . . . would have remained unpunished, and thereby have been directly encouraged." It is not possible to admit more plainly that it was felt there was no case against the chief before the established tribunals, and that what was sought was not to have him tried by law but punished without law. Accordingly, since it was felt that the ordinary courts would not do that business, it was resolved to form an extraordinary court, which was done by a very simple method. Governor Pine summoned Mr. Shepstone, his Secretary for Native Affairs, his executive council, some magistrates, and some native retainers, and declared that they

were a court. It was as if Mr. Disraeli should call together the Cabinet, the Irish Secretary, a few Lords-Lieutenant, and a few Orange landlords to judge an alleged Fenian accused of having rebelled against the Queen in the United States, because he had emigrated to New York with his family and property. There can scarcely be any necessity to say that in this instance Sir Benjamin Pine had no more power than Mr. Disraeli to form such a "court," and that if such ever be, as in this case it was, formed, its doings are invalid and unlawful from the beginning. Yet even from such a court it was feared that the prisoner might escape "unpunished;" for it was known now that the story of insults and violence offered to the messenger Mahoiza was untrue, and it was possible that if fairly dealt by, Langalibalele might be able to show, as was already alleged by many, that he had acted throughout from pure fright, and without any intention of resisting much less of rebelling against the government. He was deprived, therefore, of all means of defence. From the time of his arrival in the colony until after his trial he was kept in solitary confinement, was not allowed to consult with any legal or other adviser, and was thus absolutely deprived of all means of procuring witnesses who could support his defence. He was refused the aid of counsel, on the ground that counsel might in defending him "excite the native mind;" and so sure did Sir Benjamin Pine feel that no loophole had been left for the acquittal of the prisoner, that on the 10th of January, immediately before the so-called trial, he wrote to the Secretary of State, that he "intended to commute the punishment of death to transportation or penal servitude as may seem expedient." Here, then, was this man brought before a court composed of individuals, some of whom had already declared him to be a great criminal deserving of the severest punishment, deprived of all means of proving his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and predestined by the head of the court to "transportation or penal servitude." Surely this was bad enough; but worse than this the very words he uttered at the trial were, as the minutes of the proceedings show upon the face of them, flagrantly misrepresented to amount to a plea of guilty, whereas they merely amounted to an admission of facts such as the flight across the mountains, and an assertion that certain witnesses, if he could call them, would justify or extenuate those facts. But, notwithstanding this alleged plea of guilty, evidence was taken against the prisoner from a selected body of witnesses, among whom there was not one for the defence. The man Mahoiza gave testimony which Mr. J. Shepstone, a member of the court, must have known himself to be the testimony of a liar, since it was of an entirely different character (notably as to his having "reviled" the authorities, and said he would "fight," and to his having had the messenger "stripped" and "prodded with assegais") from that reported in Mr. Shepstone's own letter of the 2nd of November. Yet neither Mr. Shepstone nor any other member of the tribunal thought it necessary to cross-examine this witness, and the court, when questioned by Sir Benjamin Pine, declared that it "required no further evidence" as to the insult of "stripping," said to have been put upon him. But it is useless to insist upon the disgracefully unfair conduct of this unlawful tribunal. It was called together not to judge but to condemn the prisoner, and on the 9th of February, Governor Pine had the satisfaction of declaring that it did condemn him, and of sentencing him to transportation for life. Like itself and all its proceedings, the sentence of the court was a direct violation of all law, and, as it happens in this instance, of an express statute. This, indeed, was pointed out by Lord Carnarvon to Sir Benjamin Pine in his despatch of the 13th of April, wherein he reminds the governor that "a sentence of transportation cannot be carried out under a colonial law beyond the limits of the colony, unless an arrangement has been made with some other colony," which

there is nothing to show was the case in this instance; and wherein he further declares, with a touch of unconscious sarcasm, that he is "not aware how, without the consent of the prisoner, the sentence of banishment can be carried into effect." But considerations of this kind are not likely to present themselves to a governor of "resolution, talent, and energy," or to be at all regarded when presented from the outside; and, accordingly, on the 5th of August, long after Lord Carnarvon's despatch must have been received, Langalibalele was actually transported to Robben Island, and thus the last act of this drama of iniquity was brought to a close.

There was no disposition in the colony to question anything that had been done, much less to ask if it had been done lawfully. On the contrary, men were found so devoid of all pity and justice as to sign addresses of congratulation, which Governor Pine incontinently forwarded to the Secretary of State, and which appear at full length in the Blue-Book. The colonists had felt panic, and, as is always the case, were eager to justify it by revenge. There were undoubtedly many in the colony who saw the matter in its true light, but they were a minority, and colonial society is tyrannical. One man, however, there was who had the right spirit in him, and who determined that these things should not be done without a struggle to prevent them, or, if it were not possible to prevent them, at any rate not without placing upon record the fact that there were those in Natal who prized law above resolution, who esteemed justice more than talent, and who loved mercy more than energy. That man, to his eternal honour be it said, was Bishop Colenso, who, with the devotion of a Christian and the spirit of a true gentleman, stood forward to defend the oppressed. In doing this he well knew that he must bring upon himself the resentment of the authorities whose acts he called in question, and the enmity of many if not most of the colonists, and must expose his house and property to the danger of destruction, and himself to the risk of personal violence. In resolving to face these dangers, he acted in the true spirit that should actuate a Missionary Bishop, and showed to the natives that Christianity is not a barren collection of dogmas and formularies, but a faith which prescribes the practice and pursuit of justice and mercy by its professors, even at the cost of their own ease and their own security. On the 1st of March, 1874, he forwarded a petition of two head men of the Amahlubi tribe, praying for permission to present an appeal against the sentence of their chief to the governor in council, and asking for free access for counsel to consult with the prisoner in order to the prosecution of the appeal. This was at first met by the allegation that the petitioners had "repudiated any intention of urging the request they had signed," which in effect amounted to an imputation that the Bishop had falsely concocted the petition himself, or deceived the petitioners into signing it in ignorance of its contents; but on the 9th of April it was announced that the appeal would be allowed to be made. The Bishop thereupon pressed again his request for access to the prisoner, and on the 1st of May—two months after it had first been asked for—an intimation was for the first time given that such access would be allowed. But a few hours before the letter containing this intimation was despatched, Langalibalele was removed heavily ironed to Durban, thus necessarily making access to him more difficult, and causing many days' delay in the preparation of the appeal, which was, however, lodged on the 12th of June. But steps had been taken to exclude all possibility of the appeal producing any effect. Irregular as the "court" and its proceedings had been, a great desire was now discovered for strict regularity, and it was declared that nothing outside the proceedings of the court itself could be admitted in the appeal. Now, indeed, that it was too late, now that all opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses was gone, and that the proceedings were limited to a

reconsideration of their unsifted evidence, counsel was allowed for the first time to appear, as though to make it clear that it was determined to make a mockery of justice to the last. On July 8th the appeal was heard, and on the 13th was dismissed, as it could not fail to be. Yet another step was taken by making an application to the supreme court of Natal, on the 14th of August, for an interdict to prevent the governor from carrying out the sentence of transportation; but the judges decided not to grant it, and Acting Chief-Justice Connor declared from the bench that the Lieutenant-Governor as supreme chief has despotic power over the natives, to do whatsoever he may please with them without let or hindrance. This indeed was the real principle contended for by the government from the beginning; and it having now been decided under the forms of law that the Governor was above all law, Langalibalele was sent to Robben Island on the 5th of August.

The circumstances of this monstrous case have been narrated above in their bare outline, to the exclusion of many details well calculated to heighten the indignation which the case itself must excite. We are comparatively uninterested as to the personal wrongs that have been inflicted upon Langalibalele and his tribe, neither are we greatly concerned with the personal contest over the matter and its details now in progress between the Bishop of Natal and the Natal government. We care for none of these things, save and except in so far as they bear upon the very much larger imperial question they have raised. That question is one which concerns every British subject, whether he lives in this island or in any other part of the globe over which the Queen's authority is extended, and where her ministers exercise power. It simply amounts to this: whether it is to be admitted and established that men appointed by the law to administer the law, and to govern the Queen's subjects under the law, have or have not the right to place themselves above the law—to disregard its spirit, and to violate its express commands. If that right exists in Natal, it exists also in England, and we shall have again to try a question which we are always taught to believe had been settled long ago. If it does not exist, then all those who, if it be so, have assumed to make so flagrant and monstrous a usurpation, must be punished in proportion to the enormity of the offence they have committed, and of the invasion they have made upon the rights of their fellow-subjects.

THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

'RECENT LATIN VERSE.'

To the Editor of Macmillan's Magazine.

SIR,—As I was turning over the pages of *Macmillan* on an early day of January, in order to enjoy at a safe distance the loud-rattling thunders of the Vatican, my eye chanced to light on one of the headings, 'Recent Latin Verse.' Having something else to engross my attention, I should perhaps have thought no more of it, if I had not at the same time caught sight of words and lines which seemed to me familiar. Upon this I ran over the paper and found it to be only in a very restricted sense what its title implied. The writer who had signed his name had written the 'article in a purely experimental spirit.' When I first read it, I felt, I will admit, somewhat nettled at finding that a translation of Gray's Elegy, of which I had printed and privately circulated a few copies, to serve for a specimen of beautiful typography as much as anything else, had been dragged from its obscurity and taken for the 'corpus vile' on which to exercise this 'purely experimental spirit.' As though to complete my humiliation, I first met with this singular statement: 'it has been said that the old question of whether Gray's Elegy *could* be translated into Latin verse has now been solved, and that the task has been performed once for ever'; and then the writer went on to prove in his peculiar style that out of the 128 verses of my translation one was 'extremely good'; the rest commonplace or worse, bald or frigid or transcendental. In order 'fairly to have it out with Mr. Munro,' he had contracted an alliance with Gilbert Wakefield—Gilbert my old acquaintance whom I had encountered before on other fields and knew so well 'intus et in cute'—and meant to annihilate me by the combined fire of himself and his associate.

After a second and more careful perusal my feeling was greatly modified: I saw that my critic was in thorough earnest and wrote because he believed it to be his duty to write; and I felt that he had done me a real service by singling me out for detailed criticism, however distasteful some of his expressions were. Had he denounced me in general terms, as he has denounced several of my neighbours, what could I have done or said in reply? Now he had fairly pitted himself and his ally against me and put it in my power 'fairly to have it out with' them both. I perceived at the same time that he had formed—when and where I know not—his own style and his own taste in Latin verse on those strange models, begotten by the union of schoolboy necessity with the Gradus ad Parnassum, unreal ghosts, boneless and bloodless, flitting about 'cava sub imagine formae,' and tolerated neither by gods nor men, nor, I should have guessed, by the columns of *Macmillan*. I felt that of genuine Latin, or genuine Latin poetry, he had no grasp whatever; and that in knowledge of the language, of the poets and their works, my superiority was such that in his simplicity he had given himself blindly into my hands. With your permission therefore, Sir, I will follow him up point by point, and if competent judges do not decide that in all essential matters I have routed him and his ally, then will I acknowledge myself beaten indeed. When one is assailed thus gratuitously, a little egotism cannot be avoided: I should otherwise only expose myself to misconstruction. Though I cannot help enjoying a little the humour of the thing, I own I should not like such a task more than once: even as it is, I feel my ears occasionally tingle a little.

To attempt with any success to

translate this Elegy, one must know, and never for a moment forget, that Gray's mind was so saturated with the Latin poets that we should expect in every stanza to catch some echo of one or other of them. Often it is Virgil, often Lucretius, sometimes Ovid, sometimes some one else; and the very structure of the English words helps often to remind us of this and cannot be overlooked by a conscientious translator. Many of the verses again are only redeemed from triviality by some single word which gives the keynote to the passage, and is often an epithet, sometimes a simple particle. Such characteristics and others which I cannot now dwell upon owing to my 'spatia iniqua,' the limited number of columns which is all, Sir, that even your liberality can afford me, I have attempted in my version to observe to the best of my ability; and every one of them my critic and Gilbert his ally set at nought, because it is Virgil and Lucretius, not the Gradus, that will help us here. So deaf is my critic to all this that he selects for especial praise lines which outrageously violate all these conditions and show a puerile ignorance of the meaning of Gray's words and of their connexion with what precedes and follows.

To demonstrate this I will come at once to the first passage in which he pits me against Wakefield: my examination of his comments on the first part of my translation shall be reserved for the end of my letter:

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Gray refers here to his two preceding stanzas, somewhat it is true in the tone of a 'Person of Quality' of the eighteenth century: these poor rustics had their humble joys, wife and children and cheerful home; they plied their useful, if ignoble, labours, ploughing and reaping and the like; all which ambition and grandeur would do well not to mock at and disdain. These lines I tried to express in the following version which I venture to say has an Ovidian rhythm and reproduces precisely the meaning of the original; but which my critic in quoting has disfigured by inserting two and omitting three commas and leaving a misprint:

ne bonus iste labor neu rustica gaudia neve
  sors obscura sit haec, ambitiose, iocus:
neu plebeia tibi risu, trabeate, superbo
  Acta, breve et simplex, excipiantur, opus.

My critic compares with this the version of Wakefield, 'an eighteenth century scholar':

Nec temnat pulchros indignabunda labores
  Ambitio et lusus, et sine laude vicem.
Nec gens excipiat risu trabeata maligno
  Annales nudos historiamque brevem:

and asks: 'can there be any doubt which carries off the palm here for either simplicity, purity, or melody?' My answer is that the version is a hollow sham, and has no more real connexion with the words of Gray and the context, than it has with Paradise Lost. So far as the words have a meaning, they must mean: 'ambition would not in a towering passion despise glorious labours, and games and sports, and retribution without honour; nor would finely dressed folk receive with a malignant laugh bare annals and a short history': one might fancy the first two lines pointed to Austerlitz, the forest of Fontainebleau, and St. Helena; the last two to the loungers of Bond Street who wisely preferred a brief summary to a tedious narrative of events: 'simplicity, purity, melody'; the humour of it! My critic then proceeds to 'take the single line,' which he grotesquely misquotes, in the interests, though undesignedly of course, of his ally Gilbert:

The path of glory leads but to the grave.

'Gilbert Wakefield has the exquisitely smooth and literal—

In tumuli fauces ducit honoris iter:'

i.e. 'the path of a public office leads to the gorge of a hillock.' A forger of the fifteenth century tried to palm upon Ovid 'ianua tumuli'; but even he would not have ventured 'the exquisitely smooth and literal fauces tumuli': the latter half of the line

three perhaps out of four boys of fifteen would have hit upon: boys of that age have a keen practical eye for the end of their pentameter. What Gray did write, and what I translated, was this:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Surely the plural 'paths' and the particle 'but' give to the line its peculiar tone and meaning: but for them it would be quite trivial: and plural and particle are alike ignored in Wakefield's 'exquisitely literal' version. Mine is

Metaque mors, quoquo gloria flectit iter.

Dragged by my critic 'obtorto collo' into self-assertion, I do not hesitate to say that this version exactly expresses the original. What its poetical merit may be, I do not pretend to say; but I will tell him that it has been praised by more than one scholar, to whom I fancy even he would defer.

We are next carried to the lines,

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Scanning these verses closely, I saw where Gray, in Italy or England, had gotten his 'storied urn'; whence he had drawn his 'fleeting breath'; and preserving the symmetry and points of my original, I translated it literally:

caelata historiis animam revocare fugacem
urna domum? facies marmore viva potest?

'Here again Wakefield is surely more vigorous and sonorous':

Num fugientem animam vivus de marmore vultus
Adsolitam revocat, num memor urna domum?

Solecism or nonsense or both would seem then to be necessary constituents of 'purity,' 'vigour,' 'sonorousness.' We have here the crushing solecism, to begin with, of *fugientem animam*, enough to dash Priscian's head into shivers: the urn or bust, say ten years after a man's death, is to recall his breath at the moment it is quitting his body. But Gilbert and the Gradus care nothing for tense or time; the exigencies of the verse are all in all to them. Then the shabby 'memor,' utterly out of place too; and the humdrum jogtrot rhythm.

My critic has now 'quoted enough to show that in Mr. Munro's version there are at least some perfectly commonplace lines: and that as for saying it has been reserved for him to show the world how to translate Gray's Elegy, such an opinion cannot have been expressed by any competent judge who was acquainted with Wakefield's version something like a hundred years older.' But hitherto he has been castigating my 'weaknesses' only; now he comes to 'more serious objections' and proceeds to expose 'my vices' as well: as a first specimen of these vices he selects:

Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

'Here is the translation':

ductus ubi alae ingens et crustis fornicis apti
'laudamus' retonans undat ubique sono.

'Now then let us fairly have it out with Mr. Munro: is this what any Roman poet would have written?' 'Do they read like Latin poetry? and what is there in the Latin to connect them with a church? If we had not Gray's lines before us, should we have the most remote conception of their meaning?'—What 'we' should have, I neither know nor care; but hauled by the collar into the prize-ring I simply answer: every word in the first line is used by Vitruvius, and in the same technical sense in which I employ it; every word too is simple, idiomatic, and therefore poetical, occurring in Virgil, Lucretius and Ovid. If Vitruvius or Virgil could appear among us and could superadd our knowledge to his own, he would understand my words in the sense in which a competent English reader understands the words of Gray. *I* think they read like Latin poetry; my critic thinks otherwise: Gilbert nor Gradus could assist him here. 'Likewise I cannot think that the introduction of the 'Laudamus' is at all conformable to the genius of elegiac poetry.' Oh! for space and time and patience: let my critic at all events take Virgil's 'resonare

doces Amaryllida silvas'; compare with it Propertius' imitation 'resonent mihi "Cynthia" silvae'; ruminate on this; and then think of his assault and battery perpetrated upon me. 'But *undat ubique sono* is surely a most bald and frigid ending': I tell my critic that the 'retonans undat ubique sono' expresses the 'pealing,' the 'swells,' the 'through' in a way that no Gradus will ever teach him to express them. He 'infinitely prefers Wakefield's

> Qua longos per templi aditus laqueataque tecta
> Aërium ingemir ant organa pulsa melos.'

Of course he does, because they are puerile nonsense, or only sense according to the Gradus ad Parnassum. The sole idea that the first line conveys is that of a long uncovered approach to a Greek temple with its flat panneled roof, and then the 'organa pulsa' might possibly be the rattle in a fane of Isis, while *aërium melos* are Gradus words with no meaning. Gray even in his English steered clear of 'organ,' as too redolent of the 'unus qui organa pulsat' in old College statutes.

Next he cites for another instance of my 'vices':

> For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

He then quotes my version in such a shape as to make it unintelligible, omitting four commas, putting one full stop for a semicolon, and another in the place of a mark of interrogation, and printing a capital for a small letter and a small letter for a capital: I give it in my own way:

> nam, mutae, quis omisit eum Se, victima lethes,
> qui tot amaritie miscet amoena sua;
> destituit laeti geniales luminis oras,
> nec flexit tamen os expetiitque moram?

This is not a stanza that can be translated without some thought. I tried therefore to catch what was in Gray's mind: I felt sure that in the 'pleasing anxious' he was thinking of γλυκύπικρος and the like, probably of the 'quae dulcem curis miscet amaritiem'; that none of the Gradus words would do for 'being' here; that, as he had been playing variations on adjoining passages in Lucretius, here too he was thinking of his *illum Se*, his *alium Se qui*, and the like; that such a phrase would not only represent Gray's thought, but was surely admissible in all stages of the language, when such a hater of archaisms as Quintilian could say 'Se priorem,' in speaking of a man's former self which he had lost; and that in the third line Gray was recalling both Virgil and Lucretius. I thought the stanza out therefore at once, much as I have printed it. My critic asks: 'what do these first two lines mean?' Does he know now? 'If this is Latin verse, or if this is elegiac poetry, I don't know what either of them are, and I don't want to know.' I do not think he does know what non-gradus elegiac verse is, and I don't want to have to teach him; but he won't let me off. The position of *qui* suggests to him 'a dependency on *Lethes* instead of *se*': is *lethe* masculine then, or *qui* feminine? the Gradus surely might resolve *this* doubt.

My critic is now compelled to take another passage of twelve lines 'which has been singled out for special praise by critics,' 'whose taste, I think, must have been for the moment napping, or else affected by personal considerations.' Of course I will and can say nothing to general expressions of contempt, such as the assertion, that of the twelve one and only one rises above mediocrity. Wherever he condescends to particulars, there I am prepared to grapple with him. He first assails my translation of

> Perchance in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

> forsan in hoc squalente loco neglecta quiescat
> mens olim aetheriae feta calore facis.

Well, just as I have made my boastful promise, I am about to break it: I don't agree with what he says of Gray's 'neglected,' or of my own use of *squalente* and *mens*; but the discussion would be too long and hazy for my *present* opportunity. As I have not

answered him here, he may if he likes score a point or two in his own favour against as few hundreds as his modesty will permit him to set down on my side. It will be his one opportunity I think. He then calls in question my *feta*, which he miswrites *foeta*, connecting it I presume, from the ill odour he attaches to it, with *foeteo* and *foetidus*. My reply is simply this: Gray probably used the word *pregnant*, because he had the Latin *fetus* before his mind. He cannot help thinking too 'that by *fax aetheria* a Roman would have understood either the sun, the moon, or the stars.' No, not a Roman, as I shall show presently: the Gradus I daresay gives the expression as a useful synonyme for those luminaries. But when he comes to the next couplet, he is 'still more staggered':

vitave deoque
expergefactam participasse lyram.

This is my version of 'Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,' and seems to my critic 'to be an attempt at some subtle and transcendental reproduction of the original idea, to outshine all the commonplace ones which have hitherto been published.' Let me now tell my story: to render this weighty verse aright I saw that one must give all that Gray has given and nothing more; the language must be simple and yet emphatic; and the rhythm weighty like the sense. I thought of what Gray might have had in his mind when writing, and I will enlighten my critic with two passages from different parts of one of Ovid's greatest poems:

quae simul *aetherios* animo conceperat *ignes*,
ore dabat pleno *carmina vera dei*.
Parva mora est: *caelum* vates ac *numina sumit*
fitque *sui* toto pectore *plena dei*.

As Ovid's prophet-poetess *assumes* heaven, inspiration and her own peculiar god; is raised that is to ecstasy; so I make Gray's prophet-poet awaken his lyre and *impart* to it life and his own inspiring god; waken it in short to ecstasy. Has my critic now an inkling of my subtlety and transcendentalism, and of my 'aetheria fax'? Ovid is not much of a transcendentalist; but such transcendentalism as there is I freely make over to him. But as yet my critic 'cannot believe that had a Roman elegist wished to say what Gray has said he would have said it as Mr. Munro has said it. Would he not rather have said something like the following—

vel dulce furentem
In vitam Æoliæ fila vocasse lyræ?'

Now mine adversary has written a verse himself, which he thinks not unworthy of a Roman elegist. Is it not rather some fondly-treasured reminiscence of the age of fifteen that has dazed his judgment? Having at that age to translate the passage, he decided at once that *lyra* should have the place of honour at the end: his Gradus told him that *fila lyrae* was a serviceable periphrasis, and together with *vocare* gave him the whole of the second penthimemer. Out of many epithets *Aeoliae* struck him as pretty, though it might have no meaning; and he got his 'living' out of *vita*. But *ecstasy*—ay there was the rub: he thought perhaps of *laetitia exultans*, but that was too much; and therefore casting *laetitia* aside, he found in his Gradus *dulce furens* as a synonyme of *exultans*. This was practical, if not subtle or transcendental; and we get this for a result: 'to have invited the strings of the Æolian lyre into a mildly raving scene of life.' This wondrous version haunts me in the night-watches.

My translation however of 'Chill penury repressed their noble rage' he is kind enough to call 'extremely good.' As it was perhaps the easiest to turn of the twelve lines he has here quoted, I did not set great store upon it; yet even here I should have thought he would have pronounced *algida egestas* too transcendental and preferred the *frigida pauperies* of the Gradus. But I come now to the stanza in which he has again pitted himself against me:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

My translation is as follows:

Sæpe renidentes praeclara luce lapillos
antra maris, caeca nocte profunda, gerunt:
saepe rubor florum natus moriensque fefellit,
aeraque in vacuum perditus exit odor.

I saw that to translate this too the proportions and symmetry of the original must be observed: what comes first in Gray must come first in the Latin: I noted what words of Virgil or Lucretius Gray might have been thinking of, especially in his first line; I saw that when he wrote *bear* and gave it the position it has, he meant it to represent the Latin *gerunt* in the same place; and for 'dark unfathomed' I could provide an exact equivalent, literal yet idiomatic and poetical; and my first two lines are the result of all this reflexion. At the third line I hesitated: I felt that Horace's *natus moriensque fefellit* exactly reproduced Gray's words and probably was in Gray's thoughts; yet I did fancy there might be something of a conceit in it. I ventured it, however, and was really surprised to find it singled out for praise by those whose taste and judgment I prize most highly. Nothing of course to my critic rises above mediocrity; *natus moriensque* 'is a conceit lugged in by the head and shoulders'; and on the fourth line, in which I simply reproduce Gray's simple thought bearing in mind what he probably had in his mind, my critic pronounces a judgment which he himself thinks is perhaps 'hypercritical.' But then he gives us a version which is nearer what 'a Roman poet' might have written: the two first lines are as follows:

Tethyos in tenebris fundoque carentibus antris,
Plurima sincero gemma nitore latet.

How bald the 'Tethyos in tenebris,' recalling, if not the Gradus, then the outer ocean beyond the Cimmerians! how nonsensical the 'fundo carentibus antris'! Gray in mind saw his priceless gems resting on the yet unfathomed bottom of the ocean; my critic represents them as descending I presume for ever through bottomless space: *sincero nitore* may be said of an icicle as justly as of a diamond. Then *latet* for *bear!* His last two lines are as void of symmetry and point as his first two: of them I will only say that 'et sine teste rubet' might befit a man, whatever it mean when applied to a flower. It is hard to believe that, after all this parade of denunciation, he has brought himself and his ally into actual collision with me in the case of 14 or 15 verses alone out of 128: with what result let others decide. From the whole tone of his paper we must presume that he has sought to assail me where he judged me to be weakest and himself and his ally strongest.

Having now reached the end of my critic's diatribe against me, I sweep round again to its commencement as I promised to do, in order to leave no part of it unrefuted. As I have said already, for his general expressions of contempt I care nothing: whenever he will come to close quarters, I am ready to throw him. When he merely quotes my four first lines and asks: 'what peculiar merit does this version possess over hundreds that have gone before, all equally inadequate?' I pass over this, as the nature of the case precludes reply. But when he goes on to say, 'I don't like the second verse at all': "Mugit ut arva boum segniter agmen obit": 'the rhythm of the first penthimemer is faulty, and quite an exception with Ovid, Propertius or Tibullus,' and so on, this I could not pass over. I knew this criticism was absurd; I knew that my well-pondered 'segniter agmen obit' accurately rendered Gray's 'winds slowly'; I knew that my critic's 'Serpit iter reboans segne per arva pecus' was a puerile imposture, whether he meant 'a reverberating herd' or a 'reverberating road'; I knew that 'Voxve ea longinquas tinnula sopit oves' was an accurate and yet poetical rendering of the original; I knew that 'nubilus bubo' was a good translation of a difficult expression; I knew that 'ad lunam rusticitatis agit' was a precise legal phrase, yet such a one as the 'Roman elegy' hugged instead of 'hardly tolerating'; I knew that in 'nodosa ulmus ubi cum taxo copulat umbras,' instead of 'perpetrating a harshness' I had given a really good and Latin translation of a line which Gilbert and others had

miserably botched; and that the rhythm, though exceptional, was good; all this I knew, and yet blushed to speak out and give my reasons, when lo! my good genius delivered me from my embarrassment.

I felt a twitch at the ear and looking up perceived my patron Naso standing at my elbow: I knew him at once by his bust which I possess, and will warrant henceforward against all gainsayers. "Blush, by Apollo!" he began: "'ei mihi! *rusticitas*, non pudor ille fuit.' I tell you that line 'nubilus ad lunam rusticitatis agit' is one of your best. Not to be used in elegiac poetry, because it is a legal phrase! Is your critic aware that I was as proud of my law as of my poetry? You know what my old friend, Seneca Pater, says of my speaking: I often saw him taking notes: he brags too much of his memory, though it was a good one. That legal phrase, as you know, I have used in my elegiacs again and again; in my Heroides, my Remedy, my Fasti, and my Tristia where alas! I really meant it. Nay, Propertius himself, who never spoke a declamation in his life, grasped me warmly by the hand on my suggesting this phrase to him, as he was reading to me one of his best elegies. Now—a truce to your foolish *rusticitas*, for I hate the thing as much as I love the word—I prefer your line to Gray's, because yours is one of your very best, and his is one of his worst. I have learnt English in Limbo, and know it as well as I once knew Getic, tho' I should find it harder to write a poem in your fantastical rhythms. I am only speaking Latin to give you an inkling of how *we* used to pronounce it: your critic I venture to say would relish our pronunciation as little as your verses. Your *nubilus* is quite to the point; rack my wits as I may, I can help you to no better. Hand me your Library copy there, that I may see how Gilbert turns 'moping.' Why, he shirks it altogether. Does he call this elegiac verse? It reads to me like some odd amalgam of bad Latin and bad English. How we have all laughed at what he calls his 'Emendations' of us all! So your critic objects to your 'mugit ut arva boum.' Does he not know that this movement is just as good in the pentameter as in the hexameter? that both Propertius and I learnt from Virgil how indispensable it was for varied rhythm? You recollect that one of my elegies, and not the worst, gets its whole point from the frequent recurrence of 'excute poste seram: tempora noctis eunt'; and that Virgil begins his Aeneid with 'arma virumque cano.' I loved Tibullus, as you know; though of course under the circumstances I puffed him a little in my Epicedium. His verse is far too monotonous, owing in part to his too restricted use of this very rhythm. He does use it, however, and so does his pupil Lygdamus. Your critic flouts too your 'nodosa úlmus ubi': well I never should have guessed that his ear was alive to the Latin accent. It *is* an exceptional movement; but once in a way it supplies a piquant variety. I often think of Virgil's 'spelunca alta fuit,' and fifty similar rhythms; and I have imitated them myself, and so has Propertius. You were right to employ the movement on this one occasion: you have thus escaped the mortal staleness of the ordinary versions, such as Gilbert's 'in rudium ulmorum'; but to some tastes flat small beer is brisk nectar. The reverberation of your critic's and Gilbert's joint 'reboans' has positively given me a headache. I feel as if I were struggling 'Tethyos in tenebris,' vainly essaying to reach the bottom of those bottomless 'antres vast'; where I might hope to be out of hearing of the 'dulce furens vita' of that Aeolian harp."—I looked and he was gone.

Thus, Sir, has the timely intervention of my patron Ovid saved my modesty and me from the pain of self-glorification. I am truly sorry for my late critic, whom though unknown to me, I should judge to be a well-meaning man; but he has brought his discomfiture on himself. He wanted 'fairly to have it out with Mr. Munro'; and the simplest rules of self-defence told me how to deal with such an antagonist.

H. A. J. Munro.

THE CIVIL SERVICE OF ENGLAND.

If it be true, as has been alleged, that the Civil Service of India is everybody's business, it may be urged with equal truth that the Civil Service at home is nobody's business. The vitality given to the one by the necessary exercise of wide administrative powers, from the Governor of a Province to the youngest Competition-wallah, contrasts with the flat and so-called "circumlocutory" duties of a Deputy Comptroller at Whitehall or a Junior Clerk at Somerset House. The attractiveness of the wide personal influence, social status, liberal remuneration, and comfortable pensions enjoyed by the civilian in the East, has cast a dimness over the unrecognised social position and desk-work life of those who spend their days in our very handsome but very dull Government buildings. The one is a career which from the first attracts public notice in proportion to its usefulness and vigour, and which can always gather fresh importance at every stride; in the other there is the complaint that many are called and few chosen, that a long life of honest usefulness, if it does not close in harness on a modest salary, will end in superannuation on a despicable pittance. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the interest in the Home Civil Service has been hitherto limited to those who are practically concerned. During the last twenty years Government interference has scarcely effected more than the introduction of a variety of specific educational tests; what private interference there has been on the part of civilians themselves has taken the form of voluminous humble Petitions for redress of grievances, which in the absence of a direct Court of Appeal, have had to travel along a very zigzag and dangerous path, subject to all manner of vexatious impediments and emendations. They must pass from the Petitioners to the Chief Clerk, from this worthy to his Secretary, from the Secretary to his Honourable Board, from the Honourable Board to a messenger, who finally lands the mangled documents, red tape and all, on the doorstep of my Lords of the Treasury. But there, unhappily, sits the Raven on the "pallid bust" of Retrenchment and mutters "Nevermore." If, however, the papers chance to reach my Lords in an unmutilated condition, it is just possible that a supernumerary clerk may be added to the overworked establishment, and the annual wage of some of the most deserving establishment clerks increased by 10*l.*—but no step is taken in the direction of a complete reform.

This kind of patching has had its day; the cloak of office has been worn quite threadbare, and is grown unsuited to present times. Her Majesty's Civil Servants are, as a body, too public-spirited ever to think of showing a mutinous front, or of entering into firm and energetic union against their common enemy—disorganization. In spite of respectful and legitimate agitation they have remained to all intents and purpose stationary, while the wrongs of other communities have been freely discussed. At last, however, very active interference bids fair to displace sluggish indifference. A Royal Commission is sitting on the question, and has perhaps by this time completed its onerous undertaking. The Members of this Commission are perfectly qualified for doing good work towards the reorganization of the most ill-constructed of our national institutions. Many hundreds, I may say thousands, of interested people are on the watch for the Report which shall make order out of Chaos, shall plant a firm heel on many frivolous anomalies, and shall, let us hope, place the home service of the Crown on a footing of comparative equality with the sister services abroad.

It would be presumptuous to venture upon any anticipatory remarks respecting the Report of this Commission; but a few words, based on some general experience of what is doing in the service, may not be out of season.

The characteristic defect of the Civil Service is the absence of anything like cohesion—each particular branch has seemed to want to go its own way; to have its own stamp of clerk; its own scale of salary; its own arrangements as to hours of attendance and vacation; and its own special subjects for the entrance examination. Not that a branch of learning more or less, or a higher or lower standard of work, has determined either the social status or the scale of remuneration. These are circumscribed, in great measure, by locality. The course of nature is here reversed. The sun of prosperity and official favour which rises so brilliantly in the extreme West, over Westminster and Whitehall, becomes clouded as it journeys eastwards, and sinks into complete obscurity in Thames Street.

Starting from the stately palace in Downing Street, with its exquisitely tiled floors, richly-decorated corridors, arabesque ceilings, and marble staircases, we leave the Foreign Office and the Departments on its right and left, which, ranked as Whitehall Offices, have acquired a prescriptive title to special recognition. Yet in this favoured quarter, let it be understood, there is no dead level of official status. I can count the grades on the fingers of both hands, but that is as much as I can do; for the Treasury is not the Local Government Board; nor is the Colonial Department the Paymaster-General's Office, any more than the Admiralty at Whitehall is the Admiralty at Spring Gardens. A little farther eastward and the charm disperses, even in sight of the noble building which was erected on the ruins of Protector Somerset's Palace, now a sombre beehive whence issues some of the best and most responsible work of the country. But then Somerset House has a façade on the Strand; and appointments to the offices within this block of buildings are not so much coveted as those we have left. Here again, we have another separate and distinct miniature feudal system with clearly-defined gradations of rank, each being subject to its own kind of tenure, and owing suit and service to a particular Board or Commission. Quite irrespective of the character of the work to be performed, the salaries are graduated according to the *number* of clerks necessary to the well-being of each particular department. Consequently there is a kind of tortuous incline from the Department of the Surveyor of Taxes up to a branch known as the Accountant's; from this to another grade, and thence to the Legacy and Succession Duty Office; thence to what is known as the Solicitor's Department, and finally to the Secretary's province; which, encircling as it does the apartments of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, occupies the top round of this ladder of "Stamps and Taxes." Nothing short of a labour of love would incite either writer or reader to traverse critically the other superior and inferior suites of departmental lodgings in this building. Leaving the Strand, our sympathy waxes fainter as we pass the thresholds of Chancery Lane, Old Jewry, and St. Martin's-le-Grand, and is completely exhausted on reaching the Custom House in Billingsgate. In this ill-favoured district the

> "Spirit of nature, all-sufficing power
> Necessity,"

has first blossomed into the Co-operative Store—the only institution bearing the name of Civil Service about which there is a unanimous fellow-feeling; where courtier and exciseman, Privy Councillor and tide-waiter, may stand abreast at the counter waiting with smiling equanimity for their cheap groceries. When I say that this is the only institution in the service which affords an instance of thorough cohesion, I use the expression advisedly, for the Musical Society is not patronized half as much as it should be, the once hopeful Civil Service Club in St. James's Street had not, as Dr. Johnson would

say, "Salt enough to keep itself sweet, nor vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction," and was "lost to name and fame," when a large number of outsiders, elected on the eve of impending bankruptcy, re-christened it "The Thatched House." Less disastrous was the idea of a Civil Service College, for luckily it never took shape except as an elaborate prospectus: and there it still remains, in spite of an array of Vice-Presidents composed of Marquesses and Earls enough to float a dozen companies.

The moral of all this is obvious. In England an appointment in the Civil Service, unlike a commission in the army or a junior command in the navy, confers neither status nor consideration. Up to the year 1855 the Civil Service was too often the most available bait for official corruption, or the most comfortable home for the scions of noble houses. In France and Germany the simple citizen once clothed in official garb considers himself an effluence of the supreme power; and the national recognition of his professional status gives him a certain amount of importance. Here, on the other hand, the Civil Servant is looked upon rather in the light of an outgrowth, to be tolerated because it cannot be shaken off, than as part of a system without which the machinery of Government could not exist for a single day. Consequently he is only too anxious to leave his official garb on the back of his official chair, and to limit his connection with the Civil Service to what may be required of him between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. It would be idle to suppose that there should be complete social equality among all men calling themselves members of the Civil Service, and that cards of invitation should be issued from Grosvenor Square to Her Majesty's subordinate *employés* in the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum as freely as to the Clerks in the Foreign Office. Indeed the question of social rank is of no importance whatever, for younger sons are by no means unknown outside the Whitehall offices. But official status *is* important; and so long as the service remains parcelled out into countless subdivisions instead of being brought within a few accurately-defined circles (concerning which, more anon), so long will there be houses divided against themselves, and petty discord remain the distinguishing badge of the English Civil Service.

I propose to refer briefly to the state of things from the year 1855, when limited competitive examinations first obtained in the Civil Service, to the year 1870, when limited was superseded by unlimited competition; then to notice the period of stagnation from 1870 to the present time; and finally to remark on some needful reform.

In the year 1855, about the time that the Civil Service of India was wrested from the authorities at Haileybury, a system of limited competition under patronage nomination was introduced into the Civil Service at home. It was a period of transitional activity. Mental and material remodelling was the order of the day. The time-honoured high stool was cut down, and many a lattice-work alcove, feebly reflected in the modern money-order office, was swept away. Then it was that a general cannonade was opened from the various strongholds of the service on the newly appointed Civil Service Commissioners, touching what should be considered appropriate intellectual tests for the innumerable subdivisions then mapped out; for provision was made that all such arrangements should be left more or less "to the discretion of the chief authorities of each department." The Order in Council which effected this alteration is dated 21st May, 1855: it is short and concise. The last clause runs as follows:—

"And it is lastly hereby ordered that in case the chief of any department considers it desirable to appoint to any situation for which there are no prescribed limits of age a person of mature age having acquired special qualifications for the appointment in other pursuits, such person shall not in virtue of this Order be required to obtain a certificate

from the said Commissioners in order to obtaining such appointment; but the chief of the department shall cause the appointment of any person not previously examined to be formally recorded as having been made on account of special qualifications." In other words, that the substantial rewards of meritorious practical experience may be alienated, in the so-called interests of the public service, to *protégés* who must needs be schooled in the seminary of their own subordinates. That perfectly legitimate and wholesome transfers have been effected under the operation of this paragraph none will deny: that illegitimate appointments have been made under it is equally certain: and hence the clause has been stigmatised as "the jobbery clause."

But the completion of the arrangements for examining the miscellaneous batches of Candidates for different departments could only have been effected after very great labour, and under the wing of a consummate master of detail and organization. As I remarked before, every department wanted its own particular scheme of examination, and had it. The schemes varied considerably. Some were wisely drawn, some driftless, some were not to be justified on logical grounds, some were too easy, and scarcely any difficult enough.

Thus, to notice a few cases in point.

(*a*) The Irish Office of Works will have "Geography" as a prescribed subject. The English Office of Works will not.

(*b*) Geography is imperative for the National Debt Office, but does not appear in the scheme for the Office of Woods.

(*c*) Only the "leading points" of History are required for the Probate and Divorce Courts; but "the History of the British Empire" is prescribed for the Office of Wills.

(*d*) The superior clerks in the Poor Law Board were let off with Arithmetic and English Composition; but the supplementary clerks had to pass in four subjects, and the Poor Law Commission Clerks in Ireland in eight subjects.

(*e*) History was considered unnecessary for clerks in the Board of Trade, but essential for Assistant Inspectors of Factories.

(*f*) English and General History are prescribed for War-Office Clerks (Pall Mall): but English History only for clerks in the Adjutant-General's Department, the Judge-Advocate-General's Department, and the Quarter-Master General's Office. But in the Commander-in-Chief's particular office, no knowledge of History is required, His Royal Highness having apparently forgotten that a youth once asked the Duke of Wellington if he had ever seen Queen Elizabeth.

(*g*) Clerkships in the House of Lords are obtainable only after a very crucial test in competition with an unlimited number of nominees. Clerkships in the House of Commons are obtainable by a simple Test Examination.

(*h*) The subjects prescribed for Establishment Clerks in the Treasury harmonize very nearly with those prescribed for clerks in the Custom House and Inland Revenue, and the general standard is really much lower than that for the Colonial Office.

These examples will indicate the degree of elaborate detail which was forced upon the new Board of Management. The statistical tables of one of the annual Civil Service Reports record distinct special arrangements for 202 classes of applicants for examination, from messengers and counter-women to establishment clerks. Under the head of Admiralty, for instance, there are no less than 30 separate classes or sections, from the clerks in the Naval Department to dockyard apprentices and labourers, with specific arrangements as to age and subjects for examination. Scheme No. 30, headed "Examination for promotion in Dockyards," is subdivided into thirty-four parts, and comprehends the necessary qualifications of every class of workmen, from storehousemen to coopers and ropemakers. Taking then a broad view of the whole matter, is it possible to conceive that a project of this calibre, however cleverly carried out, would popularize itself, or not tend to split up the service into a number of independent States?

Nevertheless, the scheme, as such, aided the cause of modern education in a very significant manner. The Modern Departments in Public Schools may be said to date from periods subsequent to the Order in Council of May 1855. Previous to their inauguration, English Literature and Geography, English History and Science, excited just such an amount of attention as a schoolboy was willing to give to a holiday task. But the "chief authorities" in the Government, in alliance with the Civil Service Commissioners, considered that the introduction of simple supplementary tests, in addition to one of the three stock subjects of education in most schools, could not possibly do much harm, and might be useful safeguards. Nor did the amusing details published in the earliest reports belie their anxiety on this head, seeing that along with painful catastrophes in Vulgar Fractions, History, and Geography, it was related that young English gentlemen had contrived to spell the word "Mediterranean" in fifteen different ways. At the same time it was deemed expedient to introduce the new movement with the gentlest pressure by issuing no more than three nominations for each vacancy, all requisite proficiency being guaranteed by a stringently-enforced minimum standard for each of the prescribed subjects of examination.

The experiment provided for more losers than winners, and was obviously unpopular. The proceedings of the new Commissioners, who stood with inexorable firmness within the letter of law, and would have their "pound of flesh," were canvassed in no friendly spirit; the examination papers were laughed at; and inquiries as to whither such rapid marches of fledgling intellect would lead us, became common enough. That some of the earliest examination papers, though not too simple for the majority of candidates, were absurdly frivolous and elementary, and appeared to invite rather than to discourage "smattering," is unquestionable; but let it be remembered the experiment was on its first legs; that all concerned, from the Commissioners to the nominees, were novices, and that scarcely a readable text-book existed; for the works of Freeman, Stubbs, Pearson, Green, Marsh, Hughes, Morley, Minto, Abbott, Trench, Craik, Whitney, Masson, Morris, and other commentators in the departments of classical, scientific, and foreign literature were not yet published. The shortcomings of the new experiment penetrated the public mind; the aftergrowth of strength and improvement, generated by experience and thoughtful treatment, has seemed rather to aggravate than pacify our first anxieties. But any one who will contrast the trivial questions on English Literature which were propounded some dozen years ago, virtually soliciting superficial knowledge at every turn, with the admirably drawn and searching paper, set at the last examination to Candidates for the Civil Service of India; or will compare the questions, under the head of "English History," which went before Candidates examined about the same time for clerkships in the Inland Revenue, with the standard set up at the last Open Home Service Competition—indeed, all the early, with the recent papers—will see that the able, scholarly and sound text books of the authors just named have been abundantly laid under contribution. Very few persons, indeed, have cared to note in what way and to what extent the existence of the Civil Service Commission has expanded and influenced general education in this country; doubtless the tendency to progress in our advancing age would have provoked a little more pace, even if the Commission had never existed; still it would be interesting to ascertain what alterations, incipient or substantial, have been made in the curriculum of every important educational corporation or seminary since the 21st May, 1855.

Not that any amount of circumstantial evidence on this head would be gracefully admitted for a body such as the Civil Service, against which there exists so much prejudice. But I am persuaded

much of this prejudice would disappear. if official Reports were periodically issued, based on those of the Examiners, and showing the percentage of thoroughness, mediocrity, and smattering in the special education of Candidates. And it would be interesting to compare such reports respecting the healthy mental vigour, or the misdirected powers, of these young men, with Sir William Gull's septennial analysis of the physical vigour of students, whose health, in the opinion of the orthodox British matron, is sacrificed at the shrine of "competition." Sir William's report deals with 468 cases, of which no less than 295 were ticketed "unexceptionable development of frame;" 121 "moderate or mean strength;" only 52, therefore, were "inclined to weakness."

Early in the year 1870 it was rumoured that Her Majesty's Ministers were, some of them, wearied of the nuisance of having to nominate the relatives of their friends, acquaintances, or supporters to compete for every junior clerkship that occurred within the sphere of their patronage, and were willing to fall in with the more advanced views of other members of the Cabinet who regarded "open competition" as part of the natural evolution of their political creed. Something like uniformity in the process of recruiting the service was to be introduced; severer intellectual tests would be devised for aspirants to the better class of appointments; and the successful competitors would enter at once on responsible official duties, and receive stipends commensurate with those duties. At the Court at Balmoral, held on the 4th June, 1870, an Order in Council was passed, throwing open appointments to the competition of all persons of requisite age, health, and character. A few exceptions were scheduled separately, but nearly all the Government offices proper, from the Treasury to the Excise, were brought within the scope of the Order.

It is needless to add that the proviso already quoted in full for placing persons, whose knowledge and ability are "peculiar," over the heads of other persons of long official service who are perfectly well able to do the work, reappears as a desirable element in this effective transformation. There were to be two classes of appointments, designated respectively as "Class i." and "Class ii." For the latter the limit of age was fixed at 16 to 20, and a simple uniform competitive test was prescribed. For Class i. the limit of age was to be 18 to 24, and the scheme of examination was moulded on the principles of that prescribed for the Civil Service of India, with the exception that Jurisprudence and Political Economy were substituted for Sanskrit and Arabic. The pruning-knife was to be freely applied to every official plant with the view of trimming the superannuated branches and cutting away the suckers, both of which were obstructive of healthy vitality. At the same time communications were to be opened by the Civil Service Commissioners with the "chief authorities," to fix the status and complexion of the departments over which they presided; but the half-refractory tone of some, and the wavering demeanour of others, exaggerated the general embarrassment. The result was stagnation, for nothing definite was settled. True, some examinations were held periodically for the purpose of filling up second-class gaps. When, however, the more important examination took place under the Regulations for Class i., the handful of men who passed through their comprehensive and crucial test, were drafted into different establishments in the old-fashioned way, and on the old-fashioned wage of 90*l.* a year. The Order in Council did not contain a line on the subject of augmenting salaries; but it had been bruited abroad that the purport of the new regulations was to secure for Class i. men of superior ability, who might be coaxed (not hoaxed) into the service by the prospect of immediate responsible work and suitable pay—at least each one had hoped, after passing scatheless through such a desperately-contested ordeal, to earn a few shillings a week more than his father's coachman. Still

greater reason had each one to expect that if an opportunity arose to transfer a junior clerk to a "crack" department, the preferment would be given to one who had fulfilled the provisions of the recent enactments, in preference to a clerk who had done nothing of the sort. But balked in his original expectation, he has also been foiled in the matter of "transfer," and may well muse over Spenser's lines on the disappointed courtier :—

> "Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
> What hell it is in suing long to bide;
> To loose good dayes, that might be better spent,
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
> To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow."

Now, if open competition is to be a *sine quâ non* for England (and I very much doubt the wisdom of abolishing the nomination system in every nook and corner of the service), the same even-handed justice should be exercised towards all who compete successfully as the selected Candidates for the India Civil Service meet with. These latter know exactly "sur quel pied danser;" they are answerable to the rules of a responsible tribunal until they start for India, and they know that nothing unsubstantial will be offered to them when they get here. But for the English Civil Servants there is practically no responsible tribunal, and when anything goes amiss the odium is cast on the Examining Board. The Royal Commission of Inquiry was not set to work a day too soon. It is understood that its task is completed; but no one appears yet to have "interviewed" the Commissioners, and we must be content for a few days more with the rumour that very varied and important evidence has been taken, and the hope that the recommendations, if adopted, will be productive of a little *esprit de corps*, and that into howsoever many sections it is proposed to parcel out the service, there may be something like cohesiveness in each.

The subject is being dealt with in such an elaborate manner, that I wish to do no more than remark very generally on what has struck me as a suitable basis of operations. The service is under no system of responsible supervision and inspection, nor is there any recognised head centre of authority, except the Treasury Board—at best a Court of Exchequer for hearing fiscal grievances. Any class-appeal to this Board, other than through the tangled process already described, would amount to deliberate insubordination; and it says a great deal for the loyalty of our Civil Servants, that they have always preserved becoming discipline under so meandering a system of representation. A proposal was made a few months ago to form a Control Department, by adding two Assistant Civil Service Commissioners to the present staff. I doubt the expediency of this. The Civil Service Commission is an Examining Board, and as some 15,000 cases were dealt with in the short space of eighteen months, the labour involved may be considered sufficiently diffusive to require a distinct Department. If a Court of General Management and Appeal is to be instituted, it should be thoroughly representative, and should take the form of a permanent Committee composed of civilians who have served not less than twenty years, and who really know the practical internal working of one or other branch of the service. The civilian needs his Court of Equity, and would have confidence in undeniably representative judges. For such a Committee there would be abundance of useful work, not the least important part of which would be the periodical inspection of the different departments, for testing not merely the opinions of "chief authorities," but the actual working of the machinery itself. In one particular respect such official visitations might be very efficacious and beneficial. There is an Order that remains unrepealed, ordaining that each clerk "shall enter on a period of probation, during which his conduct and capacity in the transaction of business shall be subjected to such tests as may be

determined by the Chief of the Department to which he is attached, and shall not remain in the public service after six months from the date of his appointment, unless satisfactory proofs of his fitness shall have been furnished to the Chief of such Department." The spirit of this proviso would seem to be that all Government duties shall be committed, not to learned and lazy, but to efficient and zealous men. Hitherto it has been interpreted so leniently, that in many departments there are clerks who encumber rather than aid their superiors. If the present partial disestablishment of the service in favour of writers at 10*d.* an hour, is to lead to fewer superior clerks with more work and better pay, it will be to the interest of each office that this salutary clause be more respected in future.

Another moot point is whether or not there should be unrestricted competition for every feature of the service. We are launching into boundless competition with the recklessness of men who should start a balloon without ballast. In very many offices the earliest duties of junior clerks may be described as irksome, though, to a certain extent, irresponsible. The official managers of these offices are perfectly satisfied if the Commissioners will send them recruits, who (the question of education being always understood) are quick of observation and uniformly painstaking. Perhaps as many as five-sixths of the new members should be men of this quality; and no doubt the most handy and lawful way of finding them is by means of an open competitive examination. In some few departments, however, the most elementary duties are of a confidential and responsible nature; and, although there is, *primâ facie*, no reason why the Candidate caught in the net of open competition should not be worthy of the most responsible and confidential work, yet I maintain that the nomination system, well filtered through a severe competitive examination, would be the best to adopt in such special cases.

Surprising as it will seem to many, it is quite true that, relatively speaking, and setting aside the question of nomination, it is more difficult to pass into the Foreign Office than into the India Civil Service. The severity of an examination should be gauged, not by the numbers, but by the proportion of able men competing. For the "Indian," with its average of 210 competitors, it is the exception if more than 90 very strong men present themselves; and as there are usually from 35 to 40 vacancies, the chances are rather less than 3 to 1 against a good man. Of late years fewer than 6 candidates have never been nominated to compete for a single vacancy in the Foreign Office, and it has frequently happened they have *all* been strong, for not only has the Patronage List not always been adhered to, but special invitations have been sent to the Masters of Balliol and Trinity to put forward candidates of proved strength, and thus aid in making a real difficulty more difficult. If this is not a genuine and statesmanlike way of paying court to our Modern Goddess, what is?

I must here anticipate the question, "If these men are so strong and so able, why do they not face the open Competition?" My answer is, judging from what has been published, that if they had competed in either of the two open examinations which have been held under Class i., they would have carried the day. But the result would have been that right men would have been consigned to wrong places, and the wholesale resignation of eminently-qualified men would have ensued. By all means let the literary test be made the same for all, and let the road to success be barricaded with comparatively difficult impediments; but do not sacrifice everything to a plausible idea at a single throw, for these are not times when it is safe to take a step backwards.

In the remarks which conclude this paper I shall, in deference to the Report of the Royal Commission about to be published, and for other reasons, abstain from particularising the titles of departments or subdivisions of departments, grouped below. But it appears to me quite possible that a little management

might compress the various divisions of the Civil Service under four heads.

(*a*) The half-dozen departments in which it would seem expedient to perpetuate the system of nomination, with a high literary test.

(*b*) The departments, or sections of departments, which should be thrown open to public competition, with the same high literary test.

(*c*) The departments, or sections of departments, which shall also be open to public competition, with an inferior but uniform standard of examination.

(*d*) Supplementary clerks, or "writers," to be selected by open competition after a still simpler literary test.

The present partition of the service into Classes i. and ii. is unfair and meaningless, in that the chief necessary consideration — quality of work — has been disregarded. Anybody who will investigate this matter will assuredly discover that most offices where the staff is necessarily large, are unceremoniously ranged under Class ii. for no other apparent reason than that no pretence should be afforded for altering the smaller scale of pay which in the interests of economy is invariably thought suited to large establishments. Is this real economy? I humbly submit it may prove a costly proceeding, and for this reason. In certain special departments wherein the quality of work is indisputably responsible and high — work that depends upon brains, and not upon mechanical routine—the gain to the Government of a little personal enthusiasm on the part of its agents, in the place of the mere perfunctory discharge of daily duties, is enormous.

It may make a vast difference to the efficiency of an office whether the work is conducted "au pied de la lettre," in an honest jog-trot fashion, in return for "value received as per agreement," or whether the business is approached, throughout all its grades, in a spirit of personal interest. But enthusiasm is not kindled with Treasury wet blankets, nor with schemes of reform which do not discriminate between what should be suppressed and what should be invigorated. The wisdom displayed in providing the inexpensive "writer" system for the elementary duties of a particular department is rendered nugatory by entirely ignoring the distinct professional claims of the upper section of that department, simply because it happens to be one of a batch of offices under this or that Board or Secretariat, and because it would be inconvenient to deal handsomely with the claims of the one for brain work, and not with the claims of the others for routine work.

In one of the Revenue Departments at Somerset House, known as the Legacy and Succession Duty Office, where the duties are intensely technical, responsible, and laborious (the reports of the Exchequer Court causes will conclusively bear this out), the superior clerks, some fifty in number, are not only docketed as belonging to Class ii., but have signally failed in repeated endeavours to obtain the same modest scale of remuneration that has long since been accorded to their official neighbours. I quote this case as one among many, in explanation of what is intended by the term "Section of Departments," and in illustration of the claims of certain of these sections (affiliated, as it were, to Secretariats) to the right of competing on equal terms with the Secretariats themselves. These I would bring under Class *b*. The other sections of the same families, wherein the work is of a lower order, would be grouped with the inferior departments under Class *c*, and would be recruited by men who had passed the lower grade examination.

The plan of employing writers for the elementary duties in certain departments is worthy of more businesslike treatment than has been given to it. The blending of skilled with unskilled labour is generally felt to be the greatest injustice of the present system; and no reform is likely to be of any real benefit throughout the length and breadth of the service that does not begin by accepting this fact. The merchant who employs a hundred clerks would not dream of allowing a youth to perform elementary work at

30*s.* a week on one day, and very responsible work on the same pittance the next day. But this is notoriously the case in many of the large Government offices. The clerk who, in the order of seniority, increases his pay from say 100*l.* to 120*l.* a year, not unfrequently succeeds at the same time to work ostensibly worth 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year. Such an anomaly, though bad enough among establishment clerks, is much worse when extended to temporary writers; the former have at least some kind of direct permanent interest in the welfare of their department; but the latter, who may resign or be dismissed at seven days' notice, cannot be expected to conceal their indifference to what is going on around them. The work of a writer should be limited to duties of a purely mechanical and ordinary kind—work that a junior establishment clerk could be intrusted to supervise; but if the growing evil of allowing such workmen to be drafted, for the sake of imaginary economy, into responsible positions, be not checked, the valuable time of superior clerks will be sapped in spasmodic efforts to teach birds of passage, engaged to work at 10*d.* an hour.

Lastly, I would remark that the desire to introduce the City Clerk system into the English Civil Service is full of real danger. It has been considered advisable to fashion the interior of a Government office after the model of commercial firms by dividing large profits among a few senior clerks, and setting aside a small balance of money for distribution among the people who are mainly instrumental in realizing these profits. The two cases are not and can never be made identical. Is it likely that young men who are chosen to aid in the work of Government by virtue of exceptionally high literary attainments, will care to preserve the old spirit of allegiance on principles of commercial bondage? And if once the high, unselfish tone which has always been a distinguishing mark of the rank and file of the service be suffered to lapse into selfish nonchalance, our administrators may discover that it is quite possible to buy in a dear market and sell in a cheap one.

If the spirit of the times demands a complete revolution in the tottering traditions of the Civil Service, it is to be hoped that "competitive" legislation may not, by a process of disintegration, convert what should be a powerful and well-disciplined force of the Crown into a mere independent Union, wherein cheap inefficiency may soon develop the seeds of discontent and seditious agitation.

W. Baptiste Scoones.

NATURAL RELIGION.

I.

There are two very opposite parties among us at the present day, whose language is in one respect very strikingly similar. The Christian Church has from the beginning spoken with a certain contempt of learning. "The wisdom of the world," "oppositions of science falsely so called," "to the Greeks foolishness;" these are the phrases of one of the earliest and highest of Christian authorities. In our own country the two most powerful of Christian movements, Puritanism and Evangelicalism, have been distinctly marked with this characteristic feature, although it might be possible to mention one or two learned Evangelicals and several learned Puritans. That there have been, and are, a vast number of men at the same time Christian and learned, does not affect the fact that Christianity holds itself aloof from and in a manner superior to learning. Such men, where their Christian feeling has been intense, have often spoken disparagingly of their own learning, as of a thing of little value, and have taken a pride in placing themselves on a level with the ignorant. If it is true that eloquent vindications of learning from the Christian point of view might be quoted, lofty assertions of the sympathy of Christianity for whatever is true and elevated, such assertions do not prove so much as is proved by the necessity of making them. If we admire them, it is rather because we love learning than because we love Christianity. We admire them as noble deviations from the Christian tradition, in a point where we have a misgiving that Christianity may be narrow. Yet this contempt for *learning* no Christian would admit to be equivalent to a contempt for *knowledge*. Knowledge, a certain kind of knowledge, Christians maintain to be the only thing worth having. Wealth, power, everything that is counted desirable, they despise in comparison with a certain kind of knowledge. It is among these things comparatively despicable that they class what is commonly called learning. They despise it not *as* learning, but as learning comparatively worthless in quality, as being but a counterfeit of the true learning which it is happiness and salvation to possess.

Now in this respect quite an opposite school hold the very same language. Scientific men resemble Christians, in treating with great contempt what goes by the name of learning and philosophy, in comparison with another sort of wisdom which they believe themselves to possess. Like Christians, they are no contemners of knowledge; on the contrary, in praise of knowledge they grow eloquent, and use language of scriptural elevation. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding." It is their unceasing cry that all good is to be expected from the increase of true knowledge; that the happiness, both of the race and individuals, depends upon the advance of real science, and the application of it to human life. Yet they have a contempt for learning, which is just as Christian in its tone as their love for knowledge. "Erudition" and "philosophy" are terms of contempt in their mouths. The first they consider to be, for the most part, a criminal waste of time; philosophy they denounce as consisting mainly of empty words, and offering solutions either imaginary or unintelligible of problems which are either imaginary or unintelligible themselves. In some scientific men this feeling of contempt for learning is concealed; they will profess to admire scholarship and erudition, speaking of it as a graceful accomplishment; and it is only in unguarded moments that they

betray their conviction that it is nothing more; others proclaim it loudly, and some even wish to bring public opinion to bear upon the matter, so as to prevent as an immorality the acquiring of useless knowledge.

Thus, the old religious school, and that new school whose convictions we see now gradually acquiring the character of a religion, agree in combining a passionate love for what they believe true knowledge, with a contempt for so-called learning and philosophy. The common enemy of both is what the one school calls, and the other might well call, "the wisdom of the world." But though agreeing so far, these two schools hate their common enemy much less than they hate each other. For each regards the "true wisdom" of the other as worse and more mischievous than the wisdom of the world which each rejects. To the scientific school the Christian γνῶσις is a mystical superstition, compared with which "learning and philosophy" are science itself. To the Christian, modern science is a darkness compared with which the science that St. Paul rejected might almost be called Christianity.

Nothing is so terrible as this clashing of opposite religions. Differences on important subjects are always painful, but the direct shock of contrary enthusiasms has something appalling about it. That one man's highest truth should be another man's deadliest falsehood; that one man should be ready to die in disinterested self-devotion for a cause which another man is equally ready to oppose at the sacrifice of his life; this is a horror which is none the less horrible because it has often been witnessed on this perplexed planet. But often it has been seen, long after the conflict was over, that there had been misapprehension; that the difference of opinion was not really anything like so complete as it seemed. Nay, it has often happened that a later generation has seen the difference to be very small indeed, and has wondered that so much could have been made of it. In such cases the mind is relieved of that fancy of a radical discord in human nature. We see that self-devotions have not really clashed in such fell antagonism. We see that with self-devotion there may mix less noble feelings, and that the immitigable hostility of religious strife may be caused by a mixture of ardent conviction with some impulses less noble, with some that are blamable and some that are even ludicrous, with mere pugnacity, with the passion of gratifying self-importance, with the half noble pleasure that there is in fighting, and the ignoble pleasure that there is in giving pain.

It would certainly be hard enough to show that the present strife between Christianity and science is one in which insignificant differences are magnified by the imagination of the combatants. The question is nothing less than this, whether we are to regard the grave with assured hope, and the ties between human beings as indissoluble by death; or, on the other hand, to dismiss the thought of a future life as too doubtful to be worth considering, even if not absolutely chimerical. No reasoning can make such a difference into a small one. But even where the differences are so great, it may still be worth while to call attention to the points of agreement. In our penury of truth we ought to make the very utmost of our agreements. Let us rescue whatever we can from the waves of doubt; sailors thrown shipwrecked on a desert island must save what they can, not what they would. If there is some truth, however small, upon which all can agree, then there is some action upon which all can unite; and who can tell how much may be done by anything so rare as absolute unanimity? Moreover, if we look closely, we shall always find our agreement to be more than we had expected. It seems as if men valued difference of opinion for its own sake. We seem not to care for any doctrine that is not controvertible. We talk with contempt of platitudes and truisms. Platitudes and truisms do not work up into interesting books; but if our object is to accomplish something for human life, we shall scarcely find any truth serviceable that has not

been rubbed into a truism, and scarcely any maxim that has not been worn into a platitude. But men seldom apply to truths this test of practice; they try them by the other test, which is the test of talk and debate. Thus it happens that ten points of agreement seem less important in most assemblies than one point of difference. Why is it men do not discover by experience the waste that is caused by this method? Either they must have a great deal of time on their hands, or else they have most unreasonable expectations from controversy. But I return to my point.

We are all familiar with the language used by Christians in disparagement of learning. God, they say, has revealed to men all that is essential for them to know. By the side of revealed knowledge what the human intellect can discover for itself is of little importance. If it seem to clash with revelation it is mischievous; if not it may be useful in a subordinate degree. But at the best it is contemptible by the side of the "one thing needful;" and the greatest discoverer that ever lived is a trifler compared with the most simple-minded Christian who has studied to fulfil the requirements of the Gospel.

There is indeed a true erudition and a true philosophy, the subject of which is God's revelation itself. Scholars, profoundly read in the sources of theology, whether they be supposed to be the Bible or the Fathers of the Church; philosophers who have made the Christian revelation their basis, or have collected and elucidated the evidence of it—these are truly wise, and escape the censure of frivolity under which secular learning lies; but even these, illustrious and venerable as they may be, will acknowledge that there is a wisdom beyond their own, which the humblest Christian may possess, the wisdom of simple belief and love.

We are less familiar as yet with the invectives of scientific men against what has long passed for learning and philosophy in the world. Different sections of the scientific school bring the accusation in different language. Yet the same feeling, the same strong and contemptuous conviction, pervades the whole school. What they reject and assail is, in two words, knowledge based on authority, and knowledge wanting an inductive basis.

That the utterances of great and famous philosophers are to be taken as truth; that in science as in the civil law, the *responsa prudentum* have a binding force; has been accepted in some departments of knowledge up to the present day. Long after the authority of Aristotle had been shaken new thinkers were allowed to occupy a similar place in some branches, and from Descartes to Hegel a sort of monarchical rule has prevailed in metaphysics. The scientific school tolerates nothing of this kind. Not that it refuses to reverence superior minds, not perhaps that it is altogether incapable of yielding to the temptation of trusting a particular authority for a while too much, or following a temporary fashion. But as a general rule it rejects as a superstition the notion that the most superior mind is at all infallible; it dissents without scruple from those whom it reverences most; and on the other hand the most eminent members of it encourage this freedom, are well pleased to be contradicted, and avoid assuming an oracular style as a mark of charlatanry. Such a *coup d'état* in philosophy as that of Auguste Comte is resolutely resisted, and the autocracy of Hegel comes to an end, not by the accession of a new monarch, but rather by the proclamation of a republic in German philosophy.

By the introduction of this new principle, a large proportion of the doctrine current in the world is branded with the mark of spuriousness. In theology, metaphysics, moral philosophy, history, politics, the principle of authority has reigned hitherto with more or less exclusiveness. The repudiation of it is a revolution in those departments of knowledge. It converts whole libraries into waste-paper, silences controversies that have raged for ages, reduces to worthlessness the whole store of learning hived up in many capacious memories.

It throws discredit at the same time upon the very name of erudition; not as such, for there is a kind of erudition much appreciated by the scientific school; but because erudition, as hitherto understood, has commonly gone along with, has in a great degree grown out of, an excessive reverence for the opinions of famous men. All that part of erudition, in particular, which is to knowledge what relic-worship is to religion, the laborious collection of minute facts that concern illustrious men, begins to seem superstitious and childish, when the general estimate of human wisdom so decidedly sinks.

But the more important change is in the extension of the Baconian method to the whole domain of philosophy. While one part of the "wisdom of the world" has been discredited as resting solely on authority, another large division of it is now rejected as resting on inductions insufficient or untrustworthy, and another as resting on groundless assumptions, disguised under the name of necessary truths, truths of the reason, truths given in consciousness, &c. The long habit of trying experiments, the vast experience which has been gained of the mistakes which may be made about matters of fact, and of the infinite carelessness of the unscientific mind, has exposed to doubt whatever has been deduced in past ages from facts not recurrent or capable of being reproduced at will. The steady progress of discovery in the experimental sciences has stood out in contrast with the oscillating and unprogressive character of the sciences of mind. Moreover, in their process of extension, the experimental sciences have constantly trenched on the domain which was supposed to lie definitively beyond their limit. Physiology has brought us close to mind, and the old distinction between matter and spirit begins to be slighted as a superstition. The old psychology also is assailed as not properly based on physiology. Moral philosophy does not escape. It, as well as the philosophy of law, has suffered through the influx of new knowledge about remote races of men. Duties and rights, which once appeared axiomatic, and inseparable from human nature, now appear the artificial products of special conditions. The very notion of duty itself is represented as such an artificial product.

All these new ideas gathering upon our minds produce a scepticism with regard to current philosophy which extends much further than the particular beliefs with which they seem to conflict. We have grown so accustomed to find so-called incontrovertible axioms resolve themselves into inveterate prejudices, that we have grown shy of all those facile generalities which captivated former ages. Those current abstractions, which make up all the morality and all the philosophy of most people, have become suspicious and dangerous to us. Mind and matter, duties and rights, morality and expediency, honour and interest, virtue and vice, all these words, which seemed once to express elementary and certain realities, now strike us as just the words which, thrown into the scientific crucible, might dissolve at once. It is thus not merely philosophy which is discredited, but just that homely and popular wisdom by which common life is guided. This too, it appears, instead of being the sterling product of plain experience, is the overflow of a spurious philosophy, the redundance of the uncontrolled speculations of thinkers who were unacquainted with scientific method.

This second change leads to self-distrust, as the first led to distrust of other men. As we learn not to take our truth at second-hand from other thinkers, so we learn that we must not take it, if the expression may be used, from ourselves. Truth is not what *we* think, any more than it is what famous men have thought. That which irresistibly strikes us as true, that which seems self-evident, that which commends itself to us, may nevertheless, we learn, not be true at all. It is not enough to judge for ourselves, to examine the facts independently. We must examine the facts according to a rigorous method, which has been elaborated by a long

series of investigators, and without which neither candour nor impartiality would save us either from seeing wrong, or from receiving unsound evidence, or from generalising too fast, or from allowing some delusive name to come between us and the reality. Distrust of others, distrust of ourselves—if the first of these two factors of the scientific spirit were separated from the second, the result would be mere self-conceit, mere irreverence. As it is, the scientific spirit is simply a jealous watchfulness against that tendency of human nature to read itself into the Universe, which will show itself both in each individual and in the very greatest investigators, and which can only be controlled by rigorously adhering to a fixed process, and rigidly verifying the work of others by the same.

Knowledge, not scientifically obtained and verified, might very fitly be called by the name which Christianity uses. It might be called "human knowledge," or "the wisdom of the world." For the difference between it and genuine knowledge is just this, that it is adulterated by a human element. It is not the result of a contact between the Universe and the naked human intelligence. The perceiving mind has mixed itself up with the thing perceived, and not merely in the way in which it always must, in the way which constitutes cognition, but in quite other and arbitrary ways, by wishes, by prejudices, by crotchets, by vanities. Such humanised views of the Universe have a peculiar though cheap attractiveness. They naturally please the human mind, because, in fact, they were expressly contrived to do so. They adapt themselves readily to rhetoric and poetry, because, in fact, they *are* rhetoric and poetry in disguise. To reject them is to mortify human nature; it is an act of vigorous asceticism. It is to renounce the world as truly as the Christian does when he protests against fashionable vices. It is to reject a pleasant thing on the ground that it is insincere; that it is not in fact what it professes to be. The moral attitude of the man who does it is just such as Hebrew prophets assumed towards the flattering and lying court-prophets of their day; just such as Christianity itself assumed towards Pharisaism; just such as Luther and Knox assumed towards mediævalism; just such as the Puritans assumed towards Prelacy. It is an attitude of indignant sincerity, an attitude marking an inward determination to face the truth of the Universe, however disagreeable, and not to allow it to be adulterated and drugged, so as to suit our human feebleness. If we cannot produce from the authoritative documents of religion texts directly sanctioning it, this is because the particular problem was not presented in ancient times to the nation which gave us our religion. Those documents are full of passages expressing in poetic forms and in language suited to another age the spirit of modern science. Notably, the book of Job, not in occasional passages only, but as its main object and drift, contrasts the conventional, and, as it were, orthodox view of the Universe, with the view which those obtain who are prepared to face its awfulness directly.

Thus the religious view and the scientific view of the Universe, which are thought to be so opposite, agree in this important point. Both protest earnestly against human wisdom. Both wait for a message which is to come to them from without. Religion says, "Let man be silent, and listen when God speaks." Science says, "Let us interrogate Nature, and let us be sure that the answer we get is really Nature's, and not merely an echo of our own voice." Now whether or not religion and science agree in what they recommend, it is evident that they agree in what they denounce. They agree in denouncing that pride of the human intellect which supposes it knows everything, which is not passive enough in the presence of reality, but deceives itself with pompous words instead of things, and with flattering eloquence instead of sober truth.

Here, however, it will be said, the agreement between religion and science ends, and even this agreement is only

apparent. Science protests against the idols or delusions of the human intellect, in order that it may substitute for them the reality of Nature; religion sacrifices all those idols to the greatest of them all, which is God. For what is God—so the argument runs—but a hypothesis, which religious men have mistaken for a demonstrated reality? And is it not precisely against such premature hypotheses that science most strenuously protests? That a Personal Will is the cause of the Universe—this might stand very well as a hypothesis to work with, until facts should either confirm it, or force it to give way to another either different or at least modified. That this Personal Will is benevolent, and is shown to be so by the facts of the Universe, which evince a providential care for man and other animals—this is just one of those plausibilities, which passed muster before scientific method was understood—but modern science rejects it as unproved. Modern science holds that there may be design in the Universe, but that to penetrate the design is, and probably always will be, beyond the power of the human understanding. That this Personal Will has on particular occasions revealed itself by breaking through the customary order of the Universe, and performing what are called miracles—this is one of those legends of which histories were full, until a stricter view of evidence was introduced, and the modern critical spirit sifted thoroughly the annals of the world. But if modern science be right in these opinions, the very notion of God is removed altogether from the domain of practical life. So long as God appeared certainly to exist, He necessarily eclipsed and reduced to insignificance all other existences. So long as it was held possible to discover His will and mind, all other inquiries might reasonably be pronounced frivolous. But all is changed as soon as we begin to regard His existence as a mere hypothesis, and His will as inscrutable and beyond the reach of the human understanding. Not only is all changed, but all is reversed. Instead of being the one important question, God's will now becomes the one *un*important question, because the one question which it is essentially impossible to answer. Whereas before we might charge men with frivolity who neglected this inquiry for inquiries the most important in themselves, now we may pronounce the shallowest dilettante, the most laboriously idle antiquary, a solid and sensible man, compared to the theologian. They pursue, to be sure, very minute objects, but they do or may attain them; the theologian attempts an impossibility—he is like the child who tries to reach the beginning of the rainbow.

It would appear, then, that that which I have called "human wisdom," and which is the butt at the same time of theology and science, is so because it is a kind of middle party between two mortally hostile factions. It is like the Girondins between the Royalists and the Jacobins; both may oppose, and may even in a particular case combine to oppose it, and yet on that account they may not have the smallest sympathy with each other. And the middle party once crushed, there will follow no reconciliation, but a mortal contest between the extremes. Is this so or is it otherwise? The question is whether the statement given above of the theological view of the Universe is exhaustive or not? Is it all summed up in the three propositions that a Personal Will is the cause of the Universe, that that Will is perfectly benevolent, that that Will has sometimes interfered by miracles with the order of the Universe? If these propositions exhaust it, and science throws discredit upon all of them, evidently theology and science are irreconcilable, and the contest between them must end in the destruction of one or the other.

It may be remarked, in the first place, that these propositions are not so much an abstract of theology as of the particular theology now current. That God is perfectly benevolent is a maxim of popular Christianity, and it may be

found stated in the Bible. But it is not necessary to theology as such. Many nations have believed in gods of mixed or positively malignant character. Other nations have indeed ascribed to their deities all the admirable qualities they could conceive, but benevolence was not one of these. They have believed in gods that were beautiful, powerful, immortal, happy, but not benevolent. It may even be said that the Bible and Christianity itself have not uniformly represented God as perfectly benevolent. In the Old Testament He is described as just, but at the same time terrible and pitiless against the wicked; and at least one form of modern Christianity, Calvinism, takes a view of the Divine character which it is impossible to reconcile with infinite benevolence. Moreover, if almost all theologies have introduced what we should describe as miracle, yet it would be very incorrect to class many of them in this respect with that current view of Christianity, which represents God as demonstrating His existence by occasional interruptions of the order, otherwise invariable, of Nature. Probably, in the majority of theologies, no other law of Nature, except the will of God, is recognized; miracle when it is introduced is not regarded as breaking through any order; the very notion conveyed by the word supernatural is unacknowledged; miraculous occurrences are not distinguished from ordinary ones, except as being rarer, and are not distinguished from rare occurrences at all. To an ancient Jew probably an earthquake and the staying of the sun on Gibeon were occurrences of precisely the same character, and not distinguished as they are in our minds, the one as rare but natural, the other as supernatural and miraculous. All that was miraculous might have been removed from the creed of an ancient Jew without shaking his theology. Two out of the three propositions then are not necessary to the theological view of the Universe. But surely the third is. Surely all theology implies that a Personal Will is the cause of the Universe. I cannot admit even this. In the first place it is a very shallow view of theologies which represents them as having in all cases sprung from speculation about causes. Undoubtedly we can trace this speculation in our own religion. The phenomena of the world are accounted for very manifestly in the book of Genesis by the fiat of a Personal Will. But this is not at all an invariable character of theology. The *Deity of a thing* is often regarded in theologies not at all as the cause of it, but in quite another way, perhaps I might say as the *unity* of it. No one has ever supposed that the Greeks regarded Poseidon as the *cause* of the sea. Athena seems to have been suggested to them by the sky, but she is not the *cause* of the sky. And it would be easy to conceive a theology which did not occupy itself at all with causes, but which at the same time conceived the separate phenomena of the Universe, or the Universe itself altogether *personally*.

May we then alter the proposition thus—instead of saying, It is characteristic of the theological view of the Universe to suppose a Personal Will or Wills to be the cause of all phenomena, may we say, Theology invariably conceives the Universe under the form of personality, a Personal Will being assumed as either the cause or the law of phenomena? Even this would be to go too far. Personality is only known to us as belonging to human beings. Personality is properly the abstraction of the qualities common to man, woman, and child. Of these one of the principal is what we call the will. Now the utmost that can be said is, that theology has asserted an analogy more or less strong between the phenomena of nature and human beings. Personality entire has never been attributed in any theology to deities. Personality, as we know it, involves mortality. Deities are always supposed immortal. Personality involves a body. The highest theologies have declared God to be incorporeal. We are brought back, then, to the will. Theologies attribute to deities a *will* like that of human beings. They do so; but again the highest theologies

assert that the Divine Will is high above the human; that there is "no searching" of it; "that as the heaven is high above the earth, so are His ways than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts."

If the possibility of miracles were entirely given up, and the order of nature decided to be as invariable as science inclines to consider it; if all the appearances of benevolent design in the Universe were explained away, it might be true that the belief in God would cease to be consoling. Instead of being a spring of life and activity, it might—I am not now saying it would—become a depressing and overwhelming influence. And this, no doubt, is what people mean when they identify, as they commonly do, the belief in God with belief in an overruling Benevolence and in the supernatural. They mean to say, not exactly that the belief in God *is* necessarily this, but that to be in any way useful or beneficial it must necessarily be this. But for my present purpose it is important to distinguish between the God in whom ordinary people at the present day believe and a God of another character in whom they might conceivably believe. I desire to insist upon the point that when science speaks of God as a myth or a hypothesis, and declares the existence of God to be doubtful and destined always to remain doubtful, it is speaking of a particular conception of God, of God conceived as benevolent, as outside of nature, as personal, as the cause of phenomena. Do these attributes of benevolence, personality, &c., exhaust the idea of God? Are they—not merely the most important, the most consoling of His attributes, but—the only ones? By denying them do we cease not merely to be orthodox Christians but to be theists?

Science opposes to God Nature. When it denies God it denies the existence of any power beyond or superior to Nature; and it may deny at the same time anything like a *cause* of Nature. It believes in certain laws of co-existence and sequence in phenomena, and in denying God it means to deny that anything further can be known. God and Nature then express ideas which are different in an important particular. But it is evident enough that these ideas are not the opposites that controversy would represent them to be. On the contrary, they coincide up to a certain point. Those who believe in Nature may deny God, but those who believe in God, believe, as a matter of course, in Nature also. The belief in God includes the belief in Nature, as the whole includes the part. Science would represent theology as disregarding Nature, as passing over those laws which govern the Universe, and occupying itself solely with occasional suspensions of them, or with ulterior, inscrutable causes. But this account of theology is derived from a partial view of it. It is practically to some extent true of the theologies of recent times, which have been driven out of the domain of Nature by the rival and victorious method of physical science. But it is not true at all of the older theologies. They occupied themselves quite as much with laws as with causes; so far from being opposed to science, they were in fact themselves science in a rudimentary form; so far from neglecting the natural for the supernatural, they recognized no such distinction. The true object of theology at the beginning was to throw light upon natural laws; it used no doubt a crude method, and in some cases it attempted problems which modern science calls insoluble. Then, when a new method was introduced, theology stuck obstinately to its old one, and when the new method proved itself successful, theology gradually withdrew into those domains, where as yet the old method was not threatened, and might still reign without opposition. Thus it began to be supposed that law belonged to science, and suspension of law or miracle to theology; that the one was concerned with Nature, and the other with that which was above Nature. Gradually the name of God began to be associated with the supernatural, and scientific men began to say they had nothing to do with God, and theologians to find

something alien to them in the word Nature.

Yet theology can never go further than this in repudiating Nature. It can never deny that Nature is an ordinance of God; it can never question that the laws of Nature are laws of God. It may indeed treat them as of secondary importance; it may consider that they reveal God in an aspect in which it is not most important that we should know Him. But it cannot and does not deny that Nature too is a revelation of God; it ought not to deny that natural philosophy is a part of theology, that there is a theology which may be called natural, and which does not consist in a collection of the evidences of benevolent design in the Universe, but in a true deduction of the laws which govern the Universe, whatever those laws may be, and whatever they may seem to indicate concerning the character of God.

But if, on the one hand, the study of nature be one part of the study of God, is it not true, on the other, that he who believes only in Nature is a theist, and has a theology? Men slide easily from the most momentous controversies into the most contemptible logomachies. If we will look at things, and not merely at words, we shall soon see that the scientific man has a theology and a God, a most impressive theology, a most awful and glorious God. I say that man believes in a God who feels himself in the presence of a Power apart from and immeasurably above his own, a Power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness. And such now is Nature to the scientific man. I do not now say that it is good or satisfying to worship such a God, but I say that no class of men since the world began have ever more truly believed in a God, or more ardently, or with more conviction, worshipped Him. Comparing their religion in its fresh youth to the present confused forms of Christianity, I think a bystander would say that though Christianity had in it something far higher and deeper and more ennobling, yet the average scientific man worships just at present a more awful, and, as it were, a greater Deity than the average Christian. In so many Christians the idea of God has been degraded by childish and little-minded teaching; the Eternal and the Infinite and the All-embracing has been represented as the head of the clerical interest, as a sort of clergyman, as a sort of schoolmaster, as a sort of philanthropist. But the scientific man *knows* Him to be eternal; in astronomy, in geology, he becomes familiar with the countless millenniums of His lifetime. The scientific man strains his mind actually to realize God's infinity. In the fixed stars he traces Him, "distance inexpressible by numbers that have name." Meanwhile, to the theologian, infinity and eternity are very much of empty words when applied to the Object of his worship. He does not realize them in actual facts and definite computations.

But it is not merely because he realizes a stupendous Power that I call the scientific man a theist. A true theist ought to recognize his Deity as giving him the law to which his life ought to be conformed. Now here it is that the resemblance of modern science to theology comes out most manifestly. There is no stronger conviction in this age than the conviction of the scientific man, that all happiness depends upon the knowledge of the laws of Nature, and the careful adaptation of human life to them. Of this I have spoken before. Luther and Calvin were not more jealous of the Church tradition that had obscured the true word of God in the Scriptures than the modern man of science is of the metaphysics and conventional philosophy that have beguiled men away from Nature and her laws. They want to remodel all education, all preaching, so that the laws of Nature may become known to every man, and that every one may be in a condition to find his happiness in obeying them. They chafe at the notion of men studying anything else. They behave towards those who do not know Nature with the same sort of impatient insolence with which a

Christian behaved towards the worshippers of the Emperor or a Mohammedan towards idolaters. As I sympathise very partially with the Mohammedan, and not quite perfectly with the early Christian, so I find the modern scientific zeal narrow and fanatical; but I recognize that it is zeal of the same kind as theirs—that is, that, like theirs, it is theological.

An infinite Power will inspire awe and an anxious desire to obey its laws on the part of those who feel themselves dependent on it. But such awe and fear, it may be said, do not constitute worship; worship implies admiration, and something which may be called love. Now it is true that the scientific man cannot feel for Nature such love as a pious mind may feel for the God of Christians. The highest love is inspired by love, or by justice and goodness, and of these qualities science as yet discerns little or nothing in Nature. But a very genuine love, though of a lower kind, is felt by the contemplator of Nature. Nature, if not morally good, is infinitely interesting, infinitely beautiful. He who studies it has continually the exquisite pleasure of discerning or half discerning and divining *laws;* regularities glimmer through an appearance of confusion; analogies between phenomena of a different order suggest themselves and set the imagination in motion; the mind is haunted with the sense of a vast unity not yet discoverable or namable. There is food for contemplation which never runs short; you are gazing at an object which is always growing clearer, and yet always, in the very act of growing clearer, presenting new mysteries. And this arresting and absorbing spectacle, so fascinating by its variety, is at the same time overwhelming by its greatness; so that those who have devoted their lives to the contemplation scarcely ever fail to testify to the endless delight it gives them, and also to the overpowering awe with which from time to time it surprises them.

There is one more feeling which a worshipper should have for his Deity, a sense of personal connection, and, as it were, relationship. The last verse of a hymn of praise is very appropriately this—"for this God is *our* God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death." This feeling, too, the worshipper of Nature has. He cannot separate himself from that which he contemplates. Though he has the power of gazing upon it as something outside himself, yet he knows himself to be a part of it. The same laws whose operations he watches in the Universe he may study in his own body. Heat and light and gravitation govern himself as they govern plants and heavenly bodies. "In Him," may the worshipper of this Deity say with intimate conviction, "in Him we live and move and have our being." When men whose minds are possessed with a thought like this, and whose lives are devoted to such a contemplation, say, "As for God, we know nothing of Him; science knows nothing of Him; it is a name belonging to an extinct system of philosophy;" I think they are playing with words. By what name they call the object of their contemplation is in itself a matter of little importance. Whether they say God, or prefer to say Nature, the important thing is that their minds are filled with the sense of a Power to all appearance infinite and eternal, a Power to which their own being is inseparably connected, in the knowledge of whose ways alone is safety and well-being, in the contemplation of which they find a beatific vision.

Well! this God is also the God of Christians. That the God of Christians is something more does not affect this fact. Nature, according to all systems of Christian theology, is God's ordinance. Whether with science you stop short at Nature, or with theology believe in a God who is the author of Nature, in either case Nature is divine, for it is either God or the work of God. This whole domain is common to science and theology. When theology says, Let us give up the wisdom of men and listen to the voice of God, and when science says, Let us give up human authority and hollow *à priori* knowledge and listen

to Nature, they are agreed to the whole extent of the narrower proposition, *i.e.*, theology ought to admit all that science says, though science admits only a part of what theology says. Theology cannot say the laws of Nature are not divine; all it can say is, they are not the most important of the divine laws. Perhaps not, but they gain an importance from the fact that they are laws upon which all can agree. Making the largest allowance for discoveries, about which science may be too confident, there remains a vast mass of natural knowledge which no one questions. This to the Christian is so much knowledge about God, and he ought to rejoice quite as much as the man of science at the rigorous method by which it has been separated from the human prejudice and hasty ingenuity, and delusive rhetoric or poetry, which might have adulterated it. By this means we have been enabled to hear a voice which is unmistakably God's. And if it seems to be God speaking about matters not of the greatest importance, still perhaps it may be as well to listen. So much, at least, reverence seems to dictate; and if it did not, the urgent necessity for more agreement on fundamental questions would dictate it imperiously.

This train of thought will be followed a little further in future numbers of this Magazine.

AN UNFINISHED CHAPTER IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE Orkney and Shetland Islands are not, and never have been, an integral part of Great Britain. They are at this moment, properly speaking, Danish islands, over which Great Britain holds, what is called in Scotch legal phrase, a bond and disposition in security. The Danish Crown may at any time resume possession by discharging the bond. As Great Britain does not hold these islands absolutely, neither does she hold them unconditionally: let us see the precise nature of her right of occupancy, and the conditions under which that was entered on.

Upon the 8th of September, 1468, Christian the First of Denmark, by the contract of marriage between his daughter Margaret and James the Third of Scotland, engaged to pay a dowry of 60,000 florins (*Rhinske gylden*)—of which 10,000 were to be immediately paid—and for the remaining 50,000 to pledge the Orkney Isles until he or his successors should redeem them by payment of that sum. But as the Danish king could only pay 2,000 of the 10,000 florins, a later treaty was concluded on the 20th May, 1469, at Copenhagen, whereby, under the same conditions as the Orkneys had been pledged before, the Shetland Islands were also impignorated for the balance of 8,000 florins. Both groups of islands were thus mortgaged, "sub firmâ hypothecâ et pignore," for 58,000 florins of the Rhine, of a hundred pence each, or about 24,166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* sterling.

This is the "Impignoration," as historians call it, by which Scotland held (and, as coming in her place, Great Britain now holds) these islands. The treaty of 20th May, 1469, is the title by which the Shetland Islands, and that of 8th September, 1468, the title by which the Orkneys are held by Great Britain. On these treaties she founds her right of occupancy.

But Denmark expressly reserved and retained her right of redemption. More than a century after this marriage contract, when another was concluded between a Danish princess and a Scottish king—Christian the Fourth's sister Anne and King James the Sixth—in 1589, it was proposed from the Scotch side that the right of redeeming the islands should be given up by Denmark; but the Danish Council of Regency during the King's minority would not consent to this, and in later treaties of 1621 and 1639 the rights of his successors on the Danish throne to claim the restitution of the islands were anew reserved. During the English Civil War (1640), when Charles the First sought assistance from his uncle the King of Denmark, an arrangement was about to be made by which the sum for which the islands were pledged was to be repaid and the Danish occupancy of them resumed, when the death of Charles put a stop to the matter.

It has been asserted by Scottish writers that Denmark has made an absolute cession of the islands. This is erroneous. No such act has ever taken place. It is also asserted that she has renounced her right of redemption. This is equally unfounded. No historical evidence of either statement can be given. Another assertion is that the Danish rights have been extinguished by prescription. But national rights do not prescribe. If they did, what term would be necessary, and what court would fix it? We have seen, not long ago, that the rights of Germany to Elsass and Lothringen were not prescribed by the lapse of a couple of centuries.

But so far from these random statements being justified by facts, the contrary can be proved. The right of redemption has been formally asserted by Denmark in 1549, 1558, 1560, 1583,

1640, 1660, and in 1667. The last-named date is that of the "Peace of Breda," when the plenipotentiaries of Europe assembled at Breda, attested that the right of redemption was unprescribed and imprescribable. This was the last occasion on which the claims of Denmark were formally preferred and their validity recognized. The "Peace of Breda" was concluded between Denmark and England under the guarantee of the King of France and the States-General of Holland. When, during the negotiations, the Danes brought forward the claim on the islands of Orkney and Shetland, the English plenipotentiaries replied that they had received no instructions on that head; but to satisfy the Danes, an article to the following effect was introduced into the treaty:—That the suspension of the restitution of the said islands (Orkney and Shetland) should not operate to the prejudice of his Most Serene and Powerful Majesty the King of Denmark and Norway, nor diminish his right to recover them, which is acknowledged to remain open, entire, and uninfringed, and which he may prefer at a more convenient time.

The right of redemption has therefore never been yielded, and the whole transaction on which Great Britain founds her present possession of the islands was a pledging which, as has been well remarked by an Orkney antiquary, "is a transaction which in its very nature implied only such a redeemable substitution of ownership as was consistent with the unchanged integrity of the pledge, *so that when redeemed, it should return unaltered to its original owner.*" The title of Great Britain, as coming in place of the Scottish Crown, the original "heritable creditor," is therefore a redeemable one. There can be no claim against Denmark for interest or arrears of interest, because the subject pledged has been a productive and profitable one, producing by the revenue drawn from the islands since 1468, sums equivalent to the original principal of 24,166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* with interest—over and over again. So that a "count and reckoning," after the Scottish legal custom, would show a large balance justly owing to Denmark by the English Exchequer, from the usufruct England has enjoyed. So much for the nature of the right of occupancy: now as to the conditions under which that occupancy was entered upon.

The primary and essential condition was laid down by the treaty of 8th September, 1468, and imported into the second treaty relating to Shetland of 20th May, 1469: That the islands should retain their laws and customs as they had done before their transference to the Scottish Crown. This condition was formally sanctioned by Scottish law, when the Scottish Parliament, by Act 6th December, 1467, continued Norse law in the islands. Again, a century later, in the grant to the Lord Chancellor and Lord Justices in 1587, they are invested with "power to hold the head courts called Law-tings—to appoint Fouds[1] under them, and to administer justice 'secundum leges et consuetudinem patriæ Orcaden et Setlandiæ.'" Thus, also, we find it laid down in Scottish law: "The udal rights of Orkney, by the peculiar customs of the isles of Orkney and Shetland, give the same rights as infeftments, and thence arise the same petitory actions."[2]

But this primary and essential condition has been steadily violated for four centuries by Scotland and Great Britain. All the ancient laws and customs of the islands have been set at nought. The odal system has been changed to the feudal: all the native rights and claims nullified or abrogated without the consent of the people of the islands, and without the concurrence of the other Treaty Power. These things have been so done, and no redress has followed; but the right to have them undone or atoned for still remains—although it has for centuries remained unvindicated,

[1] Local judges resembling Sheriff-substitutes in Scotland, or county court judges in England of this day.

[2] Stair's "Institutes," book II., tit. iii., sec. 11.

and may still remain. The conditions of the treaty have not been abrogated, nor can they be without mutual consent of the Treaty Powers. Denmark has not consented to any of the innumerable violations of the treaty. She has not consented to the abolition of the Odal tenure, nor to the latest Scottish violation of the laws and customs of the islands—the "taking away of the commons" from the people, the lineal representatives of the Odallers—themselves Odal-born—who had a proportionate right to the common *Hagi* or Sættur—*Scattald* as it is now termed in Shetland. "There is not a doubt," says Balfour, that the first Odaller occupied the *Tun* (Town-land), and used the *Sættur* (out-pasture or hill) by the same Odal title, unwritten, unburdened, inalienable, and divisible equally among the *Odal-born*." [1]

It is a mistake to assume, as is generally done, that Denmark has renounced or means to renounce her just and lawful right of redemption of these islands. Only ten years back a Danish Privy Councillor wrote: "Does the right to redeem the islands still continue? That may be easily assumed, since no later treaty has abrogated it. This assumed, it may be further asked: Is the right now in the Danish or Norwegian Crown? At the separation of the two kingdoms in 1814, Denmark retained the Skatlands in the West Sea (Vesterhavet—the *North* Sea as it is called on this side the water) and northwards—the Faroe Isles, Iceland, Greenland, and accordingly likewise the right of redeeming the islands of Orkney and Shetland." [2]

But whether or not Denmark may exercise this right of redemption, which by the law of nations is certainly hers, or whether she may be able with the strong hand to enforce this right, are questions which the future of European diplomacy alone can solve. Complications and confederations not difficult to imagine may occur at any moment, which may shift the whole question of the "Impignoration of Orkney and Shetland" out of the domains of antiquarianism into that of practical politics. The present paper will at any rate serve the purpose of putting on record some historical facts not generally known unless to the northern antiquary.

ARTHUR LAURENSON.

[1] Balfour's "Oppressions of Orkney and Shetland," Introd. xxxi. Published by the Abbotsford Club, Edin. 1856.

[2] MS. *penes me*.

LIFE'S COST.

I could not at the first be born
But by another's bitter wailing pain;
Another's loss must be my sweetest gain;
And Love, only to win that I might be,
Must wet her couch forlorn
With tears of blood and sweat of agony.

Since then I cannot live a week
But some fair thing must leave the daisied dells,
The joy of pastures, bubbling springs and wells,
And grassy murmurs of its peaceful days,
To bleed in pain, and reek,
And die, for me to tread life's pleasant ways.

I cannot sure be warmed or lit
But men must crouch and toil in tortuous caves,
Bowed on themselves, while day and night in waves
Of blackness wash away their sunless lives;
Or blasted and sore hit,
Dark life to darker death the miner drives.

Naked, I cannot clothed be
But worms must patient weave their satin shroud;
The sheep must shiver to the April cloud,
Yielding his one white coat to keep me warm;
In shop and factory,
For me must weary toiling millions swarm.

With gems I deck not brow or hand
But through the roaring dark of cruel seas
Some wretch with shivering breath and trembling knees
Goes headlong, while the sea-sharks dodge his quest;
Then at my door he stands,
Naked, with bleeding ears and heaving chest.

I fall not on my knees and pray
But God must come from heaven to fetch that sigh,
And pierced Hands must take it back on high;
And through His broken Heart and cloven side
Love makes an open way
For me, who could not live but that He died.

O awful sweetest Life of Mine,
That God and man both serve in blood and tears!
O prayers I breathe not but through other prayers!
O breath of life compact of others' sighs!
With this dread gift divine
Ah, whither go?—what worthily devise?

If on myself I dare to spend
This dreadful thing, in pleasure lapped and reared,
What am I but a hideous idol smeared
With human blood, that with its carrion smile
Alike to foe and friend
Maddens the wretch who perishes the while?

I will away and find my God,
And what I dare not keep ask Him to take,
And taking love's sweet sacrifice to make;
Then, like a wave the sorrow and the pain
High heaven with glory flood—
For them, for me, for all, a splendid gain.

JANE ELLICE HOPKINS.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I shall not attempt to compete with Dr. Manning in the art of vituperation: anathemas are the strong side of the Vatican position. I shall attack it on its weak side, that of accuracy in regard to facts.

1. Dr. Manning expresses what he is pleased to call his "compassion" for my ignorance, or for something worse which he does not specify, because I said that "an Italian priest claimed to be the incarnate and visible word of God." Had I in any way affirmed that this claim had been put forward in the Vatican Decrees, or in an *ex-cathedrâ* utterance from the Papal Chair, Dr. Manning would have at ast succeeded in detecting a flaw in my armour. But he knows that I did nothing of the sort; and he knows further, that as a general and non-scientific description I was perfectly justified in using the expression. I was justified in using it because only reproduced the ordinary language Infallibilists, the language, so to speak, Vatican good society, and that which io Nono most delights to listen to. It ould be enough for me to appeal to the otations given in the article on the ope's speeches in the current number of e *Quarterly Review;* but I will add the ssage I had in my mind when I used e expression. It is taken from a sermon eached during the Council by Monsignor ermillod, one of the most shining of the atican lights, and was duly reported by e *Times*, in July 1870. The Bishop id "that our Saviour had gone through ree incarnations: that first He came wn in the flesh, then in His ineffable ndescension He chose the medium of ead and wine, and that now He is once ore on earth in the Vatican, in the person of an aged man."

2. Dr. Manning charges me with not lieving in the honour of those who are posed to me.

In the strongest language I could use I guarded against the possibility of this imputation being made. I described my adversary "as a man of unquestionable intellect, of perfect integrity, and undoubted veracity," and Dr. Manning, who piques himself on being logical, ought to see that the admission of these qualities in my adversaries forms the central point of my whole position. Prove to me that Dr. Manning and the Vatican leaders do not possess these qualities and my whole case collapses. I am not attacking individuals, I am attacking a system, and it is because this system necessarily places honourable men in a hopeless dilemma between the duty they owe to truth and the duty they owe to "their Lord the Pope" that I attack it. I have proved to Dr. Manning, and he will never be able to shake my proofs, that in his case, as in that of a thousand others, the only way out of the dilemma has been found to be through the flames of that "holocaust" of the entire man, morally and intellectually, which St. Ignatius requires at the hands of his disciples.

3. I now come to the question which, from the fact of Dr. Manning's letter having simultaneously appeared *in extenso* in all the newspapers, must be supposed to interest the English public at large. I mean the question of the individual allegiance of Vatican clerics to the Pope, and the consequent danger of a collision, *le cas échéant*, between the Queen's laws and the Pope's laws.

The individual allegiance of clerics to the Pope, and therefore the impossibility of clerics to admit of their standing in the relation of liege subjects to a lay crown, is such a cardinal doctrine of Vaticanism that the only difficulty lies in selecting proofs out of the masses of materials at our disposal.

Let one bull suffice. In the "*Supernæ*

dispositionis arbitrio," issued in the Fifth Lateran Council, Leo X. lays down as an infallible dogma, that it is contrary both to the laws of God and man for a layman to exercise any authority of whatever kind—*ulla potestas* (therefore neither temporal nor ecclesiastical authority)—over clerics. Now the correlative of *potestas* is allegiance. It is impossible to conceive of allegiance without a corresponding *potestas*, or of a *potestas* without a corresponding allegiance. If the Queen therefore has no *potestas*, no authority of any kind, temporal or spiritual, over Vatican priests, these priests cannot owe allegiance to her. From this general doctrine flow the following necessary corollaries, all of them equally binding as articles of faith on the Vatican conscience:—

(1.) Clerics are not subject to the laws of the state in which they live.[1]

(2.) Clerics cannot be tried by the lay courts of the country in which they live.

(3.) Clerics cannot be taxed by the civil power.

When in his letter of the 10th of December, Dr. Manning says—"If by 'code of laws' be meant civil laws, we have no such code," he spoke the exact truth. Vatican clerics have no civil laws, and cannot therefore be bound by laws which they do not have. That is my whole contention, and therefore I do not suppose that this can have been Dr. Manning's meaning.

4. Lastly, the practical question arises whether a conflict of jurisdictions between these two sets of laws—the Queen's civil laws and the Pope's ecclesiastical laws—can arise. Now, it is clear that there are two sets of questions on which it is almost impossible that conflicts should not arise—questions connected with education, and questions connected with marriage. In an admirable leading article in the *Times* on Dr. Newman's recent Letter, the dangers looming in regard to educational questions are clearly pointed out.

In regard to possible collisions in the case of marriages there is no occasion to consider hypothetical cases, for real ones have occurred.

Consideration for private interests forbids us at this moment to dwell more minutely on its details, but Dr. Manning will not deny that within the last few years a marriage has been celebrated in an English Roman Catholic Church, one of the parties to which was already lawfully married according to British law, and whose lawful wife (a Protestant) was and is still living; nor can he deny that this scandalous act is stated to have been performed in accordance with the advice of "religious persons learned in the law of marriage, as recognized in the Roman Catholic Church."

That such acts can apparently go unpunished does not make them less criminal. I do not ask for Falck laws, but it does seem to me that there should be some means of restraining spiritual influences of this kind when they take the positive shape of aiding and abetting criminal actions. It does not appear to me to be matter of indifference to English Protestants that an English lady, lawfully married, should be driven forth into the wilderness, and that the woman who is not the wife should take her place, and rule in her stead. Nor can it be a matter of indifference to English Roman Catholics that the sort of women who will be found ready to accept such a position should be forced upon them as legitimate matrons, whom they are in conscience bound to recognize as such.

I may now safely ask your readers whether I have or have not proved my assertion—that conflicts of jurisdiction may arise between the Queen's laws and the Pope's, in which Vatican clerics having to decide, will necessarily do so against the Queen, and in favour of Curial legislation.

[1] In the official books on these subjects the breaking of the civil laws, where these do not come into collision with the ecclesiastical laws, is made a *venial* sin, on account of the scandal that may be produced; but as in the eye of the Church such transgressions do not imply the breaking of a law, they are distinctly excluded from the category of mortal sins. I take the following from a manual for the use of confessors:—

"*Clerici rebellio in Regem non est crimen læsæ Majestatis, quia non est subditus Regi.*" (The rebellion of a cleric against the king is not treason, because he is not the subject of the king.)—EMANUEL SA, *Aphorismi Confessariorum.*

My space will not allow me to show, which I could easily do, that the Bishops who signed the declaration of 1826 would not have accepted the doctrines of the Lateran Council. Nor can I enter into the immense question which this decision of the "religious persons" in the case I have cited raises in regard to Protestant marriages in countries within the jurisdiction of the Council of Trent, all of which, if this precedent is to be followed, are thereby declared null and void. I may, however, on a future occasion do so.

For the present I will only add that this case is one necessarily well known to Dr. Manning, and that I am therefore quite unable to understand his negative answer to my question No. 5.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient, humble servant,
THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLES ON "PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ALL the lovers of sound literature, and all those who are anxious for the social reforms which are most needed in the present day, will have read with a pang of sincere regret the sad news of Canon Kingsley's death.

This is not the time to discuss the peculiar merits of Charles Kingsley's writings, nor the effect which they have had upon the men of his generation.

Some attempt, however, may at once be made to give a view of the character of this remarkable man.

Our ancestors in the days of Queen Anne were very fond of laying down what was the ruling motive which guided any person whose conduct they were examining. This mode of theirs was sometimes carried to an extreme, for with such a variable creature as almost every individual man is, it becomes exceedingly difficult to set forth a ruling motive which would explain his conduct and define his character. But, in thinking of the life of Charles Kingsley, it is perhaps possible to point out, if not the ruling motive, at any rate the ruling idea which governed that life. Kingsley's main idea, as it seems to me, consisted in a high appreciation of the perfection to which manhood might be brought. He was in this respect like an ancient Greek, and was thoroughly impressed with the idea that a great man should excel in all directions. He has been called "the Apostle of Muscular Christianity;" but this merely expressed one phase of his ideal. His great man was certainly to excel physically as well as mentally, but morally also as well as either mentally or physically. On this ground alone he was a very useful man in his generation; for, with the advance of civilisation there comes the inevitable division of labour; and in these days the chief rewards are for those who excel in some particular branch of human effort; but who, nevertheless, may be narrow-minded and small in other directions—in short, very incomplete men according to Charles Kingsley's standard.

It must not be supposed that this peculiar idea of his rendered him bigoted or narrow-minded in his judgment of other men. He did not expect, for instance, every man to be an athlete like himself. I know of one of his friends who is anything but an athlete, who never rides straight to hounds, and would readily deviate into any beaten track to avoid taking the smallest of fences. But the good canon was always very tolerant of his friend's faint-heartedness, and continued to show him the most affectionate regard, because they fully sympathized with one another in reference to one of the most pressing,

though, often least-regarded, of public questions.

I think it must be admitted by any one who knew Charles Kingsley well, or who has read his writings faithfully, that he possessed that gift which it is so hard to define, but which almost all men recognize when it is brought before them—namely, genius. It was a discursive genius which one sometimes could have wished to have been bounded in certain directions; but it was genius.

With regard to his moral qualities, he was a singularly affectionate man—very earnest, very kindly, feeling deeply for the labours and sufferings of others, and thoroughly devoted to the welfare of the poor. He was, indeed, the model of a parish priest; and, considering the temptations to higher flights which genius always offers, that he should have fulfilled these humbler duties so admirably is deserving of the highest praise.

He was, if we may use the word, tempestuous in his indignation when any conduct that was base, mean, or cowardly (he could not endure a coward) was brought before him. On the other hand, he was wonderfully tolerant as regards the ordinary frailties of mankind. If the general character of any person he had to deal with was good and worthy, he was very slow to blame for minor faults, and always sought to raise the character by encouragement rather than by condemnation.

There was one point very peculiar in him, intellectually speaking. Though a very ardent man, and holding his opinions very strongly when he had once formed them, he was wont to listen with marked deference to any opinions on the other side, if they were expressed by any one whom he believed to be thoroughly sincere.

This deference on his part was sometimes misconstrued, for some of those who knew how firmly he was attached to his own views could hardly realise his tolerance when adverse views were propounded to him.

He was one of those men in whose eyes you could perceive the nascent tear whenever you told him of any course of action that was noble, long-suffering, unselfish, or magnanimous.

Charles Kingsley was one of the most delightful of companions. There was not any man of his time, unless, indeed Mr. Carlyle, with whom a walk or ride in the country was such a high pleasure. His immense knowledge of animal life, his tenderness for it, his appreciation of it, came out then in full force. Nor was his knowledge of trees, flowers, and all the products of the earth less remarkable or rendered by him less instructive. All those who knew him intimately will acknowledge that they have lost by his death one of the most charming companions, as well as one of the best and truest of friends. He never said behind people's backs what he would not have said to their faces.

This slight description of his character is written by a friend; but it may be remembered that our intimate friends are not those who least understand our characters, and who, from their very affection for us, are least prone to underrate our failings.

There have been few friends whose intimacy has been more thorough than that of Charles Kingsley and Frederick Maurice; and Maurice has been heard to say of his friend Kingsley, that he was the best son, the best father, the best husband, the best friend, the best parish priest, that he ever knew.

When a man dies, if he is ever so considerable a personage, his place appears to be soon filled up, and the world seems to go on much as it did when he was still alive. But this is mere seeming; and when a man of the mark of Charles Kingsley is taken from us, it is in reality a great loss for the world, and an especial loss to those who had the happiness to be numbered amongst his friends.

A. H.